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THE HOUSE OF GUISE.

Upon the page of history are inscribed the names of many great men, uncrowned, but more illustrious than most kings, whose biography essentially involves the records of their country and times. The cases are very rare in which this occurs of an entire lineage; when through several successive generations the same extraordinary qualities are transmitted, and the hero or statesman who perished yesterday, to-day and to-morrow seems to start again to life in the persons of descendants who rival and even eclipse his fame. These remarkable and most unfrequent instances are exemplified in the house of Guise, those puissant nobles of Lorraine, immigrant into and naturalised in France, who for eighty years led the armies and directed the councils of their adopted country. Great warriors, bold and profound politicians, unscrupulous and interested champions of Rome, alternately defenders of and competitors for thrones, they upheld their power and pretensions by the double lever of religious enthusiasm, and of skilful appeals to the sympathy of the people. Rich in glory, in wealth, in popularity, they were alternately indispensable and formidable to their sovereigns, and were virtually the last representatives of that energetic,

able, and arrogant aristocracy, whose services to the state were often limited by the jealousy their power inspired, and whose patriotism was not unfrequently tarnished by their factions temper and unbounded ambition. From an early period of the sixteenth century, the influence of Guise was felt in France, for the most part paramount to that of royalty itself; until the might and glory of the house sank and disappeared beneath the daggers of assassins, and before the conquering sword of the Fourth Henry.

The history of France during the sixteenth century necessarily comprises the public acts of the family of Guise, and the memoirs of the time abound in personal details of the members of that renowned house; but a work especially devoted to them was still a desideratum, until the appearance of that which M. René de Bouillé has just produced. One of the chief difficulties of his task must have been to avoid including the history of the century in that of the extraordinary men so intimately connected with its chief events. Whilst confining himself as much as possible to his immediate subject, he has yet, as he himself says, found his horizon of necessity extensive. And in order to assemble in one frame the various members of

that celebrated family, he has been compelled to admit with them a host of other personages, who in their turn have brought a retinue, and have insisted on at least a corner of the canvass being allotted to their deeds. The manner in which M. de Bouillé has treated this great historical picture, whose magnitude and difficulty must have deterred a less zealous and persevering artist, is most judicious. "I have been as sparing as possible of discussion," he says, "prodigal perhaps, on the other hand, of cotemporary evidence, of faithful quotations, of such details as bring facts into a stronger light, exhibit the actors on the stage in a more animated manner, and display and make known, of and by themselves, the personages, parties, manners and spirit of the times, and the character of the situations." M. de Bouillé claims, as a matter of justice, credit for conscientious application, and declares his whole aim will have been attained if his work be admitted to possess historical interest and utility. No impartial critic will refuse it these qualities. It is at once substantial and agreeable; valuable to the student, and attractive to those who consider histories of the Middle Ages as fascinating collections of strange adventures and romantic enterprises.

René the Second, reigning duke of Lorraine—the same who fought and conquered with the Swiss at Morat, and defeated Charles the Bold at Nancy—desired to see one of his sons settled in France. He selected the fifth, Claude, to whom he left by will his various lordships in Normandy, Picardy, and other French provinces, causing him to be naturalised a Frenchman, and sending him at a very early age to the court of France, where he was presented as Count de Guise, a title derived from one of his domains. The young count found immediate favour with Louis XII., to the hand of whose daughter René he was considered a likely aspirant. But he fell in love with Antoinette de Bourbon, daughter of Count de Vendôme (the great-grandfather of Henry IV.) asked and obtained her marriage, and celebrated his wedding when he was but sixteen years

of age, in 1513, at Paris, in presence of the whole French court. The following year another wedding occurred, but this time youth was on one side only. In his infirm and declining age, Louis XII. took to wife the blooming sister of Harry VIII. of England, and honoured Guise by selecting him to go, in company with the Duke of Angoulême and other princes of the blood, to receive his bride at Boulogne. The wedding was quickly followed by a funeral, and Francis I. sat upon the throne. This chivalrous and war-like monarch at once took his young cousin of Guise into high favour, to which he had a fair claim, not only by reason of his birth, and of his alliance with the house of Bourbon, but on account of his eminent capacity, and of the martial qualities whose future utility Francis doubtless foresaw. To his triumphs in the field, Guise precluded by others less sanguinary, but in their kind as brilliant, in the lists and in the drawing room. His grace and magnificence were celebrated even at a court of which those were the distinguishing characteristics, thronged as it was with princes and nobles, most of them, like the king himself, in the first flush of youth, and with keen appetites for those enjoyments which their wealth gave them ample means to command. He gained great credit by his prowess at the jousts and tournament held at Paris on occasion of the coronation, and his conduct in another circumstance secured him the favour of the ladies of that gallant and voluptuous court. "One night," says his historian, "he accompanied Francis I. to the queen's circle, composed of those ladies most distinguished by their charms and amiability. Struck by the brilliancy and fascination of the scene, unusual at a time when custom, by assigning to women a sort of inferior position, or at least of reserve, interdicted their mingling in the conversation, and to a certain extent in the society of men, Guise communicated his impression to the king, who received it favourably, and at once decided that, throughout the whole kingdom, women should be freed from this unjust and undesirable constraint."

It will easily be conceived that such an emancipation insured Guise the suffrages of the fair and influential class who benefited by it. From his first arrival at the French court, he seems to have made it his study to win universal favour; and he was so promptly successful that, at the end of a very few months, he had conquered the goodwill of both nobility and army. He took pains to study and adapt his conduct to the character of all with whom he came in contact, thus laying the foundation of the long popularity which he and his successors enjoyed in France.

But courtly pleasures and diversions were quickly to be succeeded by the sterner business of war. At his death, Louis XII. had left all things prepared for an Italian campaign; and Francis, eager to signalise his accession by the recovery of the Milanese, moved southwards in the month of August 1515, at the head of the finest troops that had yet crossed the boundary line between France and Italy. His army consisted of fifteen thousand excellent cavalry, twenty-two thousand lansquenets, fourteen thousand French and Gascon infantry, besides pioneers and a numerous artillery. The Constable of Bourbon led the van, the Duke of Alençon commanded the rear; Francis himself headed the main body, accompanied by Duke Anthony of Lorraine, (eldest brother of Guise,) with Bayard for his lieutenant, and by the Duke of Gueldres, captain-general of the lansquenets, whose lieutenant was the Count de Guise. If the army was good, none, assuredly, ever reckoned greater warriors amongst its leaders. Guise, during the passage of the Alps—accomplished by extraordinary labour, and which completely surprised the enemy—made himself remarkable by his constancy and activity, by the wisdom of his counsels, and by his generosity to the soldiers, thus further augmenting the affection they already bore him. Bayard and other illustrious officers formed his habitual society; and in him they found the most cordial and affable of comrades, as well as the most zealous advocate of their interests with the king. Devoted to his sovereign, Guise, when Francis somewhat over-hastily promised the

Swiss an exorbitant sum of money as the price of the Milanese, boldly offered to contribute to it to the extent of all he possessed. The treaty, however, was broken by the Swiss. Steel, not gold, was to settle the dispute; and the plains of Marignano already trembled at the approach of the hostile armies. At the age of eighteen, Guise found himself general-in-chief of twenty thousand men. The Duke of Gueldres, having been recalled to his dominions by an invasion of the Brabanters, transferred his command to his young lieutenant, at the unanimous entreaty of the lansquenets, and in preference to all the French princes there present. In the quickly ensuing battle, Guise showed himself worthy of his high post. In the course of the combat, when the Swiss, with lowered pikes and in stern silence, made one of those deadly charges which in the wars of the previous century had more than once disordered the array of Burgundy's chivalry, the lansquenets, who covered the French artillery, gave way. Claude of Lorraine, immovable in the front-rank, shamed them by his example; they rallied; the guns, already nearly captured, were saved; the battle continued with greater fierceness than before, and ceased only with darkness. Daybreak was the signal for its resumption, and at last the Swiss were defeated. After breaking their battalions, Guise, over eager in pursuit, and already twice wounded, had his horse killed under him, was surrounded, overmatched, and left for dead, with twenty-two wounds. Nor would these have been all, but for the devotedness of an esquire, whose name Brantôme has handed down as a model of fidelity. Adam Fouvert of Nuremberg threw himself on his master's body, and was slain, serving as his shield. After the action, Guise was dragged out from amongst the dead, and conveyed by a Scottish gentleman to the tent of the Duke of Lorraine. He was scarcely recognisable, by reason of his wounds; he gave no sign of life, and his recovery was deemed hopeless. He did recover, however, thanks to great care, and still more to the vigorous constitution and energetic vitality which distinguished all of his house, and without which the career of most

of them would have been very short. Scarcely one of the prominent members of that family but received, in the martial ardour of his youth, wounds whose severity made their cure resemble a miracle. A month after the battle of Marignano, Guise, although still suffering, was able to accompany Francis I. on his triumphant entry into Milan, "as captain-general of the lansquenets, with four lieutenants, all dressed in cloth of gold and white velvet." One of his arms was in a scarf, one of his thighs had to be supported by an esquire, but still, by his manly beauty and martial fame, he attracted the admiring gaze of both army and people. Francis, in his report to his mother of the battle, named Guise amongst the bravest, as well he might; and thenceforward his great esteem for the young hero was testified in various ways—amongst others, by intrusting to him several important and delicate diplomatic missions. At Bologna, on occasion of the interview between Francis and Leo X., the Pope addressed to Guise the most flattering eulogiums. "Your holiness," replied the ardent soldier, in a prophetic spirit, "shall see that I am of Lorraine, if ever I have the happiness to draw sword in the Church's quarrel."

Master of the Milanese, Francis I. returned to France and beheld his alliance courted by all the powers of Europe, when suddenly the death of the Emperor Maximilian (15th January 1519) proved a brand of discord. Francis and Charles were the only serious candidates for the vacant dignity. Guise, with a secret view, perhaps, to the crown of Jerusalem for himself, strained every nerve, exerted all his influence, on behalf of the French King. But Charles, the more skilful intriguer, prevailed; and Francis, deeply wounded and humiliated by his failure, revolved in his mind projects of war. In these the king did not lose sight of the great assistance he might expect from Guise, brave, skilful, and prudent as he was; and the esteem in which the young chief was held at court increased so greatly, that the French nobles came to consider him almost the equal of the members of the royal family. Guise, on the other hand,

by reason of his enormous fortune and high birth, and in his quality of a foreign prince, spared no effort to place himself on the footing of an ally rather than of a subject of the King of France.

Pretexts for hostilities were not wanting; and soon we find Guise, at the head of his lansquenets, fighting victoriously over the very same ground upon which, in our day, French armies contended with very different results. Maya, Fontarabia, and the banks of the Bidassoa witnessed his prowess; he himself, a half-pike in his hand, led his men through the river, with water to his armpits, dislodging the enemy by the mere terror his audacity inspired. When he returned to Compiègne, where the court then was, the King hurried forth from his chamber to meet him, embraced him warmly, and gaily said, "that it was but fair he should go out to meet his old friend, who, on his part, always made such haste to meet and revenge him on his enemies." His summer triumphs in the Pyrenees were followed by a winter campaign in Picardy, where he succeeded in preventing the junction of the English and Imperialists, besides obtaining some advantages over the former, and harassing their retreat to the coast. He thus added to his popularity with the army, and acquired strong claims to the gratitude of the Parisians, deeply alarmed by the proximity of the enemy to the capital, and who viewed him as their saviour.

The year 1523 opened under menacing auspices. Germany, Italy, England, were leagued against France, whose sole allies were Scotland, the Swiss, (the adhesion of these depending entirely on regular subsidies,) and the Duke of Savoy, whose chief merit was that he could facilitate the passage of the Alps. Undeterred, almost foolhardy, Francis, instead of prudently standing on the defensive, beheld, in each new opponent, only a fresh source of glory. Unhappily for him, at the very moment he had greatest need of skilful captains, the Constable of Bourbon, irritated and persecuted in France, courted and seduced by the astute Charles V., entered into a treasonable combination with the Imperialists. It was discovered; he fled, and effected his escape.

Out of France, he was but one man the less, but that man was such a leader as could hardly be replaced, and Charles gave him command of his troops in the Milanese. The Constable's misconduct brought disfa-vour on the princes of the house of Bourbon, (of that of Valois none remained,) and this further increased the credit and importance of the Count of Guise. He was already governor of Champagne and Burgundy, provinces the Emperor was likely to attack. This command, however, was not the object of his desires; he would rather have gone to Italy, and applied to do so; but the King, rendered suspicious by the Constable's defection, began to consider, with some slight uneasiness, the position acquired by the Count of Guise; and it was probably on this account only that he would not confer on the Lorraine prince the direction of the Italian war. The glory of Guise lost nothing by the refusal, although that of France grievously suffered by the army of Italy being confided to the less capable hands of Admiral Bonnivet. Fortune soon afforded the younger general one of those opportunities of high distinction, of which no leader ever was more covetous or better knew how to take advantage. A large body of Imperialist infantry having made an irruption into Burgundy, he assembled the nobility of the province and about nine hundred men-at-arms, with which force he deemed himself able to keep the field against the twelve thousand lansquenets that Count Furstemberg led to meet him. By an odd accident, he had no infantry, his adversary no cavalry. By dividing his horsemen into small parties, and maintaining an incessant harassing warfare, Guise prevented the Germans from foraging; and at last, compelled by famine, they prepared to recross the Meuse, abandoning two forts they had captured, and carrying off a large amount of spoil. Thus encumbered, and vigorously pursued, their rearguard was cut to pieces, and their retreat converted into a rout. "With a feeling of chivalrous gallantry," says M. de Bouillé, "Guise desired to procure the duchess his

sister-in-law, Antoinette de Bourbon, and the ladies of the court of Lorraine, then assembled at Neufchâteau, the enjoyment of this spectacle, (the battle), to them so new. Warned by him, and stationed at windows, out of reach of danger, whence they looked out upon the plain, they had the pastime, and were able to recompense, by their applause and cries of joy, the courage of the troops whom their presence animated."

But such partial successes, however glorious to him by whom they were achieved, were all insufficient to turn the tide of disaster that had set in against the French arms. The defeat of Bonnivet, the invasion of Provence by the Constable, were succeeded by that terrible day before the walls of Pavia, when Francis I., vanquished, wounded, made prisoner by a rebellious subject, beheld his army destroyed, and the battle-field strewn with the bodies of his best generals, whilst, bleeding at his feet, slain in his defence, lay Francis of Lorraine, a younger brother of the Count of Guise, the second of that brave brotherhood who had fallen in arms under the *fleur-de-lis*.* When the brave but most imprudent monarch was carried into captivity, his mother, regent in his absence, placed her chief trust and dependence in Guise. Of these he proved himself worthy. He checked the ambition of the Duke of Vendôme, who, as first prince of the blood, showed a disposition to seize upon the regency; he advised the ransoming of the French prisoners taken at Pavia, and exercised altogether a most salutary influence upon the circumstances of that critical time. His good sword, as well as his precocious wisdom, was soon in request. A large body of German fanatics, proclaiming the doctrine of absolute equality, and the abolition of all human superiority, had swept over Suabia, Wurtemberg, and Franconia, burning churches and slaying priests, and threatened to carry the like excesses into Lorraine and Burgundy. By aid of his brothers, at much expense and with great difficulty, Guise got together ten thousand men,

* Francis of Lorraine was eighteen years old when slain at Pavia. One of his brothers had fallen, at about the same age, at the battle of Marignano.

four thousand of whom were cavalry. The double cross was the rallying sign of this little army. The time was come for Guise to perform his promise to Pope Leo, to fight stoutly in defence of the Church. And truly his hand was heavy upon the unfortunate and half frantic Lutherans, although to a certain extent he tempered its weight with mercy. Besieged in Saverne, the fanatics put to death the herald who summoned them to surrender. Learning that reinforcements from Germany were at hand, Guise hurried to meet them with three thousand men, and encountered them at the village of Lupstein, into which the Germans retreated, after a terrible conflict outside the place, and threw up a barricade as best they could, of carts, casks, and gabions. From the cover of these, and of the adjacent hedges, they kept up so obstinate a defence, that Guise, whose men fell fast, caused fire to be applied to the houses. But hardly had the flames begun their ravages, when the Count, seized with compassion, threw himself from his horse to assist in extinguishing them, and succeeded, at imminent risk to his own life, in saving upwards of four thousand persons of all ages. Nearly double that number perished; as many more at Saverne and in the mountains, to which the unfortunate Germans fled; and about fifteen thousand in a final engagement at Chenouville, which broke the strength of the fanatic host, and finally closed the campaign. During one of these battles, the soldiers of Guise beheld in the air the image of the Saviour attached to the cross, a phenomenon in which they saw assurance of victory.

"Once more," says M. de Bonillé, "Guise had rendered a most important service to the kingdom; he had also assumed a peculiar and marked position, and had fixed a point of departure for himself and his descendants, by striking, of his own accord, and without instructions from the Government, the first blows that Protestantism received in France: a circumstance often recalled, with more or less exultation, by the panegyrists of that family, and which procured Claude de Lorraine the

nickname of the *Great Butcher*, given him by the heretics, who were exasperated by the loss of nearly forty thousand men, caused them by his arms in that fatal expedition."

Determined foes to the Reformed faith as both of them were, a distinction must yet be made between the Count of Guise assailing and slaughtering, with far inferior forces, a formidable body of armed and aggressive foreigners, and the fierce *Ralafré*, wielding a murderous sword against his defenceless and inoffensive Huguenot countrymen, on the terrible night of St Bartholomew. If the amount of bloodshed at Saverne and Chenouville appears excessive, and implies that little quarter was given, it must yet be remembered that greater clemency to the vanquished might have had the most disastrous consequences to the handful of conquerors. The Council of Regency disapproved of Guise's conduct in the affair; taxing him with rashness in risking the whole of the small number of regular troops disposable for the defence of the kingdom. But there could hardly have been more pressing occasion to expose them; and Francis I., on returning from exile, recognised and rewarded that and other good services by elevating the county of Guise into a duchy and peerage—further enriching the newly-made duke with a portion of the crown domains. Such honours and advantages had previously been almost exclusively reserved for persons of the blood-royal. The Parliament remonstrated in vain; but Francis himself, before very long, repented what he had done. He took umbrage at the increasing popularity of the Duke of Guise, and gave ear to the calumnies and insinuations of the French nobles, who were irritated by the haughty bearing, great prosperity, and ambitious views of the house of Lorraine. The manner in which Francis testified his jealousy and distrust was unworthy of a monarch who has left a great name in history. He showed himself indulgent to those of his courtiers and officers who organised resistance to the influence and pretensions of the Guises. "One time, amongst others," says M. de Bouillé, "the Duke of Guise, governor of Burgundy, wish-

ing to visit the castle of Auxonne, whose governorship was a charge distinct from that of the province, the titular, Rouvray, a French gentleman, refused him admittance, which he would not have dared to do had Guise been recognised as prince. When the Duke complained of this treatment, the King, delighted, whilst taking advantage of his services, "to see his pride and ambition thwarted, landed the conduct of Rouvray, and laughed at him who had wished to play the prince of royal blood." For annoyances of this kind Guise sought compensation in popularity, thus tracing out for his descendants the line they should most advantageously follow.

The partial disfavour into which the Guises had fallen, during an interval of peace when their services were not indispensable, was dissipated by the zeal and talents exhibited by the Duke's brother, John Cardinal of Lorraine, in a most difficult and delicate negotiation with Charles V., and by the prompt good-will with which, when negotiation failed and war broke out, the Duke hurried to the relief of Peronne, accompanied by his eldest son, the Count of Aumale, then scarcely nineteen years old. Peronne la Pucelle was hard beset by the Count of Nassau, who pounded its ramparts with seventy-two pieces of cannon, and was defended with equal valour by Fleuranges, Marshal de la Marck, who repulsed an assault made simultaneously by two breaches, and destroyed a mine on which the enemy reckoned for his discomfiture. Want of supplies, and especially of powder, must soon, however, have compelled him to yield, but for a stratagem practised by Guise. That able commander selected four hundred resolute soldiers, loaded each of them with a bag containing ten pounds of powder, and set out, at six in the evening, from his headquarters at Ham, with the Count of Aumale, whose first experience of war this was, and to whom Guise, as he wrote to the King, "intended soon to give up his sword, as capable of doing better service in his young hands than in his own." Two hundred horsemen escorted them as far as the edge of the marshes of Peronne, and at

midnight Guise, who had brought with him a large number of drummers and trumpeters, distributed these at different points around the besiegers' camp. Whilst they sounded and beat the charge, and the Imperialist generals, believing themselves attacked on all sides, hastily formed their troops for the combat, the powder-bearers, guided by a soldier of the garrison who had borne news of its distress from Fleuranges to Guise, crossed the marshes by means of a number of little roads and bridges, which the enemy himself had made to maintain his communications, and reached the moat, whence by means of ropes and ladders they entered the fortress. The last of them were just getting in when day broke, and the Count of Nassau discovered the trick that had been played him, and detached a body of cavalry to pursue Guise, then retreating with his drums and trumpets, and whose steady array discouraged attack. A few days later the Imperialists raised the siege, and Paris, which had been in consternation at the danger of Peronne, its last bulwark against the advancing foe, knew no bounds in its gratitude to the man to whom it thus, for the second time, was indebted for its salvation. Guise's great services in this and the following campaign rendered Francis I. indulgent to his still-recurring pretensions; to the arrogance which led him frequently to refuse obeying orders that did not emanate directly from the King, and to assume a sort of independence and irresponsibility in the exercise of his government. Looking back, through the clarifying medium of history, upon the character and conduct of Claude of Lorraine, we are disinclined to think that Francis had ever serious cause for mistrusting the loyalty of his powerful subject; whose encroachments, however, it cannot be denied, were sufficient grounds for jealousy and uneasiness. And on more than one occasion we find the royal anger—perhaps complete disgrace—averted from him only by the interest of his brother the Cardinal, to whom Francis could refuse nothing.

As a diplomatist and patron of the arts, Cardinal John of Lorraine occupies almost as elevated a pedestal in

the gallery of distinguished Frenchmen of the sixteenth century, as does his brother Claude in his more active capacity of general of armies and administrator of provinces. His courtly qualities, and a congeniality of tastes—some of which, although they might be held excusable in a king, were scarcely to be palliated in a prelate, even in that age of lax morality—endearred him to Francis, who associated with him on a footing of great familiarity. His generosity and charity were on such a scale as at times to resemble prodigality and ostentation; his love of pleasure and addiction to gallantry were in like manner excessive. "He was," says M. de Bouillé, "a very lettered prince, a splendid patron of learned men, whom he treated as friends, and in whose labours he associated himself. A writer named Bertrand de Vaux, having presented and read to him a critical work, containing low personality, awaited, notwithstanding its base character, the recompense which the Cardinal always granted to those authors with whose productions he was satisfied. The prelate accordingly handed him a golden etui. 'Take this, friend Bertrand,' he said; 'it is to pay the fatigue and salary of the reader. The writer must seek payment from some more malignant man than myself.'" The celebrated Erasmus, Clement Marot the poet, and Rabelais the satirist, all benefited by the patronage or enjoyed the intimacy of the Cardinal, who, conjointly with his nephew the Cardinal Charles of Lorraine, is believed by some to have been indicated by the witty priest of Meudon in the character of Panurge. Passionately fond of art, the prelate-prince gathered around him the men of genius whom the largesses and magnificence of Francis I. seduced from Italy to France. He showed particular favour to Benvenuto Cellini, who presented him with some of his works and received from him costly gifts. "When in full blaze of fortune and favour, he caused to be built and decorated, with blind prodigality, after the designs of Primaticcio and by the pupils of that famous artist, the superb chateau of Meudon, in whose park was constructed, amongst other costly ornaments, a grotto;

'excellently fine and pleasant to save oneself from being wetted by the rain.' He had musicians in his service, and Arcadelt, a distinguished composer, some of whose works are still preserved and esteemed, was his *maitre de chapelle*." His charity, although often too indiscriminate, sprang from real kindness of heart. Numerous children, belonging to poor families, were educated at his expense in the Paris schools. And his good grace in conferring favours doubled their value. The farmer of his abbey of Fécamp, having made the same receipt serve for three separate payments, and endeavouring to make it pass a fourth time, the Cardinal's receivers refused to admit it, and the case was referred to the prelate himself, who, having examined and recognised his signature, merely said, "Since John is there, John shall be believed," and ordered it to be definitively admitted. When he went abroad, "he usually," says Brantôme, "carried a great pouch, which his *rulet-de-chambre*, who had charge of the money for his petty expenses, failed not to fill each morning with three or four hundred crowns: and as many poor as he met he put his hand into the pouch and gave, without stint or consideration, whatever he drew forth." The story is well known of the blind mendicant, who, having implored an alms of him in the streets of Rome, exclaimed, on receiving a handful of gold: "*O tu sei Christo, o veramente il cardinal di Lorrena*." By the light which these details throw upon his character, it is not difficult to discern that the magnificent cardinal must have been a welcome courtier to the sumptuous Francis, who, during the period of his favour, made him his constant companion and delighted to do him honour. He sat upon the King's left hand on occasion of the *lit de justice* held at Paris on New Year's day 1537, at which Francis declared Charles of Austria attainted of rebellion and felony, and deprived of Artois, Flanders, and all the domains that he held *en mouvance* of the crown of France—a sentence more easily pronounced than enforced, and which of course entailed a war. Peace again concluded, in great measure by the diplomacy of the Cardinal, he it was,

according to Du Bellay, who alone accompanied the King and Queen at dinner, on the day of Charles V.'s entrance into Paris. The friendship borne him by Francis, was the cause of his being charged to break to that monarch the death of his son, the Dauphin of France. Of the familiarity with which the King treated him, M. de Bonillé gives a specimen in a curious anecdote: "One day, at mass, the Cardinal did not perceive that a thief, who had managed to enter the chapel, had picked his pocket. The rogue, observing that the King had his eyes fixed upon him, with extraordinary coolness and audacity put his finger on his lips, looking at the same time significantly at Francis I., who took the hint and said nothing, in order not to spoil what he imagined to be an adroit practical joke. Service over, however, he made an observation which induced the Cardinal to put his hand in his pocket, when he discovered his loss. When the King had amused himself at his surprise, he ordered that what had been stolen should be restored; but the thief, who was perfectly serious in his intentions, had made his escape, which greatly increased the mirth of the monarch, thus cleverly duped. 'On the word of a gentleman,' he exclaimed, 'the rogue has made me his accomplice!'"

Powerfully supported at court by his brother, Claude of Lorraine was no less ably seconded in the field by his son Francis, Count of Aumale, a young hero destined ultimately to surpass even him in glory, and to raise the name of Guise to its apogee of splendour. The constantly-recurring wars with the Emperor yielded him abundant opportunities to display his prowess. In the campaign of 1543 he did good service, until, at the siege of Luxemburg, he was dangerously wounded above the ankle by an arquebuse ball. "Carried, almost without hopes—on account of the fracture of the bones and the injury to the nerves—first to his tent and then to Longwy, five leagues in rear, he owed his recovery to the attention of the King, who sent him his own physicians, and to the care bestowed upon him by his father. And nevertheless, when he suffered signs of pain to escape him during the

dressing, the Duke of Guise addressed to him reproaches by which it will be seen that he subsequently profited, saying to him—a noble and stoical maxim—"That persons of his rank ought not to feel their wounds, but, on the contrary, to take pleasure in building up their reputation on the ruin of their bodies." It was in no feather-bed school that the Guises were educated. Nearly at the same time that the Count d'Aumale was hit before Luxemburg, Gaspard de Coligny-Châtillon, then his rival in valour, and at a subsequent day his deadly foe, was severely wounded in the throat at the siege of Binche.

In the war in which these incidents occurred, England was allied with the Emperor against France. Personal motives combined with political irritation to dispose the violent and uxorious Henry VIII. to a rupture with Francis I. Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise, and widow of Louis of Orleans, duke of Longueville, had been given in marriage to James V. of Scotland, in preference to Henry, who, inflamed by the report of her beauty, had solicited her hand as a pledge of perpetual alliance with France. Dazzling as was the offer of so powerful a sovereign, his anti-catholic acts, and his evil reputation as a husband, deterred the Guises from entertaining it; and Francis I., obeying the dictates of feeling rather than those of prudence, extricated them from a dilemma by alleging a previous promise to the Scottish king. It is said that Henry would then gladly have espoused Louisa, second daughter of the Duke, and that, means being found to elude his pursuit, this second disappointment further augmented his rancorous feelings towards Francis and the house of Guise. However this may have been, the war with England continued subsequently to the conclusion of peace between Francis and Charles—chiefly in Picardy, around Boulogne, which Henry held, and in whose neighbourhood his army was encamped. Some severe skirmishes and partial engagements occurred, and in one of these the Count of Aumale received a wound, probably the severest ever survived by mortal man, from the lance of an English officer. The

weapon, according to the description of Ambrose Paré, entered "above the right eye, declining towards the nose, and piercing through on the other side, between the nape and the ear." So violent was the blow that the weapon broke in the head, into which it had penetrated more than half a foot, the entire lance-iron and two fingers' breadth of the staff remaining in the wound. Paré explains the possibility of such a wound, in an age when helmets and visors were in use, by mentioning that the Count always went into action with his face bare.

"Terrible as was the shock," says M. de Bouillé, "it did not unhorse d'Aumale. He still made head against his foes, succeeded in forcing a passage through them, aided by his young and valiant brother Claude, and by de Vieilleville—who, alone of all, had not abandoned him—and rode gloriously into camp. His appearance was frightful; his face, armour, and clothes were deluged with blood. The surgeons, stupified by the depth and gravity of the wound, despaired of cure, and refused to inflict useless sufferings upon the patient. But Ambrose Paré, the King's surgeon, sent by Francis with orders to try every means of saving the hero's life, was not discouraged. Confiding in his skill, and in the firmness of the wounded man, he resolved to attempt an operation, terrible indeed, but admirable for those days, and worthy alone to insure celebrity to him who imagined it. The lance-head was broken off so short, that it was impossible to grasp it with the hand. Taking then a blacksmith's pincers, to draw it out with great force, and assisted, amongst others, by Master Nicolle Lavernan, a very experienced surgeon, he asked the Lorraine prince, in presence of a crowd of officers shuddering with horror, if he would submit to the employment of such means, and would suffer him to place his foot upon his face. 'I consent to everything; proceed,' replied d'Aumale. Nor did his fortitude abandon him for an instant during this cruel operation, which was not effected without fracture of bones, nerves, veins, and arteries, and other parts, and which he endured as if they had only pulled out a hair. The agony extorted from

him but the single exclamation—'Ah! my God!' Transported afterwards in a litter to Pecquigny, he remained for three days in a hopeless state: early on the fifth day more favourable symptoms declared themselves, and nature made such powerful efforts, that the cure was completed without leaving the Count d'Aumale any trace of this astonishing wound, except a scar, equally glorious for him and for Ambrose Paré. That skillful surgeon was wont modestly to say, when speaking of the marvellous cure of Francis of Lorraine—'I dressed it, and God healed it.' As soon as he began to get better, the Count d'Aumale hastened to write to the King, with a hand still unsteady, the following note, characterised by a calmness remarkable in such circumstances:—
'Sire, I take the liberty to inform you that I find myself well, hoping not to lose an eye. Your very humble servant, LE GUIZARD.' Admiring his energy, and in recompense of his services, Francis I. made him governor of Dauphiny; whilst the numerous partisans of the house of Guise attributed his cure to a miracle wrought by the prayers of his pious mother, Antoinette of Bourbon. This princess carefully preserved till her death the lance-point which had penetrated her son's head. The extent of the wound, as described by Paré, would be scarcely credible, but for the testimony of that learned and excellent man, and of other cotemporary writers quoted by M. de Bouillé. In a short time the heroic Count had forgotten his hurt, and was again in arms against the English, with whom, however, peace was shortly afterwards concluded.

Notwithstanding the frequent uneasiness occasioned him by the power and ambition of the family of Guise, Francis I. continued, almost to the close of his reign, to enrich and aggrandise them. The magnitude of their services, and their many great qualities, at intervals elicited his gratitude and generosity, to the oblivion of mistrust and apprehension. Thus, only three years prior to his death, he erected into a marquise certain lands and lordships of the Duke of Guise, and immediately afterwards elevated the marquise to a duchy,

in consideration, said the letters patent, of the great, virtuous, and commendable services that the Duke of Guise had long rendered to king and country, without sparing his own person, his children, or goods: "and also that our said cousin Duke of Guise is of the house of Lorraine, descended by wife and alliance from the house of Anjou, and from our predecessors, kings of France." Thus was the title of Duke of Mayenne provided for a younger son of Claude of Lorraine. Such laudatory declarations as the one above cited were concurrent, however, with the systematic restriction of the Guises' direct influence on state affairs. And on his deathbed, when dividing his last hours upon earth between religious duties and sage counsels to his son, Francis enjoined this prince not to recall the Constable of Montmorency, or to admit to a share of government the princes of the house of Guise. Montmorency had incurred disgrace and banishment by exciting the King's conjugal jealousy. Henry II. showed slight regard to his father's dying injunctions. Scarcely had the earth closed over the deceased monarch, when those he had recommended to his son's favour were removed from their posts; Montmorency was recalled, and the Guises were taken into favour; the Count of Aumale, and Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, dividing between them Henry's whole confidence. It must be admitted, that the means to which they resorted to secure and preserve this favour, were not of the most delicate description, although, doubtless, they would be very differently estimated then and now. They sustained their credit with Henry II. by their attentions to Diana of Poitiers, his all-powerful mistress, whose eldest daughter one of the brothers, Claude, Marquis of Mayenne, had just married. From this discreditable alliance Châtillon, afterwards the Admiral de Coligny, had tried to dissuade them, by pointing out, says Brantôme, in his *Life of the Admiral*, "that it was not very honourable for them, and that an inch of authority and favour with honour was better than an armful without." The Count of Aumale, up to that time the inseparable companion of

Coligny, was but ill-pleased by the freedom of this advice, which, he said, was less that of a friend than of one envious of the good fortune such an alliance insured to his family. This difference, however, cast but a slight cloud over the intimacy which thereafter was exchanged for so bitter an enmity. Meanwhile the royal favour, lavished on the young Guises, was not extended to their father, who was excluded from the government which his sons freely exercised, and who, immediately after the coronation of Henry, left the court, to live in retirement in his castle of Joinville. The prudence and moderation of the elder Guise were probably less welcome to the young king than the bolder and more impetuous counsels of his sons. There were six of these, all pretty well provided for when Claude of Lorraine retired into private life: Francis, Count of Aumale; Claude, Marquis of Mayenne; Charles, Archbishop of Rheims; Louis, Bishop of Troyes; and Francis, Chevalier of Lorraine, afterwards grand-prior and general of the galleys of France. "During his stay at Paris, after the campaign of 1544, the Duke of Guise frequently went, accompanied by his six young sons, to pay his devoirs to the King, who always graciously received and congratulated him, saying 'that he was six times fortunate in seeing himself live again, before his death, in a posterity of such great promise.' One day Charles, the second brother, who was intended for the church, presented to Francis, some moral and theological theses, accompanying them with an eloquent and tasteful harangue. His promotion to the archbishopric of Rheims, the richest benefice in France, was, it is said, the munificent reward of this precocious ability." Henry II. received his crown from the hands of this youthful archbishop, upon whom the Pope, five days after the ceremony, conferred a cardinal's hat. Charles of Lorraine can have been but thirty or thirty-one years old, when he thus attained to the highest dignities of the church.

A few days before the coronation, Henry II. sanctioned by his presence the celebrated judicial duel—which gave rise to a proverb still current in

France—between Guy Chabot de Jarnac and François de Vivonne. It took place in lists erected near the chateau of St Germain. Vivonne's second (or godfather, as it was then called) was the Count of Aumale, who attracted universal attention by the grandeur of his air and the lustre of his renown. "Towards half-past seven in the morning," says M. de Bouillé, "d'Aumale pronounced it time to bring the arms, and the combatants appeared in the lists, Vivonne conducted by d'Aumale; and, after the customary salutations and injunctions, the king-at-arms, Normandy, having thrice exclaimed—*Laissez aller les bons combattants!* the combat commenced with skill and fury. In a few moments, however, by a blow, since proverbial, dealt and repeated on the left ham, Vivonne was prostrated by his adversary. The Count d'Aumale sprang to the assistance of the vanquished man, and to calm the rage which made him tear open his own wounds. But Vivonne survived only three days, and, after his death, d'Aumale had the following inscription engraved upon his tomb: 'A great prince *Lorrain et François*, much grieved and afflicted by so unexpected an event, has dedicated this to the manes of a brave knight of Poitou.' In these few words was revealed a pretension constantly entertained by the house of Guise, and which then appeared surprising, but which received a sort of consecration from its silent toleration by the King." It was doubtless this toleration, combined with the sentiment of growing power and influence, which raised the arrogance of the Guises to such a pitch that, on occasion of Henry II.'s solemn entrance into Chambery, during a visit of inspection to his frontier fortresses, we find the Count of Aumale placing himself on the same line with the Duke of Vendôme, first prince of the blood, and afterwards King of Navarre. The angry dispute to which this gave rise was terminated by the King, who maintained Guise in the place he had audaciously assumed. Like his father, Henry was nurturing a pride which was afterwards to give him umbrage. Already d'Aumale's influence and popularity were so great as to make

him courted by all classes, even to the highest, not excluding persons of blood-royal; and only a few months after the dispute at Chambery, we find the same King of Navarre thanking him, conjointly with the Cardinal of Bourbon, for services he had rendered to friends of theirs. The first nobles of the land had recourse to his protection and support, and strove to propitiate him by presents and flattering letters. From all quarters he received offerings of "wine, fruit, confections, ortolans, horses, dogs, hawks, and gerfalcons, the letters accompanying these very often containing a second paragraph, petitioning for pensions or grants from the King, or for places, even down to that of apothecary, or of barber to the Dauphin, &c." The memoirs and manuscripts of the time furnish many curious particulars of this kind, especially the MSS. Gaignières, often referred to by M. de Bouillé. And they further show that d'Aumale, amidst his countless occupations, found leisure to listen to all petitioners, and means to content many. There exist the most flattering letters written to him by the hand of kings; the humblest supplications addressed to him by great state corporations, such as the parliaments of Paris, Bordeaux, and other cities; testimony of the profoundest deference from the nobles of the court—names such as Broëze and Brissac being affixed to fulsome protestations of service and thanks for favour shown. Such was the immense position of the Duke d'Aumale, (that county also had become a duchy,) who now openly affected the state and quality of prince of the blood. Then, as afterwards, (when he was duke of Guise,) he always received the title of *monseigneur*, (except from the princes of the blood, who called him *monsieur*;) and that of *vostre excellence* or *vostre seigneurie*. And in 1548 the nuns of Bonneuil addressed him a supplication as *vostre haulle et puissante majesté et seigneurie*. So great was his reputation for magnanimity, so popular his rule, that those provinces rejoiced over which he was appointed governor. And the affection borne him by the French people became at last so great "that it may be said it

was carried to an excess, even to the point of making them forget their fidelity to the King." For a time the favour and confidence of the King kept pace with the love of the nation; and it was augmented by the ability with which d'Aumale pacified several revolted provinces, where his presence alone sufficed, for the most part, to calm angry passions and revive the loyalty of the population. Soon after this expedition, occurred his marriage with Anne d'Est, daughter of the Duke of Ferrara, a beautiful, virtuous, and well-dowered princess who had been sought in marriage by Sigismund, King of Poland, but whom an innate sympathy for France, combined with the able management of Cardinal de Guise, induced to give the preference to the Duke d'Aumale.

In his castle of Joinville, on the 12th April 1550, Claude, first duke of Guise, piously and resignedly terminated his illustrious and honourable career. His duchess, Antoinette de Bourbon, one of the most virtuous and amiable princesses of her time, his eldest son and the Marquis of Elbeuf, were beside his dying bed; and during his illness the King sent frequent expresses to inquire his state. His premature death, at the age of fifty-three, after a short but violent illness,—combined with some solemn and generous expressions he used a few minutes before breathing his last, to the effect that he heartily forgave the person, whosoever it might be, who had given him "*le morreau pour mourir*,"—gave rise to a belief, further accredited by his funeral oration and by the inscription on his tomb, that he had perished by poison. History has difficulty in confirming this popular notion, in support of which no evidence was ever produced, nor anything beyond a vague supposition that the author of the Duke's death was a Genoese, an agent of the Emperor, then in France to watch the measures taken by that republic to obtain from Henry II. means of resistance to the party of Ferdinand, in opposition to whom there was little doubt that Guise would advise the King to give his support to Genoa. Considering, however, that Claude of Lorraine lived away from court, where his son had succeeded to his

influence, this is rather a far-fetched story; and the probability is that the Duke died of some unusual malady, misunderstood by, perhaps wholly unknown to, the imperfect medical science of those days. But natural deaths were rare in the house of Guise; and in the sixteenth century poison had no unimportant share in the bills of mortality. Some indeed have hinted its possible agency in the death of John, Cardinal of Lorraine, which occurred within forty days of that of his brother Claude. This prelate was on his way back from Rome, where he had been an unsuccessful aspirant to the papal tiara, when he was suddenly informed, on his passage through Lyons, of the Duke's decease. It was possibly the shock of this intelligence that brought on an attack of apoplexy under which he sank and shortly expired. "Providence," says M. de Bouillé, "had perhaps resolved to consecrate, by an almost simultaneous death, the union which had so constantly and advantageously existed between him and his brother, and which the cotemporary writers characterise, in their mythological style, by comparing the two princes to Castor and Pollux. Their place was not to remain vacant, but was about to be even more than filled by two brothers, also 'the happiest pair of brothers that ever were seen;' one an accomplished warrior and magnanimous hero, the other a skilful and enterprising prelate, who, by renewing the example of a constant agreement of views, by putting in practice that useful and remarkable combination of the churchman and the man of the sword, peculiar to their family, and efficaciously applied by them to politics and ambition, realised an immense amount of favour and authority. The first generation of this dynasty—if not sovereign, at least so brilliantly episodal—had passed away, already almost surpassed in grandeur by its successor, destined to elevate itself in the inverse ratio of the wearer of that crown which gradually became almost illusory."

Certain it is that the figure of Francis, second Duke of Guise, sur-named the Great, occupies, upon the canvass of French history, a far more remarkable and important place than

that of any one of the three kings whose reigns were cotemporary with his power. Early distinguished in arms, his generosity, urbanity, and irresistible valour made him the idol of the army, whilst the prudence and precocious wisdom he inherited from his father, rendered him invaluable at the council board, and secured him the favour of his sovereign; to such a point that Henry II. had no secrets from him, but caused all important despatches to be communicated to him as punctually as they were to himself. Nor was his brother Charles inferior to him in talent, although their difference of profession rendered its display less striking in the cardinal. Both possessed of admirable tact and judgement in the conduct of public affairs, the one was not more terrible in the battle-field than the other was skilful and seductive in diplomatic negotiations, and in the graceful intercourse of private life. The cardinal's learning and eloquence, his fine countenance, his dignified bearing, his richly-stored memory, combined to exercise a powerful fascination upon all he met. "Had I the elegance of Monsieur le Cardinal de Lorraine," said Theodore de Beze one day, when mounting his horse to leave Rheims, where he had had a conference with the accomplished prelate, "I should expect to convert half the persons in France to the religion I profess."

At the date of the death of Claude of Lorraine, Charles V. was the sole survivor of the three remarkable sovereigns who had simultaneously filled the three most important European thrones. With him the Duke and Cardinal now impelled Henry II. into a war, which had for its real object the realisation of a bold and extensive scheme greatly to increase the authority of France in Europe, and at the same time to establish the omnipotence of the Guises in France. One of the most remarkable events of this war was the siege of Metz, in which large ill-fortified place the Duke, with a small number of men, was exposed to the assaults of an army consisting of one hundred thousand and infantry, twenty-three thousand horse, and one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery. Guise displayed extraordinary skill and energy, lead-

ing sorties himself, and even issuing forth at the head of a mere handful of men to skirmish with the enemy. Fortunately he had had time to lay in good store of provisions; but his cannon were few in number and for the most part unserviceable, and he was fain to defend with falconets and other small guns, the breaches which the Imperialists soon made in his walls. In an action that occurred during the siege, in the neighbourhood of Nancy, Claude de Guise—that brother of the Duke who, when a mere youth, had powerfully and valiantly contributed to deliver him, in front of Boulogne, from an overwhelming number of assailants—was taken prisoner. Thrice wounded, and with his horse killed under him, he had no choice but to yield or die. This disaster deprived Metz of a gallant defender, and plunged Guise and the whole army into deep affliction; the Duke, however, consoling himself by the resolution to make the Emperor dearly pay for his brother's ransom, and by the reflection that d'Aumale had not yielded until he was knocked down and had a cocked pistol at his throat. The sorties continued with great vigour, but at the expense of many wounded men, of whom so large a proportion died, for want of efficient medical assistance, that a rumour gained credit that the drugs were poisoned. Guise begged the King to send him Ambrose Paré with a stock of fresh medicaments, and, by the connivance of an Italian officer in the Imperialist camp, that skilful leech was introduced at midnight into the town, with the apothecary Daigue and a horse-load of medical stores. Paré was bearer of a letter from the King, thanking Guise and the other princes and nobles for all they had done and were doing to preserve his town of Metz, and assuring them he would remember and reward their services. Thus encouraged, and confident in his troops, Guise wrote to the King, with whom he found means constantly to correspond in cypher, that Metz could hold out six months without succour. On the other hand the Imperialists redoubled their efforts for success. The Emperor, who lay at Thionville, sick of the gout and expectant of triumph, at last judged

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his presence indispensable for the fortunate conclusion of the siege, and made his appearance in the camp, mounted on an Arab horse, "his face very pale and wasted, his eyes sunken, his head and beard white." His coming was the signal for so great a salvo of artillery and small arms, that the besieged flew to arms, expecting a general attack. Until the neighbouring castle of La Horgne could be prepared for his reception, he took up his quarters in a small wooden house, hastily constructed with the ruins of an abbey. "A fine palace," he said, "when I shall receive in it the keys of Metz." But the keys were long in coming, although the fierceness of the attack was redoubled—fourteen thousand cannon-shots being fired against the ramparts in one day, the noise of which was said to have been heard beyond the Rhine, at forty leagues from Metz. The constancy of the besieged was a match for the fury of the assailants. Breaches were diligently repaired, and sorties continued—the French actually seeking the Imperialists under their tents. Suddenly the latter changed the point of attack, and directed their cannonade against one of the very strongest parts of the rampart, behind which the besieged hastened to construct a second wall, also of great strength. The sudden change of plan is attributed by Ambrose Paré in his *Voyage à Metz*, to a stratagem employed by Guise. The Duke, according to the learned physician and chronicler, wrote a letter to Henry II. with the intention of its being intercepted by the enemy, in which he said, that if Charles V. persisted in his plan of attack, he would be compelled to raise the siege, but that a very different result was to be apprehended, if unfortunately the enemy directed his attention to a certain point, cunningly indicated in the despatch. Sewn, with an affectation of mystery, under the doublet of a clumsy peasant, this letter was destined for the perusal of the Duke of Alva, one of whose patrols did not fail to seize and search the unfortunate messenger, who was forthwith hanged. Misled by the information thus obtained, the besiegers changed the position of their batteries. In two days a breach was effected,

the old wall crumbling into the ditch, amidst the acclamations of the assailants. But their joy was exchanged for rage and disgust when, upon the subsidence of the dust, they beheld a second wall in rear of the breach. The French began to scoff and abuse them, but Guise commanded silence, under pain of death, lest some traitor should take advantage of the tumult to convey information to the enemy; whereupon his soldiers fastened live cats to the end of their pikes, whose discordant cries mocked the enemy. The enthusiasm of the besieged now knew no bounds. Men, women, and young girls toiled day and night to strengthen the inner wall. Guise's gay and encouraging words gave confidence to all. Collecting his soldiers upon the breach, which was ninety feet wide: "I rejoice," he said, "that the enemy have at last overthrown this barrier, more useful to them than to you. You have so often visited them in their camp, that it is only just they should have an opportunity of reconnoitring the town upon whose capture they so boastfully reckoned." Charles ordered the assault; but when his troops saw the French crowning the breach, with Guise at their head, they recoiled as if already attacked, and neither entreaties nor threats could move them forward. "How is it," the Emperor had exclaimed with a great oath, when he saw the gaping breach, "that they do not enter? It is so large and level with the ditch; *vertu de Dieu!* what means this?" He had himself conveyed in a litter to the foremost ranks, to animate the soldiers by his presence. When he beheld their retreat, he mournfully desired to be carried back to his quarters. "Formerly," he said, "I was followed to the fight, but I see that I have now no men around me; I must bid adieu to empire and immure myself in a monastery; before three years are over, I will turn Franciscan." Finally, on the 26th December, provisions running short, and his army weakened one-third by sickness and the sword, Charles, with a sad heart, raised the siege, uttering, in the bitterness of his shame and disappointment, the well-known words, "I plainly see that Fortune, like a true woman, prefers a young king to

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an old emperor." The imperial camp and artillery crossed the Moselle, and in the night the Duke of Alva evacuated his position, leaving behind a quantity of stores and tents. Guise, who had expressed, that very evening, in a letter to his brother the Cardinal, his conviction that the Emperor would never endure the shame of abandoning the siege, was greatly astonished in the morning to find that the enemy had decamped. His skill and constancy had triumphed, and France was saved from invasion. When he reappeared at court, the King embraced him with transport, and called him his brother. "You have vanquished me as well as the Emperor," said Henry, "by the obligations you have laid me under."

The Duke of Guise's humanity after the siege did him as much honour as his bravery during it. A large number of sick men remained in the Imperialist camp; the rearguard of the retreating army were in a pitiable state, and, unable to proceed, yielded themselves ready prisoners. The commander of a troop of Spanish cavalry, pursued by the Prince of *la Roche-sur-Yon*, who would fain have brought him to battle, suddenly faced about, exclaiming, "How should we have strength to defend ourselves, when you see we have not enough left to fly?" In the hospitals of Metz and Thionville, the sick and wounded Imperialists were carefully tended by order of Guise; non-combatant prisoners were sent back to the Duke of Alva, with the offer of covered boats to transport his exhausted soldiers: the bodies of the dead received suitable burial. The magnanimous general's courtesy and humanity bore their fruits. In the following campaign, when the town of Therouenne, in Picardy, was surprised by the Imperialists, the Germans and Flemings were putting inhabitants and garrison to the sword, without distinction of age or sex, when the Spanish officers, with a lively and grateful remembrance of the good treatment received from Guise and the French, united their voices and efforts to check the carnage. "*Bonne guerre, compagnons,*" they cried; "*souvenez-vous de la courtoisie de Metz!*"

It was during the following campaign (1554) that there occurred the first marked manifestations of discord between the Duke of Guise and the Admiral de Coligny. In the combat of Renty, near St Omor, Coligny commanded the infantry, in his quality of colonel-general of that arm. Victory declared itself for the French; already many trophies had been taken, and heavy loss inflicted on the Imperialists, who were on the brink of a general rout, when Guise "feeling" says M. de Bouillé, "that he was not supported by the Constable de Montmorency—the retreat also, according to a report current at the time, having been sounded by the *breath of envy*—was unable to follow up his advantage, and could but maintain himself on the field, whilst the Imperialists, although defeated, succeeded in entering the besieged fort." The chief merit of this imperfect victory was attributed by the Constable to his nephew Coligny, who, on his part, was said to have asserted that, during the heat of the fight, Guise had not been in his right place. This led, upon the evening of the action, to a violent altercation, which would have ended with drawn swords but for the intervention of the King, in whose tent it occurred. He compelled them to embrace: but the reconciliation was only skin-deep, and from that day forwards a rancorous dislike was substituted for the close intimacy which had existed in their youth between these two great soldiers, and which had been carried to such a point that they "could not live without each other, wearing the same colours, and dressing in the same manner." Henceforward they were constant antagonists, the chiefs of two parties under whose banners nobles, soldiers, and courtiers ranged themselves, according to the dictates of their sympathies or interests. And soon their rivalry for fame and influence was inflamed and euvenomed by the ardour of religious passions, and of combats for their respective creeds.

It is here impossible to trace, even in outline, the events that crowded the reign of Henry II., and in which the Duke, the Cardinal, and their brother d'Anmale played a most conspi-

cuons part. It was a constant succession of battles and intrigues, for the most part terminating, in spite of formidable foes both in the field and at court, to the advantage of the Guises. And when, a few weeks after the battle of St Quintin, so disastrous to the French arms—where the Constable de Montmorency, who had boasted beforehand of victory, beheld his entire army slain or taken, and himself a prisoner—the Duke of Guise returned from Italy, “to save the state,” as the King himself expressed it, he found himself at the utmost pinnacle of power a subject could possibly attain. On the very day of his arrival, Henry declared him lieutenant-general of the French armies, in and out of the kingdom; a temporary dignity, it is true, but one superior to that of Constable, and which usually was bestowed only in times of regency and minority. That nothing should be wanting to the exorbitant authority thus conferred upon the man to whom sovereign and nation alike were wont to turn in the day of danger and disaster, the King addressed to all the provincial authorities particular injunctions to obey the orders of the Duke of Guise as though they emanated from himself; and truly it was remarked, says Dauvigny in his *Vies des Hommes Illustres*, that never had monarch in France been obeyed more punctually and with greater zeal. The whole business of the country now rested upon the shoulders of Guise. But even whilst thus exalting him, Henry, conscious of his own weakness, and haunted, perhaps, by his father's dying injunction, was actually plotting how to lessen the power of his great subject, so soon as the period of peril should have passed, during which his services were indispensable. With strange infatuation, the feeble monarch expected to be able to clip at will the wings of that soaring influence, when victory over the foreigner and the liberation of the country should have confirmed its domination.

Invested with his new dignities, whose importance his sagacity fully appreciated, Guise, with the least possible delay, set out for Compiègne, which, since the recent disasters of

the French arms, was a frontier town. Those disasters, he felt, could be effectually repaired only by a brilliant feat of arms, at once useful to the state, and flattering to the national pride. Upon such a one he resolved. Calais, now upwards of two centuries in possession of the English, to the great humiliation of France, was the object of destined attack.* Skilled in the stratagems of war, the Duke contrived, by a series of able manœuvres, to avert suspicion of his real design, until, on the 1st January 1558, he suddenly appeared before the ramparts of Calais. The siege that ensued has been often narrated. It terminated, after an obstinate resistance, in the capitulation of the garrison, which had scarcely been executed, when an English fleet appeared off the port, bearing succours that came too late. The triumph excited indescribable astonishment and joy throughout France. It was a splendid revenge for the defeat of St Quintin, and produced a marked change in the sentiments of several foreign potentates, who believed that reverse to have prostrated the French power for some time to come. The Grand Signior offered the co-operation of his fleet, and the German princes hastened, with redoubled good-will, the levies that had been demanded of them. Pope Paul IV., when congratulating the French ambassador, pronounced the highest eulogiums on Guise, and declared the conquest of Calais preferable to that of half England. At court, the partisans of the Constable were in dismay, and tried to lessen the merit of the victor by attributing its success to the adoption of a plan sketched by Coligny. But even if this were true, the merit of the execution was all the Duke's own. Upon the heels of this triumph, quickly followed the capture of Guines and the evacuation by the English of the castle of Hames, their last possession in the county of Oye. “In less than a month,” says M. de Bouillé, “Francis of Lorraine had accomplished the patriotic but difficult enterprise so often and fruitlessly attempted during two centuries, and had cancelled the old proverb applied in France, in those days, to generals of slight merit, of whom it was

derisively said, 'He will never drive the English out of France.'

Henry II., accompanied by the Dauphin, the Cardinals of Lorraine and Guise, and several nobles of the court, made a journey to Calais, which he entered with great pomp. The object of this expedition was to sustain the courage and zeal of the troops, who endured much fatigue and hardship, in that inclement season and in the midst of the marshes. The King also wished to testify his gratitude to his lieutenant-general, showing him great confidence, referring to him all who requested audience on business, and presenting him, in the most flattering terms, with a house in Calais. The Duke returned with Henry to Paris, where great feasts and rejoicings were held in his honour, and, on occasion of the Dauphin's marriage with Mary Queen of Scots, which shortly followed, Guise filled, in the absence of Montmorency, the office of grand-master, which he long had coveted. Concurrently, however, with this great apparent favour, Henry was secretly uneasy at the power and pretensions of the family of Guise, and maintained a constant and confidential correspondence with their inveterate enemy the Constable de Montmorency. On the other hand the Guises were on their guard, labouring to countermine and defeat the intrigues levelled against them. Urged on by his brother, and feeling that, in their position, if they did not advance they must recede, the Duke directed all his efforts to an effectual concentration in his own hands of the entire military power of the kingdom. Should he fail in this, he at least was resolved to leave none in those of his rivals. By this time the progress of the Reformed religion in France had attracted great attention. It was an abomination in the eyes of Henry; and of this the Duke and Cardinal took advantage to work the downfall of d'Andelot, brother of Coligny; and colonel-general of the French infantry, the only military commander who at that moment caused them any uneasiness. Accused of heresy, and summoned before the King, who received him kindly, and, expecting he would so reply as to disconcert his enemies,

"commanded him to declare, in presence of all the court, his belief with respect to the holy sacrifice of mass; d'Andelot proudly replied that his gratitude for the King's favours doubtless rendered entire devotedness incumbent upon him, but that his soul belonged to God alone; that, enlightened by the torch of Scripture, he approved the doctrines of Calvin, and considered mass a horrible profanation and an abominable invention of man." Furious at what he deemed a blasphemy, the King, who was at supper, snatched a basin from the table and hurled it at d'Andelot; but it struck the Dauphin. He was then tempted, says one of his historians, to pierce the offender with his sword, but finally contented himself with sending him to prison, and the post of colonel-general was bestowed upon Montluc, an ex-page of Guise's grandfather, and a devoted partisan of the house of Lorraine. This brave Gascon officer at first scrupled to accept it, for he feared to incur the hatred of the Colignys and the Constable. Wily and wary, like most of his countrymen, he declared himself willing to serve as a private soldier under the Duke, but modestly declined the command offered him. The King insisting, he alleged a dysentery, as rendering him incapable of the needful activity. This and other objections being overruled, he took possession of his important command, and speedily proved himself worthy to hold it—notably at the siege of Thionville on the Moselle. This fortress, one of the strongest the Imperialists owned, was defended by Jean de Caderebbe, a brave gentleman of Brabant, at the head of three thousand picked men. The Dukes of Guise and Nevers, and Marshal Strozzi, were the leaders of the besieging army; Montluc joined them on the eve of the opening of the batteries, and did excellent service. On the fifteenth day of the siege, Guise was in the trenches, talking to Strozzi, on whose shoulder his hand rested, when the Marshal was struck by an arquebuse ball, a little above the heart. On feeling himself hit, "*Ah! tête Dieu, Monsieur,*" exclaimed this brave and able general, "the King loses to-day a good servant, and your Excellency also." He did himself no

more than justice. Guise was deeply affected, but, repressing his emotion, he tried to fix Strozzi's thoughts on religion. The veteran's death was less exemplary than his life; he died in profession of unbelief; and Guise, much scandalised, but perhaps doubly furious at the thought that the soul as well as the body of his old comrade had perished by the sudden manner of his death, prosecuted the siege with fresh ardour, eager for revenge, and suppressing for the moment, as far as he was able, the disastrous news, which could not but produce a most unfavourable impression. Valiantly seconded by Montluc and Vieilleville, on the 22d. June, two days after Strozzi's death, he received the capitulation of the garrison. His triumph was well earned. Besides the exhibition, throughout the siege, of the genius and inventive resource that constitute a general of the highest order, he had toiled and exposed himself like a mere subaltern, constantly under fire, personally superintending the pioneers and artillerymen, and rarely sleeping; so that it was no wonder (considering he had not had a single night's rest during the operations against Thionville) that on the 1st July, when preparing for the siege of the rich little town of Arlon, he complained of being very drowsy, and left Montluc to invest the place—himself retiring to bed in a cottage, and giving orders to let him sleep till he awoke of himself. "It is very quick work," he observed, crossing himself, when he was the next day informed, in reply to his inquiry whether the batteries had opened fire, that Montluc had surprised and taken the place in the night.

Whilst Guise was thus not only rendering great services himself, but bringing forward leaders whose exploits honoured the French arms, in other quarters affairs went less favourably for France. Near Dunkirk, Marshal Thermes was beaten and taken prisoner, and Guise, whose frequent lot it was to repair the blunders or misfortunes of less capable generals, marched to Picardy; on the frontier of which province, at a grand review passed by Henry II., the Duke's son and successor, Henry, Prince of Joinville, then but eight

years old, appeared for the first time in public, with his cousin, the Count of St Vallier, son of the Duke d'Aumale. Accompanied by their preceptors and some other gentlemen, and mounted on ponies, they rode through the ranks, until they reached the troops commanded by Montluc. "Ca, ça, my little princes," exclaimed that brave captain, "dismount; for I was brought up in the house of which you are issue, which is the house of Lorraine, where I was page, and I will be the first to put arms in your hands." The two cousins dismounted, and Montluc, taking off the little silken *robons* that covered their shoulders, placed a pike in the hand of each of them. "I hope," he said, "that God will give you grace to resemble your fathers, and that I shall have brought you good fortune by being the first to invest you with arms. To me they have hitherto been favourable. May God render you as brave as you are handsome, and sons of very good and generous fathers." After this species of martial baptism, the two children, conducted by Montluc, passed along the front of the troops, objects of the admiration and good wishes of men and officers. A few months later, one of them was dead; the other, heir to most of the great qualities, whether good or bad, that distinguished his race, lived to prosecute, and at one time almost to realise, the most ambitious designs his father and grandfather had conceived. The fair-haired boy of the review at Pierrepont, was the stern *Balafré* of the wars of the League.

The spring of the year 1559 found the Guises in marked disfavour with the King. The great services of the Duke, the capture of Calais and Thionville, and the many other feats of arms by which he had reduced the power of the enemy, at moments when it was about to be fatal to France, were insufficient to counterbalance the alarm felt by Henry II. at his and the Cardinal's influence and ambition. The star of the Constable was in the ascendant. Chiefly by his intervention, a disadvantageous peace was concluded, and, at his request, d'Andelot was recalled to court. Montmorency and Coligny

triumphed. The efforts of the Protestants combined with court intrigues to ruin the credit of the house of Lorraine. The two brothers were attacked on all sides, and in every manner: epigram and satire furiously assailed them, and they were denounced as aspiring, one to the tiara, the other to the crown of France. However doubtful—or at least remote from maturity—these projects were, they were yet sufficiently probable for their denunciation to produce the desired effect on the mind of Henry, already writhing impatiently under the domination of the Guises, against whom he was further prejudiced by his mistress, the Duchess de Valentinois, (Diane de Poitiers,) still influ-

ential, in spite of her threescore winters. Never had circumstances been so menacing to the fortunes of the Guises; and perhaps it was only the subtle and temporising line of conduct they adopted in this critical conjuncture, that saved them from utter disgrace and downfall. Things had been but a short time in this state, and already, from the skilful manœuvres of the Cardinal, their side of the balance acquired an upward inclination, when the whole aspect of affairs was changed by the death of Henry II. With the reign of his feeble successor, there commenced for the restless princes of Lorraine a new epoch of power and renown.

MY PENINSULAR MEDAL.

BY AN OLD PENINSULAR.

PART VIII.—CHAPTER XIX.

Now for the fight. On the morning of the battle of Toulouse we left Grenade. It was known amongst us that the battle was coming off; and we started in the expectation of passing the night either in the city itself, or in its immediate vicinity. We ascended towards the city by the left bank of the Garonne, but reached a pontoon bridge, which enabled us to cross to the right bank, where the main body of our troops was posted. The fight had commenced. We heard the firing as we advanced; and while we approached the scene of action, it became gradually louder and more distinct. Immediately in the rear of the British lines we halted, not knowing the ground, and withdrew from the road into a field which was close at hand, in order that our numerous party might not prove an obstacle to passing troops, ammunition, or artillery. Our forces held the low ground, and closed, in a sort of semicircle, around the heights occupied by the French. As it so happened that I was not only at this battle, but in it, I here beg leave to relate the circumstances which led to my finding myself in a position where, as a civilian,

I was so little wanted, and so much out of my ordinary sphere of duty.

Sancho did it all. We were sitting upon our nags, speculating upon the fight, and seeing all that could be seen, till we began to think we knew something of what was going on. At this moment rode up from the rear, coming across the fields, an old officer of rank, a major-general, well known at headquarters, without aide-de-camp, orderly, or any kind of attendant. He inquired eagerly, "Where are the troops?—Where are the troops?" We pointed forward; little was visible but trees. He looked rather at a loss, but turned his horse's head in the direction we had indicated. That villain Sancho, seeing another horse go on, snorted, and pulled at the bridle. He was tired of standing still. I, ever indulgent to Sancho, followed the old general, and soon overtook him. "I believe I know the position of the troops, sir. Will you give me leave to show you?"

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said he; "I shall really be much obliged."

We rode on till we reached a British regiment, drawn up in line. With

renewed acknowledgments he then took his leave. The air was musical above our heads with whistling and humming missiles. I was now fairly upon the ground, and didn't like to go back.

There was a lull in the fight. The spectacle was singular. Some firing was kept up on both sides, but not sufficient to obscure the view of the French position, which rose immediately in front, a bare range of hills, crowned by their redoubts. The atmosphere was bright; and though the skirmishers on the declivity were discoverable only by small white jets of smoke, as they fired from time to time, every movement of the enemy on the summit, with the sky for its background, was perfectly visible. I noticed a single horseman, probably an aide-de-camp bearing orders, as distinct and diminutive as if seen through the wrong end of a telescope. You might perceive the very action of his horse, that laborious up-and-down gallop of the French manège, which throws away so much of the animal's strength, and sacrifices speed without securing elegance.

The combat, at this moment, was renewed, and our troops went to work in earnest. The Spanish army ascended the hill to assault the enemy's redoubts. This movement, at first, had all the regularity of a review. But the redoubts opened their fire; as the Spaniards moved up, the smoke rolled down; and, when the wind swept it away, their broken bands were seen in precipitate retreat, followed by a large body of the French, who swarmed out from their intrenchments. Instantly, and just in front of me, our artillery opened upon the pursuing foe. The round-shot plumped into their columns, knocking up clods as high as a house; and the enemy, not relishing this salutation, hastily fell back to their former position. Sancho now became a dreadful plague. He had for some time been getting unquiet, and, with the continual firing, he grew worse and worse. I believe this was his first battle, as it was mine. Not content with a little extra restiveness at every fresh discharge of artillery, he had worked himself into a state of chronic excitement, and,

at intervals, attempted to bolt. It was clear I must get rid of Sancho or see no more of the fight; so I deposited him in a stable, under care of a cottager, in the adjoining village.

Still moving towards the left, along the base of the hill, I reached a part of the British position, where a number of our troops were waiting to storm the heights, when the flank movement against the enemy's right, which was his weakest point, should be sufficiently advanced. All at once I plumped upon "Cousin Tom," whom I had not met since he embarked, three years before, a raw subaltern, at Portsmouth. There he now stood, as large as life, rough and ugly, at the head of his regiment, a regular "Old Peninsular;" and on him had devolved the duty, as he gave me to understand, of "taking those fellows up the hill." This service, I thought, would have fallen to some officer of higher rank; but Tom explained. The regiment having been reduced, either by losses or detachment, its numbers in the field were small, and he, being the senior officer present, of course had to "carry them up." "Come," said he, "we are going to take a look at those monsieurs above there; you may as well go with us."

The proposal was coolly made, so I took it coolly. "With all my heart," said I. "You know what is the feeling towards an amateur. If he makes an ass of himself, he's laughed at; and if he gets hit, they only say, it serves him right. If it's of any use, I'll go with pleasure."

"Use?" said Tom; "the greatest use. Why, I want to ask you twenty questions about friends in England. Besides, you know, if I am knocked over, you can pick me up."

"Very well, then; and you can do the same for me."

"No, no," said cousin Tom; "I don't promise that. Got my men to attend to. If I am hit, you must take care of me. If you are hit, you must take care of yourself—Oh, that's the signal. Come along." Away we went, up the hill.

Rank and file—double-quick time—a capital pace for opening the chest. Tom took it easy, trotting on at a steady pace, and assailing me with a running fire of questions;

while the row that had already commenced above prevented my returning categorical replies. "Is your father at sea now?"—Bang! from one of the big guns in the French batteries right over our heads. "Got any brandy?"—A shout from a thousand throats, in the rush and shock of a charge with bayonets. "Had breakfast this morning?"—Pop! pop! pop! a running fire of musketry. Pop! pop! pop! "Got any cigars?"—Bang! bang! the big guns at it again. "When did you hear from your mother?" A new sound, less loud and sudden, but, from its peculiarity, distinct amidst the din; a spiteful, whirling, whizzing noise, ten thousand skyrockets combined in one; not, though, like the skyrocket, first loud, then less audible—quite the contrary. Commencing with a faint and distant hiss, it grew louder and louder, came singing on, nearer and nearer, till a shell dropped a few yards in front of our column! The hiss was now an angry roar, like the blowing off of steam! There lay the bottled demon, full in our path, threatening instant destruction, and daring us to advance. Our column halted. "Hurra! my 'lads," cried Cousin Tom, waving his sword. "Come along, old Five-and-threepennies. Push by it at once, before it *spreads*." The game old Five-and-threepennies gave a shout—rushed forward—got by in time; each yelping and capering as he passed the fizzing foe. Bang went the shell. For a few seconds I was stone deaf. Never felt such an odd sensation. Not the deafness, but the return of hearing. First, perfect silence in the midst of the turmoil—then the crack! crack! bang! bang! as if you had suddenly flung open a door. Not a man of us was hurt. "Got an English paper?" said Tom.

"I've got some intelligence for you, old chap, not in this morning's *Times*. Just look up there, in front."

The view in front was striking and

picturesque. Right above us, dimly visible through the smoke, on the verge of the platform or table-land which we were mounting to assault, appeared a regiment of French infantry, enough of them to eat us up, advancing upon us with an irregular fire, and led on by their colonel. He rode a showy horse; and, hat in hand, waved them on, while his white hairs streamed in the wind, and his whole bearing announced the brave old soldier. "We must form line," said Tom. It was done forthwith, with steadiness, order, and rapidity. "Make ready—present—fire." Crack! went all the muskets together. I saw the gallant old colonel, with outspread arms, tumbling from his horse.—"Charge!" We rushed upon the foe; but, when the smoke had cleared away, found no foe to fight withal. Nothing was visible, save their knapsacks in the distance, popping up and down in the smoke, as they scampered off. We still continued advancing in pursuit, and now were fairly in for it, half choked with dust and sulphur. If it be asked, how far I personally contributed to the triumphs of that glorious day, I beg leave to answer:—I unquestionably ~~myself~~ performed prodigies of valour: of that there neither is, nor can be, the shadow of a doubt. But as I should have felt it extremely difficult to give a distinct account of my exploits if questioned on the day, why, of course you won't expect it now, after the lapse of six-and-thirty years. Suffice it to say, we made good our footing on the platform, drove the enemy from their position, occupied it ourselves, took possession of their redoubts, and formed, with the rest of the British forces, on the summit of the heights. The day was our own. But there was one unfortunate circumstance to damp our exultation; Cousin Tom was missing. A sergeant now informed me he was wounded, and had gone to the rear.

CHAPTER XX. AND LAST.

As victory had crowned our efforts, and my valuable services were now no longer required, I determined to look for Cousin Tom, and walked

down the hill for that purpose. At its base, I entered a long thicket or shrubbery. There, amongst the trees, I found several wounded men, whom

their comrades were removing off the ground. No one could give me the information that I sought; no one knew anything of Cousin Tom. Saw a sergeant sitting on a bank, who, I soon discovered, was also wounded. He knew no such officer; had seen no one answering the description. "What's your injury, sergeant?"

"A musket-ball in my ankle, sir."

"Well, but hadn't I better help you to a place of shelter?"

"Much obliged to you, sir; but I couldn't walk, even with your support. I'd rather wait till my turn comes to be carried, if you've no objections, sir. Much obliged to you, equally all the same, sir."

"As you please. Can I render you any assistance? What can I do for you?"

"If you'd have the kindness, sir, perhaps you'd be so good and take off my gaiter. I can't take it off myself, sir, though I've tried; it does hurt me so when I stoop forward. I'm afraid the bleeding will spoil it, sir; and then I shall be forced to take out a new pair."

Having performed this office, and administered a little brandy both topically and constitutionally, I once more ascended the hill, thinking it possible Cousin Tom might be somewhere nearer the scene of action. I inquired and looked in every direction, but without success. Where are you, Cousin Tom? This time my steps brought me into one of the redoubts, which had been carried by our troops. When I entered, there were not a dozen men in it. Sunset was near, and everything over for the day. Yet just at that moment, for what reason I know not, perhaps for a freak, the enemy thought fit to open upon this all but unoccupied post, from their own lines nearer the city, with a heavy fire of shot and shell. Bang went a shell, knocking up bushels of earth and mire. Plump came a round-shot, into the mud parapet of the redoubt. It was no use moving; one place was as hot as another. So we had nothing to do for it but to stand still and exchange grins till the pelting was over. I then took my leave for the evening. The day indeed was drawing to a close as I descended the hill; and

happily I succeeded in reaching the village, and finding the cottage where Sancho had been left in charge, just after it became pitch-dark. A cheering light streamed through the cottage window; and, on entering, I found comfortably seated by the blazing hearth a veterinary surgeon, who was there in charge of wounded horses. He very civilly informed me there were two good beds, so all was right with respect to accommodation; and, more civilly still, invited me to partake of his supper, which was boiling on the fire. Not having eaten a morsel since my early breakfast at Grenade, and having just discovered that I was enormously hungry, I accepted the invitation with glee, took my seat, and cast many a glance at the boiling, bubbling, and steaming kettle. Presently the contents were turned out into a large, old-fashioned tureen, and displayed to my eager gaze a compound of various materials, the chief of which were a fowl, and—what d'ye think?—a pig's heart. Supper excellent. Bed ditto.

Next day early I resumed my search for Cousin Tom, but still, alas! without success. Went from village to village, inquired from house to house, searched the whole neighbourhood. Lots of wounded officers, but not the man I sought. Throughout the day my search was unsuccessful. Towards night I was passing through a street of scattered houses, a sort of hamlet, and was beginning to think of securing a lodging and a dinner. Wolves rouse at sunset; and I distinctly felt one guawing at my stomach. At this painful juncture, much to my satisfaction, at the door of a cottage I discovered a jolly acquaintance, whom I beg to introduce as my "Fat Friend." He was one of the smartest clerks amongst our civilians, and probably the youngest; under, rather than over fifteen; in short, a chubby boy, who somehow or other had broken away from his mother's apron-strings, and obtained a post, which he filled in a way that did him credit. In one respect he was precocious; namely, that he soon proved himself up to all the vaggery and villainy of headquarters. Moreover, he had a vast idea of maintaining his importance, and could take

his own part; was touchy in anything that affected his manhood; and, if you offended him, punched your head; brushed up to fine women, with a marked preference for a bouncer. Yet, after all, he was but an overgrown boy, and often afforded us sport by his mannish airs. "Ah, Fatty, is that you? Glad to see you. Got any room?"

"Plenty, plenty," said Fatty; "good entertainment for man and horse. Glad to see you; and glad to see the pony. Here, Francisco, take Sancho, and give him some corn. Come in, old fellow. Sit down, and make yourself comfortable. Dreadful dull here—horrid! Left in charge of the departmental boxes."

"I say, Fatty; have you dined?"

"Dined? We dined an hour ago." Fatty saw his advantage, and was resolved to make the most of it.

"Well, what did you have for dinner? Got any cold beef?"

"Why, where have you been?" said Fatty; "haven't seen you these two days. Oh, I suppose you got into Toulouse. Lots of fine gals?"

"Answer my question, and I'll answer yours."

"Come out, old fellow. Let's take a turn through village before it gets dark. Dinner? Why, a turkey. Sorry you were not with us to partake. Not a morsel left. Picked the old gobbler clean, drumsticks and all."

"I wish you'd let me send your fellow for some beef."

"Oh yes," said Fatty, "send him by all means. Sorry to inform you it's no use, though. Not a morsel of rations to be had; not a biscuit. What, haven't you *dined*?" I saw he meant to have his joke, so made no reply.

There was a dodge, though; my remedy was in my pocket. Brought out a cigar, one of my choice grenadiers; struck a light, blew a fragrant cloud, took it easy. The rich odour diffused itself through the apartment.

Fatty, knowing in cigars, soon discovered that mine was no common weed. He first drew a sniff; then gave utterance to his emotions in a coaxing and admiring "Oh!" I took no notice.

"Come, old fellow," said Fatty; "hand out one of those."

"Lost your cigar-case?"

"No, no; nonsense. Come, give us one; that's a good chap."

Failing in his request, Fatty sat silent and fidgety. The first finished, I lit a second.

Fatty watched his opportunity; made a vicious grab at the case. I was too quick for him—knew his ways. Down he sat again; tried all the varieties of entreating, threatening, bullying, wheedling, till cigar the second was burnt out. When I extracted the third, Fatty could stand it no longer; made a rush, and commenced a ferocious assault, pitching it in, right and left. The punches came so fierce and fast, I was at length compelled, in self-defence, to administer a slight persuader, and Fatty found it convenient to resume his seat. He sat awhile, sulky and all but blubbering; then hastily rose, and stalked out of the room in high dudgeon. I presently found him statioed at the front door with his hands in his pocket, very pensive and dignified. Shortly after, he slipped into the house; Francisco appeared with the tablecloth and a bottle of wine; then came half a turkey and the cold beef. After dinner we clubbed our resources, and closed the evening with ~~whisky~~ punch and prime cigars.

Next morning early, started afresh in search of Cousin Tom. Near Toulouse, fell in with Gingham—told him my difficulties. "Come up the hill," said Gingham; "I'll go with you. There, no doubt, we shall find your cousin's regiment." On reaching the summit of the heights, we found our way in the first instance into the Colombette redoubt; the same in which, on the day of the fight, the brave Forty-second had been suddenly overwhelmed by a superior force, and had lost four-fifths of its numbers. Within the redoubt were standing two or three privates; they belonged to the Forty-second. The uniform at once reminded me of Corporal Frank, the trusty companion of my march to headquarters. I asked one of the privates, did he know the Corporal. "He joined" about three weeks ago, sir."

"Hope he's well. Where is he now?"

"He's there, sir," said the man,

pointing to the parapet of the redoubt. I looked, but saw no one.

"The earth," said Gingham, "seems to have been recently stirred there. That mound, I think, is not many days old." Then, addressing the soldier, "your regiment suffered a heavy loss. Is that where you buried after the action?"

"That's the place, sir." The man then walked away, as if little disposed for conversation.

We did not pause to calculate how many bodies would fill a space commensurate with the length, breadth, and altitude of the soil displaced. There lay the slain of a gallant regiment, in the redoubt they had so nobly won. There lay Corporal Fraser, who, in all the difficulties of our march, had shown himself trustworthy, fearless, intelligent, and energetic. He had longed to join ere the day of combat, and had found a soldier's grave.

We discovered at length the sergeant who had informed me of my cousin's wound. He now pointed to a large house, near the thicket at the bottom of the hill. While searching for Cousin Tom on the day of the fight, I was close to that same house, but without seeing it. From our present elevated position it was distinctly visible, though not from the low ground, amongst trees and underwood.

Our approach to the house led us through the thicket. While making our way among the trees, we both, Gingham and I, came to a halt at the same instant. The sight which arrested our steps was new to Gingham, not to me. I saw, on that spot, an object that I had seen two days before. The sergeant whom I had then found wounded was still sitting there, on the same bank, in the same attitude! There he had sat the whole time, overlooked by the bearers, and unable to move. Viewed at the distance of a few paces, his aspect scarcely appeared changed. It was the identical figure—I remembered him at once. But on a nearer inspection, the alteration was but too manifest. His eye was glazed, and half shut. His face was that of a corpse. He sat up, like a dead man galvanised. "What, still here, sergeant? Has nobody come to remove you yet."

He attempted to speak—paused—at length found utterance. "Sorry I didn't accept your offer, sir." His voice was low and husky, but distinct.

"Come," said Gingham, "you mustn't refuse this time. We'll soon carry you into the house just by."

"Thank you, sir; thank you, gentlemen. Would you have the kindness though—I should be sorry to lose my gaiter."

The gaiter secured, we prepared to lift the sufferer from his seat, and he on his part made a feeble effort to rise. The attempt brought on a gush of pain. For a moment, his features were distorted with intolerable anguish; the next, he fainted in our arms.

"Now then," said Gingham, thrusting back into his sidepocket a small flask which he had just drawn out. "Now then; away with him at once, before he recovers. Come, Mr Y—; you take his shoulders, I'll take his legs. It may save him further pain."

We bore the sufferer, still senseless, to the house. Gingham, not having a hand to spare, banged at the door with his foot. It was opened by Mr Staff-surgeon Pledget, who bowed on recognising us, but looked rather perplexed at the unexpected addition to his duties.

Pledget gave instant directions for the accommodation of the wounded man, and informed me, in reply to my inquiries for Cousin Tom, that he had an officer under his care, answering to my description. Pledget appeared bewildered, and stood with us in the passage a few moments, without speaking. At length he opened the door of a small chamber close by, and begged us to enter. He placed chairs for us, and seated himself on the bed. "I'm rather exhausted," said he.

"I fear after such a fight," said Gingham, "your duties must be heavy indeed."

"Oh yes," said Pledget, looking distressed and rather wild. "I have had much work, and little assistance; a long spell, too."

"Why, you began, I suppose," replied Gingham, "early on the day of the fight."

"Yes," said Pledget; "and I've been at it ever since. Let me see: two days and two nights, isn't it?"

Yes, and now going on for the third. "How have I been operating, bandaging, taking up arteries, taking off arms and legs, night and day, without time to lie down, almost without a moment to eat. In fact," said he, looking about the room like a man lost, "this is the first time I've sat down these eight-and-forty hours."

Pledget's look bore full testimony to his toils. Three weeks' illness could hardly have wrought a greater change. Nor was his appearance mended by his garb. He wore a sort of operating gown similar to that employed in dissecting: a long pinafore with sleeves, protecting the whole person from the chin to the feet, tied round the middle, and closing with a fold behind. The front was spotted in every part with jets of blood from wounded arteries. Some of the stains had dried on, and blackened where they dried; others, more recent, were still moist and crimson. Blood was on his unshaven and haggard face; and on his hands, too, wore marks of blood.

Gingham eyed him with a look of deep concern. "I really fear," said Gingham, "you've been quite overdone."

"I did hope, before this," replied Pledget, "to be relieved by other gentlemen of my own department. I have but one medical assistant, and he, at this moment, can afford me no help, for I have been forced to leave him sitting with his finger on a wounded artery; and if he takes it off but for a few seconds, the major's a dead man."

Pledget now looked like a man that can't remember what's next. "Oh," said he, in an absent tone, "so peace is really concluded. Come, Mr Y—, suppose we go and look for your cousin. His case, I'm happy to say, is not serious. The ball will be extracted this evening, and then, I hope, he will do well."

Pledget spoke, but did not stir. "By the bye," he added, "you know Captain Gabion? I think you do. Oh yes, I recollect; we were all three fellow-passengers from Lisbon to Falmouth. No, no, what am I saying? From Falmouth to Lisbon. His case is just hope. He can hardly live through the night."

Gingham and I rose at once from our seats. For the moment, the imminent danger of a man we so highly esteemed, expelled from my thoughts even Cousin Tom. Pledget also rose, as if to lead the way, but again lapsed into forgetfulness. His mind was evidently worn out, as well as his body. "Well," said he, "I'm glad we've got Toulouse.—Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. This way, if you please; up stairs."

He led the way. Every open door, as we passed through the spacious mansion, discovered a room crowded with wounded and dying men, in beds, or on the ground. Or, if we saw not into the apartment, sounds were heard, which told of anguish and laceration within. We were conducted by Pledget into a large room on the first floor, filled, like the others, with every form of suffering. Some, slightly wounded, sat round the fire, on which cookery was proceeding in kettles of every size and shape. One officer, bandaged round the head, had become delirious. He alternately laughed and whimpered, muttered and sang. Another sat near him, moaning, with his arm in a sling. A spent cannon ball had smashed the bones from the elbow to the wrist, without inflicting an external wound. Every bed had an occupant; and many lay upon the floor, with only a blanket under them. My eye glanced round the apartment, and lighted on the pinched features and pallid visage of Captain Gabion.

He lay on his back in bed. Death was legible in his aspect. His eyes were all but shut; but, from time to time, a convulsive twitching of the muscles suddenly expanded them to their full width. To all appearance, he was perfectly insensible. His breathing was irregular and laborious; but the expression of his countenance, except when disfigured by the spasms which occasionally shot through his frame, and jerked him from head to foot, was, as in health, calm and dignified. Strango indeed were the vicissitudes, strange was the contrast, between the rigid tranquillity of one moment, and the awful distortion of the next. Now, it was the quivering play of features pulled by muscular

contraction; now, the monumental repose of marble.

"I fear," whispered Gingham to Pledget, "you view the case unfavourably." Pledget hopelessly raised his eyes.

"The Captain has been insensible," said Pledget, "ever since he was brought in; and probably will continue so till he expires."

We turned from this sad spectacle, without exchanging a syllable. A handkerchief was whisked in my face. I looked round; there was the man I wanted. In the next bed, tucked in, with smiling face, little changed since we parted, a splendid specimen of the ugly-handsome—those fellows that make the biggest holes in ladies' hearts—lay Cousin Tom. Gingham, my object attained, forthwith took a temporary leave—had urgent business in Toulouse—an appointment—would return as soon as possible.

"Fine fellow, that," said Cousin Tom, craning round, and nodding at Captain Gabion.

"Well, Tom," said I: "what's the matter with you? What brought you here?"

"Oh, not much: nothing," replied Tom, curling ~~one~~ his lips contemptuously, like a disappointed man; "only a musket-shot. It won't get me a step, I'm afraid; no, nor a pension neither."

"Well, but how was it? When was it? We lost you in a moment."

"I'll tell you just how it happened," said Tom. "You saw the old colonel knocked over. Ah! Don't touch the bed; that's a good fellow. Well. Directly after, you know, we charged. I was running on; felt a smart crack in the small of my leg. Thought it was a stone; took no notice. A few paces further, though, found I couldn't walk. The sergeant looked at my leg; said 'You're wounded, sir.' Wounded I was, sure enough; and disabled, too. Got carried to the rear; placed myself in the doctor's—"

Here Tom suddenly knit his brows. His colour changed in an instant from florid to livid; his whole face was distorted with pain. Clapping his handkerchief to his mouth, he chewed away at it with all his might,

while big drops of sweat started out on his forehead; and he drew in breath till the bedclothes heaved. Next moment he was himself again.

Once more Tom nodded at the next bed. "Known him long? The doctor knows him."

"We came over from England, all three of us in a ship."

"Doctor was out, though, in one thing," said Cousin Tom. "Told you he was insensible ever since he came in. No such thing; this morning he revived; for about an hour seemed quite himself. Told me how he got hit."

"Then tell me. I must communicate with his friends in England."

"Well," replied Tom, "the Captain wasn't on duty here at headquarters; was doing some field-works on the left bank of the river, to be ready for Soult in case of his bolting again for the south. He heard, though, that the fight was coming off; so rode in on the morning. Found out there was to be a flank movement to the left; thought he might as well explore the line of march; went forward alone. Passed through the thicket on foot; made his way from one end to the other. When he reached the further extremity, just where our men got such a pounding afterwards from the guns on the heights, he looked out for the enemy's skirmishers; saw no one; thought he might as well go a little further. Just then our batteries at the right opened on the French position; some of our shots flew too high, and came clean over the hill into the lane, just exactly where he was standing."—Indeed! I thought of Captain Gabion's dream.—"Well; he saw one coming; didn't trouble himself; it seemed spent. Just when he thought it was going to stop, it fetched a pitch; took him in the side. He was found when our troops advanced, and brought in here." At this moment the pain returned. Tom again made wry faces, took another chew at his handkerchief, and soon recovered as before.

"Well, Tom; I'm a leisure man. What can I do for you? Is there anything you want?—anything I can get you?"

Cousin Tom looked very much as

if there was something he did want, yet was backward to speak. "Why," said he, "I suppose by this time you can get into Toulouse. I wish you would make inquiries; try and find me some—But never mind; it's of no use. The ball will be extracted this evening, and to-morrow I shall go in myself."

"Nonsense, nonsense; I'll go this instant."

"Don't be too sure of that, though," said Tom. "Yesterday morning I tried it. Told the servant to have my mule ready; got my things on while the doctor was sawing away on the other floor; slipped down stairs; gave him the go-by. Mounted—rode to the top of the hill—was riding down into the city—almost rode into a French piquet."

"No fear of that now, Tom; the city is ours. I saw the French troops marching out. Come, tell us, old fellow. What is it you fancy? Anything the doctor sanctions, you know. A quarter of mutton?—a dozen of pigeons?—some prime French sausages?—a bushel or so of oysters? What do you say to a brace of biddies?"

"Oh, no!—oh, no!" said Tom, as if the very mention of biddies made him sick. "We were always in advance; got fowls and turkeys till we hated the sight of them."

"Any dish from a French cuisine, then?"

"Oh, no—oh, no! Nothing French, nothing Frenchified. What I want, if it's to be got at all, is not to be got good, except in England—or the West Indies."

"Well, but, you know, Bordeaux is open; West India produce has come into the country by ship-loads. What is it? Come, just tell us, old chap, and I'll go and get it for you at once, if it's to be had in Toulouse."

Tom was not so well as he looked; and there was evidently something for which, like other sick persons, he was inwardly pining. Now that I had held out a prospect of its attainment, his cheek flushed, and his eye gleamed with feverish eagerness.

"Well, then," said Tom, "I wish you would try and get me—but it's no use; it's a shame to bother you.—I say, though, can you spare the time?

Have you really nothing to do? Upon your honour?—I've been longing for them, day and night, ever since I got here. Oh, if you could only get me—some tamarinds!"

His eye, while he spoke, fixed full on mine. He watched my countenance with the anxiety of a dying man when he makes his last request. "I'll be off and try this instant," said I, though really fearing there was little chance of success.

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" cried Cousin Tom. I was going. "Here—here! Come back! I want to speak to you!" I returned. "Old fellow," said Tom, with a coaxing, eager grin, "make haste now, will you? Bring 'em directly—that's a good chap."

"Well, but, you know—if tamarinds can't be had for love or money, is there nothing else?"

"No, stupid—no! Tamarinds, I say; get me some tamarinds. What did I tell you? Didn't I tell you tamarinds? Now then; what are you waiting for? Cut away, and be hanged to you! Be off!—be off!"

I entered the ancient and very interesting city of Toulouse, and rushed through streets choked with cars of wounded men, in search of tamarinds. The search was tedious, and far from satisfactory. I inquired at all the likeliest shops; found only two where they professed to sell tamarinds. The samples were similar: a made-up, sticky mess; a black, nauseous electuary, with a beastly pharmaceutical odour, and barely the flavour of tamarinds.

It was no pleasant thought returning to poor Tom with a big gallipot of this filthy compound stowed in each of my coat pockets. Yet, though bad thus to baulk him, it was worse to keep him in suspense; so I started on my return with all speed, and, in my speed, came full butt against a passenger, who hugged me like a wrestler, to prevent a mutual capsizing.

"Well, Mr Y—! Glad to see you so active. Something of importance, no doubt; official duty, I suppose."

It was Gingham! I told him my troubles, my pursuit in behalf of Cousin Tom, and my disappointment. Had searched all Toulouse, and could find no good tamarinds.

"Shall be happy to supply you," said Gingham, "in any quantity your cousin can require. Got a whole kegful—capital. Always take some with me when I visit the Continent. Got them on Fish-street Hill." We walked off forthwith to Gingham's quarters.

I was speedily on my return to Cousin Tom, with Gingham for my companion, and a good jar of prime, sweet, wholesome, unsophisticated tamarinds. On approaching Tom's bed, I held up the jar in triumph. Tom raised himself without saying a word, tucked his handkerchief under his chin, and sat up, poor fellow, like a child, with eyes half-closed and mouth half-open, eager to be fed. In went a spoonful. The next instant—bolt—it was gone! What a swallow! He sat as before, ready for another. A second allowance vanished with equal speed. Down it goes! Why, it's like feeding a young rook!—Tom now laid himself down again, exhausted. "Here," said he; and made me a present of a handful of tamarind stones. "Now put a good lot in that jug, and fill it up with water."

While the drink was mixing, an unusual sound called our attention to the adjoining bed. Captain Gabion was fast sinking. His respiration, laborious from the first, had now become painfully audible; in fact, he did not breathe, he gasped. The convulsive movements had ceased. His face retained its natural expression; but there was that in his look which told us he was a dying man. I felt at the moment an impression,—He is not insensible! His lips moved. Surely he is trying to speak! He strove to fix his eyes on us, but could not. I stooped down, observing his lips again in motion. Yes, he was speaking. I caught only the words—"On the platform."

"The Calvint platform?" I whispered in reply. "Is that the spot where you wish—?"

Feebly, tremulously he pressed my hand, which had just before taken his. I had caught his last request, then; a grave on the summit of Mount Rave, the key of the French position, where the table-land, crowned with redoubts, had been carried by our troops. His

breathing became gradually feebler and less perceptible. The moment when it ceased entirely, no one present could determine. This only was evident:—a minute before, he had given signs of life; and now, he had passed into another world!

Cousin Tom's bullet was extracted the same afternoon, with immediate relief to the patient. During the operation I was present, by Tom's request; and friendship, let me tell you, has more pleasing duties than that of attending on such emergencies. Tom, however, made it as agreeable as he could. Throughout the process he viciously stared me full in the face, grinning most horribly from time to time, half in agony, half in fun. When the forceps was produced, he caught a glimpse of that terrific implement, and twisted his ugly mug into such a comical grimace, that mine, spite of the solemnity of the occasion, was screwed into a smile. Tom thereupon clenched his fist, with a look that said ferociously, "Laugh again, and I'll punch your eye."

The bullet, doctor, had lodged between the bones of the leg, a little above the ankle, and, I need not inform you, came out rather flattened. Tom kept it as a bijou, in a red morocco case made express by an artist in Toulouse. Tom called it his pill-box. Neither bone was broken; but the strain of this disagreeable visitant wedged in between them, and rending them apart, had occasioned from time to time those awful twinges, which Tom assuaged by taking a chew at his handkerchief. The enemy removed, he not only found himself in a state of comparative ease, but was relieved from the constitutional irritation which had begun to manifest itself by hardness of pulse, dryness of the mouth, parched lips, a dull, hectic, brickdust-coloured patch on each cheek, a feverish lustre of the eye, and an enormous appetite for tamarinds.

The operation, though, I ought to have said, was not performed by Pledget, but by another army surgeon, who had arrived in the course of the day, not before he was wanted. Poor Pledget was quite done up. His powers, both mental and physical, had evidently been over-taxed.

He looked haggard and wild. Yet still, though relieved, anxious about his cases, he wandered from room to room, and fidgeted from one patient to another; standing a while in silence, with his hands behind him, first by an amputation, then by a wounded artery, then by a contusion, then by a broken head; while his care-worn countenance expressed pleasure or pain; according to the symptoms. As Cousin Tom was now in a dreadful fuss to be off for Toulouse, Gingham and I applied to the newly-arrived surgeon, and consulted him as to the removal.

"I think, gentlemen," said he, "if no bad symptoms supervene in the night, it may safely be effected to-morrow; that is, of course, with proper care and precautions."

"You are not afraid, sir," said Gingham, "that to-morrow may be too early a day, then?"

"Why, sir, to say the truth," replied the doctor, "if we had more room here, better accommodations, and a less vitiated atmosphere, I should say a later day would be better. But, under existing circumstances, less evil, I think, is likely to arise from the patient's removal, than from his remaining. In his case, what we now have most to look to, is the general health. Keep that right, and the wound, I hope, will do well. Therefore the sooner he is withdrawn from the bad air, and the associations which surround him here, the better for him." The doctor paused. — "Pray, sir," said he, looking Gingham full in the face, as though intuitively knowing he spoke to a real good fellow. "pray, sir, if you will permit me to ask the question, is Mr Pledget a friend of yours?"

"There are few men, sir," replied Gingham, "for whom I have a higher regard, than for Mr Pledget."

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "I feel rather uneasy about him. It's a delicate thing to speak about. But you yourself must have noticed how changed he is, by the labours of the last three days. In short, to speak plainly, he requires to be looked after; and just at this time, with so many wounded upon our hands, I hardly know whether we could possibly give him the attention here which his

case requires. If it is neglected now, it may become serious. Would it be asking too much, if I requested you to take charge of him into Toulouse?"

"Take him with us this instant, sir," said Gingham; "or when you please. If you approve, I'll have him with me in my own quarters."

"I really, sir, feel obliged to you," said the doctor. And the doctor looked as if he spoke from his heart. "Hope you understand, though, what it is you are taking on your shoulders. For a few days—not longer, I hope—he will require vigilant superintendence, and, possibly, slight control. His case demands firmness, and indulgence at the same time."

"Yes, sir, I understand," said Gingham. "Shall he go with us now?"

"I would rather have him under my eye," said the doctor, "till to-morrow morning. Perhaps a night's rest may effect a favourable change. In the interval, too, I shall have time to prepare his mind for the removal." So it was settled.

The next morning we returned to the chateau, for the purpose of bringing in Pledget and Cousin Tom. Tom's patience, though, had not lasted out till our arrival. At sunrise, again giving the doctor the go-by, he had got on his things, crept down stairs, mounted his mule, and taken himself off. In fact, he had got into Toulouse, obtained a billet, and, snugly located in a respectable French family, was prattling the vernacular, which he had at his fingers' ends, before we arrived at the chateau to fetch him.

It only remained, therefore, to remove Pledget. He, poor man, though all the better for a night's rest and a clean shirt, still looked very unlike himself. He had rested, indeed, but he had not slept; and his medical colleague hinted to Gingham, ere we departed, that the case still required vigilance and care. The state of Pledget's mind, at this time, was singular; he had all at once become excessively ceremonious. When we reached the garden gate he drew up; insisted that we should both precede him in going out. Had Gingham and I been equally punctilious, we should not have reached Toulouse by dinner-time.

Gingham had a matter upon his mind. Captain Gabion having expressed a last wish respecting his funeral, Gingham had undertaken the whole details, and some arrangements had been necessary at the chateau, or our departed friend would speedily have been consigned, on the spot, to a ready-made grave. Gingham mentioned the subject as we rode along, and began stating what steps he had taken. Pledget, who was ambling side by side with us on his mule, suddenly fell behind. Coosey, previously admonished by Gingham, kept still further in the rear. We waited till Pledget came up.

"Why, Mr Pledget," said Gingham, "I thought we had lost you, sir."

"Excuse me, sir," said Pledget, with gravity; "you are making a confidential communication. Part of it I unintentionally overheard. For this, an apology is due to both of you. Gentlemen, I most humbly beg your pardon."

We rode on. Presently, Pledget edged up alongside of me, as though he had something important to communicate.

"Mr Y—," said he, "I consider it the first duty which one gentleman owes another, to avoid giving him needless offence." Not exactly perceiving to what this observation tended, I could only bow my acquiescence.

"But if," continued Pledget, "an offence is actually given, then I conceive the next duty is to make reparation by an humble apology." Apology, it was evident, was now the uppermost idea in poor Pledget's mind.

"Well, sir," said I, seeking to divert his thoughts, "I think, in such a case, regard should be had to the feelings of both parties. And, judging by my own, I should say that, next to making an apology, there are few things one would more wish to avoid than receiving one."

"And accordingly," said Gingham, "in the intercourse of gentlemen, it rarely, very rarely occurs, that an actual apology is deemed requisite. To signify an intention, to express a willingness to apologise, is in most cases thought amply satisfactory. Manly feeling forbids the rest; and honour

itself exacts no more." Pledget rode on awhile, absorbed in thought.

"Mr Y—," he said at last, "I appreciate your sentiments, as well as Mr Gingham's; and I perceive their drift. Allow me to say it, your conduct is most generous. I really feel that you have just cause to complain of mine; and, if it would pain you to receive the apology, which is your due, allow me at least to express my *willingness*, and, believe me, it was my *intention*, to apologise."

"Mr Pledget, my dear sir, what possible need of apology between you and me? What offence has been given or received? I know of none—never dreamt of any."

"Very handsome of you to say so, Mr Y—," replied Pledget. "But what could be more inconsiderate than my conduct yesterday morning? You *must* have felt it; I know you did. You came to me with an anxious inquiry respecting your wounded cousin; I spoke to you of Captain Gabion. ~~It~~ *It* was wrong, I own. Nay, not merely wrong, it was unfeeling. I trust you will bear in mind my peculiar circumstances, at the time. I was overwhelmed, perplexed, bewildered, I—"

Gingham now saw it was high time to interpose, and with much adroitness gave a new turn to the conversation. But ere we were housed in Toulouse, Pledget, addressing us alternately, and continually discovering fresh grounds of self-accusation, had made two or three more apologies.

For a few days, sedulously and most kindly tended by Gingham, who managed him admirably, and evinced equal tact and delicacy, Pledget continued in a state of alternate depression and excitement, with occasional hallucinations. He made apologies to all who came near him; and, ere he quitted Gingham's quarters, had begged pardon, again and again, of every servant in the household. From my first conversation with Gingham on the steps of the hotel at Falmouth, I always valued his acquaintance. But when I had seen him in this his new character as Pledget's nurse, wise, thoughtful, vigilant, and indulgent, I really grew proud of such a friend.

Within a week Pledget was almost

himself again; and long before he quitted Toulouse, to embark for England at Bordeaux, he was fully and permanently restored.

Cousin Tom's, though, was a business of more time. He begged or borrowed a formidable sapling, with a knob as big as his fist, and was soon able to hobble about Toulouse, very much to his own satisfaction. But the bones of his leg had been injured, though not broken; and it was long before the wound got well, if it ever did. I was with him many months after in London, when the Medical Board sat to award gratuities and pensions to the wounded and disabled officers of the Peninsular Army. Lucky, then, did the wight esteem himself who had lost a limb or an eye. Tom was waiting for his turn to go before the Board; I saw him two days previously. His, I feared, was only a case for a gratuity; but Tom was determined to go for a pension, and made sure of getting it. I ventured to express my doubts; Tom whipped off his half-boot, turned down his sock, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Look at that!" The wound was clean, but looked fresh; much, indeed, as it appeared two days after the fight when the bullet was extracted, and still big enough to re-admit it. "If the Board don't give me a pension," cried Tom, "for such a punch as that, why, all I can say is, they deserve to be punched themselves." Saw him again after the inspection. "It's no go," said Tom; "I tried hard for it, too. Got up early in the morning—slapped twice round the Park at a swinging pace. When I

went before them it was red all about, a couple of inches. The flinty-hearted villains gave me only a gratuity, though it bled while they were looking at it."

At an early day after Pledget's and Tom's removal, we assembled at the chateau, on an occasion in which we all felt a melancholy interest—the funeral of Captain Gablon. The military arrangements, of course, did not rest with us; Gingham had made every provision which was left to his care with equal liberality and propriety. Gingham also, no chaplain being present, officiated at the grave. He read the service with great devoutness and solemnity. The procession was joined, as we ascended the hill, by a mounted officer, a major of the artillery, who, during the whole of the service, seemed lost in thought, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the coffin till it was lowered into the grave. The whole concluded, he approached and shook hands with Gingham and myself, spoke a few hurried words, took a hasty leave, mounted, and rode away. Gingham and I waited by the grave till all was filled in and made right; we then walked down together towards the city, both for some time silent. I spoke first.

"Wouldn't it be right to communicate with the friends? I think they ought to know the exact position of the grave, and also the particulars which I got from my cousin."

"Why, yes," said Gingham; "it would, I think, be as well to give them all the information you can. I have already written to the widow."

CHATEAUBRIAND'S MEMOIRS.

THE great and honourable feature of Chateaubriand's mind, amidst some personal weaknesses, is its noble and disinterested character. It differs from what we see around us, but it differs chiefly in superior elevation. It united, to a degree which perhaps will never again be witnessed, the lofty feelings of chivalry, with the philanthropic visions of philosophy. In the tribune he was often a Liberal of the modern school; but in action he was always a paladin of the olden time. His fidelity was not to prosperity, but to adversity; his bond was not to the powerful, but to the unfortunate; reversing the revolutionary maxim, he brought the actions of public men to the test, not of success, but of disaster. He often irritated his friends when in power by the independence of his language, but he never failed to command the respect of his enemies when in adversity, by his constancy to misfortune. "Vive le roi quand-même," ever became his principle when the gales of adversity blew, and the hollow-hearted support of the world began to fail. Prosperity often saw him intrepid, perhaps imprudent in expression, but misfortune never failed to exhibit him generous and faithful in action; and his fidelity to the cause of royalty was never so strikingly evinced as when that cause in France was most desperate. He was the very antipodes of the hideous revolutionary tergiversation of Fontainebleau. A pilgrim in this scene of trial, he was ever ready, after having attained the summit of worldly grandeur, to descend at the call of honour; and, resuming his staff and scrip, to set out afresh on the path of duty. He was fitted to be the object of jealousy and spite to kings and ministers in power, whose follies he disdained to flatter or to overlook their vices, and of eternal admiration to the great and the good in every future age, whose hearts his deeds not less than his words will cause to throb. Such a character might pass for fabulous or

imaginary, were it not clearly evinced, not only by words, but actions; not only in the thoughts of genius, but in the deeds of honour. His life, and the feelings by which it was regulated, are well worth examining, although we fear he will find but few imitators in these days, and is more likely, in a utilitarian and money-seeking age, to be classed with the mammoth and mastodon, as a species of existence never again to be seen in this world.

A character of this description naturally became enamoured of awful or heartstirring events, and was ever ready to find a friend in those capable of noble or heroic deeds in the ranks even of his enemies. Both qualities are evinced in the following graphic account of the appearance of the Grand Army when it arrived at Smolensko during the Moscow retreat:—

"On the 9th November, the troops at length reached Smolensko. An order of Buonaparte forbade any one to enter before the posts had been intrusted to the Imperial Guard. The soldiers on the outside were grouped in great numbers round the foot of the walls: those within were under cover. The air resounded with the imprecations of those who were shut out. Clothed in dirty Cossack cloaks, horse-cloths, and worn-out blankets, with their heads covered with old carpets, broken helmets, ragged shakos, for the most part torn by shot, stained with blood, or hacked in pieces by sabre-cuts—with haggard and yet ferocious countenances, they looked up to the top of the ramparts gnashing their teeth, with the expression of those prisoners who, under Louis the Fat, bore in their right hand their left cut off: you would have taken them for infuriated *masques*, or famished madmen escaped from Bedlam. At length the Old and Young Guard arrived: they were quickly admitted into the place which had been wasted by conflagration on occasion of our first passage. Loud cries of indignation were immediately raised against the privileged corps. 'Is the army to be left nothing but what it leaves!' was heard on all sides. Meanwhile the household troops, who had been admitted, rushed in tumultuous crowds

to the magazines like an insurrection of spectres: the guards at the doors repulsed them; they fought in the streets: the dead, the wounded encumbered the pavements, the women, the children, the dying filled the waggons. The air was poisoned by the multitude of dead bodies; even old soldiers were seized with idiocy or madness; some whose hair stood on end with horror, blasphemed, or laughed with a ghastly air and fell dead. Napoleon let his wrath exhale in imprecations against a miserable commissary, none of the orders given to which had been executed.

"The army, a hundred thousand strong when it left Moscow, now reduced to thirty thousand, was followed by a band of fifty thousand stragglers; there were not eighteen hundred horsemen mounted. Napoleon gave the command of them to M. de Latour Maubourg. That officer, who had led the cuirassiers to the assault of the great redoubt of Borodino, had had his head almost cleft asunder by the stroke of a sabre; he afterwards lost a leg at Dresden. Perceiving his servant in tears when the operation was over, he said to him, 'Why do you weep! you will have only one boot to clean.' That general, who remained faithful to misfortune, became the preceptor of Henry V. in the first years of the exile of that prince. I lift my hat in his presence, as in that of the Incarnation of Honour."—*Memoirs*, vi. p. 116, 118.

As Chateaubriand had declined office, and narrowly escaped death in consequence, when Napoleon murdered the Duke d'Enghien, his life, from that period to the Restoration of the Bourbons, was one of retirement and observation. The important part which he took in the Restoration, by the publication of his celebrated pamphlet *De Buonaparte et des Bourbons*, restored him to political life. The effect produced by that work was immense, and the placing of the ancient race of monarchs on the throne was in a great degree owing to it; for, at a crisis when the intentions of the Allies were yet undecided, and Austria openly supported the strong party in France which inclined for a regency with Marie Louise at its head, it swelled immensely the numbers of the decided Royalists, and gave a definite and tangible object to their hitherto vague and divided aspirations. It was written with prodigious rapidity, and

bears marks of the haste of its composition in the vehemence of its ideas and the occasional exaggeration of its assertions; but it was the very thing required for a national crisis of unexampled importance, when every hour was fraught with lasting consequences, and every effort of genius was required for laying the foundation of a new order in European society. Of the first conception and subsequent completion of this remarkable work he gives the following account:—

"I had been permitted to return to my solitary valley. The earth trembled under the footsteps of stranger armies: I wrote like the last Roman, amidst the din of barbarian invasion. During the day, I traced lines as agitated as the events which were passing; at night, when the roar of cannon was no longer heard in my solitary woods, I returned to the silence of the years which sleep in the tomb, and to the peace of my earlier life. The agitated pages which I wrote during the day, became, when put together, my pamphlet *On Buonaparte and the Bourbons*. I had so high an idea of the genius of Napoleon, and the valour of our soldiers, that the idea of a foreign invasion, successful in its ultimate results, never entered into my imagination; but I thought that such an invasion, by making the French see the dangers to which the ambition of Napoleon had exposed them, would lead to an interior movement, and that the deliverance of the French would be the work of their own hands. It was under that impression that I wrote my notes, in order that, if our political assemblies should arrest the march of the Allies, and separate themselves from a great man who had become their scourge, they should know to what haven to turn. The harbour of refuge appeared to me to be in the ancient authority, under which our ancestors had lived during eight centuries, but modified according to the changes of time. During a tempest, when one finds himself at the gate of an old edifice, albeit in ruins, he is glad to seek its shelter."—Vol. vi. p. 196, 197.

Madame de Chateaubriand, in a note, has described the circumstances under which this memorable pamphlet was written, and the morbid anxiety with which she was devoured during its composition:—

"Had the pages of that pamphlet been seized by the police, the result could not have been a moment doubtful: the sentence was the scaffold. Nevertheless the

author was inconceivably negligent about concealing it. Often, when he went out, he left the sheets on the table : at sight he only placed them under his pillow, which he did in presence of his valet—an honest youth, it is true, but who might have betrayed him. For my part, I was in mortal agonies : whenever M. de Chateaubriand went out, I seized the manuscript, and concealed it on my person. One day, in crossing the Tuileries, I perceived I had it not upon me, and being sure I had it when I went out, I did not doubt that I had let it fall on the road. Already I beheld that fatal writing in the hands of the police, and M. de Chateaubriand arrested. I fell down in a swoon in the garden, and some kind-hearted person carried me to my house, from which I had only got a short distance. What agony I endured when, ascending the stair, I floated between terror, which now amounted almost to a certainty, and a slight hope that I might have forgot the pamphlet. On reaching my husband's apartment, I felt again ready to faint : I approached the bed—I felt under the pillow ; there was nothing there : I lifted the mattress, and there was the roll of paper ! My heart still beats every time I think of it. Never in my life did I experience such a moment of joy. With truth can I say, my joy would not have been so great if I had been delivered at the foot of the scaffold, for it was one who was more dear to me than life itself whom I saw rescued from destruction."—Vol. vi. p. 206, 207.

On the entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris, on the 3d May 1814, the Allied sovereigns, from a feeling of delicacy to that monarch, gave orders that none but French troops should appear in the procession. The Old Guard lined the streets next the palace, and Chateaubriand gives the following account of the way in which they received him :—

"A regiment of infantry of the Old Guard kept the ground, from the Pont Neuf to Notre Dame, along the Quai des Orfèvres. I do not believe that human figures ever expressed anything so menacing and so terrible. These grenadiers, covered with wounds, so long the terror of Europe, who had seen so many thousand bullets fly over their heads, who seemed to smell of fire and powder—these very men, deprived of their leader, were forced to salute an old king, enfeebled by

time and not combats, guarded by an army of Russians, Austrians, and Prussians, in the conquered capital of Napoleon ! Some, shaking their heads, made their huge bearskins fall down over their eyes, so as not to see what was passing : others lowered the extremities of their mouths, to express their contempt and rage : others, through their mustaches, let their teeth be seen, which they gnashed like tigers. When they presented arms, it was with a gesture of fury, as if they brought them down to the charge. The sound they made with the recover was like thunder. Never, it must be admitted, had men been subjected to such a trial, or suffered such a punishment. If, in that moment, they had been called to vengeance, they would have exterminated the last man, or perished in the attempt.

"At the extremity of the line was a young hussar on horseback, with his drawn sabre in his hand : his whole body literally quivered with a convulsive movement of wrath. He was deadly pale ; his eyes rolled round in the most frightful manner ; he opened his mouth alternately and shut it, grinding his teeth, and uttering inarticulate cries of rage. He cast his eyes on a Russian officer : no words, can express the look which he gave him. When the carriage of the King passed before him, he made his horse leap forward : it was easy to see that he withstood with difficulty the temptation to precipitate himself on his sovereign."

"The Restoration, at its very outset, committed an irreparable fault. It should have disbanded the army, preserving only the marshals, generals, military governors, and officers, in their rank, pay, and appointments. The soldiers, in this manner, would have gradually re-entered their ranks, as they have since done into the Royal Guard ; but they would have done so isolated from each other. The legitimate monarch would no longer have had arrayed against him the soldiers of the empire in regiments and brigades, as they had been during the days of their glory, for ever talking to each other of times past, and comparing the conquests of Napoleon with their inglorious inactivity under their new master.

"The miserable attempt to reconstruct the *Maison Rouge*, that mixture of the military men of the old monarchy and the soldiers of the new empire, only augmented the evil. To suppose that vete-

* Having ourselves seen the Old Guard on this trying occasion, we can vouch for the general fidelity of Chateaubriand's narrative.

rans famoſe on a hundred fields of battle ſhould not be ſhocked at ſeeing young men—brave without doubt, but for the moſt part unaccuſtomed to the uſe of arms—to ſee them wear, without having earned or deſerved, the marks of high military rank, was to be ignorant of the firſt principles of human nature.”—Vol. vi. p. 311-313.

These observations of Chateaubriand's are well founded, and the laſt, in particular, is very important; but it may well be doubted whether, by any meaſures that could have been adopted, the ſupport of the army could have been ſecured, or the dynasty of the Bourbons eſtabliſhed on a ſecure foundation. It was the fact of their having been replaced by the bayonets of the ſtranger which was the inſurmountable difficulty; it was national ſubjugation, the capture of Paris, which had for ever ſtained the white flag. This original ſin in its birth attended the Reſtoration through every ſubſequent year of its exiſtence: it was the main cauſe of the revolution of 1830, and operated with equal force in bringing about the ſtill more fatal one of 1848. Impatience of reſt— a deſire to precipitate themſelves on foreign nations—an averſion to the employments and intereſts of peace, were the ſecret but principal cauſes of theſe convulſions. If either Louis XVIII. or Louis Philippe had been young and warlike princes, and the recollection of Leipsic and Waterloo, of the invaſions of France, and the double capture of its capital, had not prevented them from engaging in the career of foreign warfare; if they had been enterpriſing and victorious, they would have ſecured the unanimous ſuffrages of the nation, and continued the honoured poſſeſſors of the throne of France. But this dazzling though perilous career was denied to Louis XVIII. To him there was left only the difficult, perhaps the impoſſible taſk, of reconciling irrevocable enmities, of closing irremediable wounds, of appeaſing inextinguiſhable mortifications. They have been thus ſet forth in the eloquent words of genius:—

“ The houſe of Bourbon was placed in Paris at the Reſtoration as a trophy of

the European confederation. The return of the ancient princes was inſeparably aſſociated, in the public mind, with the ceſſion of extenſive provinces, with the payment of an immense tribute, with the occupation of the kingdom by hoſtile armies, with the omphines of thoſe niches in which the gods of Athens and Rome had been the objects of a new idolatry, with the nakedneſs of thoſe walls on which the Tranſfiguration had ſhone with a light as glorious as that which overhung Mount Thabor. They came back to a land in which they could recognise nothing. The Seven Sleepers of the legend, who closed their eyes when the Pagans were perſecuting the Chriſtians, and woke when the Chriſtians were perſecuting the Pagans, did not find themſelves in a world more completely new to them. Twenty years had done the work of twenty generations. Events had come thick; men had lived faſt. The old inſtitutions and the old feelings had been torn up by the roots. There was a new church founded and endowed by the uſurper; a new nobility, whoſe titles were taken from the fields of battle, diſaſtrous to the ancient line; a new chivalry, whoſe crosses had been won by exploits which ſeemed likely to make the baniſhment of the Emigrants perpetual; a new code, adminiſtered by a new magiſtracy; a new body of proprietors, holding the ſoil by a new tenure; the moſt ancient local diſtinctiions effaced, the moſt familiar names obſolete. There was no longer a Normandy, a Brittany, or a Guienne. The France of Louis XVI. had paſſed away as completely as one of the Preadamite worlds. Its foſſil remains might now and then excite curioſity; but it was as impoſſible to put life into the old inſtitutions as to animate the ſkeletons which are imbedded in the depths of primeval ſtrata. The revolution in the laws and the form of government was but an outward ſign of that mightier revolution which had taken place in the minds and hearts of men, and which affected every tranſaction and feeling of life. It was as abſurd to think that France could again be placed under the feudal ſyſtem, as that our globe could be overrun by mammoths. Louis might efface the initials of the Emperor, but he could not turn his eyes without ſeeing ſome object which reminded him he was a ſtranger in the palace of his fathers.” *

As a parallel to this ſplendid paſſage, though in an entirely different ſtyle, we gladly give place to a noble

burst of Chateaubriand, on that most marvellous of marvellous events, the return of Napoleon from Elba. It was natural that so memorable a revolution should strongly impress his imaginative mind; but he seems to have exceeded himself in the reflections to which it gives rise. We know not whether to award the prize to the Englishman or the Frenchman, in these parallel passages. They are both masterpieces in their way. Perhaps the correct view is, that Macaulay is superior in graphic force and the accumulation of sarcastic images; Chateaubriand in lofty thought and imaginative images.

On the 1st March, at three o'clock in the morning, Napoleon approached the coast of France in the Gulf of Juan; he disembarked, walked along the shore, gathered a few violets, and bivouacked in an olive wood. The inhabitants withdrew in a state of stupefaction. He left Antibes to his left, and threw himself into the Mountains of Grasse in Dauphiny. At Sisterone the road passes a defile where twenty men might have stopped him; he did not meet a living soul. He advanced without opposition among the inhabitants who the year before had wished to murder him. Into the void which was formed around his gigantic shade, if a few soldiers entered, they straightway yielded to the attraction of his eagles. His fascinated enemies seek him and find him not; he shrouds himself in his glory, as the lion in the Sahara desert conceals himself in the rays of the sun to dazzle the eyes of his pursuers. Enveloped in a burning halo, the bloody phantoms of Arcola, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Eylau, the Moskwa, Lützen, and Bantzen, form his cortege amidst a million of the dead. From the midst of that column of smoke and flame, issue at the gates of towns some trumpet-notes mingled with tricolor standards, and the gates fly open. When Napoleon passed the Niemen, at the head of four hundred thousand foot, and a hundred thousand horse, to blow into the air the palace of the Czars at Moscow, he was less wonderful than when, breaking his ban, casting his fetters as a gauntlet in the face of kings, he came alone from Cannes to Paris, to sleep peaceably in the palace of the Tuilleries."—Vol. vi. p. 359, 360.

To a mind like that of Chateaubriand, reposing in solitude when Napoleon was acting with such marvellous effect in the world, the cha-

racter and qualities of that wonderful man could not fail to be a constant object of solicitude and observation. It has been already noticed that he braved the Emperor in the plenitude of his power, and essentially contributed, in the crisis of his fate, to his dethronement, and the re-establishment of the ancient line of princes. But, as is not unusual with persons of his highly-wrought and generous temper of mind, his hostility to the Emperor declined with the termination of his authority, and his admiration for his genius rose with the base desertion of the revolutionary crowd who had fawned upon him when on the throne. The following observations on the style of his writings, indicate the growth of this counter feeling, and are in themselves equally just and felicitous:—

"His partisans have sought to make of Buonaparte a perfect being; a model of sentiment, of delicacy, of morality, and of justice—a writer like Cæsar and Thucydides, an orator like Demosthenes, a historian like Tacitus. The public discourses of Napoleon, his sonorous phrases in the tent and at the council board, are the less inspired by the spirit of prophecy, that many of the catastrophes which he announced have not been accomplished, while the warlike Isaiah himself has disappeared. Prophecies of doom which follow without reaching states become ridiculous. It is their accomplishment which renders them sublime. During sixteen years, Napoleon was the incarnation of destiny. Destiny now is mute, and he, too, should be so. Buonaparte was not a Cæsar; his education had neither been learnedly nor carefully conducted: half a stranger, he was ignorant of the first rules of our language, and could hardly spell it; but what did it signify, after all, that his expression was defective! he gave the law to the universe. His bulletins have the most thrilling of all eloquence—that of victory. Sometimes, during the intoxications of success, they affected to be written on a drum-head: in the midst of the most lugubrious accents, something emerged which excites a smile. I have read all that Napoleon has written—the first manuscripts of his infancy, his love-letters to Josephine, the five volumes of his discourses, bulletins, and orders; but I have found nothing which so truly portrays the character of that great man, when in adversity, as the following autograph note left at Elba:—

"My heart refuses to share in ordinary joys as ordinary sorrows.

"Not having given myself life, I am not entitled to take it away.

"My bad genius appeared to me and announced my end, which I found at Leipsic.

"I have conjured up the terrible spirit of innovation, which will overrun the world."

"Certes, there is Napoleon to the very life. His bulletins and discourses have often great energy; but it was not his own; it belonged to the age; he only adopted it. It sprang from the revolutionary energy, which he only weakened by moving in opposition to it. Danton said, 'The metal is fused; if you do not watch over the furnace, you will be consumed.' St Just replied, '*Do it if you dare.*' These words contain the whole secret of our Revolution. Those who make revolutions by halves, do nothing but dig their own graves."—Vol. vii. p. 101.

Certes, there is Chateaubriand to the very life.

Chateaubriand, as all the world knows, was Minister for Foreign Affairs to Louis XVIII. at Ghent: adhering thus to his ruling maxim throughout life, "Fidelity to misfortune." So great were the services rendered by him to the cause of European freedom, by the energetic series of papers which he poured forth with unwearied vigour every week, that there were serious thoughts, after the battle of Waterloo, of promoting him to the dignity of Prime Minister. Louis XVIII. openly inclined to it: and if his advice had prevailed, the catastrophe which fifteen years afterwards befel his family, would probably have been prevented. But the insuperable difficulty lay here: the pure and honourable mind of Chateaubriand revolted from the idea of forming a Ministry in conjunction with Talleyrand and Fouché; and yet their influence was such that the monarch, in the first instance at least, was compelled to court their assistance. Expediency, at least immediate expediency, seemed to counsel it; but Chateaubriand, animated by higher principles, and gifted with a more prophetic mind, anticipated no lasting advantage, but rather the reverse, from an alliance with the arch-regicide of Nantes, and the arch-traitor who had sworn alle-

giance to and betrayed twelve Governments in succession. But the chorus of "*base unanimities*," as he expresses it, with which the monarch was surrounded, proved too strong for any single individual, how gifted soever. Fouché and Talleyrand were taken into power, and Chateaubriand retired. Of the conversation with Louis XVIII., when this vital change was resolved on, he gives the following interesting account, which proves that that sagacious monarch at least was well aware of the consequences of the step to which he was thus involuntarily impelled:—

"Before quitting St Denis, on our way back to Paris, I had an audience of the King, and the following conversation ensued:

"'Well!' said Louis XVIII., opening the dialogue by that exclamation.

"'Well, sire, you have taken the Duke of Otranto,' (Fouché.)

"'I could not avoid it; from my brother to the baillie of Crusol, (and he at least is not suspected,) all said that we could not do otherwise—what think you?"

"'Sire! the thing is done; I crave permission to remain silent.'

"'No, no—speak out; you know how I resisted at Ghent.'

"'In that case, sire, I must obey my orders. Pardon my fidelity: I think it is all over with the monarchy.'

"'The King remained some time silent. I began to tremble at my boldness, when his Majesty rejoined:—

"'In truth, M. de Chateaubriand, I am of your opinion.'

"I bowed and withdrew; and thus ended my connection with the Hundred Days."—Vol. vii. 70.

Manzoni has written an ode, known over all Europe, on the double fall of Napoleon: "The last poet," says Chateaubriand, "of the country of Virgil, sang the last warrior of the country of Cæsar.

Tutte ei provo, la gloria
Maggior dopo il periglio,
La fuga e la Vittoria,
La reggia e il triste esiglio:
Due volte nella polvere,
Due volte sugli altari.

Ei si uopo: due secoli,
L'un contro l'altro armato,
Non cessò a lui se vollero,
Come aspettando il fato:
Ei fe silenzio ed arbitro
S'assise in mezzo a loro.

"He proved everything ; glory greater after danger, flight, and victory: Royalty and sad exile, twice in the dust, twice on the altar."

"He announced himself : two ages, armed against each other, turned towards him, as if awaiting their fate; he proclaimed silence, and seated himself as arbiter between them."

Notwithstanding the vehemence, of Chateaubriand's dissension with Napoleon, it cannot be expected that a man of his romantic and generous temperament would continue his hostility after death. No one, accordingly, has awarded a more heartfelt or unanimous tribute to his memory.

"The solitude of the exile and of the tomb of Napoleon has shed an extraordinary interest, a sort of prestige, over his memory. Alexander did not die under the eyes of Greece, he disappeared amidst the distant wonders of Babylon. Buonaparte has not died under the eyes of France: he has been lost in the gloomy edge of the southern horizon. The grandeur of the silence which now surrounds him equals the immensity of the noise which his exploits formerly made. The nations are absent: the crowd of men has retired: the bird of the tropics, "harnessed," in Buffon's words, "to the chariot of the sun," has precipitated itself from the star of light—where does it now repose? It rests on the ashes of which the weight has all but subverted the globe."

"Imposuerunt omnes sibi diademata post mortem ejus; et multiplicata sunt mala in terra." "They all assumed diadems after his death, and evils were multiplied on the earth." Twenty years have hardly elapsed since the death of Napoleon, and already the French and Spanish monarchies are no more. The map of the world has undergone a change: a new geography is required: severed from their legitimate rulers, nations have been thrown against nations: renowned actors on the scene have given place to ignoble successors: eagles from the summits of the loftiest pines have plunged into the ocean, while frail shellfish have attached themselves to the sides of the trunk, which still stands erect.

"As in the last result everything advances to its end, 'the terrible spirit of

innovation which overruns the world,' as the Emperor said, and to which he had opposed the barrier of his genius, has resumed its course. The institutions of the conqueror fail: he will be the last of great existences on the earth. Nothing hereafter will overshadow society, parcelled out and levelled: the shadow of Napoleon alone will be seen on the verge of the old world which has been destroyed, like the phantom of the deluge on the edge of its abyss. Distant posterity will discern that spectre through the gloom of passing events still erect above the gulf into which unknown ages have fallen, until the day marked out by Providence for the resurrection of social man."—Vol. vii. 169-171.

Assuredly no one can say that Chateaubriand's genius has declined with his advanced years.

To a man viewing Napoleon with the feelings expressed in these eloquent words, the translation of his remains from their solitary resting-place under the willow at St Helena could not but be an object of regret. He thus expresses himself on that memorable event, and future ages will probably confirm his opinion:—

The removal of the remains of Napoleon from St Helena was a fault against his renown. A place of sepulchre in Paris can never equal the Valley of Stanes. Who would wish to see the Pillar of Pompey elsewhere than above the grave dug for his remains by his poor freedman, aided by the old legionary? What shall we do with those magnificent remains in the midst of our miseries? Can the hardest granite typify the everlasting duration of Napoleon's renown? Even if we possessed a Michael Angelo to design the statue on the grave, how should we fashion the mausoleum? Monuments are for little men, for the great a stone and a name. At least they should have suspended the coffin from the summit of the triumphal arch which records his exploits: nations from afar should have beheld their master borne aloft on the shoulders of his victories. Was not the urn which contained the ashes of Trajan placed at Rome, beneath his column? Napoleon at Paris will be lost amidst the crowd of unknown names. God forbid he should be exposed to the vicissitudes of our political changes, surrounded though he is by Louis XIV., Vauban, and Turenne. Let a certain section of our revolutionists triumph, and

the ashes of the conqueror will be sent to join the ashes which our passions have dispersed. The conqueror will be forgotten in the oppressor of our liberties. The bones of Napoleon will not reproduce his genius; they will only teach his despotism to ignoble soldiers."—Vol. vii. 184, 185.

The Restoration did not immediately employ Chateaubriand. His anticipations were realised. The chorus of baseness and selfishness with which the court was surrounded, kept him at a distance. They were afraid of his genius: they were jealous of his reputation. Above all, they dreaded his independence. He was not sufficiently manageable. They were actuated, perhaps not altogether without reason, by the same feeling which made Lord North say, when urged to bring Dr Johnson into Parliament, whose great powers in the political warfare of pamphlets had been so signally evinced on the side of Government, "No, sir, he is an elephant, but a wild one, as likely to trample under foot his friends as his enemies." The veteran statesman, so well versed in the ways of men, was right. Genius is the fountain of thought: it ultimately rifles the councils and destinies of men; but it generally requires to be tempered by time before it can be safely introduced into practice.

Chateaubriand cultivates this period of his memoirs, which is neither signalised by political event nor remarkable literary effort, by a sort of biography of Madame Recamier, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. This remarkable person, who was beyond all question the most beautiful and attractive woman of her age in France, or perhaps in Europe, is now no more; and he appears to have obtained from her relatives, or perhaps from herself prior to her decease, not only many curious and highly interesting details concerning her early years and subsequent history, but a great variety of original letters from the most eminent men of the age, who were successively led captive by her charms, but none of whom appear to have impaired her reputation. In this country, where the lines of severance between the sexes are much more rigidly drawn, it would be impossible for a young and beautiful

married woman to be in the habit of receiving the most ardent love-letters from a great variety of distinguished and fascinating admirers, without the jealousy of rivals being excited, and the breath of scandal fastening upon her as its natural prey. But it is otherwise on the Continent, where, although there is doubtless abundance of dissoluteness of manners in certain circles, yet in others such intimacies may exist, which are yet kept within due bounds, and cast no reflection on the fortunate fair one who sees all the world at her feet.

Such, at least, appears to have been the case with Madame Recamier, the intimate friend of Madame de Stael, who said "She would willingly give all her talents for one half of her beauty;" and whose powers of fascination were such, that she not only inspired a vehement passion nearly at the same time, in La Harpe, Lucien Buonaparte, Murat, Moreau, Bernadotte, Marshal Massena, Benjamin Constant, Prince Augustus of Prussia, Prince Metternich, Chateaubriand, and a vast many others, but attracted the particular notice of Napoleon, and did not escape the vigilant and practised eye of the Duke of Wellington. The Prince of Prussia would have married her, if he could have effected her divorce from M. Recamier. It is one of the worst traits of the Emperor Napoleon's character, that he was not only so envious of the celebrity of her beauty that he banished her from Paris to extinguish its fame, but was inspired with such malignant feelings towards her, from her having rejected his advances, that he got a law passed which rendered the wives of persons engaged in commerce responsible in their separate estates for their husbands' debts; the effect of which was to involve Madame Recamier, whose husband, a great banker in Paris, failed, in almost total ruin, in the latter years of her life.

Madame Recamier, whose birth, though respectable, gave her none of the advantages of rank or opulence, was bred up at the abbey of the *Desert*, near the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone at Lyons. Her parents, however, resided at Paris; and they having brought her home at the age of twelve years, she was at

that tender age married to M. Recamier, a rich banker, almost four times her own age, whose immense transactions, which entirely absorbed his time and attention, left him no leisure to attend either to the education or occupations of his infantine and beautiful wife. But though thus left to herself, surrounded by admirers, and with every luxury which wealth could purchase at her command, she was never led astray. Benjamin Constant, who knew her well from her earliest years, has left the following interesting portrait of what may be called her infantine married life:—

"She whom I paint emerged pure and brilliant from that corrupted atmosphere, which elsewhere withered where it did not actually corrupt. Infancy was at first her safeguard. Libertinism shrunk from approaching the asylum of so much innocence. Removed from the world in a solitude embellished by the arts, she spent her time in the sweet occupation of those charming and poetical studies which usually constitute the delight of a more advanced age.

"Often, also, surrounded by her young companions, she abandoned herself to the amusements suited to her tender years. 'Swift as Atalanta in the race,' she outran all her companions: often, in playing Hide-and-seek, she bandaged those eyes which were destined one day to fascinate every beholder. Her look, now so expressive and penetrating, and which seems to indicate mysteries of which she herself is unconscious, then shone only with the animated and playful gaiety of childhood. Her beautiful hair, which could not be undone without causing emotion, fell in natural curls on her shoulders. A hearty and prolonged laugh often burst from these infantine circles, but already you could perceive in her that fine and rapid observation which seizes the salient points of ridicule—that sportive railery which diverted itself without injuring any one: above all, that exquisite sense of elegance and propriety, of purity and taste, that true nobility of mind, which are given only to a few privileged beings.

"Nevertheless Madame Recamier emerged occasionally from her retreat, to go to the theatre or to the public promenades; and in those places of general resort her rare appearance was quite an event. Every other object in those immense assemblages was forgotten: every one precipitated himself upon her steps. The fortunate cavalier who attended her could scarcely make his way through the

crowds which she collected: her steps were at every instant impeded by the spectators who crowded around her. She enjoyed that success with the gaiety of an infant combined with the timidity of a young woman; but the gracious dignity which at home restrained the overflowing gaiety of her companions, inspired respect in public in the admiring crowd with which she was constantly environed. You would say that her air imposed restraint equally on her companions and on the public. Thus passed the first years of the married life of Madame Recamier, between poetical occupation, infantine amusements, and the triumph of beauty in the world.

"But her expanding mind and capacious genius soon required other aliment. The instinctive love of the beautiful with which she was inspired from her earliest years, made her long for the society of men distinguished for the reputation of their talents or genius. M. de La Harpe was one of the first who appreciated the young woman, around whom were one day to be grouped all the celebrated characters of her age. The conversation of that young woman of fifteen had a thousand attractions for a man of his great acquirements, and whose excessive vanity, with the habit of conversing with the ablest men in France, had rendered exceedingly difficult to please. He delighted in being her guide: he was astonished at the rapidity with which her talent supplied the want of experience, and comprehended everything which he revealed to her of the world and of men. This was at the moment of his celebrated conversion to Christianity. The Revolution having rendered infidelity all-powerful, scepticism had lost the merit of being opposed to authority, and those whom vanity alone had rendered such could in good faith, and without compromising their reputation, avow their secret belief."—Vol. ix. 118, 121.

Of the unbounded devotion which Madame Recamier in a few years came to inspire in the breasts of the most distinguished men of her day, abundant proof is furnished in Chateaubriand's Memoirs. To give only a few examples, among a host of others which might be cited, Marshal Massena—a roturier by birth, and certainly not inheriting by descent any of the feelings of chivalry—yet even he asked a ribbon from Madame Recamier before he set out for the army of Italy, to take the command in Genoa, in the siege since so

celebrated; and, having obtained it, he wrote to her the following note some weeks after:—

"The charming ribbon given by Madame Recamier has been borne by General Massena in the battles and the blockades of Genoa: it has never left him, and been, in every instance, the harbinger of victory."—Vol. viii. 167.

"There," as Chateaubriand justly observes, "the ancient manners reappeared athwart the modern manners of which they formed the base. The gallantry of the noble chevalier shone forth in the plebeian soldier; the memory of the tournaments and of the crusades was concealed amidst the blaze of glory with which modern France has crowned its old victories."

Lucien Buonaparte, one of her first adorers, addressed her early in life in these terms:—

"Till within these few days, I knew you only by renown. I had seen you sometimes at church and in the theatres. I knew you were the most beautiful: a thousand voices repeated it; and your charms had struck without dazzling me. Why has the peace rendered me captive? it reigns in our families, but sorrow is in my heart."

"I have seen you since: Jove seemed to smile on your steps. Seated on the edge of a fountain, motionless and dreamy, you gathered a rose. I addressed you alone: I thought I heard a sigh. Vain illusion! I soon saw the tranquil front of indifference seated between us. The passion which devoured me expressed itself in my words; while yours bore the cruel yet amiable stamp of infancy and sport."

"Be severe, I implore you, for pity's sake. Banish me from your presence. Desire me to withdraw from your enchanting society: and if I can obey the order, remember only that my heart is for ever your own; that no one ever reigned over it as Juliette; and that he will ever live with her, at least in memory."—Vol. viii. 130.

"For a man of *sangfroid*," says Chateaubriand, "all that is a little ridiculous." He is right: it is gallantry without passion which always appears *faded* and contemptible. It is vehemence and sincerity which makes sentiment interesting. The Buonapartes had nothing chivalrous in their breasts: Lucien's letter is very different from Massena wearing Ma-

dame Recamier's ribbon next his heart amidst the fire of the Austrian cannon. But Chateaubriand himself had the true spirit of chivalry in his bosom. He thus recounts one of the last moments which he spent in 1832, late in life, with Madame Recamier on the banks of the Lake of Constance:—

"We wandered as chance guided our steps, and sat down beside the lake. From a pavilion in the woods arose a concert of the harp and the German horns, which ceased as we began to listen to them. It was a scene in a fairy tale. As the music did not recommence, I read to Madame Recamier my description of the St Gothard. She asked me to write something in her pocket-book. Immediately below the last words of Rousseau, which were there inscribed, 'Open the windows, that I may again see the light of the sun,' I wrote, 'What I felt the want of on the Lake of Lucerne I have found on the Lake of Constance—the charm and the intelligence of beauty. I no longer wish to die like Rousseau; I wish, on the contrary, to live long, and behold the sun, if it is near you that I am to finish my life. May my days expire at your feet, as the waves of which you hear the murmur.' The azure light of the setting sun coloured the lake; on the horizon, to the south, the snowy alps of the Grisons reflected the ruddy glow; the breeze which swept the waves harmonised with their ceaseless murmur. We knew not where we were."—Vol. x. 246, 247.

With the accession of a more Liberal Administration under M. de Martignac, Chateaubriand was taken into power. In 1822 he was sent as ambassador to London; in 1823 he was made minister of foreign affairs, and directed the expedition into Spain in that year, which had so successful a result; and in 1824 he represented France at the Congress of Verona. He was again, however, chased from the helm by the jealousy of the Royalists, whose imbecility was rebuked by his genius; and it was not till 1828 that he was again taken into power, and appointed to the embassy at Rome. He was there when the Polignac Administration was appointed.

We must hasten to the most brilliant and honourable period of Chateaubriand's life, that in which he stood almost alone amidst a nation's

defection, and singly opposed the revolutionary torrent by which nearly all others had been swept away. The spectacle is at once animating and mournful: animating as evincing of what high resolves, of what heroic constancy, noble minds are capable even in the extremity of disaster: mournful, as exhibiting so bright a contrast to the tergiversation of later times, and suggesting the mournful reflection that, in these days of economists and material enjoyment, the days of chivalry are gone for ever.

It is well known that Chateaubriand was esteemed not only a Liberal, but an ultra-Liberal, by the extreme Royalist party whom Charles X. summoned to his councils on his accession to the throne; and that, in consequence of his disagreement with Polignac and the leaders of that party, he retired from the ministry, and resigned his appointment as ambassador at Rome. His consternation was great on perceiving the extreme measures which the Polignac party were preparing to carry into execution, and the feeble preparations made for supporting them by military force, in the midst of a warlike and excited people. Of his first intelligence of the appointment of the Polignac Administration by the sovereign whom they were destined so soon to overthrow, he gives the following account:—

“Rumours of a change of Administration had already reached us at Rome. Well-informed persons had even gone so far as to speak of Prince Polignac, but I could not credit the reports. At length the journals arrive; I open them, and my eyes rest on the official ordinance calling him to the head of the ministry. I had experienced many vicissitudes of fortune in my journey through life, but never had I fallen from such an elevation. My evil destiny had again blown over my chimeras: that breath of fate had not only destroyed my illusions, but it had swept away the monarchy. The blow was fearful: for a moment I was in despair, but my part was soon taken. I felt that I must retire from power. The post brought me a multitude of letters; all recommended me to send in my resignation. Even persons to whom I was almost a stranger thought themselves obliged to counsel me to retire. I was in secret mortified at the officious interest thus evinced in my reputation.

Thank God, I have never needed nor waited for counsels when the paths of honour and of interest lay before me. Falls from station have ever been to me ruin, for I possessed through life nothing but debts; so that when I resigned my appointments, I was reduced to live by my wits. In a word, I resigned a situation of 200,000 francs (£8000) a-year, and was reduced to nothing; but my choice was not doubtful. Cast to the winds, said I to myself, 200,000 francs (£8000) a-year of income, an appointment entirely suited to your taste, a high and magnificent office, the empire of the fine arts at Rome, the felicity, in fine, of having at length received the recompense for your long and laborious struggles. Honour is to be won, esteem preserved, at no other price.”—Vol. ix. 141, 142.

On arriving at Paris after he had resigned his appointment as ambassador at Rome, Chateaubriand found that many of the kind and officious friends who had so strongly urged him to resign, had themselves quietly accepted appointments under the Polignac Administration! He withdrew, however, in pursuance of his resolution, into private life; and in order to avoid the expenses of Paris, which exceeded what his reduced income could bear, he retired to Dieppe in June 1830. When there he received the stunning intelligence of the Ordinances of July. His part was immediately taken. He returned with the utmost expedition to Paris, resolved to share the fate of his country whatever it might be, and to exert himself to the utmost to mitigate the calamities which he foresaw awaited it. His first step on arriving in the capital was to write a letter to the King, making a tender of his services to negotiate with the popular leaders who had got the command in the capital. The only answer he received was a verbal one, that M. de Montemart had been appointed to the head of the Ministry, and a reference to him. But M. de Montemart could not be found; and even if he had been, affairs had gone too far to admit of any remedy by individual efforts, how powerful soever. The nation would have a Revolution with its consequences, and it was doomed to have a Revolution with its consequences. But although Louis Philippe

was successful, Chateaubriand foresaw that his throne was established on a rotten foundation: that the *juste milieu*, resting neither on the attachment of a loyal, nor the passions of a conquering people, could not be of lasting endurance; and that, in default of all principles of honour whereon to rest a Government, those of interest alone remained. He has left the following memorable prophecy of the fate awaiting a monarchy cradled in treason and fostered by selfishness:—

"Louis Philippe, his Government, the whole of that impossible and contradictory combination, will perish in a time more or less retarded by fortuitous events, by complications of interests interior and exterior, by the apathy or corruption of individuals, by the levity of disposition, the indifference and want of nerve in characters. But be its duration long or short, the present dynasty will not exist long enough for the House of Orleans to strike its roots in the soil of France."—Vol. ix. 333.*

It is not in public documents and actions that the real opinions of the actors on the stage of public events are to be discerned. It is their private conversation or correspondence that reveals their real sentiments; it is there that the mental struggles which preceded the most decisive steps, and the secret views by which they were actuated in adopting or rejecting them, are in truth disclosed. In this view, the following conversation between Chateaubriand and the Duchess of Orleans, immediately after the triumph of the Barricades, is peculiarly interesting—

"M. Arago spoke to me in the warmest terms of the intellectual superiority of Madame Adelaide; and the Count Anaclede de Montesquieu, having met me one morning at Madame Recamier's, informed me that the Duke and Duchess of Orleans would be charmed to see me. I went, accordingly, to the Palais Royal with the Chevalier d'Honneur of the future queen. I found the Duchess of Orleans and Madame Adelaide in their private boudoirs. I had previously had the honour of being presented to the duchess. She made me sit down near her, and immediately said—

"Ah! M. de Chateaubriand, we are very unfortunate. If all parties would

unite we might perhaps be saved, what think you of that?"

"Madame," I replied, "nothing is so easy. Charles X. and the Dauphin have both abdicated; Henry V. is now king; the Duke of Orleans is now Lieutenant-general of the kingdom; let him be Regent during the whole minority of Henry V., and all is accomplished."

"But, M. de Chateaubriand, the people are extremely agitated; we should fall into anarchy."

"Madame, may I venture to ask you what is the intention of the Duke of Orleans? will he accept the throne if it is offered to him?"

The two princesses hesitated to answer. After a short pause the Duchess of Orleans replied,—

"Consider, M. de Chateaubriand, the disasters which may ensue—you and all other men of honour require to unite to save us from a republic. At Rome, M. de Chateaubriand, you might render us essential service—or even here, if you did not wish to quit France."

"Madame is not ignorant of my devotion to the young king and to his mother."

"Ah! M. de Chateaubriand, how well they have rewarded your fidelity."

"Your Royal Highness would not wish me to give the lie to my whole life."

"M. de Chateaubriand, you do not know my niece; she is so inconsiderate, poor Caroline. I will send for the Duke of Orleans; I hope he may succeed in persuading you better than me."

The princess gave her orders, and in a quarter of an hour Louis Philippe arrived. He was dressed in disorder, and looked extremely fatigued. I rose as he entered, and the Lieutenant-general of the kingdom said,—

"The duchess has doubtless informed you how unfortunate we are." And upon that he began a speech on the felicity which he enjoyed in the country, and the life, in the midst of his children, which was entirely according to his taste. I seized the opportunity of a momentary pause to repeat what I had said to the princess.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that is just what I desire. How happy should I be to become the tutor and support of that infant! I think exactly as you do, M. de Chateaubriand: to take the Duke of Bordeaux would unquestionably be the wisest course that could be adopted. I only fear events are too strong for us."

"Stronger than us, my Lord Duke! Are you not invested with all powers? Let us hasten to join Henry V. Sum-

* M. de Chateaubriand died in 1847, before the Revolution of 1848.

mon the Chambers and the army to meet you out of Paris. At the first intelligence of your departure all that effervescence will subside, and all the world will seek shelter under your enlightened and protecting government.'

"While I yet spoke, I kept my eyes fixed on Louis Philippe. I saw that my counsels gave him annoyance: I saw written on his forehead the desire to be king. 'M. de Chateaubriand,' said he, *without looking me in the face*, 'the thing is not so easy as you imagine: things do not go as you imagine. A furious mob may assail the Chambers, and we have, as yet, no military force on which we can rely for its defence.'

"The last expression gave me pleasure, because it enabled me to bring forward a decisive reply. 'I feel the difficulty you mention, my Lord Duke; but there is a sure mode of obviating it. If you cannot rejoin Henry V., as I have just proposed, you may embrace another course. The session is about to open: on the first proposition made by the deputies, declare that the Chamber of Deputies has not the power to determine the form of government for France; that the *whole nation must be consulted*. Your Royal Highness will thus place yourself at the head of the popular party: the Republicans, who now constitute your danger, will laud you to the skies. In the two months which must elapse before the new legislature can assemble, you can organise a national guard; all your friends, and the friends of the young king, will exert themselves in the provinces. Let the deputies assemble, and let the cause I espouse be publicly pleaded before them. That cause, favoured in heart by you, supported by the great majority of the country electors, will be certain of success. The moment of anarchy being past, you will have nothing to fear from the violence of the Republicans. I even think you might win over, by such a course, General Lafayette and M. Lafitte to your side. What a part for you to play, my Lord Duke! You will reign fifteen years in the name of your young pupil; at the expiration of that time, repose will be a blessing to us all. You will earn the glory, unique in history, of having had the power to ascend the throne, and of having left it to the lawful heir. At the same time, you will have enjoyed the means of educating that heir abreast of the ideas of his age: you will have rendered him capable of reigning over France. One of your daughters may aid him to bear the weight of the crown.'

"Louis Philippe looked around with a

wandering eye and an absent air. 'I beg your pardon, M. de Chateaubriand,' said he; 'I left a deputation to converse with you, and I must return to it.' With these words, he bowed and withdrew.

The advice thus given at the decisive moment by Chateaubriand was that of honour and loyalty; it was dictated by the spirit of the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. But it was not that of immediate or apparent interest; and therefore it was not adopted. The event has now proved, however, that in this, as in so many other instances in this world, the path of honour and duty would have been that of expedience. What Chateaubriand recommended to Louis Philippe was substantially what Louis Napoleon *did*; and the result proved that the great majority of the nation, differing widely from the revolutionary rabble of Paris, was not only Conservative, but Royalist in its dispositions. Had Louis Philippe followed this course, and taken only the regency till the majority of the Duke of Bordeaux, the two branches of the house of Bourbon would have been cordially united: no discord or jealousies would have weakened the Royalist party; the national will would have been decidedly pronounced for the monarchy before it had been rendered an object of contempt; the Revolution of 1848, with all its disastrous consequences, would probably have been prevented; and as the Duke de Bordeaux has no family, the Orleans dynasty, as the next heirs, would have ascended the throne in the natural order of succession—and not only without the barbarian minister of treason on their escutcheon, but with a deed of unexampled magnanimity and honour to illustrate their accession!

Louis Philippe, bent on the immediate possession of the throne, made another attempt to gain M. de Chateaubriand; and for this purpose the Duchess of Orleans and Madame Adelaide again sent for him.

"Madame Adelaide was present as on the former occasion; and the duchess now described more specifically the favours with which the Duke of Orleans proposed to honour me. She dwelt on what she called my sway over public opinion; the sacrifices I had made, and the aver-

sion which Charles X. and his family had always shown to me in spite of my services. She said to me, that if I would accept the portfolio of foreign affairs, his Royal Highness would be too happy to replace me in that situation; but that possibly I would prefer returning to Rome, and that she would greatly rejoice at that appointment, for the interests of our holy religion.

"Madam," I answered with some degrees of vivacity, "I see that his Royal Highness has taken his line; that he has weighed the consequences; that he is prepared to meet the years of misery and perils he will have to traverse. I have therefore nothing to say on that head—I come not here to fail in respect to the blood of the Bourbons; I owe besides nothing but gratitude and respect to *Madame*. Leaving apart, then, those great objections, founded on reason and principle, I pray her Royal Highness to allow me to explain what personally concerns myself.

"She has had the condescension to speak of what she calls my power over general opinion. Well, if that power is well founded, on what is it founded? Is it on anything else but the public esteem; and should I not lose it the moment I changed my colours? The Duke of Orleans supposes he would in me acquire a support: instead of that he would gain only a miserable maker of phrases, whose voice would no longer be listened to—a renegade, on whom every one would have a right to throw dust and to spit in his face. To the hesitating words which he could pronounce in favour of Louis Philippe, they would oppose the entire volumes he had written in favour of the fallen family. Is it not I, Madam, who have written the pamphlet of *Bonaparte and the Bourbons*: the articles on the arrival of Louis XVIII. at Compiègne; the relation of the Royal Council at Ghent, and the *History of the Life and Death of the Duke de Berri*? I know not that I have written a single page where the name of our ancient kings is not either mentioned or alluded to, and where they are not envired by the protestations of my love and fidelity—a thing which marks strength of principle the more strongly, as *Madame* knows that, as an individual, I put no faith in princes. At the thought even of desertion, the colour mounts to my cheeks. The day after my treachery, I should go to throw myself into the Seine. I implore *Madame* to forgive the vehemence of my language: I am penetrated with her goodness: I shall ever preserve a profound and grateful remembrance of it; but she would

not wish me to be dishonoured. Pity me, madam, pity me."

"I was still standing; and bowing, I retired. Mademoiselle de Orleans, (the Princess Adelaide,) had not yet said anything. She rose up, and retiring said, '*I do not pity you, M. de Chateaubriand; I do not pity you.*' I was forcibly struck with the mournful accent with which she pronounced these words."—Vol. ix. 361, 362.

"Pity not me," said the dying Chevalier Bayard to the traitor Constable de Bourbon; "pity those who fight against their king, their country, and their oath." The feelings of honour are the same in all ages.

We shall close this long line of honourable acts with an extract from Chateaubriand's noble speech in favour of Henry V., in the Chamber of Peers, on July 7, 1830.

"Charles X. and his sons are dethroned or have abdicated; it signifies not which. The throne is *not vacant*—after them comes an infant; will you condemn the innocent?"

"What blood now cries out against him? Can you say it is that of his father? That orphan educated in the school of his country, in attachment to a constitutional throne, and in the ideas of his age, will become a king in harmony with the cravings of the future. It is to the guardian of his infancy that you would first tender the oath to be faithful to it. Arrived at mature years, he would himself renew it. The king at this moment, the real king for a time, would be the Duke of Orleans, the regent of the kingdom; a prince who has lived near the people, and who knows that the monarchy now can only be a monarchy of concession and reason. That combination, so natural, so obvious, appears a main element in reconciliation; and would save France from the convulsions which are the consequence of violent changes in a state.

"To say that this infant, separated from his masters, would not have leisure to forget their precepts before becoming a man: to say that he would remain infatuated by certain dogmas of his birth, after a long popular education, after the terrible lesson which has discredited two kings in two nights: is that reasonable?"

"It is neither from a sentimental devotion, nor the affection of a nurse for the cradle of Henry IV., that I plead a cause where all would turn against me if it triumphed. I am neither influenced by the ideas of romance nor of chivalry: I do not desire the crown of martyrdom. I

do not believe in the divine right of kings : I am alive to the power of revolutions, and the evidence of facts. I do not even invoke the charter : I ascend to a higher source. I draw my principles from the philosophic ideas of the age in which my life expires : I propose the Duke of Bordeaux simply as a necessity preferable to the Duke of Orleans.

"You proclaim the sovereignty of force. It is well. *Look carefully after it : guard it well ; for, if it escapes you, who will pity your lot !* Such is human nature. The most enlightened minds are not always raised above the temptations of success. The *esprit forts* were the first to invoke the right of violence ; they supported it by all the force of their talents ; and at the moment when the truth of what they said is demonstrated by the abuse of that force, and its overthrow, the conquerors seize the weapon they have broken ! Dangerous trophies, which may wound the hand which seized them.

"A useless Cassandra, I have fatigued the throne and the country sufficiently with my disdained predictions : it remains for me only to seat myself on the remains of the wreck which I have so often predicted. I recognise in misfortune every power except that of absolving us from our oaths. I must render my life uniform : after all I have written, said, and done for the Bourbons, I should be the basest of the base if I deserted them when for the third time they bend their steps into exile.

"Far from me be the thought of casting the seeds of division into France : thence it is that I have avoided in my discourse the language of the passions. If I had the firm conviction that an infant should be left in the obscure and tranquil ranks of life, to secure the repose of thirty-three millions of men, I should have regarded any opinion expressed against the declared wishes of the age as a crime.

I have no such conviction. If I was entitled to dispose of the crown, I should willingly lay it at the feet of the Duke of Orleans. But I have no such right. I see no place vacant but a tomb at St Denis, and not a throne.

"Whatever destinies may attend the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, I shall never be his enemy, if he acts for the good of his country. I only ask to be allowed to preserve the freedom of my conscience, and to go and leave my bones where I shall find independence and repose. I vote against the motion."—Vol. ix. 386-388.

*Chateaubriand was as good as his word. He resigned all his appointments, even his pension of £600 a-year as Peer of France : he sold off all his effects, which scarcely paid his debts : he refused the offer of Charles X. to restore that pension out of the wreck of that Prince's own fortune : he set out again penniless on the pilgrimage of life : and till his death, in 1848, supported himself entirely by his literary talents.

Such was honour in the olden time. We do not say that it would not find imitators, on a similar crisis, on this side of the Channel : we believe it would find many. But this we do say, that it would find them only among those who are imbued with the ancient ideas, among whom, whether patrician or plebeian, the spirit of chivalry is not extinct. It will not be found among the worshippers of mammon, or the slaves of interest. Woe to the nation by whom such feelings are classed with the age of the mammoth and the mastodon ! It has entered the gulf of destruction, for it deserves to be destroyed.

THE GREEN HAND.

A "SHORT" YARN.

PART XI.

"WELL, ma'am," continued our narrator, addressing himself, as usual, to his matronly relative in the chair, and with the accustomed catch-word, which was like the knotting together of his interrupted yarn: "well—it was between a fortnight and three weeks after losing sight of St Helena, that, being at last fairly in the latitude of the Cape, the frigate and schooner tacked in company, and stood close-hauled on a wind to the eastward. By the middle watch that night, when the moon set, we could make out the long flat top of Table Mountain heaving in sight off the horizon over against her. Next day, in fact, we were both of us quietly at anchor outside of the shipping in Table Bay; Cape Town glittering along on the green flat amongst the trees to southward, with the hills on each side of it like some big African lion lying on guard close by; while Table Mountain hove up, square-shouldered, blue to the left, four thousand feet high, as bare and steep as a wall, with the rocks and trees creeping up from the foot, and the wreaths of light cloud resting halfway, like nothing else but the very breakwater of the world's end. The sea stretched broad off to north and west, and a whole fleet of craft lay betwixt us and the land—half of them Indiamen—amongst which, you may be sure, I kept a pretty sharp look-out with the glass, to see if the Seringapatam were there still.

I was soon saved further pains on this head, however, when shortly afterwards the frigate was beset by a whole squadron of bumboats, shoving against each other, and squabbling, in all sorts of Nigger tongues, who should be first: the chief of them being in evident command of a fat old Dutch Froww, with an immense blue umbrella over her, two greasy-looking Hottentot rowers in blankets, and a round-faced Dutch boy, the picture of herself, steering the boat; as the old lady made a clear berth for herself, by laying about with her blue um-

brella, till she was close under our quarter, sitting all the while with the broad round stern of her bright-coloured gown spread over a couple of beer-barrels, like a peacock's train. In two minutes more the little fellow was up the side, flourishing a bundle of papers under the first lieutenant's very nose, and asking the ship's custom, even whilst the sentries were ordering them all off. A midshipman took this youth by the cuff of the neck, and was hauling him rather roughly along to the care of the purser's steward, when I stepped betwixt them; and a bumboat being the best directory on the point, of course, I soon found the old lady had had dealings with the Seringapatam, which her bluff-built little progeny described as a very good ship indeed, all having paid their bills, except one young officer, who had left a balance standing, for which he had given a letter to his brother in a ship that was to come after. As for the Indianam herself, the Dutch boy said she had sailed about a week before our arrival, along with two others; and he was anxious to know if we were the vessel in question. I accordingly unfolded the open letter, which was addressed—"Thomas Spoonbill Simm, Esquire, of His Britannic Majesty's ship Nincompoop, (or otherwise;)" and it ran somehow thus:—"Hon. East India Company's ship *Seringapatam*, Table Bay, September 1, 1816.—My dear Brother, This is to certify, that I have eaten four dozen and a half of eggs, supplied by the worthy Vrouw Dulcken, the bearer of this, whom I can recommend as an old screw, and am due her for the same the sum of nine shillings and sixpence sterling, which you will kindly pay her, taking her receipt or mark, unless you are willing to forfeit our family watch, herewith deposited by me in the hands of said Mother Dulcken. I may add that, in justice to the worthy Vrouw, three of the above-mentioned eggs ought to be charged as *fowls*, which, by the way,

I did not consume; and, with love to all at home, remain your affectionate brother, JOHN SIMM, H. E. I. C. S.—*P.S.* The watch I have discovered to be pinchbeck, and it does not go; so that a sad trick must have been originally played upon our venerated Uncle, from whom it descended. J. S." This precious epistle was, without doubt, a joke of the fat mid, Simm, who used to come such rigs over Ford the cadet, and that jumped overboard one night by mistake out of the Indianman's quarter-boat, during the voyage. As for the existence of his brother Thomas, or the chance of his touching at that port, I set them down with the coming home of Vanderdecken; though the thought of this young scamp of a sea-lawyer breakfasting for a fortnight so comfortably, only a few feet distant from my charmer's state-room, sent me all abroad again, and right into the Indianman's decks, by this time far out of sight of land. Piece of impudent roguery though it was, I was actually loath to part with the scrawl, which the reefer had fisted, no doubt, on the lid of his chest—probably with a pipe in his mouth at the time, it smelt so of tobacco—only seven days before. I could even see the grin on his fat face as he wrote it below in the steerage, with his chin up, and his eyes looking down past his pipe; while the little Dutch boy's round flat frontispiece glistened as he peered up at me, in the evident notion of my being the brother expected. In fact, ma'am, I was so soft as to intend paying the nine-and-sixpence myself, and keeping the letter, when I was startled to see the old lady herself had contrived to be hoisted on board amongst her cabbages; and having got wind of the thing, seemingly, she came waddling towards me to hand over Simm's watch to boot. In another half minute the letter was being read aloud in the midst of the whole gun-room officers, amongst roars of laughter; the honest old Dutchwoman holding aloft the precious article, and floundering through to find out the rightful owner, as every one claimed it and offered the nine-and-sixpence; while for my part I tried first to get down one hatchway, then another, and Lord Frederick himself came up

on the starboard side of the quarter-deck in the height of the scene. Indeed, I believe it was a joke for months after in the Hebe, of a night, to say it was "the second lieutenant's watch;" the sole revenge I had being to leave Mother Duicken and her boy to expect the "ship that was coming after."

A Government boat came aboard in the afternoon, and as soon as it left us, Lord Frederick took his gig, and steered for a frigate lying some distance off, which had the harbour flag hoisted at her main, being the only man-o'-war besides ourselves, and commanded by a senior captain. Till it got dark I could see the crews of the nearest merchantmen looking over their bulwarks at us and our prize, apparently comparing the schooner with the frigate, and speculating on her character, as she lay a few fathoms off the Hebe's quarter, both of us rising and falling in turn on the long heave of the Cape swell from seaward. 'Twas hard to say, in fact, so far as their hulls went, which was the most beautiful sample of its kind; though the schooner's French-fashioned sticks and off-hand sort of rigging, showed rather like jury-gear beside the tall regular sticks aloft of the Hebe's decks, with all her hamper perfect to a tee. The Hebe's men very naturally considered their own ship a model for everything that floated, a sort of a Solomon's temple, in short; and to hear the merciless way they ran down the Indianmen all round, would have raised the whole homeward-bound fleet against us; whereas the schooner was our own, at any rate, and she was spoken of much in the manner one mentions an unfortunate orphan, as good as already christened by the name of "the Young Hebe." This our learned chaplain said was quite improper, and he gave another name in place of it—the "Aniceta"—which meant, as he observed, the Hebe's youngest daughter; so the Aniceta she was called, happening to be a title that went, according to the boatswain, full as sweetly through the sheave-hole.

Next day the schooner had landed not only her passengers from St Helena, but the prisoners also, as we still understood the French and their

Kroomen, to be. Not long after that Lord Frederick came back from Cape Town, looking grave, and went straight down to his cabin, or "cabins," as his lordship preferred to have it said. The first lieutenant dined that day with the captain; but they could scarcely have finished when the "young gentlemen" who had been as usual from the reefer's mess, came up with a message from the captain, that his lordship would be glad if I would join the first lieutenant and himself in a glass of wine. I found them sitting at the side of the table nearest the open port, with the decanters between them, and the broad bright bay in full sight to the shore and the foot of Table Mountain, which rose up blocking the port with the top of it beyond view; the sounds of the merchantmen clicking at their heavy windlasses, and hoisting in water-casks, floated slowly in from every side, while the schooner had hauled on her cable more abreast of the frigate, leaving the sight clear over the eddy round her low counter.

"A lovely piece of workmanship, certainly!" observed Lord Frederick thoughtfully, as he leant back swinging his eyeglass round his finger, with the other hand in the breast of his waistcoat, and looking out at what was seen of the schooner. "And how one might have improved her spars, too!" said Mr Hall, wistfully. "I should have recommended longer lower-masts altogether, Lord Frederick, and a thorough overhaul, I may say, from the couplings upwards! "I would not have her hull touched for the world, Mr Hall!" said the captain; "'tis too—excessively provoking, at least! But pass the bottles to Mr Collins, if you please." I had taken a chair and quietly filled my glass, wondering what could be the matter, when his lordship turned to me and said, "Do you know, Mr Collins, this schooner of ours is likely to be laid up in Chancery, heaven knows how long. The Admiralty court ashore are doubtful of condemning her, apparently, and she must either be sent home or to Monte Video or somewhere, where the master of her claims to belong!" "Indeed, my lord," said I, setting down my glass, "that is curious." "Curious indeed, sir!"

replied he, biting his lips, "though, after all, we really can scarce say what she is to be condemned for—only in the meantime I sail to-morrow for India." "She's French to the backbone, that I'll swear, Lord Frederick!" I said; "and what's more, she was"—"Ah," broke in the captain, "I know, I know; but the less we say of that, in present circumstances, the better! Once get her entangled with politics, and we may give her up altogether." Lord Frederick twisted his eyeglass round his forefinger faster than before, still watching the schooner; the first lieutenant held up his claret betwixt himself and the light, and I sipped mine. "I tell you what, gentlemen," exclaimed his lordship suddenly, "I must have that schooner at any cost!—What is to be done, Mr Hall?" "She'd be of great service in the China seas, my lord, certainly," said the first lieutenant, looking thoughtfully into his empty glass; "a perfect treasure for light service, especially if new sparred and—" I noticed Lord Frederick glancing sideways at me, as I thought, with a slight gleam in his eye; and accordingly I suggested that he might buy her from the Frenchman himself; a very poor idea, no doubt, as both the captain and first luff seemed to think, and we all three kept eyeing her doubtfully through the port, without a word.

At this time the schooner's counter had been slowly sheering toward the frigate's beam, owing to the ebb-tide, and her holding only by a single cable, till her stern began to show right opposite the cabin, I should say not twenty feet off. Lord Frederick put his glass to his eye, and was peering through it, when he remarked that they had brought up rather too near, leaving scarce room for the schooner to swing as she did, earlier than we, so that she would be in danger of getting foul of the frigate's cables. "The worst of it is, Lord Frederick," said I, "that in case of a gale from seaward here, she might have to slip and run upon very short warning, whereas the Hebe has plenty of ground-tackle to let her ride it out. Considering it was Table Bay, at this season, he ought to have kept her a clearer berth for herself, or else have gone

well outside!"—"Ah!" said Lord Frederick quickly, meeting my eye for half a minute, till the gleam came into his again; and somehow or other mine must have caught it, though I must say the notion that struck me then all at once wasn't in my head before. "Do you know, that's well thought of, Collins!" said his lordship. "You've weathered the Cape before, by the bye?"—"A dozen times, Lord Frederick," said I; when a regularly jovial roar of laughter broke fair through the port into the cabin, from over the schooner's taffrail, as she showed end-on to the frigate's quarter, and Lord Frederick leant forward with the glass screwed into his right eye to see along their decks, which were covered aft with an awning like the open gable of a tent at a fair. "Singular!" said he; "by the lord Harry, who or what can that be Mr Hammond has got there?" Dangling over the French schooner's taffrail were to be seen the soles of two immense boots, with calves and knees to match, and a pair of tightish striped trousers worked up more than half way, till you saw the tops of the stockings; just beyond the knees was the face leaning back in the shade of the awning and a straw hat together, out of which a huge green cabbage-leaf hung like a flap over one eye, while the other kept gazing in a half-closed sleepy sort of way at the sky, and the red end of a cigar winked and glowed in the midst of the puffs of smoke lower down. The first lieutenant started up shocked at the sight, the noble captain of the Hebe sat with his eyeglass fixed, between amusement and wonder; for my own part, when the voice of this same prodigy broke all of a sudden on us out of the awning, in a mixture of stuttering, hiccuping, Yankee drawling, and puffs at the cigar, 'twas all I could do to hold on, with the knowledge of where I was. "Wall now, general," said the American, as if he were talking to some one aloft or in the sky, "ye-you're qui-quite wrong—I ki-kick-calc'late I've fit a deal more be-be-battles than you have—I re-respect you, Ge-Ge-General Washington; but I ho-ho-hope you know who—lic—whom I am!" Here Mr Daniel Snout, who was in a state of beastly intoxi-

cation, swayed himself up bodily into the schooner's taffrail, and sat with his arms folded, his long legs swinging over the stern, and his head trying to keep steady, as he scowled solemnly aloft over the frigate's mizen-royal-masthead; while the third lieutenant, Mr Hammond, and the master's mate he had aboard with him, could be heard laughing at his back, as if they had gone mad—Hammond being a wild sprig of an Irishman, who would go any length for a piece of fun.

Just then the American's one eye lighted on the side of the frigate, till it settled lazily on the port of the captain's cabin: first he seemed to notice Lord Frederick Bury, and then myself, the first lieutenant having just recovered himself enough to rush toward the door to get on deck. Daniel himself surveyed me scornfully for a moment, then with a sort of doubtful frown, and a gravity that passes me to describe, unless by the look of an old cock a-drinking—evidently trying to recollect me. "HaHo, mister!" shouted he suddenly, "you haven't touched those notions of mine, I hope." With that he made a spring off where he sat, as if to come towards us—no doubt thinking of the Seringapatam, and the valuables he had left aboard, without seeing the water between; and a pretty deep dive Mr Snout would have made of it, into an ebb-tide that would have swept him under the frigate's bottom, if Mr Hammond and the midshipman hadn't both sprung forward in time to catch him by the neck of the coat. There, accordingly, was the Yankee hanging like a spread eagle over the schooner's taffrail, yelling and turning round at the same time like a fowl on a spit—the third lieutenant's and the mate's faces, two pictures of dismay, as they held on, at finding for the first time where the schooner had shied them round to, with their two pairs of eyes fair in front of the captain's eyeglass,—while Mr HaH was singing out like thunder from the deck above us, "The schooner ahoy—d'ye-see where you've got to, sir; haul ahead on that cable, d'ye hear, you lubbers; and keep clear of the ship!"

"Mr Collins," said his lordship quietly to me, as soon as he could keep his countenance, and looking the

sterner for the trouble he was put to in doing it, "you will get your things and go aboard the schooner directly—take her in charge, sir, and send Mr Hammond back here."—"Very well, my lord," said I, waiting in the doorway for something more, which, from something in Lord Frederick's look, I had reason to expect, knowing it of old. "I can only spare you a dozen of the men she has," added he; "but if you choose you can send ashore at once to pick up a few makeshifts, or anything you find!"—"Ay, ay, my lord," said I; "the best hand for that would be Mr Snelling, if I may take him, Lord Frederick?"—"Oh, certainly," was the answer; "and harkye, Collins, you had better shift your berth a few cable-lengths farther off, or more, if you please."—"One thing, my lord," said I, stooping down to see through the port, "I don't much like the heavy ground-swell that begins to meet the ebb, Lord Frederick; and I fancy it won't be long ere Table Mountain spread its supper-cloth—in which case I'd consider it necessary to slip cable and run out at once, though I mightn't get in again so easily. Am I to find the frigate here again, Lord Frederick?"—"Deuce take it, man—no!" said his lordship. He turned his back to hide the evident twinkle of his eye. "Should we part company, of course you make for the Bay of Bengal! You can't be sure of the Hebe, short of the Sandheads—and if not there, then opposite Fort William, at Calcutta."—"Very good, my lord," said I, and had made my bow to go on deck, when Lord Frederick called me back. "By the bye," said he hastily, "about that Indiaman of yours, Collins—she is here, no doubt?"—"No, Lord Frederick," answered I, "I believe she sailed a week ago."—"Dear me, the deuce!" exclaimed he, "why I meant to have sent to-morrow to have your friend Westwood arrested and brought aboard!" I started at this, on which his lordship explained that if Westwood got to Bombay, whither the *Seringapatam* was bound, the authorities there would have news of the thing by this time, and could send him overland at once to England, which would be far worse for him than being carried to Calcutta, where his uncle the Councilor's interest might do something for

him. "The best thing you can do, Collins," added Lord Frederick, "if you are obliged to run out to sea, is to look after that Indiaman! With such a neat thing of a sea-boat under you, you might do anything you please; so cruise to windward or leeward in chase, find her out, and take out Westwood bodily—lose him afterwards in the Hoogley, if you like—carry away those old spars of hers, and send up new ones—only don't lose the schooner, I beg; so good bye to you, my dear fellow, lest we should not meet on this side the Line again!"—"Good bye, my lord!" said I cheerfully, and hurried on deck, understanding all he wanted as well as if I'd been ordered to set her jib that moment and heave up anchor. In ten minutes I was over the frigate's side, and in ten more Hammond was back in her, with the men who were to leave; while I sent my baggage below, set the hands to work shifting the schooner's berth, and by sun-down we were lying beyond hail of the ship, opposite the custom-house, and a long line of a main street in Cape Town, where we could see the people, the carriages, and the Dutch bullock-carts passing up and down; while Table Mountain hove away up off the steep Devil's Hill and the Lion's Rump, to the long level line a-top, as blue and bare as an iron monument, and throwing a shadow to the right over the peaks near at hand.

Our friend from the United States being by this time in quite an oblivious condition, the first thing I did was to have him put quietly into the boat with which Mr Snelling was to go ashore for fresh hands, and I instructed the reefer to get clear of him anyhow he liked, if it was only above tide-mark. When they were gone I walked the schooner's little quarter-deck in the dusk by myself, till the half moon rose with a ghostly copper-like glare over the hollow in the Lion's Rump, streaking across the high face of Table Mountain, and bringing out all its rifts and wrinkles again. The land-breeze began to blow steadily with a long sighing sweep from the north-east, meeting the heavy swell that set into the broad bay; and the schooner, being a light crank little craft, got rather uneasy; whereas you

could see the lights of the frigate heaving and settling leisurely, less than half a mile off. I had only six or seven good hands aboard altogether at the time, which, with those the midshipman had, were barely sufficient to work her in such seas; so with all I had to do, with the difficulty of getting men in the circumstances, a long voyage before us, and things that might turn up, as I hoped, to require a touch of the regular service, why the very pleasure of having a command made me a good deal anxious. Even of that I didn't feel sure; and I kept watching Table Mountain, eager for the least bit of haze to come across the top of it, as well as sorry I had sent Snelling ashore. "I'd give a hundred pounds at this moment," thought I, "to have had Bob Jacobs here!"

As the moon got higher, I could see the swell washing up between the different merchantmen in sight, into their shadows, and heavy enough some of them seemed to roll round their cables, betwixt a breeze and a swell running the contrary ways; first one let go a second anchor, and then another, to help their heads shoreward; but still there was no danger, as things went. It wasn't long before I made out two boats coming from toward the town, round the stern of one of the ships, the frigate lying betwixt her and us, so that they took her by the way, and a good deal of hailing seemed to pass between them.

I could even see epaulets glisten over the Hebe's quarter, as if there was a stir made aboard; after which the boats were plainly pulling for the schooner. What all this might mean, I couldn't very well conceive, unless it were either Snelling come back already, or else some hands Lord Frederick himself had provided before this, as I saw both boats were full of people. "Forward there!" I sung out, "hail those boats!"—"Ay, ay, the schooner ahoy!" was the answer, in a sharp voice from the headmost of them, "from the shore—all right! Stand by to heave us a line, will ye?" Next came a hail from Snelling, in our own gig; so I at once gave orders to heave them a rope and have both boats brought under the gangway,

naturally supposing the sharp little fellow had come some marvellous good speed in shipping hands. As soon as he jumped on deck, I accordingly inquired how many men he had brought, when to my great surprise he informed me there was only one, "a scuffy sort of a swab," as he expressed it. "who would do for cook!"—"The devil he will, you young rascal," I broke out. "Hush, sir, for heaven's sake," said he, making some extraordinary sign which I didn't understand; "it'll all be right in the end, Mr Collins. Now then, sir," to some one in the boat alongside, as he carefully handed him the accommodation-ropes, "here you are—hold on, sir—so-o!" This was a rather youngish fellow in a huge pilot coat and a glazed cap, with some kind of uniform inside, and a large breastpin in his shirt, who handed me a paper the moment he stood firm on deck, without speaking a word; though, by the light of the deck-lantern, I didn't much like the look of his foxy sort of face, with the whiskers on it coming forward from both cheeks to his mouth, nor the glance he gave round the schooner with his pair of quick sharp little eyes. "Much more like a custom-house officer than a cook!" thought I, "unless we mean to have a French one;" but what was my astonishment, on opening the paper, to find him called "Gilbert Webb, harbour-master's assistant, hereby authorised by the Admiralty Court, sitting in Cape Town, to take charge of the doubtful vessel described in her papers as the 'Ludovico,' belonging to Monte Video—from the officer commanding the prize crew of his Britannic Majesty's ship Hebe." My first thought was to have Mr Gilbert Webb pitched over into his boat again, when Lord Frederick's own signature met my eye at the bottom of the paper, addressed below to "Lieutenant Collins, of his Majesty's schooner Aniceta, at sea." A wonderfully mysterious squint from Snelling, behind the officer, was sufficient to clinch the matter in my own mind, showing that the reeler was as sharp as a needle: and I handed back the document to the harbour gentleman, with a "Very well, sir, that will do."

"I suppose I'd better have my men up, Lieutenant Collins?" said he, with a quick pert kind of accent, which made me set him down at once for a Londoner, while at the same time he seemed impatient, as I thought, to get the management. "Why, sir," said I, "I suppose you had."

Hereupon up mounted four or five decent enough looking *stevedores**—one or two of whom had rather the air of sailors, the rest being broad-beamed, short-legged Dutchmen, with trousers like pillow-slips—followed by a whole string of fourteen or fifteen Indian Lascars, their bundles in their hands, and an ugly old *serdug* at their head: while the lame, broken-down, debauched-like fellow of a man-o'-warsman, that Snelling had found sitting on a timberhead ashore, got aboard with our own boat's crew. Our gangway was chokeful, to my fresh dismay, for to get rid of such a tagrag-and-bobtail, in case of running to sea, was impossible; even if they weren't odds against us, here was it likely to get a thick night, the swell growing under the schooner till she began to jerk at her anchor, head to wind, like a young filly at a manger; so that dropping them back into their boat when needful, as I intended at first, was out of the question for the present. I found from the harbour officer that the number of hands would all be required with the morning tide, when his orders were to have the schooner towed in opposite the Battery Dock, especially as there was much chance of the wind blowing strong from seaward next day. The swell on the water, he said, was such that, after putting off, he thought of going back again till the tide began to turn; if he had not been encouraged to stick to it and keep on by the midshipman, whom he fell in with near the quay. This piece of news was the finish to the rage I felt brewing in me, vexed as I naturally was to give up the notion of a free cruise, in command of a craft like the schooner; and, as soon as Mr Webb was comfortable in the cabin, over a tumbler of stiff grog and some cold beef, I sent for

Snelling to my own cupboard of a state-room.

"You cursed unlucky little imp you!" I burst out, the moment he made his appearance, "What's the meaning of this, sirrah? eh?"—"What is it, if you please, sir?" said Snelling, pretending to hold down his shock-head like a frightened schoolboy, and looking up all the time both at me and the lamp at once, while he swayed with the uneasy heave of the deck in such a way as made me grip him by the arm in a perfect fury, fancying he had got drunk ashore. "You young blackguard you!" said I, shaking him, "didn't I tell you to get hands—didn't you know I meant to—to—" "Oh yes, Mr Collins," gasped the reefer, "I did indeed—you meant to cut and run—I saw it by your eye, sir, and—don't shake me any more, sir, or you'll spoil my hair—and I don't deserve it—it's—all right!" And on my letting him go, the ugly little scamp sunk down on a chair with his eyes starting from his head, and a leer like a perfect demon incarnate: but so perfectly laughable it was, not to mention the air of complete confidence between us that he threw into it, that I sat down myself, ready to grin at my bad luck. "Well, Mister Snelling," said I, quietly, "you are a touch beyond me! Let's have the joke, at least—out with it, man, else another shake may be—" The reefer pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to the cabin, shoved his chin forward, and whispered, "Why, sir, I'm only doubtful whether you could make him third officer—but at any rate, he'll always be useful at a rope, Mr Collins—won't he, sir?" I gave Snelling one look, meant to be as grave as an Old Bailey chaplain's, but it wouldn't do—my conscience wouldn't stand it—in fact the very self-same notion seemed to me to have been creeping into my mind. "You—young—rascal!" was all I could manage to say, before making bolt to go on deck. "By the by, Mister Snelling," said I, turning and looking down from the hatchway, "you must want a glass of grog—tell the boy to let you have some—"

* Men employed in the stowing of ships' cargoes.

and go and keep the officer company, sir."

By this time it was raining hard, the half-moon coming out at moments and shining through it with a sudden sharp gleam, in some gust of the wind off the land—showing the swell in as far as the wet white custom-house and the bare quays, the ships with their hazy lights all hither and thither, while Table Mountain was to be seen now and then peering half over the mist, first one corner and then another, of a colour like dead ashes. One time I looked down toward the dusky little cabin, where the midshipman, quite in his element, was sitting with the harbour officer, the lamp jerking and making wild swings betwixt them, while Snelling evidently caged on his companion to drink; then I gave a glance seaward, where there was nothing but a glimmer of rain and spray along the dark hollows of the water. I couldn't make up my mind, all I could do—it was too barefaced a thing to slip from the roadstead with a breeze blowing off-shore; but the worst of it was that I didn't feel easy at the idea of parting with an anchor in the circumstances, not to say carrying off the Government people, unless forced to it. I accordingly went below to mix myself a stiffener, and found the officer a cool head, for, in spite of all Snelling could do, the reefer himself had got provoked, whereas the sharp Mr Webb was only a little brisker than before. "A rough sort of night," said I, nodding to him, as I knocked the water out of my cap. "Well, it seems," said he, free and easy. "Suppose I go on deck then, gentlemen—I've refreshed, I assure you, so you needn't trouble about this 'ere schooner no farther—glad to get quit of it and turn in, I desay, lieutenant?"—"No trouble in the world, Mr Webb," said I, going on with my mixture, "far from it; but sit down a minute, pray sir,—Mr Snelling here will take charge of the deck for us in the meantime;" and Snelling vanished at once, Mr Webb apparently flattered at my wishing his company. "Will that cable of yours hold, think ye, Lieutenant Collins?" asked he, filling up another glass. "Why," said I, almost laughing, "to tell you the truth, I begin to feel devilish doubtful of it." "What!"

broke out the harbour officer, starting up, "then I must 'ave another put down immediately: why, what's the effect, sir—we'll be carried out to sea!" "You said it exactly, Mr Webb," I said; "it would have been much worse, I suppose, if we were driven ashore, though! Now look you, if I were to let go a second anchor at present, I couldn't light upon a better plan either to break her back, or lose both anchors in the end—from the difference of strain on the two cables, with this ground-swell. The fact is, my good fellow, you're evidently not fit to take charge at present." "D—n me, lieutenant!" said he, looking fierce and foolish at the same time, "here's strange language to a Gov'ment officer, sir—I bask the meanin' off it at once, mister!" "But I depend a good deal on your knowledge of Table Bay weather," I continued, leaning back with my weather eye screwed to bear upon him. "D'ye think this wind likely to moderate soon, sir? come now."—"No," replied he sulkily; "I'm sure it won't—and to-morrow it's certain to blow back ten times worse." "Then, Mr Webb," said I, rising, "you oughtn't to have come aboard to-night; as the short and the long of it is, I shall get the schooner an offing the first possible moment!" The officer stared at me in a bewildered manner; and as for the schooner, she seemed to be bolting and pitching in a way worse than before, with now and then a plunge of the swell on her broadside as if she had been under weigh. Suddenly Snelling lifted the skylight frame and screamed down into the cabin, "Mr Collins, Mr Collins! she's been dragging her anchor for the last ten minutes, sir!"

I sprang on deck at two bounds—the schooner had somehow or other got her anchor out of hold at the time, with the cable as taut as a fiddle-string. It was quite dark aloft, and not a vestige of Table Mountain to be seen, though the moonshine, low down to westward, brought out two or three tracks of light along the stretch of water, and you saw the lights in the ships slowly sweeping past. Where we happened to be, it blew two ways at once, as is often the case in Table Bay, round the bluffs of the

mountain, and as soon as she brought up again with a surge at the windlass, the heave of a long swell took her right on the quarter, lifting her in to her anchor again with a slack of the hawser, at which every second man sung out to "hold on!" Over she went to port, a sea washing up the starboard side, and throwing a few dozen bucketfuls at once fair into the companion, where our friend the harbour officer was sticking at the time; so down plumped Mr Webb along with it, and the booby hatch was shoved close after him, while the poor devils of Lascars were huddled together as wet as swabs in the lee of the caboose forward. "A hand to the wheel!" shouted I, as soon as I recovered myself; when to my great surprise I saw Snelling's new hand, poor creature as I'd thought him, standing with a spoke in each fist, as cool and steady as possible, and his eye fixed on me in the true knowing way which I felt could be trusted to. "Jib there!" I sung out, "see all clear to run up a few hanks of the jib—stand by to cut the cable at the bitts!"—"Ay, ay, sir," answered Snelling, who was working away with the harbour men, his bare head soaked, and altogether more like an imp than a young gentleman of the navy—"All's clear, sir."

Five minutes I dare say we stood, every one in the same position, while I waited for a good moment in the run of the swell, looking into the binnacle: till she hung slack, as it were, in a wide seething trough of the sea, when I signed to the man behind me to put the helm gradually to starboard. I glanced at the fellow again, caught his sharp weatherly eye once more—then putting both hands to my mouth I sung out to bowse on the jib halliards. "Now—cut—the cable!" shouted I, springing forward in my anxiety. The schooner rose away from her anchor on the heavy roll of the sea; I saw two quick strokes of the axe on the instant, and she was spinning head off from the wind, heeling over betwixt the force of it and the ground-swell together, while the mass of black water was washing bodily away with us; the new helmsman showing down below me as he leant to the wheel, like somebody at the foot of a slide. If he hadn't

helped her at the moment with a back turn of the spokes to port, 'twould have been all up with us. As it was, the schooner fell off gallantly in his hands, with a sliding surge into the lee of the next swell, that buried her sharp bows in the green sea, till it foamed about our very shoulders as we hung on like grim death to the weather bulwark. She was just shaking herself free, and rising like a buoy over the broad tops of the waves, when Snelling, myself, and two or three of the men, staggered down to her mainmast to swig up the throat halliards, letting her feel a little of the boom mainsail; and we had scarce belayed, as the last glimpse of the frigate's lights was caught astern of us, heaving and setting, as she rode with her two bower anchors down; we had driven past close enough to have heard the creak of her hamper aloft. After that, I had the fore-staysail set on her, then the reefed mainsail, and the lively schooner yielded to the long rolling seas so well, as very soon to make her own weather of it—especially since, clear of the high land about Table Bay, it was blowing only a strong breeze, and the more I began to feel master of her, the more inclined I was to let her show her good qualities. Such a craft I never had had the full management of before in my life; and you may easily fancy how I felt at dividing the hanks into the two watches, giving little Snelling command of one, as first mate, and picking out our men in turn. I looked round amongst mine, rather at a loss for one to make second mate for the cruise, though there were three prime enough man-o'-war-men, and I had chosen one of the Government officer's gang for his activity. As for the Lascars, we slumped in half of the number to each of us, for make-weights—when Snelling's frosh hand, who had fallen to my share, caught my eye again as he stood at the wheel. Every half spoke he gave the schooner told; she was topping the heavy seas as they rose, and taking them just where they melted one to the other, with a long floating cleave, that carried her counter fairly free of the after-run, though nearly right before the wind: the main-boom had been gnyed over to the lee-quarter, till a

third of the sail hung clear of her hull, and the breeze swept into the hollow of it, thick with spray. The light from the little binnacle shone up distinctly on the man's face, and with all the desperate, used-up, marbled sort of look of it, like one getting the better of a long spree ashore, I thought there was something uncommonly promising about him, not to say greatly above the run of foremast men. The wet, the wind, and the work he was at, took off the seediness of his clothes; even the old rag of a handkerchief round his hairy neck had got a gloss to it, and he stood handling the wheel with a strange mixture of recklessness and care, as he glanced from the compass to the gaff of the mainsail against the scud, and down again. The very contrast between the man's manner and his outward rig was sufficient to strike one, though plenty of seamen are to be found in the like state ashore: but what fixed me to him above all, was the expression in those two keen, searching, *living* eyes of his, when they once or twice met mine on their way from aloft to the compass-boxes. 'Twas as if they'd woke up since he came aboard out of a sleepy, mandlin condition, with the "blue-devils" or scarce fully out of em; like a sick man's in the hull of a fever, suddenly seen watching you out of the dusk of the bed, when one happens to glance up from the nurse's seat.

"What's your name, my man?" asked I, stepping aft to the binnacle. "My name is Jones, sir," said he readily. "And your first name?" I said. "Jack," was the answer, in an off-hand way, with a hitch of one shoulder, and a weather-spoke to the wheel; spoken in an accent you'd have expected more in a West End drawing-room than from a common sailor. "Ah," said I, sharply, "Jack Jones? I wonder how many Jack Joneses there are afloat! An able seaman, I think, Jones?"—"Why sir," replied the man, "I never rate myself, sir—'tis all one to me, able, ordinary, landsman, or boy—I carry no papers, and leave my betters to rate me." "Where were you last, my man?" I asked; whereupon I met such a cool, steady, deep look out of the fellow's strange light-coloured eyes, bloodshot as they were with

drinking, that I felt almost our very two souls jostle in it: as much as to say, To all eternity fathom me if ye can! "Well, I forget where, sir," said he, lowering his look to the compass-box again; "always the way with me, after a trip, a cruise, a voyage, or whatever it may be. I've got—ha!" and he yielded his body coolly to a jerk of the schooner's wheel. "A sweet craft this, sir, but a little ticklish!" "You've got what?" said I, not unwilling to wear out the time. "I've got—no memory!" Still there was somewhat so gloomy and mournful in the next glance aloft, I don't know how it was, but I felt inclined to offer him a mate's place on trial, and so I hinted, if he knew half as well how to handle a craft as he did of steering her. To my own surprise, Jones's wonder didn't seem to be roused at the notion, except that he gave me another quick glance from head to foot, with a queer smile that struck me as if I were being questioned, instead of *him*; then he looked down over his own outfit, judging by which you'd have said he'd been shipwrecked. "Well," said I, "I daresay you've been hard put to it, somehow, Jones,—so as soon as you leave the wheel, you can go below to the steward, and get a seagoing suit of my own, till we see Calcutta, when your mate's wages will set you all right again." The man touched his battered old straw hat; but I noticed his eyes gleam for a moment by the binnacle light, and a strange twitch run round his mouth at the mention of the mate's wages: the only way I could account for it at the time being his late hard-up condition; and nothing to my mind was more deucedly pitiable, than to see the thought of a few paltry additional rupees light up a head like that, with the glistening sort of expression of a miser, as I fancied. The man had a head on him, in fact, when you eyed him, fit for a gentleman's shoulders, or more—his hair and his whiskers curly and dark, dragged though they were with the rain, not to say Cape Town mud—while the wearing away of the hair about the temples, and the red grog-streaks in the veins of his face, made him no doubt a dozen years older to appearance than he

was. For my part, I was quite convinced already, this same Jack Jones hadn't been sent out a cabin boy; there was not only a touch of high blood in him at bottom, but I'd have sworn he had been sometime or other in the place of a gentleman, afloat or ashore, though plainly now "going to the devil."

Meanwhile the breaking look of the clouds away on our larboard bow showed it wasn't far off dawn; so, sending another hand to the wheel, and finding a snug spot under a stern-grating for a suooze on deck, I told Jones to begin with taking charge of the deck for me. "One thing, sir," said he, touching his hat again, as I lay down, "I've only shipped for the outward voyage, and leave at the first port."—"Why, what the deuce!" said I, lifting my head: "what do you mean to do there, eh?" "I—I want to go ashore," answered he, eagerly; "ay, if we're years on the cruise, so much the better, sir,—but so soon as she drops anchor off Calcutta, I'm my own master?"—"Have your own way, then," said I; "at any rate I'll try you in the meantime,—so Mister Jones, let's see how you mind the schooner till eight bells!" Whereupon I turned myself over to sleep, and it was as broad daylight as we had any likelihood of about the Cape, when I woke.

It still blew a stiff breeze, but the waves rose with a length and a breadth in them you find in no other sea; deep-blue sparkling hills of water, with green gleams about the crests, of which every single wave had a hundred or so; and a long seething, simmering, glassy hollow of a still valley between, where the flecks of foam slid away glittering out of the shadow. But, Lord! it was glorious to feel the schooner rising quietly in the trough, with the mount of a wave, to the very ridge of it; then with a creak of all her timbers and bulk-heads below, a slight shake to windward, and a jerk at her bows, lean over to leeward again and go hissing through the breast of a huge era, till you thought she'd go down into it; while there she was, however, lifting head up, with a swift flash of her cutwater, on the cross half wave that joined every first and third one—"billow" and "sea," as

you may say. The breeze having drawn more easterly toward morning, Jones had braced her more upon a wind, with reefed main and foresails, and fore-staysail set, which brought out the Aniceta's weatherly qualities to a marvel; as notwithstanding almost a head-wind and a swelling sea, she went nearly as fast as the frigate would have done before the breeze, and not a sign of the land was to be seen from her cross-trees.

It was not till the afternoon, when the midshipman and I had both been busy together seeing various things done about the rigging, as well as having preventer-braces and guys clapped on the booms and galls, that we had time to look about us; the schooner still driving along with the breeze strong abeam, and a floating plunge from one wide dark-blue sea to another, as if they handed her onward. Jones had got himself made decent below, as I told him, till what with different clothes and a shave together, besides refreshment from sea weather, he was quite a different man to look at. Even Snelling owed to his sailor-like appearance, though rather surprised at my notion of making him a mate; while as for the men, they didn't know but he had come aboard as such, and to tell the truth, he was having the mainstaysail got up and ready to bend at the time, like one accustomed to give orders. By this time I remembered the harbour officer, Webb, whom we'd carried off so unceremoniously, and found he was still in his "bunk" below, half sulky and half sick, consoling himself with brandy and water till we should get into Table Bay again, as he said. "Only put him into my watch, Mr. Collins," said Snelling gravely, "and I'll work him up, sir." The reefer himself, in fact, had all of a sudden turned out in a laughably dignified style, to meet his new post—in full midshipman's rig, dirk and all, with his cocked hat, which I sent him down immediately to change; but he had brushed up his mop of hair, and begun to cultivate the down on his upper lip; while being a deep-shouldered, square-built, short-armed little fellow, as muscular as a monkey, you'd have thought from the back of his coat he was a man cut

shorter, and for his face, he had contrived to put such a soureffect into it—meant for great experience, no doubt—that it was only by his eyes one saw he was a boy of sixteen or so; and they were brimful of wild glee, as he jumped about wherever he was needed, doing the work of a couple of ordinary men, and actually delighted when a spray came over the weather bulwarks on top of him, seeing that, instead of the frigate, she was "our schooner" that did it.

"I think she walks, Mr Collins!" observed Snelling, holding up his head stiffly, and looking aloft as we went aft, after shaking ourselves from one of these same sprays. "No denying that, Mr Snelling," said I as gravely; "I only wish your fond parents could see you just now, first mate of such a smart craft, Mister Snelling!" His father was a country baronet, who had sent him off to sea with an allowance—I daresay because his looks were no ornament, and there were plenty more coming; though Snelling always pretended his worthy progenitor was an old man. "Fond be blowed!" said he, starting; "I just see him at this moment at the foot of that blessed old mahogany, proposing my health before the ladies go, and—" Here the schooner rose on a sharp, short wave, making a plunge through it that sent the helmsman swinging to the lee-side of the wheel, while a sea washed up over her fore-castle, and away aft with the tubs, buckets, and spars, knocking everybody right and left. Snelling and I held on by the weather main-rigging with our feet in a bath, till she lifted bodily through it, careering to her lee-gunnel. "By George, though!" broke out the reefer, smacking his lips as we drew breath, "I wish he *did* see me—wouldn't it cheer his declining years, when I'd got to hand the governor carefully below! And such a rough night as we're going to have of it, too, sir!" "You unfilial young dog!" said I; "but so I'm afraid we shall—and no joke either!" Jones was standing near us, watching the looks of the weather with evident uneasiness, and I asked him what he thought of it. "In my opinion, sir," said he, "you'll have some pretty sudden

shift of wind ere long, of a kind I have seen more than once off the Cape before—and that as furious as a south-easter ordinarily is hereabouts. Look away yonder, sir!"

It had got to a clear, dry north-easterly gale, that shook our canvass every time she lifted, singing through the ropes, and bitter cold. Long and heavy as the roll of the sea was, the sky was as keen and clear as glass all round about and aloft, save the mist kicked up by the spray off a wave here and there. If a rag of white cloud appeared, it was blown away, and you saw the black wrinkled side of one wave at a time, a mile wide, you'd have said, freckled all over with spots of foam, and its ridge heaving against the eye of the blast. The waves had begun to break shorter. The schooner, buoyant as she was, and sharp as a dolphin, pitched and rolled at times like mad, and the men forward were standing by to let go the fore-lalliards, throat and peak, to ease her a little; when Jones pointed out the bank of gray cloud ahead of us, scarce to be seen through the troughs of the water, except when she lifted well upon a swell of sea. The sun going down in a wild red glare to leeward of us, threw a terrible glitter across the huge slant of one single wave that rose stretching away far and wide from her very bow, then brought out the silky wrinkled blue in it; the hissing green crests curled over to the very sunset, as it were, while we sunk slowly into the long dark lulling trough, and saw the broken shaft of a rainbow stand glimmering for a moment or two into a black hollow right ahead, when the gale drove it back upon us like an arrow, as the schooner surged through the breast of the next wave. I looked from Snelling to the new mate, who still held on by a belaying-pin and watched the clouds, giving me back a glance that showed he thought the matter more serious than ordinary. "The sooner we strip her to the storm-staysails," said I quickly, as we fell into the trough again. "the better, I think. If it blows harder, we must lie-to with her at once." My eye was anxiously fixed on Jones, for large as the schooner was, between two and three hundred tons, yet no

craft in the world is so nice to bring to the wind in a gale, with a heavy sea running. Scudding before it might have done for the frigate, with her full bows, and spars high enough to keep her main-topsail full in spite of the troughs; but even that would have taken us out of our course after the Indiaman. Besides that, to tell the truth, I didn't sufficiently understand fore-and-aft rigged craft in all weathers yet, to be quite sure of what I did at a pinch like the present. "Yes, yes, sir," answered he; "but if you'll take an older man's advice, before that you'll wear her round on the other tack to it. We've the worst to come, or else I'm mistaken, sir." — "You're accustomed to schooners?" asked I firmly, and gazing him in the face. I saw his lips open in the sweep of the wind through our after-rigging, and he made a sign with his hand, while a gnawing sort of spasm, as it were, shot through the muscles of his jaw, and for a moment he gave me a devilishly fierce, keen glance, almost a glare, from under his strong straight eyebrows—then turned away. "Take the trumpet then, Mr Jones," said I, singing out into his ears. "I'll leave her to you, sir. Mr Snelling, let's see the batches all fast!" And we scrambled along by the belaying-pins.

"Are you all ready fore and aft?" came Jones's voice like thunder in the next dip she made, and he leapt up bareheaded on the breech of one of the small carronades aft, holding on with one hand by the weather main-shrouds, and watching the run of the waves as they glimmered off our lee-beam into the dusk, for full five minutes. I had hold of a rope near him, and his eye was as steady as if he were picking out hills in a view. I had full confidence in the man; but I must say it was a nervous moment to me, when I saw him lift the trumpet to his mouth—and furiously as the wind shook the schooner, you heard his hoarse cry, "Put your helm up—slack off the mainsheet—trail up the mainsail—ease down the weather boom-guy—main-staysail sheet—And the rest was lost in the wild shriek of the north-east gale. We were hard at it, however, staggering as we hauled and held on,

even to the poor half-drowned, terrified *Lascars*, whom the midshipman had roused out of the caboose and long-boat, shoving the ropes into their leathery hands. But I knew little else till I saw the schooner had payed off before the wind, shearing with a hiss like red-hot iron right through the ridge, betwixt two tremendous combing waves. It swelled green over her larboard bulwark as she heeled over, and she gave a heavy dead lurch with it, as if she would let the next sea break aboard. "Now! now!" shouted Jones, at a pitch of voice like no earthly sound; "aft the mainsheet, for your lives!" He jumped to the wheel himself, at a single bound. We were in two floundering heaps, as we dragged at the mainboom aft, and the head-sheets on the forecastle, while she came trembling up in the long bight of the sea, and took the gale steadily before her other beam. It was blowing harder than ever; and the awful "scud" of the sea rolled her bodily away, as she met it with her weather-bow, washing white over the headrail, with spray from cathead to bowsprit; the gale heaving her down on the lee-beam, till she plunged to the brim on that side, at every forward pitch, so that all hands on deck had to keep crowded together aft. Still it was keen starlight overhead, the gale dry, though it was bitter cold, and the seas long and pretty regular. The schooner behaved wonderfully, being as tight as a bottle; and at the same time we were not only lying our course either for the Mozambique or Indian Ocean, but instead of running farther into the gale, as before, and getting more into the wild Cape latitudes, why, at present she tended to clear out of them. I accordingly agreed with Jones to hold on with everything as long as possible, in spite of the way she was sometimes flung off with the crest of a wave, as it were, making a clear dive with her nose under water through a white seething sea that seemed to swell round the whole horizon: the black bank of cloud off our weather-beam towered like icebergs against the cold green sky to south-east, the stars glittering and twinkling over it, with little hazy rings round them, after a fashion that one of us liked no more than the other.

About midnight, we had got everything off her to the two small storm-staysails, main and fore, the wind blowing great guns, and the half moon shining right over the long bank, as if the back of it were dead-white; while betwixt it and the washing glimmer of moonlight half-way, you'd have thought the black heave of the ridges vanished into a bulk of shadow ten times blacker, save for the heads of spray tossing dimly over in it here and there. All at once, in the very height of the gale, as the black floating clouds from the bank began to cross over the gray scud flying fast aloft, a blue flash of lightning shot zig-zag into the very comb of a wave ahead of us, then came the clap of thunder, loud enough to be heard above the wind, and in half a minute there was a sudden lull. You saw the fleecy rags of scud actually settling together under the dark vapour moving above them, and heard nothing but the vast washing welter of the billows rising and seething for miles round, as if the world were water, while the schooner rolled helplessly away, with her storm-staysails flapping, into the trough. The midshipman almost gasped as he looked to me—not from fear, but as much as to say, "What next?" Our strange mate stood against the side-rail of the mainmast, apparently too intent on the sky and sea for speaking. For my own part, I let go of my belaying pin, and half tumbled to the wheel, almost knocking the sailor down in my haste to put the helm hard up—for I saw how the blast was to come, fairly before the beam, upon us. "Hard a-starboard with it!" shouted I; "haul down the main-staysail there—let her fall off as she rises!" The last words were never heard, for next moment there was another flash of lightning, this time a blaze all round into the troughs of the sea; I saw a body of mist coming down upon us from south-east, through which the gale struck her on the starboard beam, having suddenly shifted eight points or so. The heavy rolling swell from north-east was close aboard, and as soon as I knew what I was about, here she was leaning over to the full tremendous force of the storm, without power to surge ahead, though

struggling to rise like a cart-horse down on his knees with a load uphill of him. 'Twas by instinct, as they say, I found myself scrambling along to her weather main-channels, where I managed to get out on the side, slippery as it was, and drenched with the blinding showers of spray. I had got my knife at work, cutting the lanyards of the shrouds to let the mainmast go, when I saw Snelling creep after me, like a fearless little fellow as he was, dirk in hand; although what was come of Jones I couldn't see, unless he had lost heart and skulked. All at once, to my great joy, the main-staysail blew inway to leeward out of the bolt-ropes, like a scrap of paper, the maintopmast crashed at the cap and went alongside, when the schooner righted to her keel, with a wild bolt forward through the whole width of an immense wave—one of the "third waves" it was, commonly the last and the hugest in a single roll of the sea off the Cape, before you sink into a long gliding valley, with a sort of a lull in it. The scene was so terrible at the moment, though we bore up for full half a minute to the fair steady stroke of the awful gale, nothing but a yeast of mist, scud, and darkness ahead, the spray torn off the ridge of the wave and flying with us, while the triple run of the heavy seas astern was in danger of sweeping her decks from over the poop—that I felt we must try lying-to with her at once. Indeed, Snelling and I hardly knew whether we were holding on or not, as we were half washed inboard and half crawled round the rigging; but Jones had already seized the exact point, when she sank in the hollow, to have the helm eased down to leeward. Meanwhile he had got the reefed foresail balanced and set, with the sheet hauled aft beforehand—a tackle hooked on to the clue, and bowsed amidships—everything else was off her; and with this sail she came slowly up close to the wind on the slant of the next wave, lying to nearly head toward the force of the sea, as her helm was kept fast, two or three points to leeward. I never had seen a craft of the kind hove-to in a gale before, and a very nice matter it is, too. We drew breath, scarce able to credit our eyes, while the schooner rode apparently

safe on a sea rolling mountain-high; rising and falling off from the breasts to the sides of the waves, so far as leeway went, and forging ahead a little at the same time through the fierce spray that showered out of the dark over her weather-bow.

Cape weather as bad I had seen before, but always in good-sized ships; and I owned to Snelling I would rather have handled any one of them, even with a lee-shore near, ten times over, than this schooner of ours in the present case. However, none of us were in any mood for speaking at the time, let alone the waste of breath it was. The best thing we had to do, after getting somewhat satisfied of her weathering it this way, was to have the grog served out to the men, swig off a stiff pannikin one's self, and make one's self as comfortable as possible with his pea-coat in the lee of something. The sight of the sea ridging up with a dim glimmer against the dark, kept your eye fixed to it: first you thought it would burst right aboard, crash down upon the decks; then she lifted with it, swelling broad under her, while the long steady sweep of the gale drove just over the bulwarks with a deep moan: for half a minute, perhaps, a shivering lull, when you heard the bulkheads and timbers creak and strain below from stem to stern, and the bilge-water yearning, as it were, to the water outside. Then, again, it was a howl and a shriek, a wide plunge of sea bore up her weather-bow, and the moment ere she came fairly to, one felt as if the schooner were going to pitch God knows where. Her whole bulwarks shook and shivered, the wind found out every chink in them, whistling round every different rope it split upon, while all the time the loose wet dreary spars behind the long-boat kept slatting and clattering against each other in the lashings, like planks in a woodyard of a November night. This was the way we stuck till the morning watch showed it all in a drizzling, struggling sort of half light, blowing as hard as ever, the Cape seas rolling and heaving mountain-high, of a pale yesty hue, far and wide to the scud; the spray drifting from the crests, and washing over her

bare forecastle, with now and then the white wings of a huge albatross to be seen aslant to windward, riding on the breast of a long wave down into the trough.

Well, the whole blessed day did this sort of thing continue, only varied by now and then a huger sea than ordinary lifting close aboard of us, and we being hove up to get a glimpse of the long glaring streak of horizon through the troughs of the waves: sometimes an unluckier splash than usual over the bow and through the forechains, that made us look sharp lest the canvass of the foresail should go, or the schooner broach end-on to the sea. Otherwise, all we had to do was to watch the binnacle, hold on with one hand to a rope, and with the other to our caps; or turn out and in with each other down the booby-hatch for a snatch of sleep, and a bit of biscuit and cold beef, with a glass of grog. Mr Webb, the harbour officer, was to be seen below in his berth all this time, lying as peaceable as a child—whether he was dead sick, or only confoundedly afraid, I didn't know; but I must say I felt for the poor fellow when I heard him ask Snelling, in a weak voice, if he would get somebody to stand off the bull's-eye in the deck over his berth, as it always made him think there was a new hurricane coming on. "D—n it, you low skulking hound!" said the reefer, who had wonderfully little pity in his make, "it can't be worse—what d'ye want light for, eh?" "Only to see the opposite wall," said Webb, meekly; "do, sir—oh now!" "Oh, you lubber ye!" said Snelling, "don't you know a bulkhead from a wall yet? If you'd come on deck to bear a hand like others, you wouldn't need light; and I thought you might do for a mate aboard, too—pah, you scum!" "Mr Snelling," said I sharply, as he came through the cabin, "a worm will turn when it's trod upon, and so you may find yet, sir!" "Well, Mr Collins," said he, as confidentially as if I hadn't meant to give him a set down, "I don't like the fellow's eye. I'll look after him, sir!" Not to mention the young rogne's power of face, which was beyond brass, he had a way of seeing you in two places at once with that

upward squint of his, as if his eyes were the points of a pair of compasses, that made the officers of the *Hebe* always send him to the mast-head directly, for fear it should take the frown out of them. In fact, when Snelling's twinkling weather-eye lighted on one's neck, without the other, you almost felt it tickle you, and as usual I turned away with a "pshaw!"

On the second morning, the gale at last began to break, shifting southward; on which, as soon as the sea ran a little easier, I had the helm cautiously put up at a favourable moment, the reefed mainsail, fore-topmast-staysail, and square fore-topmast set as she got before the wind, and away the schooner went; rising on the wide deep-blue swells with a long roll in them, then shearing ahead through their breasts, wrinkled and seething pale-green, till she sank with the fall of the wave—the stump of her aftermast standing, and the fore one shortened by the to'gallant-mast. You may easily believe there was no one aboard more eager to get clear of this weather than myself; as in ordinary circumstances, with a craft like this, in two or three days more we might have been in a high enough latitude to begin looking out for the Indiaman. For my part, I can't deny that the wish for having Tom Westwood safe out of harm's way, and with me in the schooner, strong as it was, played second to the notion of seeing sweet Violet Hyde in any way again, if it was only the last time before she went out of reach altogether; for her getting amongst East India ways of doing, high-flying civilians and soldiers, shows, and sights, either in Calcutta or up-country, was equal to anything else, in my mind. Still, we had six or seven days longer of the heavy seas and hard gales, before north-easting enough could be made to take us beyond the Cape winter, just then coming on, and which the *Seringapatam* had very likely escaped by two or three days, so that she would have a considerable start of us.

By this time we were standing well up for the Mozambique Channel, which I had heard the Indiamen intended to take in company; a piece

of information that made me the more anxious to overtake the *Seringapatam*, at latest, by the time they reached open water again, where, being the only ship from Bombay, she would no doubt part from her consorts. We had a cruiser that year, as I knew, in the Mozambique, where there were some rumours of pirates after the war, so that in case of her happening to speak the *Seringapatam* close, and having got any word of Westwood's affair, he ran a chance of being picked off. However, that wasn't by any means the thing that troubled me most: somehow or other, whenever the picture of Violet's face brought the Indiaman's decks clear into my mind, with all about her, I couldn't get rid of the notion that some ill-luck would come across that ship before she got into port. If any pirate craft were to dodge the whole bevy of Indiamen up the head of the channel, as was pretty sure to be the case, he would probably wait for some signs of separating, and be down upon a single one not long after she cleared the Seychelles islands, where a lonely enough stretch of the Indian Ocean spreads in. The more I entered upon the thought of it, the more unsufferable it got; especially one day in the month of the Mozambique, when it fell a dead calm with a heavy up-and-down swell, fit to roll the sticks out of her; the high blue land of Madagascar being in sight, sometimes to starboard, sometimes to port, then astern, and the clear horizon lying away north-west, dark with a breeze from round the coast. As the hot sun blazed out above us, and the blue water came plunge up over the rail, blazing and flashing, first one side dipped, then the other, I could fancy the passengers on the Indiaman's poop in a light breeze with a suspicious lateen-rigged sail creeping up on her quarter. I thought I saw Violet Hyde's eyes sparkle against the glare of light, and her lips parting to speak—till I actually stamped on the deck, my fists clenched, and I made three strides to the very taffrail of the schooner. All at once I met my second mate's eye coolly fixed on me, which brought me to my senses in a moment, the more so as there was something about this man Jones

I couldn't make out, and I had made up my mind to keep a sharp eye on him; though the fact was, it annoyed me most to feel him seeing into me, as it were, without troubling himself. "We shall have the breeze beforelong, sir, round Cape Mary yonder," said he, stepping forward. "So I expect, myself, Mr Jones," said I, "though you evidently know the coast better than I do." With that I gave him a careless side-look, but to all appearance there was nothing particular in his, as he told me he had seen it two or three times before.

With the evening we were once more running sharp on a wind up channel; and when she did get her own way in a good breeze, the schooner's qualities came out. 'Twas a perfect luxury to look over the side and see the bubbles pass, her sharp bows sliding through it like a knife, she eating into the wind all the time in a way none but a fore-and-aft clipper could hope to do, with a glassy blue ripple sent back from her weather-bow as far as the fore-chains: then to wake of a morning and feel her bounding under you with a roll up to windward, while the water gushed through and through below the keel, and ran yearning and toppling away back along the outer timbers into her boiling wake, working with the moving rudder. And our man-o'-war-men were quite delighted with the Young Hebe, as they still called her. Snelling was in his element while we were having the new spars sent up aloft—a set of longer sticks than before—till she had twice the air, as well as a knowing rake aft. Next thing was to get the long-brass nine-pounder amidships from under the boat, where the Frenchmen had kept it, besides which we found another in her hold; so that, added to six small carronades already on deck, we made a pretty show. Meanwhile, for my own part, I kept cracking on with every stitch of canvass that could be clapped upon the spars, including studding-sails. Jones himself didn't know better than I did by this time how to handle the craft, sooner though she was, in the way of making her use what weather we had to the best purpose. Variable as it proved, too, I was aware the

Indiamen would have pretty much the same now as we had; so that, on going aloft with the glass, as I did every watch in the day, I soon began each time expecting one or other of them to heave in sight.

As for the five hands from Cape Town, they seemed to have fallen in cheerfully enough with our own; and as soon as the fine weather came, the gang of Lascars were set to duty like the rest. Snelling would have them even trained to work the guns; although, if it blew at all hard, not one could be got to go aloft except their old *serang*, and the *tindal*, his mate. What surprised me most was the harbour officer himself at last asking, as Mr Snelling told me, to be put in a watch; but as the midshipman said there was no doubt Webb had made a voyage or two before, somewhere or other, I agreed to it at once. "I'm not sure, sir," added the midshipman, with one of his doubtful double looks, "but the gentleman may have seen blue-water the first time at Government expense, and not in the service either—he don't look fore and aft enough, Mr Collins, harbour officer though he be; but never mind, sir, I'll see after him!"—"Pooh," said I, laughing; "if he does turn to, Mr Snelling, it shan't be in the watch you have to do with! Hand him over to Mr Jones." By this time I had changed the mid into my own watch, and given Jones charge of the other—so to him the harbour officer went.

The main character aboard of us, to me at any rate, was this Jones himself. The fact was, at first I had my doubts of him altogether, partly owing to the queer way we got hold of him, partly on account of his getting the upper hand so much through chance, in the tremendous weather we had at the outset, till I wasn't sure but it might come into the fellow's head of itself, to be upon some drift or other that might cost me trouble, as things stood. However, I no sooner felt where I was, and got the craft under my own spoke, than I came to set him down for nothing but one of those strange hands you fall in with at sea sometimes, always sailing with a "pursor's name," a regular wonder of a shipmate, and serving to quote every voyage after,

by way of a clincher on all hard points, not to say an oracle one can't get beyond, and can't flow sky-high enough. To tell the truth, though, Jones was as thorough a seaman as ever I met with—never at a loss, never wanting on any hand ; whether it was the little niceties we stood in need of for setting the schooner's rigging all right again, which none but a blue-water long-voyage sailor can touch, or, what comes to be still better in tropical latitudes, a cool head and a quick hold, with full experience for all sorts of weather, 'twas much the same to him. He was all over like iron, too, never seeming to stand in need of sleep, and seeing like a hawk. At any hour I came on-deck in his watch, there was Jones, all awake and ready, till hearing him walk the planks over my head of a fine night made me at times keep my eyes open, listening to it and the wash of the water together. I fancied there was something restless in it, like the sea, with now and then an uneven sort of a start ; and at last it would come to full stop, that gave me the notion of how he was standing quiet in the same spot ; whether he was looking aloft, or thinking, or leaning over the side, or what he was going to do, troubled me wonderfully. The only want in his seamanship I noticed, he evidently wasn't used to handle a large ship ; but craft of some kind I was pretty sure he had commanded in the course of his life. As for taking observations, he could do it better than I could then ; while the knowledge he had on different heads, that came out by chance, made you think more of a Cambridge graduate than a common sailor, such as he had shipped for with us. The strangest part of all about him, though, was what I couldn't well name, not to this day : 'twas more grained in with his manner, and the ring of his voice at particular moments, as well as his walk, though these were the smart seaman's no less ; but one couldn't help thinking of a man that had known the world ashore some time or other, in a different enough station from now—ay, and in a way to bring out softer lines in his face than reefing topsails or seeing the main-tack ridden down would do. The nearest I could come

to calling it, far apart as the two men stood, was to fancy he reminded me of Lord Frederick Bury himself ; especially when he looked all of a sudden to the horizon in that wide, vacant kind of fashion, as if he expected it farther off than it was : only Jones's face was twice the age, like a man's that had had double the passions in it at the outset, and given them full swing since then ; with a sleeping devil in his eye yet, besides, as I thought, which only wanted somewhat to rouse it. Only for that, I had a sort of leaning to Jones myself ; but, as it was, I caught myself wishing, over and over, for something to make us fall regularly foul of each other, and get rid of this confounded doubtful state. One hitch of a word to take hold of, and, by Jove ! I felt all the blood in my body would boil out in me to find how we stood, and show it ; but nothing of the kind did Jones let pass—and as close as the sea itself he was in regard to his past life. As for the men from the frigate, at least, they seemingly looked on him with no great fondness, and a good deal of respect, in spite of themselves, for his seamanship ; whereas, if he had been left in the forepeak in place of the cabin, I've no doubt in a short time it would have been no man but Jones. You light now and then upon a man afloat, indeed, that his shipmates hold off from, as healthy dogs do from a mad one ; and you saw they had some sort of an inkling of the gloomy close nature Jones had in him, by the way they obeyed his orders. Webb's three Cape Dutchmen seemed to have a notion he was some being with mysterious powers, while the Lascars ran crouching at his very word—some of them being, as I found, Malays, and the rest Mussulmen from Chittagong ; but Jones could send them about in their own language, Dutchmen and all—a part of the matter which did not tend to keep me less careful over him. Still I observed, since his coming aboard, that Jones never once touched liquor, which had plainly enough been his ruin ashore ; whether on account of meaning to pull up once for all and mend, or only to have a wilder bout at next port, or else to keep himself steady for aught that might turn up, I couldn't settle in my

own mind. Though deucedly doubtful of its being the first, the very idea of it made one feel for the man; and, in case of his doing well, I had no small hopes of something in the up-shot to save a real sailor like him from going to the devil altogether, as he seemed doing.

Now, after our getting clear of the rough Cape weather, and the dead-lights being taken out of the stern-windows, I had given a look, for the first time, into the schooner's after-cabins, which were pretty much as the people she belonged to before had left them, except for the rough work the gale had played. There were two of them, one opening into the other; and I must say it was a melancholy sight to meet the bright sunlight streaming into them from off the water astern, with all the little matters either just as if the owners were still inside, or elsetumbled about at sixes and sevens. One drawer, in particular, had come out of a table, scattering what was in it on the deck: there was a half open letter in a woman's hand, all French, and showing a lock of hair, with a broken diamond cross of the French Legion of Honour, besides a sort of paper-book full of writing, and two printed ones bound in morocco. I picked up the letter and the cross, put them in again, and shoved the drawer back to its place, though I brought the books away with me to have a glance over. What struck me most, though, was a plaster figure of the French emperor himself, standing fastened on a shelf, with one hand in the breast of his great coat, and looking calmly out of the white sightless eyes; while right opposite hung a sort of curtain which you'd have thought they were fixed upon. When I hauled it aside, I started—there, on a shelf to match the other, was a beautiful smiling child's head to the shoulders, of pure white marble, as if it leant off the bulkhead like a cherub out of the clouds. Spite of all; however, the touch of likeness it had to the head I got such a glimpse of at Longwood, even when the hot sunlight showed it in my spy-glass so pale and terrible, was sufficient to tell me what *this* was,—Napoleon's own little son, in fact, who was made king of Rome, as I remembered hearing at

the time. The thought of the schooner's strange French captain, and his desperate scheme, came back on me so strong, joined to what I saw he had an eye to in fitting out his cabins, that, for my own part, I hadn't the heart to use them myself, and at first sight ordered the dead-lights to be shipped again, and the door locked.

'Twas a good many days after this, of course, and we had made a pretty fast run up the Mozambique, in spite of the sharp navigation required, sighting nothing larger than the native and Arab craft to be seen thereabouts; we were beginning to clear out from amongst the clusters of islands and shoals at the channel head, when two large sail were made in open water to nor'-eastward. Next morning by day-break we were to windward of the weathermost,—a fine large Indianman she was, crowding a perfect tower of canvas. Shortly after, however, the schooner was within hail, slipping easily down upon her quarter, which seemed to give them a little uneasiness, plenty of troops as she seemed to have on board, and looming like a frigate. After some showing of keeping on, and apparently putting faith in the man-of-war pennant I hoisted, she hove into the wind, when we found she was the Company's ship Warringford, and the other the something Castle. I forget which, both for Calcutta. The next thing, as soon as they found we were tender to his Majesty's frigate Hebe, was to ask after the Seringapatam; on which I was told she was three or four days sail ahead with the Mandarin, bound to China, neither of them having put in at Johanna Island to refresh. I was just ready to put our helm up again and bid good-bye, when the tiffin gong could be heard sounding on the Indianman's quarterdeck, and the old white-haired captain politely asked me if I wouldn't come aboard with one or two of my officers to lunch. Mr Snelling gave me a wistful glance—there were a dozen pretty faces admiring our schooner out of the long white awnings: but even if the notion of bringing up Snelling himself as my first officer hadn't been too much for me, not to speak of either Jones or Webb, why the very

thoughts that everything I saw recalled to me, made me the more eager to get in sight of the Seringapatam. "Thank you, sir," answered I. "No—I must be off after the Bombay ship."—"Ah," hailed the old captain, "some of your Admiral's post-bags, I suppose. Well, keep as much northing as you can, sir, and I daresay you'll find her parted company. She's got a jury fore topmast up, for one she lost a week ago; so you can't mistake her for the Mandarin, with a good glass."—"Have you noticed any suspicious craft lately, sir?" asked I. "Why, to tell you the truth, lieutenant," sang out he, looking down off the high bulwarks at our long nine-pounders and the knot of Lascars, "none more so than we thought *you*, at first, sir!" The cadets on the poop roared with laughter, and an old lady with two daughters seemed to eye Snelling doubtfully through an opera-glass, as the reeler ogled both of them at once. "By the bye," sang out the captain of the Indiaman to me again, "I fancy the passengers in that ship must have got somehow uncomfortable—one of our Bengal grantees aboard of her wanted a berth to Calcutta with us, tother day in the Mozambique; but we're too full already!"—"Indeed, sir?" said I; but the schooner's main-boom was jibbing over, and with two or three more hails, wishing them a good voyage, and so on, away we slipped past their weather-bow. The Warringtonford got under weigh at her leisure, and in an hour or two her topsails were down to leeward of us. On I cracked with square and standing-sails to the quartering breeze, till the schooner's light hull jumped to it, and aloft she was all hung out of a side, like a dairyman's daughter carrying milk; with the pace she went at I could almost say to an hour when we should overhaul the chase.

Still, after two or three days of the trade-wind, well out in the Indian Ocean, and not a spot to be seen, we had got so far up the Line as to make me sure we had overrun her. Accordingly the schooner was hauled sharp on a wind to cruise slowly down across what must be the Indiaman's track, judging as we could to a nicety, with a knowledge of the weather we had

had. For my part I was so certain of sighting her soon, that I ordered the after-cabins to be set to rights, seeing a notion had taken hold of me of actually offering them to Sir Charles Hyde for the voyage to Calcutta—Fancy the thought! 'Twas too good to be likely; but Violet herself actually being in that little after-cabin and sleeping in it—the lively schooner heading away alone for India, and they and Westwood the sole passengers aboard—why, the idea of it was fit to drive me crazy with impatience.

Well, one fine night, after being on deck all day, and the whole night before, almost, I had turned in to my cot to sleep. From where I lay I could see the moonshine off the water through the stern-light in that after-cabin, by the half-open door. I felt the schooner going easily through the water, with a rise and fall from the heave of the long Line-swell; so close my eyes I couldn't, especially as the midshipman could be heard snoring on the other side like the very deuce. Accordingly I turned out into the after-cabin, and got hold of one of the Frenchman's volumes to read, when, lo and behold, I found it was neither more nor less than Greek, all I knew being the sight of it. Next I commenced overhauling the bundle of handwriting, which I took at first for a French log of the schooner's voyage, and sat down on the locker to have a spell at it. So much as I could make out, in spite of the queer outlandish turn the letters had, and the quirks of the unnatural sort of language, it was curious enough—a regular story, in fact, about his own life, the war, and Buonaparte himself. At another time I'd have given a good deal to go through with it at odd hours—and a strange affair I found it was some time afterwards; but meanwhile I had only seen at the beginning that his name was *Le Comte Victor l'Allemant, Capitaine de la Marine Française*, and made out at the end how there was some scheme of his beyond what I knew before, to be carried out in India,—when it struck me there was no one on the quarterdeck above. I listened for a minute through the stern-window, and thought I heard some one speaking over the schooner's lee-quarter, as she surged along; so

slipping on a jacket and cap, I went on deck at once.

It was middle watch at the time; but as soon as I came up I saw all was quiet—Webb near the gangway talking to the old Lascar serang, and breaking the English wonderfully betwixt them; while the Lascars of the watch were sitting like tailors in a ring on the forecastle planks, each waiting for his turn of one cocoa-nut hookah, that kept hubble-bubbling away gravely under the smoker's nose, as he took a long suck at it, while the red cinder in the bowl lighted up his leathery Hindoo face and mustache like a firefly in the roof of a banian, till he handed it, without even a wipe, to his neighbour. These fellows had begun to get much livelier as we made the tropics; and this same serang of theirs had put ~~out~~ his horns once or twice to Snelling lately, though he drew them in again the moment he saw me—a sulky old knotty-faced, yellow-eyed devil I thought him at any rate, while his dish-cloth of a turban, his long blue gown and red trousers, reminded you at sea in a gale of a dancing dervish. The day we spoke the Indiaman, in fact, I noticed there was something in the wind for a minute or two with him and his gang, which put it in my head at first to offer them to the captain for a couple of good English hands; and as I passed him and Webb this time, the serang stopped his talk, and sidled off.

However, a beautiful night it was, as ever eye looked upon even in the blue Indian Ocean: the heavens cloudless, the full round moon shining high off our weather-beam again, the stars drawn up into her bright light, as it were, trembling through the films of it like dew-drops in gossamer of a summer morning: you saw the sea meet the sky on every hand, without a speck on the clear line of horizon, through the squares of our ratlins and betwixt the schooner's two long fore-and-aft booms. A pretty strongish breeze we had, too, blowing from east to west with a sweep through the emptiness aloft, and a wrinkling ripple over the long gentle swells, as deep in the hue as if fresh dye came from the bottom, and crisping into a small sparkle of foam wherever they caught it full. Something pleasant, one

couldn't say what, was in the air; and every sheet being hauled taut to hold wind, the slant gush of it before her beam drove her slipping ahead toward the quarter it came from, with a dip down and a saucy lift of her jibs again, as if she were half balanced amidships, but little noise about it. I took a squint aloft and an overhaul all round, and nothing was to be seen. The size of the sky through the moonlight looked awful, as it were, and the strength of the breeze seemed to send a heavenly blue deep into the western quarter, till you saw a star in it. The night was so lovely, in fact, it somehow made one think of one's mother, and old times, when you used to say your prayers. Still I couldn't see the mate of the watch on the weather quarter-deck, which surprised the more in Jones's case, since he was always ready for me when I came up; and, to tell the truth, I shouldn't have been sorry to catch him napping for once, only to show he was like men in 'common. I walked aft by the weather side of the large mainsail, accordingly, till I saw him leaning with his head over the lee-bulwark, and heard him again, as I thought, apparently speaking to some one down the schooner's side; upon which I stepped across. Jones's back was to me as I looked over too: but owing to what he was busy with, I suppose, and the wash of the water, which was louder there than inboard, while you heard the plash from her bows every time she forged, he evidently didn't hear me. You may fancy my wonder to find he was reading loud out to himself from the other of the Frenchman's volumes, which I had no doubt left in the dining-cabin—the book open in both hands—he giving it forth in long staves, with a break between—and regular Greek it was, too: you'd have thought he timed them to the plash alongside; and I must say, as every string of long-tailed words flowed together like one, in Jones's deep voice, and the swell rose once or twice with its foam-bells near his very hands, I almost fancied I made a meaning of them—each like a wave, as it were, sweeping to a crest, and breaking. The gusto the man showed in it you can't conceive; and, what was more, I had no doubt he understood the sense of it, for all of

a sudden, after twenty staves or so of the kind, he stopped.* "There!" said he, "there, old Homer—women, wine, and adventure—what could the devil ask more, blind old prater, with a sound in you like the sea? Ay, wash, wash, wash away, lying old blue-water, you can't wash it out—and wine—no, not the strongest rain in Cape Town—can wash *you* out!" With that Jones laid his head on his arms, with the book still in one hand, muttering to himself, and I listened in spite of me: "Still it rouses the old times in me!" said he. "Here comes this book across me, too. Ay, ay, and the Rector fancied, sitting teaching me Greek out of old wild Homer all week day—and—and his girl slipping out and in—'twould do to don the cassock of a Sunday and preach out of the pulpit against the world, the devil, and the flesh—then warn me against the sea—ha!" The laugh that came from him at that moment was more like a dog than a human being; but on he went muttering "Women, wine, and adventure, said ye, old Greek, and a goddess too; still he *was* a good old man the Rector—no guile nor evil in him, with his books in the cases yonder, and the church-spire seen through the window over the garden, and his wife with—

ah, the less of that. 'Twas in me, though, and all the blood—and in *her* dark eyes, too, Mary, though she was! Damnation!" he broke out again, after a bit, as if he'd been arguing it with something under the side, "I didn't take her the first time I came home—nor the second—but—but—ay, I came *back*! Oh that parting-stile in sight of the sea—and that packet-ship—but oh God! that night, that night with the schooner forging ahead through the blue—blue—" And he stopped with a groan that shook him as he leant over. "Hellish, hellish by God!" he said, suddenly standing upright and looking straight aloft, with his bare head and face to the wide empty sky, and the moonlight tipping the hair on his forehead, from over the high shadow on the lee-side of the mainsail, where ~~he~~ glistened along the gaff. "She was pure to the last!" I heard him say, though I had walked to the other side of the boom; "ay, though I rot to perdition for it!—Down, old fiend!" as he lifted his one hand with the book, and drove it alongside, seemingly watching it settle away astern.

Now I had heard nothing from Jones that I couldn't have fancied before, and there was even a humour

* Looking into Homer's *Iliad* here for a passage to correspond with the account given by the naval man, one is somewhat at a loss; but at the end of the second book of the *Odyssey* there occur lines which might not improbably have been those recited. They are such as might well, in the original, excite longings after sea-life, and revive feelings of the kind most natural to the seafaring character, apparently known to Captain Collins only as "Jones." Will the readers of *Maga* accept, illustratively, of a rough translation?—

Then to Telemachus glided on board divinest Athenè,
Where on the poop she sat, and near her Telemachus rested.
Then were the moorings loosed by the mariners coming aboard her,
Joyous coming on board, and seated apart on the benches.
A fair westerly breeze by the blue-eyed goddess was wafted,
Cheerfully rippling along, and over the deep-coloured ocean.
Now to his shipmates shouted Telemachus, while to the oar-blades
Leapt the impatient surge, till each at his order obeying,
Stepped the pine-mast then in the mast-hole ready amidships,
Firmly staying it both ways down; and next by the well-twisted hide-thongs,
Snowily spreading abroad, the sails drew fluttering downward.
And in the sail-breast blew the belling wind with a murmur,
The purple wave hissed from the prow of the bark in its motion;
Into the riotous wave she plunged, pursuing her voyage.
But when their oars they drew back to the galley securely,—
The swift, dark-sided bark, as she full on her journey exulted—
Then to her foaming beak they brought the o'er-bubbling goblet
Of red-hued wine, and poured out on her head a libation
To the immortal gods, that dwell in the sky and in ocean,
But to the blue-eyed daughter of Jupiter mostly, Athenè.
All night then they sailed, till the morning rose on their voyage.

to my mind in the notion of clapping it all on old Homer, if Homer it was, and heaving him overboard with such a confoundingly complimentary burial-service. But some of the words that dropped from him shot through one's veins like icicles: and now there was something fearful in the sight of him standing straight again, with a look right into the heavens, as if he'd have searched them up and up—in that lovely night too, spread far and wide—the very rays of the moonlight sparkled down the weather side of the sail I was on, trembling on the leech-ropes and brails as they swayed, and into the hollows they made in the belly of the taut canvass: the long shining spot of it wavered and settled on the same two planks of the quarterdeck, beyond the shadow of the bulwark from the moon's eye, fast as the schooner moved through the water, and it was like a hand laid upon her, with the air and wind stretching between. Of a sudden I saw Jones wheel slowly round where he stood, like a man turned about by main strength, with his eyes fixed aloft, and his one arm raising from the shoulder till his forefinger pointed to something, as I thought, about the fore-to-gallant sail. His face was like ashes, his eye glaring, and I sprang across to him under the main-boom. "See!" said he, never turning his head, and the words hissed betwixt his teeth, "look at that!"

"For heaven's sake, *what*, Mr Jones?" said I. "*Her—her*," was his answer, "coming against the wind—dead fore-and-aft in the shade of the sails!" On the lee-sides of them the high boom-sails made a sort of a thin shadow against the moonshine off the other beam, which came glimpsing through between them out of a world of air to the south-east, with a double of it flickering alongside on the water as it heaved past to leeward; and whether it was fancy, or whether it was but the reflection aloft from below, I thought, as I followed Jones's finger, I saw something like the shape of a woman's dress floating close in with the ~~hull~~ of the foretopmast-stay-sail, from the dusk it made to the breast of the fore-topsail, and even across the gush of white light under the yard—long and straight, as it were,

like a thing lifted dripping out of water, and going, as he said, right against the schooner's course. "Now in the foresail!" whispered Jones, his eye moving as on a pivot, and a thrill ran through me at the notion, for I made out one single moment what I thought a face against the sky at the gaff-end, white as death, shooting aft toward the mainsail,—though next instant I saw it was but a block silvered by the moon as the schooner lifted. "Now the mainsail!" said he huskily, "and now—now, by the heavens—rising—rising to the gaff-topsail—away! Oh Christ! *Mary!*"

He was leaning aft toward the width of the sky, with both hands clutched together before him, shuddering all over. For the first minute my own blood crept, I must say; but directly after I touched him on the shoulder. "This is strange, Mr Jones," said I. "what's the matter?" "Once in the Bermudas!" said he, still wildly, "once in the Pacific—and now! Does the sea give up its dead, though, think ye?"—"You've a strong fancy, Mr Jones, that's all," I said, sternly. "Fancy!" said he, though beginning to get the better of himself; "did ye ever fancy a face looking down—down at you in the utterest scorn—down sideways off the shoulder of the garment, as it sticks wet into every outline like life? All the time gliding on the other way, too, and the eyes like two stars a thousand miles away beyond, as kind as angels'—neither wind nor sea can stop it, till suddenly it rises to the very cope of heaven—still, looking scornfully down at you!—No, sir, fancy it *you* couldn't!" The glance he gave me was somehow or other such as I couldn't altogether stomach from the fellow, and he was turning to the side when I said quietly, "No, nor Homer either, I daresay!" Jones started and made a step towards me. "You heard me a little ago!" rapped out he, eyeing me. "Yes," I said; "by Jove! who could help being curious to hear a sailor spout Greek as you were doing, Mr Jones?"

"The fact is, Mr Collins," answered he, changing his tone, "I was well brought up—the more shame to me for bringing myself to what you saw me. I had a sister drowned, too, on

her passage to America one voyage, when I was mate of the ship myself. No wonder it keeps my nerves shaking sometimes, when I've had too long about shore."—"Well, well, Jones," said I, rather softening, "you've proved yourself a first-rate seaman, and I've got nothing to complain of—but I tell you fairly I had my doubts of you! So you'll remember you're under the Articles of War aboard here, sir," added I, "which as long as I have this schooner under hand, I'll be hanged if I don't carry out!" All at once the thought struck me a little inconveniently, of my carrying off Webb and his people, and I fancied Jones's quick eye wandered to the Lascars forward. "I know it, sir," said he, looking me steadily in the face; "and what's more, Mr Collins, at any rate I couldn't forget you picked me out, confounded low as I looked, to come aft here! 'Tis not every captain afloat that has such a good eye for a seaman, as I know." "Oh well, no more about it," I said, walking forward on the weather side, and leaving him on the lee one as distinctly as Lord Frederick Bury could have done to myself in the frigate. Jones no doubt thought I didn't notice the slight wrinkle that gathered round his lee-eye when he gave me this touch of butter at the end; but I put it down for nothing more, gammon though it was.

It was near the end of the watch, the moon beginning to set, while it still wanted three hours of daybreak in those latitudes, when the look-out on the top-gallant-yard, who was stationed there in man-o'-war cruising fashion, reported a sail to windward. Just then the midshipman came on deck to his watch, wonderfully early for him indeed; and on my remarking it was probably the Indiaman at last, Jones himself went aloft with the night-glass to make her out. "Mr Snelling," said I, "see the hands on deck ready for going about." Next minute I saw him rousing up the rest of the Lascars, who slept watch and watch on the fore-castle. Only five or six of the Hebe's men were up; and all of them, save the man at the wheel, ran aloft to rig out

stunsail-booms to windward, as soon as the schooner was fairly on the starboard tack, standing to nor'-eastward. Suddenly I saw a scuffle between the midshipman and the tindal,* a stout dark-faced young Bengalee, with a jaunty scull-cap and frock, whom Snelling had probably helped along with a touch of a rope's end; and in a moment two or three more of them were upon him; while the roofer drew his dirk, and sung out to me, scarce before I was with him, the Lascars rolling into the lee-scuppers at two kicks of my foot. Webb and three of the men from Cape Town were hoisting a stunsail at the time, the smart man-o'-war'smen aloft singing out to them to bear a hand. What with the noise of the sail flapping, and its being betwixt my own men and the deck, they could know nothing of the matter; and the Lascars let go the halliards in a body, making a rush at Snelling and myself with everything they could pick up in the shape of a spar.

This would have been nothing, as in two or three minutes more the men would have been down, and the cocoa-faced rascals dodged every way from the handspike I got hold of; but I just caught a glimpse on one side of the sly old serang shoving on the fire-scuttle to keep down the watch below; and on the other, of Webb looking round him, evidently to see how matters stood. Two Dutchmen seized the first sailor that came down the rigging, by the legs, and I saw the affair must be finished at once, it had so much the look of a regular plot on Webb's part, if Jones wasn't concerned in it too. I made one spring upon my Cape Town gentleman, and took him by the throat with one hand, while I hit the biggest Dutchman full behind the ear, felling him to the deck; on which the man-o'-war's man grappled his watchmate, and Webb was struggling with me sufficiently to keep both my hands full, when I had a pleasant inkling of a Malay Lascar slipping toward my back with a bare kreese in his fist. I just looked over my shoulder at his black eyes twinkling devilishly before he sprang, when some one came

* Lascar boatswain's mate.

sliding fair down from the fore-top-mast-head by a backstay, and pitched in a twinkling on top of his head—a thing enough to break the neck of a monument. Directly after, I saw Jones himself hitting right and left with his night-glass, from the moonlight to the shadow of the foresail, while Snelling tumbled over a Lascar at every slap, standing up in boxer style. By the time the rest of the men came down all was settled—the Dutchmen sulking against the bulwarks, and Webb gasping after I let him go. "Boatswain," said I to one of the sailors, "clap that man in irons below. Mr Snelling, see the watch called, sir." "I 'ad the law with me," said Webb gloomily. "You plotted it then, Mr Webb?" I said. "Didn't you carry us off illegally?" said he. "I only meant to recover the vessel—upon my honour, nothing more, sir; and if you're 'ard with me, you'll have to answer for it, I assure you!" Here he looked round to Jones in a strange way, as I fancied for a moment; but Jones turnell on his heel with a sneer. "Why, Mr Webb," answered I, "you lost that tack by offering yourself in a watch, which makes the thing neither more nor less than mutiny—so take him below, do ye hear, bo'sun!" And down he went.

"Now, Mr Jones," said I, as soon as all hands were on deck, "you'll be so good as have half of these Lascars seized to the rigging here, one after the other, and see a good dozen given to each of their backs; then these two Dutchmen, each three dozen—

then pipe down the watch, sir." Jones glanced at me, then at the fellows, then at me again. I thought he hung aback for an instant; but do it he was determined he should, for a reason I 'ad; and I gave him back the look steady as stone. "Ay, ay, sir," said he at last, touching his hat. I walked aft to the capstan, and stood there till every mother's son of them had got his share, the Lascars wriggling and howling on the deck after it, and the Dutchmen twisting their backs as they walked off. 'Twas the first time I did that part of duty in command; and I felt, in the circumstances, I was in for carrying it out with a taut hand.

By this time the moon was setting, and in the dusk we lost sight of the sail to windward; but as we were heading well up to weather upon her, and going at least ten knots, I turned in below for a little, leaving the midshipman. Accordingly, it wasn't very long before Snelling called me in broad daylight. "She's a large ship, Mr Collins," said he, "standing under all sail on a wind. I hope to goodness, sir, it's that confounded Indiaman at last!" I hurried on deck, took the glass aloft, and soon made out the jury-foretop-mast shorter than the main, as the old captain mentioned. Accordingly it was with somewhat of a flutter in me I came down again, watching the schooner's trim below and aloft, to see if I couldn't take an hour or so off the time betwixt that and once more setting eyes on the Judge's daughter.

THE JEW BILL.

THE period at which this obnoxious measure has been brought forward, limits our present remarks to a few paragraphs. But we have so long fought for the Constitution, that we cannot suffer the month to pass without reprobating an intrigue, which we cannot but regard as most dangerous to the Empire. We are no bigots,—we demand no surrender of the rights of opinion,—we force no man to our altars,—we forbid no man's access to his own; but to avert public evil is a duty of every subject,—to strip hypocrisy is clearly an act of justice,—and to protect religion is only an act of supreme necessity. We solemnly believe, that to bring the Jew into the Parliament of England, would be at once injury to the Constitution, a peril to public principle, and an insult to Christianity.

The attempt was made last year, and was defeated. It is now to be renewed, without the slightest additional ground, and the battle will have to be fought over again. Must we not ask, why is this experiment to be again made on public patience? Is it meant to tell the people of England, that what common sense rejects, is to be forced on general weariness; that what manly principle repels, is to be gained by vulgar perseverance; and that which public judgment denounces, is to be made law by the united effect of disgust and disdain producing indifference? We trust that the common sense of England will speak such a language to the Legislature, as to extinguish the *prestige* that obstinacy in the wrong is more effective than honesty in the right; that to be sickened of a struggle, is a legitimate reason for abandoning the contest; and that a great nation can be yawned out of the greatest interests in the world.

The first question of all is, Can this admission of the Jew into a Christian legislature be compatible with the character of a Christian constitution? If we live in bad times, with the evidence of bad practices in important positions, and with a powerful propensity among influential classes to sacrifice everything to the moment,

this consciousness should only be a stronger claim on the vigilance of honest men. However strangely it may sound in some ears, England is still a Christian country; however some may doubt, the country still demands a Christian legislature; and, notwithstanding all opinions on the subject, we believe that to worship God and Mammon is still as impossible as it was pronounced to be eighteen hundred years ago. We believe that it is only by national virtue that nations can retain the divine protection; that zeal for the divine honour is the supreme source of virtue; and that to sacrifice the honour of God to any earthly purpose, is only to bring divine desertion on a people. Must we not ask, is there any national demand, national necessity, or religious principle, connected with giving legislative power, at this time, to the Jew?

Where is the national demand? If the Jew, in some instances, is rich, is mere money to be the qualification for giving legislative power? In the simplest point of view, must we not demand ability, personal honour, a personal interest in the country, and a personal evidence that the trustee will never betray or abandon his trust? But what is the Jew? He has no country. By being equally a member of all countries, he is equally an alien in all; beyond the casual connexion of trade, he has no connexion with any kingdom of earth: his only country is his counting-house,—his only city is the Exchange. His world consists in his traffic; and if any calamity should fall on one of those kingdoms where he keeps his counting-house, he transfers himself, like a Bill of Exchange, to the next; and in whatever land is equally at home. The Jew gives no pledge to any country; he is no possessor of land, no leader of science, no professor of the liberal pursuits, no manufacturer, no merchant, no sailor, no soldier; as if some irresistible destination prohibited him from ever finally settling in any land, his property is always ready to take wing. Must we not ask, Is this fugitive the man who has a right to share

the privileges of the Englishman, bound, as we are, to the soil by nature, and bound to its defence and prosperity by the indissoluble obligation of nature?

In a political point of view, what security could we have for confiding in the Jew,—for intrusting our finances, our liberties, our councils, the guardianship of our country, to the Jew? The especial and perpetual object of his existence is money. Now, while every man knows that money is the great corrupter of the human mind, that, except in minds fully fortified by principle, it overwhelms all other objects, and that, in all the convulsions of the greatest war of Europe—the war of the French Revolution—the secrets of every Continental cabinet were at the mercy of the purse; do we desire to see this supremacy extended? Do we desire to see the principles of fraud and falsehood made a regular material in the market of public transactions, and lucre exalted into the sole object of existence?

As to the practical effect of bringing the tribe of the money-dealer into Parliament, would any man, in the exercise of his experience, wish to see the finances of England in the hands of any Jew in existence? And let no man pretend that this conception is imaginary. Place a Jew in Parliament, giving him the power of making a party; give him the opportunity of working on the impulses, habits, or necessities of men; and in twelve months you may see him anything he desires,—even Chancellor of the Exchequer. But he is a man of honour; he will not sell the secrets of Council; he will not copy a despatch for the benefit of his partners; he will not raise or sink the stocks, though every movement may add a million to the coffers of his partnership. We hope not; but can we run the risk? But the fact is, that he is a man not to be judged of by the feelings of any other in the world; he differs from all other men. What is patriotism to the Jew? He knows nothing of it. Who ever heard of the Jew taking any part in those noble struggles which have saved the honour or secured the rights of any nation on earth? His business is gain, and it is the only business that

he ever follows; from the man with ten firms and five hundred clerks, with a counting-house in every village from the Rhine to the Neva, down to the seller of old clothes, and the pedlar in dilapidated slippers, who ever heard of a Jew thinking of anything but to make money?

But the view which must supersede all others, is the aspect of the measure as it relates to religion. Great Britain is certainly, on the whole, a religious country: it perhaps contains more true religion than all the earth besides; but its fault is, that, though reverent in the church, it does not sufficiently carry its reverence into the course of common life. If this were done, there would be no difficulties in public opinion. It is in no superstition that we say, the only question to be asked on any doubtful course of action is, "Will it please God? Is it for the honour of God?" This is what the Scripture calls "walking with God," and describes as the essential character of virtue. But the majority of mankind add to those questions, Will it benefit myself? The statesman asks, Shall I lose power by it?—the merchant, Shall I lose profit?—the tradesman, Shall I lose custom? And this question is the master-key to the diversities of opinion on points which, to the unbiassed mind, are as clear as the sun.

Let us put the matter in a more every-day point of view. Let us suppose the question asked, Would you take for your friend a man who denied your God, who scoffed at your religion, and who declared yourself a dupe or a deceiver? Yet all this the Jew does openly by the profession of his own creed. Can you conceive it for the honour of your Redeemer, to give this man your confidence in the highest form in which it can be given by a subject? Or can you bring yourself to believe that you are doing your duty to Christ in declaring, by your conduct, that to be hostile to Him makes no imaginable difference in your estimate of the character of any man?

On those points it is wholly impossible that there can be any doubt whatever. The enemy of Christ cannot, without a crime, be favoured, still less patronised and promoted, by the friend of Christ. Now, this feeling is

neither prejudice nor persecution: it merely takes the words of the Jew himself; and it would not force him, by the slightest personal injury, to change the slightest of his opinions. It is merely the conduct, which all who were unbiassed by gain, or unperturbed by personal objects, would follow in any common act of life. To give power to the Jew, from the motives of self, or party, or through indifference, is criminal; and it is against this crime that we protest, and that we desire to guard our fellow Christian.

We must now rapidly pass through the leading points of the question. The Jew is a "condemned man." More than three thousand years ago, Moses, in pronouncing the future history of the people, declared that a teacher should finally be sent to their nation, like himself, a man; and mingling as such among men, to give them a law, not in clouds and thunders as at Sinai, nor written in tables of stone, nor fixed in stern ordinances, but written in the heart, and acting by the understanding; and that, if they rejected him, they should be made nationally to answer the national crime to the Almighty. Him they rejected, and the rejection has been answered by national ruin. The prophecy is before the eye of the world: the fulfilment is also before the eye of the world.

The Jew is an undone being, if there be truth in the words of inspiration. "He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life: but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 35, 36.) What right have we to dispense with such words? The declaration is unequivocal; and if there be a compassionate allowance for the barbarian, who has no Bible and whom the gospel has never reached, what allowance can there be for the Jew, possessing the Bible and living in the sound of the gospel? But this language is not alone. We have the declaration of ruin constantly expressed or implied, "Who is a liar, but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father." (1 John ii. 22.)

Are those deniers the men whom

the Christian is to take into the very centre of his political favouritism? Are the brands of Scripture on the national forehead to be scorned by a people professing obedience to the Divine will? Can human conception supply a stronger proof of the reality of those brands than the condition of the Jews ever since their first fulfilment, in the fall of Jerusalem—the terrible reply to their own anathema, "His blood be on us, and on our children."

What is the state of the Jew himself with respect to sacred things? Nothing but ignorance can speak of the religion of the Jew. So far as belongs to worship, he has none. Sacrifice, the solemnisation of the three great festivals, the whole ceremonial of the temple, were essential to Judaism. The Jew cannot perform a single public ceremonial of his religion. Sacrifice was supremely essential for nearly the atonement of every fault of man; but it could be offered only in the Temple. The Temple is gone. What now becomes of his atonement?

A weak attempt is made to answer this tremendous question, by referring to the condition of the Jews in Babylon. But what comparison can exist between a captivity prophetically limited to years not exceeding a single life, passed under the protection of kings, and under the guardianship of the most illustrious man of Asia, the prophet Daniel, cheered by prophecy and miracle, and certain of return, and the eighteen hundred years' banishment of the Jew? What comparison between the temporary suspension of the national worship, and the undefined and hopeless duration which seems to lie before the Jewish exile; and which, when it shall close at last, will extinguish his Judaism, will show him his folly only by stripping the superstition of the Rabbi and the Talmud from his eyes, and will awake him at once to the extent of his error, to the exercise of his understanding, and to the worship of Christianity?

After consideration, of this order, all others must be almost trivial. But the common declamation on the natural right of the Jew to be represented in Parliament is verbiage.

But the Jew is actually represented, as much as a multitude of other interests of superior importance are represented. Are the fifteen thousand clergy of the Church of England (a body worth all the Jews on the globe) personally represented? Are the millions of England under twenty-one represented? One might thus go through the great industrious classes of England, and find that, out of twenty millions, there are not one million electors. And what claim have a class—who come to this country only to make money, and who make nothing but money, and who, if they could make more money anywhere else on the earth, would go there to-morrow—to an equality of right with the manly, honest, and attached son of England, every day of whose life adds something to the comfort or the credit of the community?

The whole and sole claim of the Jew is, that some of his party are rich. How they have made their riches, or how they spend them, is beneath us to inquire. But what are their national evidences, even of wealth, it might be difficult to discover. They exhibit no fruits here, nor anywhere. It has been often asked, with genuine astonishment, what signs of national liberality have ever been given by Jewish wealth in the world? What contribution does it make, or has it ever made, to the arts that decorate life, to the literature that enlightens it, or to those bold and commanding services by which nations are raised or restored? Where are the picture galleries, or the great libraries, the great institutions, erected by the wealth of the Jew? As to the genius which endows mankind, for generations to come, with noble inventions, or leaves its name behind in a track of glory to posterity, who ever heard of it among the Jews? Shopkeepers of London have planted its vicinity with great establishments, castles of charity, magnificent monuments of practical religion, to which all the works of Jewish bounty are molehills. The Jews have an hospital and a few schools,—and there the efflux of liberality stops, the stream stagnates, the river becomes a pond, and the pond dries away.

It is remarkable, and may be a punitive consequence, that there is nothing so fugitive as the wealth of the Jew. There is perhaps no hereditary example of Jewish wealth in the world. In England we have seen opulent firms, but they have never had, the principle of permanency. Supposed to be boundlessly wealthy, a blight came, and every leaf dropt off. One powerful firm now lords it over the loan-market of Europe. We have no desire to anticipate the future; but what has become of all its predecessors in this country? or what memorial have they all left, to make us regret their vanishing, or remember their existence?

Of the sudden passion with which Ministers have snatched the Israelite to their bosom, we shall leave the explanation until their day of penitence. As poverty makes man submit to strange companionship, political necessity may make a Whig Cabinet stoop to the embrace of the Jew. The resource is desperate, but the exigency must be equally so. We hail the omen,—the grasp at straws shows nothing but the exhaustion of the swimmer.

On one point more alone we shall touch. It is of a graver kind. It has been the source of a kind of ignorant consideration for the Jews, that prophecy speaks of their future restoration. But, as *Jews* they will *never* be restored. In the last days some powerful influence of the Holy Spirit will impel the surviving Jews to solicit an admission into Christianity. How many or how few will survive the predicted universal convulsion of these days, is not for man to tell; the terrible, or the splendid, catastrophes of those times are still hidden; but no Jew well ever dwell in the presence of the patriarchs, but as a "new creature"—a being cleared from the prejudices of his exiled fathers, and by supernatural interposition purified from the unbelief, to be rescued from the ruin, of his stiff-necked people.

The measure must be thrown out by the awakened power of public opinion. We must not indulge our indolence in relying on the House of Lords. They may do their duty, but *we must do ours*. The Jew must not enter the Christian Legislature.

THE PICTURES OF THE SEASON.

THE taste for pictorial art, if its progress may be measured by the opportunity afforded for its gratification, is decidedly upon the increase in this country. In London, especially, pictures of one class or other form, each successive year, a larger and more important item in the sum of public amusements. During the present season of 1850 there have been open, at one time, four exhibitions consisting chiefly of oil paintings, two numerous collections of water-colour drawings, and panoramas and dioramas in unprecedented number and of unusual excellence. These last, although pertaining to a lower walk of art, have strong claims on consideration for their scenic truthfulness and artistic skill, and are fairly to be included in an estimate of the state of public feeling for the pictorial. The four first exhibitions alone comprise upwards of three thousand works of art, now for the first time submitted to public inspection. As usual, the exhibition of the Royal Academy is the most important and deserving of attention. Numerically, the Society of British Artists claims the next place; but in point of interest it must yield precedence to the British Institution, now for some weeks closed, and also to the exhibition of an association of artists which has installed itself, upon a novel principle, and under the title of the National Institution, in a building constructed for its accommodation, and known as the Portland Gallery. It were for some reasons desirable—it certainly would be favourable to the comparative appreciation of merit—that, as at Paris, the whole of the annual harvest of pictures should be collected in one edifice, subject, of course, to such previous examination by a competent and impartial council, as should exclude those works unworthy of exhibition. But such a system, however pleasant it might be found by the public, could hardly be made agreeable to the artists. The most indulgent censorship, excluding none but the veriest daubs—nay, even the plan of open doors to all comers, which has lately clothed a portion of

the walls of the Republican Louvre with canvasses spoiled by ignorance and presumption, would fail to satisfy artists and their friends. In London, as in Paris under the old system, it is less the question of admission than the placing of the pictures that is the source of discontent. The excluded conceal their discomfiture; the misplaced grumble loudly, and not always without reason, especially as regards the Academy exhibition. The fault may be more in the rooms that contain, than in the men who place the pictures. Of course everybody whose work gets into the Octagon Room feels aggrieved, although it is evident that, as long as that ridiculous nook is used to contain pictures, some unlucky artists must fill it. The good places in the other rooms—limited as is the extent of these compared to the large number of pictures annually exhibited in them—cannot be very numerous, although they may be multiplied by the exercise of judgment, and by impartial attention to the requirements of each picture as regards light and elevation. The best possible arrangement, however, will fail to please everybody, and the persons to whom falls the difficult task of distributing a thousand or fifteen hundred pictures over the walls of a suite of rooms inadequate to their proper accommodation, must be prepared to endure some obloquy, and esteem themselves fortunate if the public acquit them of flagrant partiality or negligence. It is not our purpose to dilate on this oft mooted and still vexed question. We have no polemical intention in the present paper, in which we shall not have too much space to note down a few of the thoughts that suggested themselves to us during our morning wanderings amongst the throng of pictures in four exhibitions.

The great event of the artist's year, the opening of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy is of course the signal for a Babel of opinions. The question which on all sides is heard: What sort of Exhibition is this? obtains the most conflicting

replies. People are too apt to trust to their first impressions, and to indulge in sweeping censure or excessive encomium. We have heard this year's exhibition set down by some as first-rate, by others as exceedingly poor. Our own opinion, after careful examination and consideration, is, that it has rather less than the average amount of merit. This we believe to be also the opinion of the majority of those most competent to judge. There is certainly an unusually small number of pictures of striking excellence; nor is this atoned for by any marked improvement in those artists whose works can claim but a second rank. One circumstance unfavourable to the interest of the exhibition is the uncommonly large number of portraits, the majority of which are not very admirable either in subject or execution. The impression, as one walks through the rooms, is, that an extraordinary number of ugly or uninteresting persons have got themselves painted by careless or indifferent artists. Of landscapes there seem to be fewer than usual—certainly fewer good ones. Some of the best of this class of painters have contributed to other exhibitions. On the other hand, historical, scriptural, and dramatic subjects are numerous, but not in many cases have they been treated with very great success. One of the foremost pictures in the Exhibition—certainly the one about which most curiosity has been excited—is Edwin Landseer's *Dialogue at Waterloo*. We are unfeigned admirers of Mr Landseer's genius, but we do not think this one of his happiest efforts. There is much fashion in these matters: people are very apt to be led away by a name, and to fall into ecstasies before a picture simply because it is by a great painter. We believe it impossible for Edwin Landseer to paint anything that shall not have great merit, but he is certainly most felicitous when confining himself to what is strictly speaking his own style. We do not think him successful as a portrait painter. His Marchioness of Douro does less than justice to the beautiful original. As to the Duke of Wellington, it is a failure; especially if, as we are assured, it is intended to be his portrait as he now is. We certainly cannot admire

the burly figure and swarthy complexion of Mr Landseer's Duke, which gives us the idea of a younger and more robust man than him it is intended to represent. We should be disposed to object to the strained appearance of the downward-pointing hand; but the gesture is said to be one habitual to the original, and of course the painter was right to preserve character, even at the cost of grace. The less prominent portion of the picture is the most to our taste—the peasants and child, the dogs and game, and the plough horses with their old driver. We are not quite clear as to what it all means; some of the objects seeming rather to have been dragged in than naturally to have come thither; the tablecloth spread in the ploughed field appearing rather out of character, and the left-hand corner of the picture having altogether somewhat of a crowded aspect: but these are trifles not worth dwelling upon. The painting is evidently unfinished. The subject of Mr Landseer's second picture, a shepherd digging the stragglers from his flock out of a snow-drift, is of less interest than that of his larger work; but, in an artistic point of view, it claims higher praise. His snow is admirable, the tender gray tints are full of light, and distributed with surpassing skill; and the earnest laborious face of the delving peasant is very vigorous and characteristic. Mr Landseer is so accurate an observer of brute nature that it is with extreme caution we venture to criticise his animals, but we must say that the wool of his sheep in this painting has a hard and cork-like look. Upon the whole it is a question with us, when we revert to some of this artist's former productions, whether he is painting as carefully as he used to do. Looking at his *Waterloo Dialogue*, we say no; but an affirmative starts to our lips when we examine his last and smallest picture in this year's Exhibition, Lady Murchison's dog. With this the most fastidious would be troubled to find fault. It is a gem of admirable finish. If Mr Landseer's power of drawing, in the grander contours of his designs, were equal to the skill he displays in the details, he would leave nothing to desire.

Mr Maclise has two pictures in

this exhibition. There is scarcely an English artist living concerning whom we are more embarrassed to make up our minds, than concerning the painter of *The Spirit of Justice* and *The Gross of Green Spectacles*. His merits and defects are alike very great, and unfortunately he delays to amend the latter—if indeed it be in his power so to do. His first-named and larger picture, whilst it contains much to admire, leaves a great deal to be desired. To us it is a vexatious performance. We cannot look at it without admitting it to be the work of no ordinary artist, and we feel the more annoyed at the mannerism that detracts from its merit. Mr MacIse has fertility of invention and power of design, but there is a deficiency of true artistical feeling in his execution. We cannot coincide, besides, with the notion which he, in common with many others, seems to entertain, that fresco painting precludes chiaroscuro. In *The Spirit of Justice* there are some good faces; but there are more that are unnecessarily ugly, and several of faulty expression. Justice has a fine countenance and altogether pleases us well. The widow's face is hard and unlesh-like; the accuser, who drags the murderer before the tribunal, and displays a bloody dagger as evidence of guilt, and the free citizen who unrolls the charter of liberty, are anything but admirable. The accuser looks more like an informer than an avenger. Nothing can be more unfavourable to the face than the sort of scrubby, colourless, thinly-sown stubble with which his chin is provided, as a contrast, we presume, with the dark hirsute countenance of the criminal, who, deducting the beard, might pass for a portrait of Mr Macready, of one of whose favourite attitudes the position of the head and shoulders particularly reminds us. With all its defects, however, this is by far the best of Mr MacIse's two pictures. *The Gross of Spectacles* we consider a failure. It is a gross of spectacles, and little besides. The first thing that catches the eye is Moses' unlucky bargain. There they are, the twelve dozen, in green cases and with plated rims. We submit that the first thing which should attract the eye is the countenances of the actors in the

scene. Owing to their tameness of expression, these, which should be prominent, are almost subordinate to the inanimate details of the apartment. Unimportant as it is, we are inclined to prefer the recess, and the peep through the window, to any other part of the picture. There is an airiness and transparency in that corner of the canvass, which we in vain seek elsewhere. The general effect is very hard. The hair of Moses and the little boy is as unlike hair as it well can be: we remember to have seen something very like it upon a tea-tray. These are technical objections. But Mr MacIse may rely upon it that he lacks the keen perception of humour indispensable to the artist who would illustrate Goldsmith.

Amongst the scriptural and mythological paintings, those of Mr Patten and Mr F. R. Pickersgill attract at least as much notice as they deserve. Besides portraits, Mr Patten has contributed three pictures. His *Susannah and the Elders* is remarkable as being the most decidedly indecent picture exhibited this year. The subject is not a very pleasing one, and, to our thinking, has been painted quite often enough. But this is not the question. Mr Patten has put his version of it out of the pale of propriety by his mode of handling it. There is nothing classical in his treatment, nothing to redeem or elevate the nudity and associations of the subject. His *Susannah* is simply a naked English girl, with a pretty face, an immaculate cuticle, and something exceedingly voluptuous in the form and arrangement of her limbs. There is no novelty of conception in the picture, nor any particular merit except the colouring, which is good, but not equal to that in No. 446, *Bacchus discovering the Use of the Grape*. This is a pleasanter subject, cleverly treated, displaying more originality and much better taste. The flesh-tints are capital, and the picture altogether does credit to the painter. *Venus and Cupid*, by the same artist, is chiefly remarkable for a plaster-of-Paris dove of an extraordinarily brilliant and very unnatural effect. As to Mr F. R. Pickersgill, we should like his pictures better if he would

not imitate poor Etty, whose memory, be it parenthetically observed, has been little regarded by those who have exhibited that most coarse and unpleasant picture, *The Toilet*, No. 276, a specimen of the deceased artist's worst manner. Mr Pickersgill's *Samson Betrayed* is, there is no denying it, a very unsatisfactory composition. His red-haired Dalilah is graceless and characterless. Samson, recumbent in an attitude in which no man ever slept soundly, seems prevented only by a miracle from slipping off her knees. Two girls, instead of getting to a safe distance, are hugging each other in terror within reach of the giant's arm. There is scarcely an attitude in the picture that is not strained. In the conception there is an utter want of novelty of circumstance. The whole picture is deficient in originality. The eye wanders over it, seeking some feature of special interest or striking beauty whereon to dwell, and finds none. Mr Pickersgill has good qualities, but the spark of fancy and genius which alone can complete the great painter, is, we fear, wanting in his composition.

We turn with pleasure to Leslie's pictures. Were we disposed to find fault with this very agreeable artist, our objections could only be technical. With want of imagination, and feeling for beauty, none can tax him. Two of his three pictures contain the sweetest female faces in this exhibition. How admirably has he interpreted Shakspeare's description of Beatrice stealing to the woodbine bower, to play the eavesdropper on Hero and Ursula.

"Look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground."

The painter has exactly rendered the poet's graceful idea. As she glides along, we seem to detect the slight flutter and palpitation attendant on the clandestine movement. Expression and attitude are alike charming. Sophia Western deserves even higher praise. She is indeed a lovely creature. Tom Jones bids her behold herself in the mirror, and say whether such a face and form do not guarantee his fidelity. It is altogether a most agreeable composition; and if we have any fault to find,

it is with the face of the enamoured foundling, which wants refinement, and has a sort of overgrown schoolboy's ruddy fulness. Katherine of Arragon beseeching Capucius to convey to Henry VIII. her last recommendation of her daughter and servants to his goodness, is the most important of Mr Leslie's pictures; and although by many it will not be deemed the most attractive, none can deny it great merit and interest. The suffering countenance of Katherine, and the tearful faces of her attendants, are full of expression. The ambassador is rather tame, and one scarcely recognises in his face or bearing the energy with which he vows to do the bidding of the unhappy queen.

Mr Eastlake has one scriptural and one historical picture in this year's exhibition. A passage from Sismondi, telling the escape of an Italian noble and his wife from the persecution of the Duke of Milan, has suggested the latter, which is painted for the Vernon Gallery. There is some good expression in the faces in this picture, which has more interest and novelty than its companion *The Good Samaritan*, and also greater vigour. Both show the hand of the experienced and skilful artist, although perhaps neither can be classed amongst the best things he has produced. We should gladly see a little more nerve in Mr Eastlake's style, and this we think might be advantageously combined with his beautiful transparency of colouring, and other excellent qualities as a painter. There is no diminution in the purity of style and thought which has always been one of his finest characteristics.

Mr Frith is an improving artist. There is humour and progress in No. 543, a scene from Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man*. Mr Honeywood introduces the bailiffs to Miss Richland as his friends. He must beware, however, of running into caricature in subjects of this kind. The bailiffs are perhaps a little overdone. Miss Richland has a very pretty face, but she looks more like a *soubrette* or smart actress than a woman of fashion. Mr Frith's other picture, *Sancho* proving to the duchess that Don Quixote is at the bottom of the table,

is well painted, and, in a technical point of view, it must be spoken of with respect. He has not been quite so successful as we should have expected in the expression of the faces,—that of the duke excepted, which is a good and thoroughly Spanish countenance, with its habitual gravity disturbed by Sancho's quaint humour and his master's manifest distress. But painting ladies is not Mr Frith's forte. His duchess is pretty, but there is a want of aristocratic distinction in her face and bearing; and as to the ladies grouped behind her chair, they are cookmaids in masquerade. Very few living artists, besides Leslie, should venture upon Sancho. We will not say that Mr Frith is not one of those few, but his delineation of the shrewd esquire, although very humorous, is rather coarse, and he has made him ragged and filthy to an unnecessary degree. The vexation and embarrassment of Don Quixote are ludicrously portrayed.

Four very small, very unpretending pictures by Thomas Webster, R.A., must be sought for, but, when found, cannot fail to be admired. They are a feature, and a very charming one, of this year's Exhibition. High finish and truth to nature are their chief characteristics. Mr Webster is getting quite into the O-tade manner. His coloring, too, is admirable. No. 51 is a boy in a chimney corner, supping pottage, with an old woman knitting opposite to him. Both faces are excellent, and full of character. *A Cherry Seller* is a perfect *bygone*—the woman weighing out the fruit: the boys, looking on with eager eyes and watering mouths: the fruit itself, with its Dutch nicety of finish:—altogether it is a most desirable picture, such as one can hardly pass, even for the twentieth time, without pausing for another view. *A Peasant's Home* is upon the whole too gray, and perhaps the least attractive of the four; but in the *Farmhouse Kitchen* are a couple of figures, a farmer and his dame, than which nothing can be better, either in colour or expression. Mr Webster shows great taste and judgment in adhering to a pleasing simplicity, without ever falling into quaintness or affectation. And it is a study for a young artist to observe the skill

with which he throws his lights, and the transparency and absence of *paintyness* (to borrow a term from the studio) which characterise his pictures.

Mr Solomon Hart's *Kitchen Interior at Mayfield* will not do after Webster. This, however, is one of the least important of his six pictures, which comprise two other interiors, two heads, and a Jewish festival. This last is perhaps the best picture he has painted. The MSS. of the Pentateuch are being carried round the synagogue at Leghorn, amidst chanting of hymns. There is a strong devotional character in many of the faces; and, as a work of art, the picture is more than respectable. The interest of the subject is a question of taste. For us, we confess, it possesses very little attraction; and the Jewish physiognomy, so strongly marked as it is in all the occupants of the synagogue, is, to our thinking, incompatible with beauty. We do not much admire either *A Virtuoso* or *Arnolfo di Lapo*. The latter is the best of the two: the former, carefully painted, is merely an ordinary-looking Jew.

What can we say of Mr Turner? Perhaps we had better content ourselves with mentioning that he has four pictures in the Exhibition, all in his latest manner, all illustrative of that far-famed, but, unfortunately, unpublished poem, *The Fallacies of Hope*, and all proving the fallacy of the hope we annually cherish that he will abjure his eccentricities, and revert to the style which justly gained him his high reputation. It were absurd of us to attempt to criticise his present productions, for to us they are unintelligible; and, judging from the extremely puzzled looks we see fixed upon them, we suspect that not many of those who pause for their examination are more successful than ourselves in deciphering their meaning, and in appreciating the beauties which a few staunch adherents pretend to discover in those strange compounds of red, white, and yellow. What if Mr Turner were to seek his inspirations elsewhere than in the *above-said MS.*? Can it be that the poet's halting verse influences the painter's vagaries? From the specimens afforded us, we are not inclined to think highly of *The Fallacies*

of *Hope*. Take the following, *exempli gratia* :—

"Beneath the morning mist

Mercury waited to tell him of his neglected fleet."

And this—

"Palliduous Hope beneath the moon's pale crescent shone,

Dido listened to Troy being lost and won."

Enough of such poetry, and enough, as far as we are concerned, of a great painter's unfortunate aberrations.

Apropos of aberrations, we have a word to say, which may as well be said here as elsewhere. Affectation, however, is a more suitable word for the mountebank proceedings of a small number of artists, who, stimulated by their own conceit, and by the applause of a few foolish persons, are endeavouring to set up a school of their own. We allude, to the pre-Raphaelites. Let not Messrs Millais, Hunt, Rossetti, & Co. suppose, because we give them an early place in this imperfect review of the exhibitions, that we concede to them an undue importance. As to admiration, we shall presently make them aware how far we entertain that feeling towards them. Meanwhile, let them not plume themselves on a place amongst men of genius. Just as well might they experience an exaltation of their horns, because their absurd and pretentious productions get casually hung next to pictures by Landseer or Webster. It appears they have got into their wise heads certain notions that the ideal of expression is to be found in the works of the artists who flourished previously to Raphael. And they have accordingly set to work to imitate those early masters, not only in the earnestness of purpose visible in their productions, but in their errors, crudities, and imperfections—renouncing, in fact, the progress that since then has been made; rejecting the experience of centuries, to revert for models, not to art in its prime, but to art in its uncultivated infancy. And a nice business they make of it. Regardless of anatomy and drawing, they delight in ugliness and revel in diseased aspects. Mr Dante Rossetti, one of the high-priests of this retrograde school, exhibits at the Portland Gallery. Messrs Millais and Hunt favour the saloons of the Academy.

Rickety children, emaciation and deformity constitute their chief stock in trade. They apparently select bad models, and then exaggerate their badness till it is out of all nature. We can hardly imagine anything more ugly, graceless, and unpleasant than Mr Millais' picture of Christ in the carpenter's shop. Such a collection of splay feet, puffed joints, and misshapen limbs was assuredly never before made within so small a compass. We have great difficulty in believing a report that this unpleasant and atrociously affected picture has found a purchaser at a high price. Another specimen, from the same brush, inspires rather laughter than disgust. A Ferdinand of most ignoble physiognomy is being lured by a pea-green monster intended for Ariel; whilst a row of sprites, such as it takes a Millais to devise, watch the operation with turquoise eyes. It would occupy more room than the thing is worth to expose all the absurdity and impertinence of this work. Mr Hunt's picture of a Christian Missionary sheltered from Druid pursuit is in as ridiculous taste as any of the group.

From such monstrosities it is a relief to turn to Mr Frank Stone's graceful creations. He also has taken a subject from the second scene in the *Tempest*, No. 312, Miranda's first sight of Ferdinand. Compared with Mr Millais' Ferdinand, that of Mr Stone is a demigod. Estimated by its intrinsic merits, it strikes us as a little theatrical—rather too much of the stage-player in the air and attitude. Miranda has a sweet and youthful face; Prospero is too young, and does not look his part. This is not one of Mr Stone's happiest efforts, but it is a nice picture, and we prefer it to his other in the same exhibition, *The Gardener's Daughter*, a young lady attitudinising under a rose-tree, with a pair of admiring swains in the distance. This artist is too apt to give his male lovers a sickly look, as if their love disagreed with them. The best picture he has shown this year is one in the British Institution—*Sympathy*—two very pretty maidens, with an expression of pleasing sentiment in their faces. Barring a little occasional mannerism, Mr Stone is a very delightful painter; and in our opinion,

if he had had his deserts, he would some time since have been a member of the Academy. Were it not invidious, we could cite a few, who write *Associate* after their names, who have less claim than he has to that honorary distinction. Mr Stone has a great deal of fancy, a fine feeling for the beautiful, and we are indebted to him for many charming compositions and lovely female faces. And certainly if popularity be a test of merit, which we admit is not always the case, he ought years ago to have figured in the list of Academicians.

That very conscientious and careful artist, Mr Charles Landseer, has a pretty and well-painted *Girl in a Hop-garden*, and a larger and still better picture—perhaps the best he has for some years produced—of *Asop*, surrounded by several of the animals celebrated in his fables. There is a great deal of quiet humour and nice finish in this picture: the figure and face of the hump-backed fabulist, and those of a girl, who seems admiringly to listen to his allegorical wisdom, are exceedingly good. Mr Dyce has only one picture, and really that had been as well away. An ugly Jacob is protruding his lips to kiss a vulgar Rachel. The colouring is hard and bad, and there is a pervading gray tint which is not natural. We hope Mr Dyce, R.A., can do better things than this. We prefer Mr Cope's *King Lear*, which has considerable merit. There is fine expression in the old monarch's head. Cordelia pleases us less; and perhaps, upon the whole, the best figures in the picture are those of the musicians and singers. There is a something in this painting that reminds us of Maclise. Of Mr Cope's other pictures, *Milton's Dream* has a nice tone of colour; and the two sketches for fresco of Prince Henry's submission to Judge Gascoigne, and the Black Prince receiving the order of the Garter, are spirited and good. Mr Redgrave's principal picture is No. 233. *The Marquis having chosen patient Griselda for his wife, causes the court ladies to dress her in her father's cottage*. Griselda has a pretty face, and sits in an easy, graceful attitude: the ladies are coarse, and the expression

of scorn upon their countenances is theatrical and affected. The heads of some of them are too big, and out of proportion with their bodies. *The Child's Prayer*, by the same artist, is a pleasing picture; well painted, particularly the woman's head and hand, which latter has a look of Rubens. Mr E. M. Ward has two pictures of very different subjects. *Isaac Walton Angling* hardly claims any particular notice; *James II. receiving the News of the Landing of the Prince of Orange in 1688*, has more pretension and greater merit. It certainly contains good painting: the grouping of the figures and the expression of some of the faces are also praiseworthy; but yet it hardly satisfies us. The queen's face and attitude, as she advances, already sympathising with the agitation visible on his countenance, to her husband's side, are very charming. James's physiognomy is almost too much discomposed to accord with the passage from Dalrymple quoted by Mr Ward. And it strikes us, although this may seem hypercritical, that there is something ludicrous in the eternal suspension in the air of the letter that he has just allowed to escape from his fingers. Upon the whole, however, this is a clever picture, and, as far as we had opportunity of observing, it attracts a very full share of public attention; although that is no criterion of merit, so large a proportion of the loungers through an exhibition being more readily attracted by a piquant subject than by artistical skill. And probably no subjects are more generally popular than those that may be styled the homely-historical; scenes in the private apartments of royalty; the personal adventures and perils of princes, whether in the palace or the prison—on the steps of the throne or the verge of the scaffold. There is a fair sprinkling of such pictures in the four exhibitions now under notice; and as we have no pretension to be otherwise than exceedingly desultory in this article, whose limits, and the heterogeneous subject, preclude our being otherwise, we will at once dispose of such of them as deserve notice, and have not already received it, commencing, in order of catalogue, with Delaroche's picture of *Cromwell*.

looking at the dead body of Charles I. This is a picture concerning which the most conflicting opinions have been uttered. It has received fulsome praise and unwarranted abuse. Some have lauded it as perfection merely because it is by Paul Delaroche; others have decried it with a virulence and injustice warranting the suspicion that some envious brother of the brush had temporarily abandoned the palette for the pen, and applied himself to slander merit he himself was hopeless of equalling. We are aware but of two valid objections that can fairly be made to the picture. The subject is certainly ghastly and horrid; but, on the other hand, it has been rendered as little so as possible by the consummate skill and good taste of its treatment. And none, we think, but the very fastidious, will dwell upon this point. The other objection (technical only) is to the coppery tone of colouring of certain parts of the picture, particularly of the flesh. This premised, we are aware of little else that can fairly be alleged against this very fine picture. The countenance of Cromwell certainly does not agree with the most authentic portraits that have been handed down to us, or with the written and traditional accounts of his features. The artist has idealised his hero—has abridged his nose, increased his under jaw, and thrown nearly the whole expression of the face into and around the mouth. M. Delaroche having taken such liberties, we ought to be particularly grateful to him that he has not gone farther, and, in aiming at a great effect, fallen into exaggeration. Out of twenty French artists, nineteen, we suspect, would have given us, with the strong and dangerous temptation of so striking a subject, an unpleasant caricature. It has been objected that the face is deficient in character and expression, and would perfectly suit any one of Cromwell's Ironsides, who through curiosity should have lifted the lid of the deceased monarch's coffin. It is, to our thinking, an evidence of skill on the part of the painter thus to have left the expression doubtful—a matter of speculation to the beholder. We interpret it as merely meditative.

Any emotion it includes is one of exultation at the great and important step the Usurper has made in his upward progress. Of pity or remorse there is no trace.

The next picture in the Exhibition of the Academy, of the class at present under notice, that particularly caught our eye, is No. 491, *The Burial of the two sons of Edward IV. in the Tower*, by Mr Cross, whose painting of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, exhibited at Westminster Hall, will be remembered by many of our readers. The present picture does not redeem the promise of its predecessor. It has a washy, fresco-like look, and a great want of light and shade, which is the more striking because the subject is one particularly favourable to the display of a Rembrandt-like vigour in that respect. The arrangement of the dead bodies is very bad, and they have an emaciated look which was quite uncalled for. On the other hand, the faces of two of the murderers, one sustains the stone beneath which the grave is dug, and the other grasps the arm of one of the children, and that of the turnkey, are very expressive. The chief of the gang and the grave-digger are rather stretched and theatrical. Upon the whole, the picture disappoints us much. A report, however, has reached us, that it was painted under the disadvantage of ill health, so we will hope that Mr Cross may yet do better things. No. 569, *The Abduction of Mary Queen of Scots at Lochleven Castle*, by J. Severn, is a very tame affair. And we do not greatly admire Mr Lucy's *Parting of Charles I. with his Children*. The subject has been better treated before. But we delight in Mr Joy's conception of Cromwell coveting, and yet daring not to grasp, the crown of England. A bilious misanthrope, with flabby cheeks and lacklustre eye, is seated beside a table on which stands the crown, whose covering he has partly withdrawn. The notion is amusingly matter-of-fact. Does Mr Joy really suppose that such a man as Cromwell could find enjoyment in the deliberate physical contemplation of the jewelled bauble—the substantial crown—the mere emblem of the dig-

nity and sway for which he thirsted? We cannot compliment this artist on either the conceit or the execution. We prefer his picture in the British Institution, although that is not very remarkable. The subject is the interview between James IV. of Scotland and the outlaw Murray on the banks of Yarrow. In this Exhibition we find another Cromwell, of a very different cast from the one just referred to. The Lord Protector of England dictates to John Milton his celebrated despatch in favour of the persecuted Piedmontese Protestants. Here there is a fire and energy mingled with the coarseness of Cromwell's physiognomy, which gives the character of the man as we read of him and believe him to have been. Milton's face wears a look of gentle enthusiasm and approval, as he admiringly weighs the words that fall from the lips of his great patron. In his eyes there is a sort of haziness that seems to forebadow the darkness which later is to come over him. The picture does great credit to a very rising artist, Mr F. Newenham, who also exhibits a painting at the Portland Gallery, which we like quite as well as his Cromwell. The subject, *The Princes in the Tower*, is not a very new one, but there is imagination and novelty in its treatment. It is just the same point of time that Delaroche has chosen in his painting of this subject, but there is nothing like an imitation of the great Frenchman. Here the younger child still sleeps, whilst the elder, a pained-looking lad, roused by the noise at the door, gazes anxiously, rather than fearfully, at the shadow cast upon the wall by a hand bearing a lantern. The picture is suggestive and interesting, and in an artistic point of view, also, it merits high praise. In this Portland Gallery (which we may observe, by the way, is most excellently constructed and lighted for the advantageous exhibition of works of art) is a painting by Mr Claxton, *Marie Antoinette with her Children, escaping by the Secret Door from her apartment in Versailles, when the palace was attacked by the mob*, which we mention rather on account of the interest of the subject than of its merits as a work of art, there being but of a

negative description. Marie Antoinette, dressed rather like a fashionable of the year 1850, is accompanied by a terrified lady, who looks back at the door, half-masked by smoke, through whose broken panel the bayonets of the rebels cross with those of the loyal grenadiers. Another picture from French history, but selected from a much remoter period, is that of *The Excommunication of Robert, King of France, and his Queen Bertha*, (No. 159 in the Portland Gallery,) which Mr Desanges has executed with some skill. The king, having married his cousin in defiance of the Pope, but with the sanction of three prelates of his kingdom, incurs the pontifical anathema, in common with the prelates and royal family. In the picture, the fiat has just been pronounced, and the extinction of their torches by the officiating priests symbolically completes their mission.

This is not one of Mr Clarkson Stanfield's best years. We prefer this careful and able artist on a grander scale than that of the comparatively small pictures he this year exhibits. Nor do we think he has been particularly happy in his choice of subjects. His scene from Macbeth, viewed as a landscape—for we do not take into account the figures, which are insignificant, and might as well have been left out—is a good picture, but not in his happiest taste. We prefer his *Scene on the Maas*, and his *Bay of Baie*, which are both excellent. No. 288, *Near Foria*, is not a very good subject. But Mr Stanfield is a pleasant, natural painter, quite free from affectation, and a most excellent representative of the English school. Mr Roberts is another favourite of ours. Belgian and the East, Egyptian temples and Catholic shrines, furnish subjects for his seven pictures. What we particularly like in him is the strong impression of correctness and fidelity conveyed by his representations of distant scenes. Without having seen the places, one feels convinced of the accuracy of his delineations, and that he gives the real effect of the objects depicted—just as, in certain portraits, one feels certain of the resemblance without knowing the original. The subjects

of his pictures this year do not demand any detailed criticism, and his good qualities are so universally appreciated as to render general commendation superfluous.

Before passing on to landscapes and portraits, we will glance at a few pictures of various classes, which happen to have attracted our attention, and which deserve better or worse than to be left unnoticed. Diving into the gloom of the Octagon, we are struck by the very remarkable merit of two pictures, which ought never to have been placed there. Only by kneeling or sitting upon the ground is it possible to examine Mr Van Schendel's poacher detected, No. 633, *Un Braconnier au moment qu'on vient le prendre*. Of ordinary visitors to the Exhibition, not one in five will notice the existence of the picture—not one in twenty, probably, will go through the painful contortions requisite to get even a bad view of it. Very few, if any, critics will have sought it out or written a comment on it. Yet this is a picture on which greater talent and labour have been expended than on dozens that hang in conspicuous places and good lights. A dark picture, too—a night scene—it required a strong light; and it was most unjust to put it thus in the very darkest nook, and in the lowest range of the whole Academy. For hospitality's sake to a foreigner, this excellent painting should have been differently placed. The only other picture which we noticed in the Octagon—there may be others of great merit, but we never have patience to linger long in the gloomy closet—is No. 586, *Flowers and Fruit*, by T. Greenland—an artist far superior to Lance, who seems to us to fall off instead of improving. Fruit and flower pieces are things that few people care much to look at—and, for our part, we confess that we seldom afford them more than a very cursory glance; but our attention was seriously and pleasingly arrested by both of those exhibited this year by Mr Greenland, remarkable, as they are, not only for the accuracy with which he imitates the texture of the different fruits—whether pulpiness, bloom, or transparency be their chief characteristic—and for the admirable deli-

cacy of his flower-painting, but also for his skill in elevating and giving interest to the walk of art he has chosen. This is strikingly the case in No. 1254, apropos of which we have another piece of injustice or carelessness—let them call it which they like—to notice on the part of the Hanging Committee. Of all the seven rooms of the Academy, not one is so little visited as that which, in the catalogue, is headed Architecture. Accordingly, the hangmen have placed at one end of it five as pleasing pictures—each in its own style—as any in the Exhibition. Here we have the *Vierge Route du Simplon*, a charming airy landscape by Harding; *Esther*, by O'Neil, one of the best, perhaps, he ever did; *The Port of Marseilles*, by E. W. Cooke, very like and very well painted, with excellent water; *A Winter Evening*, by H. Horsley, a most clever piece of snow scenery, with a cold look that makes one shiver, and a capital effect of setting sun through an archway; and, last in our enumeration, but not in merit, Mr Greenland's second fruit and flower piece, with a landscape background, a gorgeous and life-like peacock, a flush of rhododendrons, and pain-taking and talent in every leaf and flower. Another picture in the same vicinity, by W. Fisher, *The Countess*, a subject taken from Moore's melodies, is rather affected, but by no means destitute of merit.

Mr Martin's picture, *The Last Man*, is far from one of his best. The subject is unpleasing, and there is a decided fault of perspective: the human corpses and carcasses of strange beasts, in the foreground, being much too small in proportion with the figure of the man, who stands on an elevation which is doubtless intended to be much in advance of, but which in reality is almost on a line with, the spot where they are spread pell-mell in grisly confusion. Mr Hannah's *Lady Northumberland and Lady Percy dissuading the Earl from joining the wars against Henry IV.* is oddly coloured, and acquires a cold, insipid look from the profusion of blue and gray; but it is a good and clever picture. A similar class of subject has been selected by Mr T. J. Barker,

from Professor Aytonn's ballad of *Edinburgh after Flodden*. Randolph Murray, bearing news of the defeat, is the centre of a throng anxious even to agony.

"Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal, or is it woe?"

Perched up as this picture is above the door in the West Room, it is difficult to arrive at a correct appreciation of it. As far as we could distinguish, it is not without merit, and the expression of exhaustion in the figure of Murray is pretty well rendered; but altogether it is hardly worthy of the nervous and admirable verse it is intended to illustrate. Mr Armitage's *Aholibah* has a good deal of pretension, but we cannot compliment him on it in any one respect. In the first place the subject is disgusting, and shows wretched taste in the artist who would select it. Then the face of Aholibah is ugly and repulsive, and the expression coarse in the extreme: the drawing of the limbs under the drapery is faulty, and the gazelles are out of place and out of perspective. Mr Armitage can do better than this. We prefer his picture in the Portland Gallery, of Samson tying firebrands to the foxes' tails for the destruction of the Philistine crops; although the face is a great deal too black, and we cannot understand why Samson should allow a fox to bite into the muscle of his thigh, as one of those in his grasp appears to do. Why does Mr Armitage persist in his French style of painting? It is quite a mistake. Let him be natural, and rely upon his own taste and judgment, and we think he may do better things.

Mr Hook's *Dream of Venice*, a clever imitation of Paul Veronese, is a very pleasant picture. Mr F. Williams' *Holy Maiden* is a pretty head, full of sentiment. We are glad to see such good promise given by Mr Leslie, junior, in a very humorous picture entitled *A Sailor's Yarn*. A thoroughbred and unmistakable Cockney greedily listens to some astounding narrative, whilst, behind the credulous landsman, a second sailor grins admiration of his messmate, and contempt for the "green hand." *The Young Student*, by W. Gush, is a very nice

picture of a youthful painter, with an artist's eye and a pleasing Vandykish contour of face, and with carefully painted hands. One of the most comical pictures in the Exhibition is a wild boar by Wolf. The bristly forest-ranger is making its way through the deep snow, leaving a long furrow behind it, along which it has apparently been nuzzling for provender, for its snout is garnished with the snow, which, combined with the sudden fore-shortening of the body, produces a ludicrous effect. No. 121, *Autumn—Wounded Woodcock*, from the same hand, has mellow and natural tints.

We have kept back, almost to the last, one of our chief favourites in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Mr Sidney Cooper is in great force this year. He has six pictures; four of them all his own, two painted in conjunction with Mr F. R. Lee, R.A. With all respect for this artist, to whose landscapes we shall refer in their place, we prefer Cooper alone to Cooper in partnership. The two styles do not blend well, nor does Lee put his best landscapes into Cooper's cattle-pieces. Take the first of their pictures—No. 23—*Cattle crossing a Ford*. As a whole it is agreeable—and the cattle, we need hardly say, are worthy of the best English cattle-painter of the day; but the landscape is feeble. In No. 298, *The Watering-place*, the rather heavy paint of the foliage gives a thin washy look to the foreground. We advise Messrs Lee and Cooper to hang their pictures side by side, if they will, as excellent specimens of their respective walks of art, but not to associate themselves on the same canvass. People find fault with the landscape part of Cooper's pictures; but it is in good keeping with the rest, and moreover he improves in that respect, as in others. We will instance No. 278, *A Mountain Group—Evening*, some charming goats, where the background, bathed in soft light, harmonises admirably with the more prominent parts of the picture. No. 454, *A Group on the White Mountains*, is most delicately finished, quite a gem; and *Fordwick Meadows—Sunset*, in a somewhat broader style, is equally excellent. Mr Cooper's is a class of art

which strongly appeals to the domestic and rural tastes of Englishmen. He excels in it, and need fear no competitors, although several artists this year exhibit cattle-landscapes of some merit. And here we should perhaps say a word about Mr Ansdell, who has put some Brobdingnagian sheep into a landscape by Mr Creswick, (British Institution, No. 123, *South-downs*), and who has rather a pretty thing in the same exhibition—No. 40, *The Regretted Companion*—an old hawker perplexed and mournful beside the body of his dead ass. We would gladly see this artist cease to imitate Landseer. He sacrifices his originality without succeeding in catching the best points of his model.

Nos. 80, 405, 407 in the catalogue of the Academy, are Mr Lee's landscapes—uncombined with Cooper's cattle. The second, *A Calm Morning*, is the one we prefer; and a very charming picture of repose it is. Mr Creswick is the next upon our list. His cold unnatural grayness of colouring greatly detracts from the merit of his pictures. We are quite aware that the same reproach has been repeatedly addressed to him, and we should hardly have referred to a fault which hitherto he has either obstinately clung to, or been unable to correct, did not one of his pictures in the Academy this year give us hopes that he is on the verge of a change. No. 542, *A Forest Farm*, is the best picture of Creswick's, in point of colouring, that we remember to have seen. The *slutty* look is replaced by an agreeable transparency. No. 289, *In the Forest*, is also warmer than usual. The others are in the old style. Mr Linnell is more to our taste, although we cannot approve his *Christ and the Woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well*. In the first place the colour seems unnatural, altogether too brown; at the same time it is just possible nature may assume that extraordinarily russet tint in Samaria—a country to which our travels have not extended. But we can more confidently object to the figure of the Saviour as altogether unpleasant, with a harsh darkly-bearded face, devoid alike of resemblance to the received type, and of any divine expression whatever.

Mr Linnell is a landscape-painter, and should not attempt sacred subjects or portraits, things which are quite out of his line. No. 395, *Crossing the Brook*, is of a better tone of colour; and the same artist has two other pictures, of about his usual average of merit, in the British Institution. The chief fault with which we tax Mr Linnell, (whilst freely admitting his great talent,) and one which may also be imputed to Mr Creswick, and to other clever landscape-painters of the present day, is the undeviating smallness of their touch, which gives, to use a colloquialism, a niggled look to their pictures. Hobbima and Ruysdael, and others of that class—in whose footsteps we presume no living landscape-painter is too proud to tread—avoided this fault, and proportioned the fulness of their touch to the size of their picture. We may select an example of what we mean from the works of an able and industrious artist, who figures advantageously this year in all four exhibitions, and who, in most instances, is very free from the defect we refer to. Mr Sidney Percy's *Woodland River*, No. 207, in the Portland Gallery, is a good picture, but to our thinking the touch is too small for the size. Mr Percy, however, is a man of talent and a rising painter. In the same gallery we call attention, as to one of the best landscapes exhibited this year, to his No. 277, *Welsh Mountains*. There is an effect of aerial perspective in this picture, especially in the grass valley, on the spectator's left hand, which deserves the very highest praise. Several others of his eighteen pictures for 1850 deserve much commendation; but we can only point out No. 576, in the Academy, *A Limpid Pool*, and 391, *A Quiet Vale*, in the British Artists'. The water in the last is very good,—otherwise it is hardly one of his best. We would have Mr Percy to beware of hardness of treatment, the fault to which he is most prone. His lines are apt to be too sharply defined, especially his distant outlines. He should guard himself against this defect, and with care he may expect to attain great eminence as a landscape-painter. If

we mistake not, he is one of a talented family, which also comprises Messrs Boddington and Gilbert, and several artists of the name of Williams, all of whom, we believe, devote themselves chiefly, if not exclusively, to landscape-painting, and either by identity of name or affinity of style, form a most puzzling group for conscientious critics, desirous, like ourselves, to sort their works and fairly distribute praise. We can mention but a few of their pictures, taken, nearly at random, from amongst a number we have marked as of merit or promise. In the Academy, 344, *A Valley Lane*, by A. W. Williams, is a charming subject, excellently treated. In the Portland Gallery, where many good landscapes are to be found, most of them by this family, we were particularly attracted by No. 41, *Noon*, also by A. W. Williams, and by No. 65, *Medmenham Abbey—Evening*, by G. A. Williams. No. 161, *A Showery Afternoon in Sussex*, by A. Gilbert, is remarkable as an example of the admirable effect he knows how to produce by the judicious and little-understood application of the various gradations between opacity and perfect transparency of colour. Mr Boddington has two nice pictures in the Academy.

We cannot compliment Mr F. Danby on either of the two specimens of his art that he this year displays. We find it impossible to comprehend his colouring. That of *A Golden Moment* (British Institution) is surely unnatural. Certainly it is a very rare effect of sunset; and the background is too bright to be consistent with the sombre foreground. If we turn to his picture in the Academy, *Spring*, we are no better pleased. That sort of dusky glow is quite an exaggeration of nature. Of Mr Witherington's four pictures, we prefer *Coniston Lake* and *The Mountain Road*. Mr Hering's *Porto Fesano* (British Institution) is a pleasing picture, and improves on examination; and there is a great deal of light and some pretty colour in the same artist's *Ruins of Rome* in the Academy. Mr J. Peel has rather a pretty *Canal view* in the Portland Gallery, in which, oddly enough, he has thrown the sha-

dow of a tree the wrong way; and in the same exhibition Mrs Oliver has a bit of Welsh scenery which is pretty in spite of its finical touch. Of Mr Linton, who has pictures both in the Academy and British Institution, we cannot but speak with respect, recognising the ability of his works, the study they evince, and his close observation of the aspect of places. But they are quite for distant effect; on near approach they look rough and granitic, and are not a very pleasing or popular class of pictures.

We beg Mr Duxall not to think we have forgotten him. We were desirous to commence the brief paragraph we can afford to portraits, by praising his *Geraldine*, an undraped fancy portrait, which shows a capital feeling for colour, and is perhaps the best specimen of flesh-painting in the Exhibition. It wants finish; but even without that it is nearly the first thing that attracts the eye when we glance at that side of the Middle Room. There is good colour also in the same artist's portrait of Mr Cabitt.

Proceeding, with this exception, in numerical rotation, we notice No. 6, *The Hon. Caroline Dawson*, by Dubafe. The arms are rather flat, but it is a nice portrait, well painted, and infinitely superior to the same artist's picture in the British Institution—a French grisette with a Jewish face and an ugly mouth, holding a rose; the motto "Wither one rose and let the other flourish,"—a poor conceit and very indifferently executed. No. 52 is Mr Francis Grant's, the first, but not the best, of seven which he exhibits. Mr Grant is getting very careless. Such hands and clothes as he gives his sitters are really not allowable. The only carefully finished portrait he exhibits this year is that of Lady Elizabeth Wells, after which that of Miss Grant is perhaps the best. The Countess Bruce has an odd sort of resemblance, in the attitude or something, to the same painter's picture of Mr Sidney Herbert. The Duke of Devonshire looks vulgar. Viscount Hardinge is feeble, for Grant, who can do so much better. We urge this artist to take a little more pains, or his high reputation will dwindle. His portrait of Sir George Grey, now on view at Colnaghi's, is another

example of carelessness. The face is the only finished part. Mr Watson Gordon understands the portrait-painter's vocation after a different fashion, and is most conscientious in his practice. Apart from their striking resemblance, his portraits are admirable as carefully finished works of art. His sitters this year have been, upon the whole, less suited to make interesting or pleasing pictures than several of the persons who have sat to Mr Grant; but Watson Gordon has done his work far more carefully. Perhaps the best of his three portraits is that of a lady, No. 137. The child in the same picture pleases us rather less. No. 175, Daniel Vere, Esq. of Stonehyres, is a striking likeness of that gentleman; and nothing can be better, in all respects, than the portrait of the Lord Justice-General of Scotland. Mr Buckner is, we are sorry to say, retrograding sadly. He rose very suddenly into public favour, and if he does not take care, he will rapidly decline. His portrait of Miss Lane Fox is perhaps his best this year. Rachel is flattered. Lady Alfred Paget is badly coloured, and looks in an incipient stage of blue cholera. We do not like Mr Pickersgill's portraits this year. For those who do, there are seven in the Exhibition, besides an ugly thing called Nourmahal. Mr G. F. Watts has painted Miss Virginia Pattle. It is one of the most affected pictures in the whole Exhibition. The young lady is perched on a platform, her figure standing out against the blue sky, and her feet completely hidden under her dress, which latter circumstance gives her an unsteady appearance, and inspires dread lest she should be blown from her elevation. The flesh is very pasty, and the general effect of the picture jejune in the extreme. No. 232, *The Duke of Aumale*, is by V. Mottez, and presents a singular combination or monotony of colour, the artist having seemingly carefully avoided all tints that would give warmth to his picture. With the exception of the insipidly fair countenance of the Duke, the painting is nearly all blue. It is not a disagreeable picture, and it perhaps gains on repeated examination; but one cannot get rid of an

unpleasant impression of coldness. Placed next to Boxall's Geraldine, the flesh looks like chalk. That coarse but clever painter Knight has eight portraits, including several celebrities of one kind or other—Buckstone the comedian, Keate the surgeon, Sir J. Duke the mayor, Cooper the cattle-painter, and Mrs Fitzwilliam the actress. The picture of Sir J. Duke (who is represented in all the glory of civic office) is well put together; Cooper is laughably like; Mrs Fitzwilliam is perhaps as delicate a female portrait as Knight ever painted—which is not saying much for the others. Mr Say's portrait of Guizot is softened down and idealised till the character of the man is lost. In the Portland Gallery, No. 1 and No. 70 are by an artist whose historical pictures we have already commended, Mr Newenham. The first is a full length, size of life, of Mr Ross, the engineer; the other, Mrs Gall, is a sweet female countenance. Both are very good; but Mr Newenham is always particularly successful—indeed we can call to mind no living painter who is more so—in his portraits of ladies. Whilst avoiding flattery, he still invariably paints pleasing as well as correct likenesses. Such at least is the case with all those of his lady-portraits we have had opportunities of comparing with the models. Middleton has some nice portraits in this exhibition, and Mr J. Lucas shows a pleasing one of a young lad. And one of the most lifelike and speaking portraits exhibited this year is No. 286, by R. S. Lauder, the likeness of our old friend and much-esteemed contributor, the Rev. James White. A more exact resemblance we never saw.

We have not counted them, but we are informed, and have no difficulty in believing, that there are 450 portraits (or thereabouts) in this the eighty-second exhibition of the Royal Academy. A very large number, out of 1456 works of art. Adding the portraits in the three other exhibitions, we attain a total of which, even after deducting drawings and miniatures, it is impossible for us to notice one fourth-part. And we must particularly remark, with respect to portraits and landscapes, what also applies in a less degree to the less numerous classes of

pictures, that we have unavoidably—on account of our limited space to deal with so compendious a subject, and also because we would not reduce this article to a mere catalogue—omitted notice of many artists and pictures whose claims are undoubted to mention more or less honourable; as we have also forborne, for the same reason, and much more willingly, certain censures which we should have been justified in inflicting. Concerning portraits, however, we would gladly have been rather more diffuse, had we not still to take some notice, within the compass of a very few pages, of those exhibitions to which as yet we have done little more than incidentally refer.

The restoration to the galleries of purchasers and studios of painters, of the five hundred pictures exhibited this year by the British Institution, diminishes the interest now attaching to that exhibition, and induces us to be tolerably brief in our notice of some of its leading features. No. 52, *The Post Office*, by F. Goodall, is a pretty picture enough, but displays no genius, and the subject suggests a comparison with Wilkie, which is not favourable. Mr Bullock's *Venus and Cupid*, No. 124, is about as sickly a piece of blue and pink as we remember to have seen. Mr Sant's *Rivals* gives the impression of a copy from the lid of a French plum-box. We have surely seen the Frenchified group in some engraving of Louis XV's times. Mr Woolmer's *Sirens* displays some imagination, but the colouring is very bad. The sky is exaggerated, and the water seems to have flowed from a cesspool, suggesting unsavoury ideas of the extent of its contamination by the dead bodies that float upon it. It is a picture, nevertheless, that one is apt to look at twice. T. Clark's *The Horses of Ithacus captured by Ulysses and Diomed*, has plenty of faults, certainly, but it has also boldness and spirit, and makes us think the painter may hereafter do better things. No. 205, *Lance reproving his Dog*—left unfinished by the late Sir A. W. Callcott, and completed by J. Callcott Horsley—includes a pretty bit of landscape, and the dog is not bad; but, as a whole, the picture does not strike us as remarkable. No. 231, *A French Fishing Girl*, by T. K.

Fairless, is a nice bit of colouring, very fresh and judicious; and R. M'Innes's *Detaining a Customer*, tells its story well, and is of careful finish, but insipid colouring. Lady Macbeth, by T. F. Dicksee, is repulsive and unnatural; not the murderess Shakspeare conceived and Siddons acted, but a saucer-eyed maniac standing under a gas-lamp. No. 290, *Our Saviour after the Temptation*, is by Sir George Hayter, who has bestowed great pains without producing, as a whole, a very satisfactory result. The picture has certainly good points, but it speaks against its general excellence that we are driven to praise details. All the hands are particularly well done—Sir George's experience as a portrait painter having here availed him. The colouring of Christ's dress is good, but generally there is an abuse of yellow in the picture. The angels have no backs to their heads, but this phrenological defect is perhaps intentional, to convey the artist's notion of an angel by indicating the absence of gross passions. G. Cole's *Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in Pedro's hut* is humorous, but quite a caricature. The painter seems to have studied to establish a resemblance between the men and their respective beasts. Another laughable picture is Mrs C. Smith's *Irish Paper*, whose companion *The Irish Card-cutter* is No. 296 in the British Artists'. As works of art, they have little merit, but one cannot help acknowledging and laughing at the vulgar humour and truth to nature they both contain. Mr Selous' *The First Impression*, Gutemberg showing to his wife his first experiment in printing from movable types, is perhaps the best picture in the South Room. There is an air of nature about Mr W. Wyld's *Smugglers' halt in the Sierra Morena*; but the figures, although well grouped, are on too small a scale for much interest, and the landscape lacks attraction. Our old friend George Cruikshank gives full scope to his rich humour in No. 100, *Sancho's surprise on seeing the Squire of the Wood's Nose*; and 455, *Disturbing the Congregation*. This last is inimitable—~~the~~ ^{the} awful of an. A charity boy has let his peg-top fall during service, and the awful clatter upon the church pavement draws all eyes in the direction of the delinquent.

This is a picture that must be seen, not described; but our readers will imagine all the fun Cruikshank would make of such a subject—the terrified face of the culprit, in vain affecting unconsciousness, and the awful countenance of the beadle. We must say a word of Mr J. F. Herring's *A Farm-yard*, which contains some good horses; but he has huddled his objects too much together, his colouring is very opaque, and there is a want of air and perspective in the picture. There is the same defect of thick colour in Mr H. Jutsum's pretty composition, *Evening—coming home to the Farm*.

We have already mentioned several pictures in the Portland Gallery, including a portrait by Mr R. S. Lauder, (the president of this new society,) which is perhaps the best, although one of the most unpretending, of the seven pictures he exhibits. We do not discern any very great merit in two carefully painted illustrations of Quentia Durward. We should like to know on what authority Mr Lauder makes a tall, large limbed man of Louis XI., and how he intends to get him and the raw-boned Scot through the door in No. 166, without a most unkingly deviation from the perpendicular. There is here a fault of perspective. And Mr Lauder should beware of repetition. We remember the lady behind the tapestry in No. 45, in at least a dozen of his pictures. This, however, is the best of the pair, and there is good painting in it. His most important picture this year is that of *Christ appearing to two of his Disciples on the way to Emmaus*. This is certainly a fine work, although there is much opposition of opinion respecting it. There is undoubtedly a fine sentiment in the colouring, which is peculiarly applicable to the subject. Mr McIan is in great force here, with no less than ten pictures. We like this artist for the character and energy he infuses into his productions. His most attractive picture this year is No. 55, *Here's his health in Water!* thus explained—“A Highland gentleman of 1715, in Carlisle prison, the day previous to his execution, receiving the last visit of his mother, wife, and children, and instilling into his son—the future

Highland gentleman of 1745—the principles of loyalty.” The face of the condemned Highlander is full of vigour and determination, as is also that of his mother, a resolute old lady, who seems to confirm his precepts to her grandchild. The countenances of the sorrowing wife and of the little girl, whose attention is distracted by the opening of the prison door, are natural and pleasing. The boy, a sturdy scion of the old stock, drinks King James's health out of the prison-mug of water. We will not omit to praise Mrs McIan's very well-painted picture of *Captivity and Liberty*—gipsies in prison, with swallows twittering in the loophole that affords them light. There is a nice feeling about this picture, which includes a handsome gipsy face; it is careful in its details, and very effective in point of chiaroscuro. No. 251, *A Jealous Man, disguised as a Priest, hears the confession of his Wife*, is a subject (from the *Decamerone*) of which more might have been made than there has been by Mr D. W. Deane. The countenances lack decided expression. Several artists have this year painted scenes from the *Tempest*, and Mr A. Fussell is one of the number. It were to be wished he had abstained. His picture of *Caliban, Ariel, and his fellows*, is very bad indeed. He should be less ambitious in his subjects, or at least less fantastical in their treatment. It is unintelligible to us how this picture illustrates the passage quoted. Nos. 261-5 are Mr H. Barraud's pictures:—*Lord have mercy upon us*, and *We praise thee, O God!* the engravings of which have for some time past been in every shop-window. We are really at a loss to comprehend the *engouement* for these pictures, which seem to us as deficient in real sentiment as they are feeble in execution. They are pretty enough, certainly, but that is all the praise we are disposed to accord them. There is no great beauty in the faces; and one of the boys (on the spectator's right hand) is a mere lout, without any expression whatever. The Messrs Barraud have a great many pictures in this exhibition—amongst others, No. 199, *The Curfew*, their joint production, which is pretty, but in respect to which it strikes us that they have

read Gray's poem wrong, for the light in their picture is not that of parting day, but of approaching sunset. Mr Rayner's *Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick*, is a good picture; Mr Nie-mann's *Kenilworth from the Tilt-yard*, and *Landscape*, No. 72, also deserve praise; Mr Dighton is very effective in some of his landscapes and studies. Upon the whole, this young exhibition promises well.

Driven to our utmost limits, we must conclude, without further mention than we have already here and there made of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street; and we do so with the less regret because that gallery contains but a small proportion of pictures of merit. Mr Anthony contributes a very large number of his odd paintings, some of which are rather effective at a distance; but it is not a style we admire. Finally, we have with pleasure noticed, during our many rambles through the different galleries, that the public not only visit but buy; and we trust that the year 1850 will prove profitable

and satisfactory to British artists, in the same proportion that it undoubtedly is creditable to their industry, and, upon the whole, highly honourable to their talents. One word more we will say at parting. In this article we have written down opinions, formed neither hastily nor partially, of whose soundness, although critics will always differ, we venture to feel pretty confident. We have applied ourselves to point out merits rather than defects, and to distribute praise in preference to blame; but we should have failed in our duty to ourselves and the public, had we altogether abstained from the latter. We well know, however, the many difficulties and discouragements that beset the path of the painter. And it would be matter for sincere regret to us, if, in the freedom of our remarks, we had unwittingly hurt the feelings of any man who is honestly and earnestly striving in the pursuit of a very difficult art—although his success may as yet be incommensurate with his industry and zeal.

THE YEAR OF SORROW.—IRELAND—1849.

SPRING SONG.

Once more, through God's high will and grace,
Of Hours that each its task fulfils,
Heart-healing Spring resumes its place :—
The valley throngs and scales the hills,

In vain. From earth's deep heart o'ercharged,
The exulting life runs o'er in flowers ;—
The slave unfed is unenlarged :
In darkness sleep a nation's powers.

Who knows not Spring? Who doubts, when blows
Her breath, that Spring is come indeed?
The swallow doubts not; nor the rose
That stirs, but wakes not; nor the weed.

I feel her near, but see her not;
For those with pain-uplifted eyes
Fall back repulsed; and vapours blot
The vision of the earth and skies.

I see her not; I feel her near,
As, charioted in mildest airs,
She sails through yon empyreal sphere,
And in her arms and bosom bears

That urn of flowers and lustral dews,
 Whose sacred balm, o'er all things shed,
 Revives the weak, the old renews,
 And crowns with votive wreaths the dead.

Once more the cuckoo's call I hear;
 I know, in many a glen profound,
 The earliest violets of the year
 Rise up like water from the ground.

The thorn I know once more is white;
 And, far down many a forest dale,
 The anemones in dubious light
 Are trembling like a bridal veil.

By streams released that singing flow
 From craggy shelf through sylvan glades,
 The pale narcissus, well I know,
 Smiles hour by hour on greener shades.

The honeyed cowslip tufts once more
 The golden slopes:—with gradual ray
 The primrose stars the rock, and o'er
 The wood-path strews its milky way.

—From ruined huts and holes come forth
 Old men, and look upon the sky!
 The Power Divine is on the earth:—
 Give thanks to God before ye die!

And ye, O children worn and weak,
 Who care no more with flowers to play,
 Lean on the grass your cold, thin cheek,
 And those slight hands, and whispering, say,

“Stern Mother of a race unblest—
 In promise kindly, cold in deed;
 Take back, O Earth, into thy breast,
 The children whom thou wilt not feed.”

IRELAND—1849.

AUTUMNAL DIRGE.

THEN die, thou Year—thy work is done
 The work ill done is done at last.
 Far off, beyond that sinking sun,
 Which sets in blood, I hear the blast

That sings thy dirge, and says—“Ascend,
 And answer make amid thy peers,
 (Since all things here must have an end,)
 Thou latest of the famine years!”

I join that voice. No joy have I
 In all thy purple and thy gold,
 Nor in the nine-fold harmony
 From forest on to forest rolled:

Nor in that stormy western fire,
Which burns on ocean's gloomy bed,
And hurls, as from a funeral pyre,
A glare that strikes the mountain's head ;

And writes on low-hung clouds its lines
Of cyphered flame, with hurrying hand ;
And flings amid the topmost pines
That crown the steep, a burning brand. *

Make answer, Year, for all thy dead,
Who found not rest in hallowed earth,
The widowed wife, the father fled,
The babe age-stricken from his birth.

Make answer, Year, for virtue lost ;
For Faith, that vanquished fraud and force.
Now waning like a noontide ghost ;
Affections poisoned at their source :

The labourer spurned his tilling spade ;
The yeoman spurned his useless plough ;
The pauper spurned the unwholesome aid,
Obtruded once, exhausted now.

The weaver wove till all was dark,
And, long ere morning, bent and bowed
Above his work with fingers stark ;
And made, nor knew he made, a shroud.

The roof-trees fall of hut and hall,
I hear them fall, and falling cry—
“ One fate for each, one fate for all ;
So wills the Law that willed a lie.”

Dread power of Man ! what spread the waste
In circles, hour by hour more wide,
And would not let the past be past?—
The Law that promised much, and lied.

Dread power of God ! whom mortal years
Nor touch, nor tempt ; who sitt'st sublime
In night of night,— O bid thy spheres
Resound at last a funeral chime.

Call up, at last, the afflicted Race
Whom Man not God abolished. Sore,
For centuries, their strife : the place
That knew them once shall know no more.

IRELAND—1849.

WINTER BIRGE.

FALL, Snow, and cease not ! Flake by flake
The decent winding-sheet compose ;
Thy task is just and pious ; make
An end of blasphemies and woes.

Fall flake by flake : by thee alone,
 Last friend, the sleeping draught is given :
 Kind nurse, by thee the couch is strewn,
 The couch whose covering is from heaven.

Descend and clasp the mountain's crest ;
 Possess wide plain and valley deep :—
 This night, in thy maternal breast
 Forsaken myriads die in sleep.

Lo ! from the starry Temple gates
 Death rides, and bears the flag of peace :
 The combatants he separates ;
 He bids the wrath of ages cease.

Descend, benignant Power ! But O,
 Ye torrents, shake no more the vale ;
 Dark streams, in silence seaward flow ;
 Thou rising storm, remit thy wail.

Shake not, to-night, the cliffs of Moher,
 Or Brandon's base, rough sea ! Thou Isle,
 The Rite proceeds :—from shore to shore
 Hold in thy gathered breath the while.

Fall, snow ! in stillness fall, like dew
 On temple roof, and cedar's fan ;
 And mould thyself on pine and yew,
 And on the awful face of man.

Without a sound, without a stir,
 In streets and wolds, on rock and mound,
 O omnipresent comforter,
 By thee, this night, the lost are found.

On quaking moor, and mountain moss,
 With eyes upstaring at the sky,
 And arms extended like a cross,
 The long-expectant sufferers lie.

Bend o'er them, white-robed Acolyte !
 Put forth thine hand from cloud and mist,
 And minister the last sad rite,
 Where altar there is none, nor priest.

Touch thou the gates of soul and sense :
 Touch darkening eyes and dying ears ;
 Touch stiffening hand and feet, and thence
 Remove the trace of sin and tears.

And ere thou seal those filmed eyes,
 Into God's urn thy fingers dip,
 And lay, 'mid eucharistic sighs,
 The sacred wafer on the lip.

This night the Absolver issues forth :
 This night the Eternal Victim bleeds—
 O winds and woods—O heaven and earth !
 Be still this night. The Rite proceeds.

LONDON AND EDINBURGH CHESS MATCH.

If we pique ourselves on anything, it is on our invincible good-nature. We are as slow to be roused as a brown bear in the midst of its winter sleep; and, if we were let alone, we very much doubt whether, by any conceivable exertion, we could work ourselves into a downright passion. But, somehow or other, it constantly happens that people of a less tranquil mood step in to deprive us of the enjoyment of our untroubled repose. At one time some worthy fellow entreats us to take up the public cudgel and belabour a blatant Economist. At another, we are pathetically besought to administer due castigation to some literary sinner who has transgressed the first principles of decency, morality, and taste. One friend implores us, with tears in his eyes, to take up the case of the oppressed and injured washerwomen; a second puts a tomahawk into our hand, and benevolently suggests the severment of the skull of a charlatan; a third writes to us regarding a rowing match, in which he opines gross injustice has been done by the umpire to the Bluffs, and he fervently prays for our powerful assistance in vindicating the honour of the Blues.

In all national questions, it seems to be expected that we are to act with the devotion of a knight-errant. Whenever Scotland is assailed, the general impression is that we are bound to stand forth, and incontinently give battle to the enemy; and we believe it will be admitted that we have done so before now with no inconsiderable effect. It so happens that, at the present juncture, several of our most esteemed compatriots, feeling themselves deeply aggrieved by the *outrage* of the Southron, have laid the story of their wrongs before us; and, after a deliberate review of the whole circumstances of the case, we feel ourselves compelled to come forward in behalf of our countrymen. Let no man venture to say that Chess is an ignoble subject. It is, if properly considered, as *recondite* a science as mathematics. Kings, conquerors, and sages have not thought it be-

neath them to ponder over the chequered board; and it may be that the noble game has contributed in no light degree to the success of their most triumphant efforts. We know of no absorption more complete than that which possesses the mind of a true votary of chess. Watch him as he is contemplating his moves, and his countenance is a perfect study for the physiognomist. He may not perhaps be the most agreeable of companions; but we cannot expect loquacity from men of high intellect whilst engaged in deepest rumination.

Let us, however, dispense as much as possible with preface, and come to the actual offence which has induced us to take up our pen in vindication of the national honour. Our attention has been called to what is undoubtedly a departure from the fair and liberal spirit which ought to actuate antagonists—in short, by an attempt to deprive the Edinburgh Chess Club of laurels which were fairly and honourably won. It is all very well for men who have been beaten to apply salves to their wounded vanity, and to persuade themselves that they have failed rather through misfortune than from any deficiency of skill. Napoleon used to amuse himself at St Helena by demonstrating that he *ought* to have won the battle of Waterloo—a position in which, we doubt not, Count Montholon and General Bertrand entirely concurred, though, after a certain time, they must have been tolerably sick of the subject. But these affirmations of the Emperor did not serve the purpose of reinstating him on the throne of France; and, in like manner, we opine that the writers who, at this time of day, are applying themselves to the task of persuading the public that the great match at chess between Edinburgh and London, which was won by Edinburgh in 1828, ought to have terminated otherwise, are losing their labour, and, moreover, placing themselves in a very ridiculous position.

We like to see a man take a beating in good part. The Southron may

come here and vanquish us at cricket, and we shall submit to be bowled or caught out with the utmost equanimity—no member of the Grange Club will retire to the cloister in consequence. He may extinguish our renown at rackets, or even soar considerably above our mark in the altitude of the flying-leap. We shall not cavil at the result, should some Southron Robin Hood defeat the Queen's Body Guard in the toxophilite competition which is about to take place in this city. We shall not be jealous if the stranger beats us; and if, in return, we should extinguish him utterly at golf or throwing the hammer, we promise to crow as mildly as the plenitude of our lungs will permit. But we have no idea of pushing complaisance to such an extraordinary point, as to permit our real victories to be perverted and annulled at the hands of a defeated adversary. Hector *might* have beaten Achilles, but he did not; and the mere fact of a remote possibility having once existed, will not justify us in giving the lie to Homer. We make every allowance for testiness; still we cannot help thinking it extraordinary that those feelings of mortification, which might perhaps have been excusable in the defeated party at the moment of the antagonist's triumph, should manifest themselves as strongly as ever nearly a quarter of a century after the contest—and that, too, in persons who took no actual share in it, and are comparatively strangers to the views and opinions of those really concerned.

English chess-players have the command of all the chess-periodicals, which emanate chiefly, if not exclusively, from the London press; and which have, or many years back, been made the vehicles of repeated observations intended to depreciate the triumph of Scotland. Of late these have been even more than usually frequent. And within the last year, the *Quarterly Review*, which, like the trunk of an elephant, is as ready to pick up a pin as to uproot a tree, has opened its pages for remarks on the chess match, conceived in no very handsome spirit towards the Scotch champions. This we do not consider to be justifiable conduct on the part of our bulky contemporary. In the accom-

plished editor—himself a Scot—it is in direct antagonism to the principles of Richie, the servitor of Nigel, who made so vigorous a stand for the credit of the Water of Leith; and we regret to observe so palpable a falling off from the fervid patriotism of the Monipies. The uniform burden of the song is, that the event of the match was determined by an accident,—or by what they reckon as nearly equivalent to an accident—an oversight upon the part of the London Club, to which the best of players are liable, and which in this instance is said to have been rather ungenerously taken advantage of by Edinburgh. The Scottish players have hitherto said very little upon the subject, contenting themselves with a short but perfectly satisfactory answer, made immediately after the termination of the match, to some observations of Mr Lewis, in which, while they conclusively disposed of his views and inferences, they at the same time stated, that they were “far from begrudging to the London Club the usual consolation of a beaten adversary—of going back upon a game, and showing that, if they had played otherwise at a particular point, they could have won the game.” The constant reiteration of the English statement, however, is calculated to produce an erroneous impression in the minds of those not acquainted with the merits of the question.

The London and Edinburgh chess match, which was played by correspondence, was begun in the year 1824. It was the result of a challenge given by the Edinburgh Club, which was then only in its infancy. The terms agreed on were, that the match should consist of three won games; and that, in case of any game being drawn, a new one, begun by the same opener, should take its place. The match commenced on 28d April 1824. Two games were opened simultaneously. The first game was opened by the Edinburgh Club; and in sending their first answering move, the London Club also sent the first move of the second game. The first game, which consisted of 35 moves, was, on 14th December 1824, declared to be drawn. The second, which consisted of 52 moves, was resigned by the

London Club on 23d February 1825. The third game—opened by the Edinburgh Club in place of the first game, which had been drawn—was begun on 20th December 1824; it consisted of 99 moves, and was drawn on 18th March 1828. The fourth game, begun by the Edinburgh Club, on 26th February 1825, was resigned by them on 15th September 1826, at the 56th move. The fifth game, begun by the Edinburgh Club, on 6th October 1826, was resigned by the London Club on 31st July 1828, at the 60th move—and this determined the match in favour of Edinburgh.

The simple statement of these details is sufficient altogether to exclude the idea that the result of the match was a mere accident, where manifestly inferior players profited by the unfortunate blunder of their superior antagonists. Though the Edinburgh Club had lost, instead of gaining, two out of the three games, it would still have been in vain to maintain that the play in the match showed them to be unquestionably inferior. The contest was a long and severe one. When the fifth and deciding game was proceeding, each party had gained one game, and there had been two drawn games, both of which were keenly disputed, without the least advantage in favour of London at any point of either; while, on the other hand, in the third game, Edinburgh had obtained an advantage, though not sufficient to enable them to checkmate their adversaries. It has never been pretended, by the most unscrupulous partisan of England, that the winning of the fifth game was ascribable to an oversight. On the contrary, their chess writers have, with most becoming fairness and candour, always referred to it as an instance of admirable play on the part of Edinburgh; and members of the London committee, who shortly after happened to visit Edinburgh, acknowledged that their committee were quite unable to discover the

object of particular moves, the effect of which had been previously calculated, and reduced to demonstration by the Edinburgh players. Is there, in all this, such evidence of overwhelming superiority on the part of the English players, that their losing the match *must* have been an accident?

But it is time to inquire a little more minutely into the so-called blunder, which the Englishmen say was the cause of their defeat. And here it is but fair to give their statement in their own words. The *Quarterly* reviewer says—

* Perhaps the most remarkable instance on record of a strict enforcement of the tenor of chess law occurred in the celebrated match, by correspondence, between the London and Edinburgh Clubs. At the 27th move of the second game, the London Club threw a rook away. How they did so, Mr Lewis explains in the following words:—“The 26th, 27th, and 28th moves were sent on the same day to the Edinburgh Club. This was done to save time. It so happened that the secretary, whose duty it was to write the letters, had an engagement which compelled him to leave the Club two hours earlier than usual—the letter was therefore posted at three instead of five o’clock. In the mean time, one of the members discovered that the 2d move (the 27th) had not been sufficiently examined.* An application was immediately made at the Post-office for the letter, which was refused. In consequence, a second letter was transmitted by the same post to the Edinburgh Club, retracting the 2d and 3d moves, and abiding only by the first. The Edinburgh Club, in answer, gave it as their decided opinion that the London Club were bound by their letter, and that no move could be retracted: they therefore insisted on the moves being played. The London Club conceded the point, though they differed in opinion.”

“We cannot but think, under all the circumstances, the Edinburgh Club were to blame. What rendered the mishap more vexatious to the Londoners was, that whereas they had a won game before, they now barely lost it, and thereby the match, which the winning of this game would have decided in their favour.

* It is of importance to keep in view that it never was asserted that the *first* move, the 26th, had not been sufficiently examined; and it will be immediately seen that that move was adhered to, no attempt being made to recall it. The truth is, that the London Club could not have played a better move than their 27th. Their mistake, as was first discovered by the Edinburgh Club, was in the 26th move, the one adhered to *after* examination.

There can be little doubt that the London Club (then comprising Messrs Lewis, Fraser, and Cochrane) was the strongest of the two. On the part of Edinburgh, we believe the lion's share of the work fell to the late Mr Donaldson."

In the remarks on the London and Amsterdam match, in Mr Staunton's periodical, (the *Chess-Player's Chronicle*,) for February 1850, there is the following passage:—

"If the relative skill of the competitors engaged on each side were to be the gauge by which to estimate the probable result of a contest like this, it would have been easy to predict to which party victory would incline; and we should have wondered at the daring gallantry that prompted the little band of Hollanders to challenge the leviathans of London. Experience, however, has shown that, in a match of chess by correspondence, the battle is not always to the strong, and that foresight and profound calculation are of infinitely less account, when the men may be moved experimentally, than they are in ordinary chess, where conclusions must be tried by the head, and not by the hand. Of this, indeed, the archives of the London Club afford a memorable instance. In March 1824, a proposal was made to this Club by the Club at Edinburgh, to play a match at chess by correspondence for a silver cup; the match to consist of three games, (irrespective of drawn games;) two games to be played together, and the winner of the first game to have the move in the third. The London Club at this period was in the pride and plenitude of its strength, and the committee appointed to conduct the match comprised every name of note among the chess-players of the metropolis. The Edinburgh Chess-Club, on the other hand, was composed of amateurs comparatively unknown and inexperienced, and possessed one player only—the late Mr Donaldson—capable of making anything like a stand 'over the board' with any of the London chiefs. In an ordinary contest, indeed, over the board, it was the old odds of Lombard Street to a China orange! Maugre all the advantages of superior skill and practice, however, the Londoners lost the battle, and lost it by a blunder as ridiculous as it was vexatious, at the very moment, too, when the game was in their hands."

The general remarks on playing by correspondence in this last passage are evidently made to furnish a pretence for introducing the notice of the London and Edinburgh match; and

they share the fate of all such forced work. They are absolute nonsense. The probability that a decidedly superior will overcome an inferior player, is not at all diminished by the circumstance that the match is played by correspondence. On the contrary, we should rather be inclined to say that the chance of an inferior player's escape in a single game or so is almost extinguished where the match is played by correspondence; because the time given for deliberation increases the improbability of his antagonist's erring from carelessness, or not taking in the whole position of the game, which sometimes occurs in playing over the board. But there is an inconsequence in the whole argument which surprises us to find in anything sanctioned by a person of Mr Staunton's unquestionable powers of mind. The loss of the match by London is not to be wondered at, it is said, because it was a match by correspondence; and the immediate cause of their losing it was the commission of a ridiculous and vexatious blunder! To make this anything like logic, it would be necessary to hold that ridiculous and vexatious blunders are more likely to be committed when the player has time and opportunity to consider his moves, and to make experiments upon their effect, than where he is under the necessity of moving at once in presence of an adversary, and possibly of spectators, apt to get impatient at long delay. It is plain that the game's being played by correspondence was the very circumstance calculated to render the London Club's particular excuse for losing all the more untenable.

It is quite true, however, that at a particular stage of the game opened by the London Club, (being one of the two games with which the match commenced,) the London Club might have won the game, by playing other moves than they did. This may be said of every game; but it is as unusual as it is unhandsome for the unsuccessful party, merely because he has missed such an opportunity of winning, to refuse all credit to his adversary for afterwards defeating him. In the third game, which was drawn, the Edinburgh Club would have won if they had played a different 51st move

from that which they did. But this did not lead them to make depreciatory remarks about their antagonists: all that their report bears on this point is, that the London Club "conducted a difficult defence with great skill and dexterity, and finally succeeded in drawing the game."

Further, the remarks above quoted are calculated to produce an erroneous idea respecting the situation and conduct of the two clubs in the second game. The sophistry consists in mixing up two entirely separate and unconnected things. In this same game in which the London Club failed to observe that they had a winning position, they applied to have two of their moves recalled after they were despatched, and the Edinburgh committee refused their request. Now the obvious tendency of all that the English writers say upon the subject is to create the impression that if the London Club had been allowed to recall these two moves, they would have retained their winning position. This is plainly the only construction that the passage in the *Quarterly Review* is capable of bearing. It is the only construction which would justify his remarks, or make them at all intelligible. But it is quite incorrect. The only moves which the London committee wished to recall were the 27th and 28th; but they have never attempted to show that if they had been allowed to do so, they could have won the game. It has been demonstrated, over and over again, that they could not. In fact, the moves they wished to recall were as good as any others then in their power. They might have drawn the game if these moves had been played; and they could have done no more had they been allowed to recall them. This matter was set at rest while the match was still pending, by a proposal which emanated from the Edinburgh Club. When the Londoners lost the game, Mr Lewis insinuated, though he did not expressly state, that if they had not been held to the 27th and 28th moves, they would have won the game. A member of the Edinburgh Club then offered to play a back-game with any one or more of the London Club, in which the London players were to be

allowed a new 27th move instead of the one they had made, and wished to recall; and also another back-game in which the Edinburgh player was to take the London side at an earlier stage of the game, with the view of showing that, by playing differently, the London Club might have won it. This proposal was under consideration of the London Club for several weeks, during which they satisfied themselves that the recall of the 27th and 28th moves would be of no use, and, accordingly, it was declined. It is surely not very uncharitable to surmise that it was during this period, and on the suggestion of their opponents, that they discovered that the error was not in the 27th move which they had proposed to recall, but in the 26th, which they had examined and adhered to. In his first publication of the games, Mr Lewis gives no back-game on this 26th move; and it is believed that no member of the London Club was aware, till the game was finished, that by playing differently at the 26th move they might have won it. But Mr Lewis admits that the game could not be won by a mere alteration of the 27th or 28th move; and any one who says that it could, is either speaking in ignorance of the subject, or is making a wilful misrepresentation. The likelihood of the remarks of the English writers producing an erroneous impression arises from their mixing up these two separate and distinct things: 1st, that at a previous stage of the game, the London Club had a winning position which they did not discover, and failed to avail themselves of; and, 2d, that the Edinburgh Club would not allow them to retract the 27th and 28th moves. These two facts have no longer any possible connection with each other when it is known that, at the 27th move, the London Club had ceased to have a winning position, and that the recall of that move would have been of no use to them. The failure, at a previous stage of the game, to maintain the winning position which they had, is simply one among several illustrations which occurred in the match, of the truth that the London Club, "in the pride and plenitude of its strength," did not always play as well as it was possible to have done.

How such things show that superiority on the part of London, which they are brought forward to establish, we confess ourselves unable to understand, unless we were to adopt the principle of the *Chess-Players' Chronicle*, that it is the best players who are most likely to commit errors in conducting a match by correspondence!!

It seems to be a source of melancholy consolation to the English players, that their Club committed a "ridiculous and vexatious blunder." We are sorry that, in our strict regard for truth, we must deprive them even of that comfort. The losing of the disputed game was not a ridiculous blunder, however vexatious. On the contrary, the series of moves by which they lost the chance of winning, was at first a very promising attack, and had the additional temptation of appearing brilliant and enterprising. If any chess-player will set up the men at the 27th move of the London Club, or glance at the diagram given in Mr Staunton's periodical for May 1850, he will see that nothing but the utmost skill and caution on the part of Edinburgh could have successfully warded off the attack. The London Club had not contemplated the defence which they met with; and if, in these circumstances, they were seduced into an ingenious but unsound attack, it may be conceded that they manifested want of circumspection, an important qualification in a chess-player; but they cannot be accused of committing a ridiculous blunder. They talk of having "thrown away" a rook. They did no such thing. The rook was played not by mistake, but for the very purpose of being taken in the course of their dashing but unsuccessful attack. And in Mr Lewis's analyses, it will be found that many of his methods of winning, at previous stages of the game, involve this very sacrifice of the rook.

The refusal of the Edinburgh Club to allow the recall of the 27th and 28th moves loses all its importance when it is known that it did not affect the fate of the game. But we should in any circumstances be sorry to believe that, in so refusing, they had done what deserved the censure bestowed on them by the

Quarterly reviewer. In considering the propriety of their conduct, there are only two lights in which the request may be viewed. They were either asked to do what the London Club had a right to demand, or they were asked to grant a favour to the London Club. We do not know that the former view is supported by any of the English writers. Even the *Quarterly* reviewer does not say that the London Club had a right to recall the moves; and on this question of right it appears to us that there cannot be the least shadow of a doubt. The letter containing the moves was despatched to the Post-office. It was held by the Post-office for the party to whom it was addressed, and was entirely beyond the control of the party sending it. The piece, in every sense, was therefore "let go" by the player; and the 8th Article of Sarratt's laws of chess, by which it was agreed that the games should be played, provides that "as long as a player holds a piece, he is at liberty to play it where he chooses; but when he has let it go, he cannot recall his move." Accordingly, the London Club never attempted to contest the question of right. They stated that they had "no hesitation in acceding to the Edinburgh Committee's construction," and adhering to the moves. In fact, the construction put on the point by the Edinburgh Club was not only assented to by the London players at the time, but several members of the committee admitted afterwards, that it was unquestionably the right way of dealing with the case, and no member of the London Club ever hinted a complaint on the subject, except what was insinuated by Mr Lewis in the publication referred to.

Were the Edinburgh Club "*to blame*" for not granting the favour which was asked of them? On this question we think there is quite as little doubt as the other. We have a strong and decided opinion as to the necessity of strict play in *all* games. It is the only fair and rational system; for once allow indulgence, and it is impossible to fix the limit at which it should stop. But we think that the remark applies with peculiar force to the game of chess, in which rigour is

absolutely essential to the acquisition of the habits fitted for the proper playing of the game. Above all, in an important match at chess, anything but the strict game is entirely out of the question. A high-spirited antagonist will scorn to ask a favour, or even to grumble about the commission of a blunder. He submits in silence, and plays on in the hope of retrieving his fault by redoubled care and attention. If, on the other hand, he were to be expected to grant favours to his blundering antagonist, it is plain that his very good qualities would be turned to his disadvantage in the match. The Edinburgh Club played in the belief that the rules of the game were to apply with equal strictness to both parties; and though there was more than one instance in which they would have been glad to recall a move, they never proposed this, or even spoke of the occasions for it, except in answer to Mr Lewis's observations on the proposed recall of the 27th move. In the very game in which this move was made, the Edinburgh committee had at a *previous* point in the game made a move which they discovered to be unsound, or at least doubtful. Their report bears that "application was made to the Post-office to have the letter containing it restored, but without effect. Finding this to be the case, the letter was looked upon as delivered, the Post-office being regarded as holding it, not on behalf of the Club from which it had been sent, but on behalf of the Club to which it was addressed; and therefore no attempt was made to countermand the move, by transmitting another letter by the same post. The 8th article of the laws was considered to be too clear and explicit to warrant a recall." This conduct of the Edinburgh Club appears to us the manly and proper way of dealing with such a circumstance, and infinitely better than trying to make it the foundation of a complaint of rigorous procedure on the part of their opponents.

The same thing happened again to the Edinburgh Club in the fourth game. In consequence of having put up the game erroneously, they sent an impossible move—that is to say, they directed a Knight to be

moved to a square already occupied by their King. They discovered the mistake before the letter had left Edinburgh, but considered themselves as having incurred the penalty of playing an impossible move, which was, in the option of their adversary, either to move the Knight to some other square, or to move their King. Of these two, the move of the King was infinitely the better play, and therefore, in order to save time, a note was written on the outside of the letter explaining the mistake, and stating that the Edinburgh committee held themselves bound to move the *Knight*, which it was presumed the London Club would enforce, as the more severe penalty. The London Club did so; and yet Mr Lewis, in his notes to this game, rather disingenuously, as it appears to us, represented the London Club as having yielded an advantage to their antagonists, in accepting the move of the Knight. This merely accidental blunder, on the part of the Edinburgh Club, was one cause of their loss of the fourth game.

Seeing that the Edinburgh Club thus on all occasions subjected themselves to the most rigorous interpretation of the rules of the game, we cannot hold the *Quarterly Review* as justified in saying that they were "to blame" in not allowing the London Club to retract a move. But we appeal from the *Quarterly* reviewer as a partisan of England, to the *Quarterly* reviewer, as an impartial enunciator of general propositions respecting the game of chess. Hear what he says about the absurdity of giving back moves:—

"Another advantage has arisen from the multiplication of clubs, and consequent publication of accurate rules—viz., that the strict game is now played, instead of those courteous surrenders of advantages offered by a heedless adversary, which used often to make winners of those who had received back two or three leading pieces in the course of the game. These were a source of endless unpleasant discussions, besides being in themselves an absurdity. We confess we have no notion of rewarding an opponent for his oversights. We would show him as little mercy as Mr Smith O'Brien would to Lord Clarendon. Nay, we should be moved hereto by a considera-

tion of his benefit as well as our own — for why should we teach him vacillation and heedlessness !”

Again, among a portentous list of narrow-minded delusions, he gives us “Delusion the Fifth—

“‘That it is illiberal to play the strict game.’ To this we can only reply, that other methods are but a miserable imitation. People talk of the hardship of ‘losing a game by an oversight,’ and so on. It is much harder to arrive at nothing but ‘conclusions inconclusive,’ and to have the game terminate in an Irish discussion which of the two parties made the greatest blunders.”

We agree in every word of this; and we only wonder that so sound a reasoner should himself fall under the delusion which he exposes—so severe a censor should commit the very offence which he condemns.

On the whole, as regards the proposed recall of the 27th and 28th moves of the second game, we think these three propositions are conclusively established, 1. That neither according to the rules of the game, nor upon any other principle which does or ought to regulate the playing of matches, were the London Club entitled to have their proposal acceded to. 2. That though it had been acceded to, and these moves had been allowed to be recalled, the London Club could not have bettered their situation, as the opportunity of winning was already irretrievably lost in consequence of the 26th move, which was not asked to be recalled, but, on the contrary, was expressly adhered to. 3. That the impression which English chess-players have so industriously attempted to create, that the refusal on the part of Edinburgh to allow the 27th and 28th moves to be recalled was what prevented the London Club from winning the game, can only exist through a confusion between these moves and the previous one, which the London Club had adhered to after a renewed examination, not having even then discovered that it was unsound.

Before leaving the second game, we have this last additional remark to make about it, that it is one of the erroneous assumptions and inferences of the English writers, that the winning of that game would have decided the

match in their favour. It was the first won game; and though it is true that the London Club *subsequently* won the fourth game, which was the successor of the second, it is also the fact that the fourth game, which was opened by the Edinburgh Club, would not have been played if the second had been won by London, who in that case would have had the opening of the fourth. We do not mean to say that having to open was a disadvantage. All we assert is, that, in point of fact, the game, which the Edinburgh Club lost partly through a mistake in setting up the men, and through another blunder, not very different in its character, would not have been played at all if London had won the second game. Besides, the fourth game would, in other respects, have been played under very different circumstances. The opening of the second game by the London Club was one which none of the Edinburgh players had ever seen before, though, from this match, it now goes by the name of the Scotch opening. They believed, however, from their consideration of the second game, that the London Club had not availed themselves of all the capabilities of the opening, and they thought it would be a spirited thing to return it upon their antagonists. This they did in the *third* game. The event rewarded their enterprising conduct. They gained a decided advantage; and during the greater part of the *fourth* game they believed that it would never require to be finished, as they thought that by winning the *third* game they would gain the match. This accounts for the carelessness with which they played the fourth game, though we think nothing can excuse carelessness in playing chess. They were ultimately disappointed in their expectation of gaining the third game, as the London Club succeeded in drawing it; and this rendered a fifth game necessary.

Down to the fifth game it appears plain enough, from the above examination, that the Edinburgh Club had maintained, at the very least, an equal position to their antagonists. The first game had been drawn, with no advantage at any stage of it, in favour of either party. The second had been won by Edinburgh, but was

subject to the observation that, at one point, London might have won had they played as well as they *afterwards* discovered they might have done. The third game was drawn; but the advantage throughout had been in favour of Edinburgh, though not sufficiently so for winning; and, as was the case with London in the previous game, Edinburgh failed to perceive that by moving differently at a certain point, they would have been victorious. The fourth game was lost by Edinburgh, partly through an accidental and what may be called a mechanical blunder, and partly through another piece of carelessness of a similar character. After a contest thus maintained down to the commencement of the fifth game, it is beyond all question that the palm of superiority, in point of play, must rest with the victor in that game. And it was a game worthy to determine that question as well as the match. The Edinburgh Club had again returned upon their antagonists their own opening. In order to secure scope for the action of their pieces, they showed considerable intrepidity in disregarding the ordinary rules against doubled and isolated pawns; and so admirably had they analysed the game, that for a great many moves they knew that victory was certain, though all the while the London Club, according to the confession of some of their own members, were blind to the fate that was awaiting them; and believed, on the contrary, that the game was in their own hands. *This fifth game will long be remembered by chess-players as one of the most remarkable in the annals of chess; and appears to us conclusive, so far as regards the internal evidence derived from the games themselves, that the superiority, in point of play, lay with the Edinburgh Club, and that their winning the match was not a mere accident.

It may be that there are other data for determining the relative superiority of the two Clubs; but we cannot admit the correctness of any of those mentioned by the *Quarterly* reviewer or Mr Staunton. It is true, as these gentlemen say, that the Edinburgh Club

was comparatively inexperienced. It had only been instituted in 1822, and the match was begun in 1824. It comprehended, almost exclusively, professional gentlemen actively engaged in business, who had not, generally speaking, much leisure or opportunity for seeking antagonists out of their own little circle of chess-players at home. On the other hand, it cannot be disputed that there is to be found in the metropolis of England, in greater abundance than anywhere else, that combination of leisure with intellectual power, which gives the promise of good chess-playing. But these circumstances do not lead our minds to the conclusion to which Mr Staunton and the *Quarterly* reviewer have come, that the winning of the match by the Edinburgh Club was an accident. We should rather be inclined to hold, considering the character of the contest as explained by us above, that they are a proof of the greater natural chess-playing capacity of the members of the Club which won the match under such disadvantages. Again, Mr Staunton asks where are the previous exploits to which the Edinburgh players could point, such as those that the members of the London Club had performed? The answer is, None. They never had, and never sought the opportunity of performing any great chess exploit, except beating the London Club. But in so doing they made their own all the previous victories of the London Club. The event showed that they might, without presumption, have expressed the sentiment of Prince Henry—

“*Puff* is but my factor, good, my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up.

And all the budding honours on his crest
I'll crop to make a garland for my head.”

With which valorous quotation we draw our remarks to a close, submitting that the members of the Edinburgh Club are bound to invite us to a special sitting at a board, which shall be garnished with some other material more soft and digestible than chessmen.

THE INDUSTRY OF THE PEOPLE.

THE dismal efforts of the Free-trading party to maintain the credit of their unnatural and mischievous scheme, afford the surest indication of their own consciousness that they have committed a grievous error. In their attempts to make head against the symptoms of reaction which are everywhere apparent in the public mind, they exhibit no unity of purpose; they are not agreed even as to the facts from which their arguments should be drawn. A few months ago, we were told that the whole country was in a state of the greatest prosperity. The existence of agricultural distress was denied; the shipping interest was said to be in the most healthy and flourishing condition; the manufacturers had so many orders that their ability to execute was impeded; wages were rising—pauperism decreasing—in short, no one could recall to memory times of more general happiness and content. Such was the picture drawn by Ministerial limners, no further back than the opening of the present session of Parliament, and it is very much to be regretted that it should so soon have vanished like a dissolving view. Down to the present moment, we have been unable to discover the motive for so monstrous a fiction. Nobody believed it: nobody could believe it, for it ran counter to every man's knowledge of his own affairs, and his opinion as to those of his neighbour. The agriculturists declared it to be a falsehood in so far as they were concerned—so did the ship-owners—so did the shopkeepers—so did the manufacturers, whose circulars acknowledged depression for the present, and held out little hope for the future. The Ministerial averment answered no purpose, save to excite a general burst of disapprobation. Conceived in fraud, it was abandoned with cowardice. A lower tone was assumed. Distress was admitted—but only to a certain extent; and we may remark that such admissions are peculiarly convenient and innocuous to those who make them, inasmuch as the actual degree or prevalence of

the suffering must still remain matter of debate. Indeed, no statistics, however ingenious or elaborated, can furnish data for determining so delicate a point. But to account for the existence of distress, even in a mitigated form, was no easy task for those who were resolved, at all hazards, to exclude the operation of free trade. Their prosperity balance-sheet stood awkwardly in the way. Pluming themselves upon increased exports, and a larger foreign trade than had been driven for some years, they were compelled to assign some reason for the remarkable depression at home. The old shift of railway calls would no longer suit their purpose. Sir Robert Peel, regardless of a certain personal passage of his life connected with the opening of the Trent Valley, was exceedingly fond of turning out that scape-goat into the wilderness; but the time had gone by; the calls were paid up or suspended; and it was no longer possible for effrontery to maintain that the great mass of the consumers of these kingdoms had been materially injured by their imprudent dalliance with scrip. There was no tightness in the money market; no external cause to interfere with the successful operation of industry, capital, or enterprise. Yet still there was distress; and, what was more remarkable, the complaint was universal. The value of produce had fallen, effecting thereby a corresponding decline in rents, and every kind of uncertain profit. Employment grew scarcer every day, whilst the number of applicants increased. The burden of taxation, however, still remained undiminished. The creditor could still exact the stipulated amount of money from his debtor, without deduction, although the labour of the debtor was reduced in point of value by at least a third. Such were, and are, the leading phenomena, to account for which the ingenuity of the Free-traders has been exercised.

They have, we are bound to say, cut an exceedingly sorry figure in explanation. They have got in their mouths a few cant phrases, which, when assailed,

they repeat over and over again, without the slightest reference to their meaning. One of these, and perhaps the most favourite, refers to the "transition state"—a peculiar phase of suffering, which they maintain to be the necessary consequence of every considerable change in the fiscal regulations of the empire. This "transition state," in politics, would appear to correspond to that which, in medicine, was favoured by Mr St John Long. In order to become better, it is necessary to make the patient, in the first instance, materially worse—to inflict artificial wounds and promote suppuration, in the hope that these may afterwards be healed. It is rather remarkable that none of our political doctors have as yet ventured to specify the nature of the curatory process. They leave us woefully in the dark as to the means which are to be adopted for remedying the evil; and they obstinately refuse to predict what kind of state is to follow upon this of transition. In truth, they are utterly at sea. They cannot shut their eyes to the extent of the mischief which they have wrought; they cannot find or invent an extraneous excuse, which will avail them, in the opinion even of the loosest thinker, to maintain the delusion that the present distress and stagnation are attributable to any other cause than that of low prices, occasioned by foreign competition; and they are attempting to conceal their chagrin and disappointment at the disastrous issue of their experiment under the cover of general terms and vague ambiguous phrases—a rhetorical expedient which is not likely to have much weight with those who have been made the victims of their rashness or vacillation.

Latterly, indeed, some portions of the public press have shown symptoms of being more specific, and very glad should we be if Ministers would follow that example. We are told that present prices are merely exceptional, and that they must shortly improve. The mere adoption of this argument shows that such writers dissent from the doctrine that cheapness is an unqualified blessing—that they still believe in their hearts that it is impossible altogether to separate the interests of the producer and the

consumer—and that they are still alive to the fundamental political axiom, that the wealth of a country depends mainly upon the value of its produce. Were it otherwise, they would be supporters of the most astounding paradox that was ever advanced. The price of the loaf must rise correspondingly with that of the quarter of wheat; beef and mutton are sold by the stone or by the pound, in proportion to the market value of the living animal. If wheat were to rise to 56s., which is said to be the average cost of its production in this country, bread would become so much dearer, and, in that case, the working-man could be no better off than he was before the corn laws were repealed. We have heard it said, and we firmly believe it to be the case, that many of the public men, of both parties, who voted with Sir Robert Peel, did so under the full conviction that there could be no material decline—that they were misled by the onesided, imperfect, and fallacious reports as to the state, quality, and extent of the Continental harvests, which were laid before Parliament—and that they never would have consented to such a measure, had they foreseen the results which are now unhappily before us. We gather this, not merely from rumour, but from the tenor of the speeches delivered in the House of Commons in 1846. Sir James Graham and Lord John Russell both treated as visionary the notion of any material decline—Lord Palmerston went further; and we think it useful to lay before our readers the following excerpt from his speech, delivered on the occasion of the second reading of the Corn Importation Bill. Referring to the surplus quantity of Continental grain, he said—

"The surplus quantity now, or from time to time in existence, is merely the superfluity of abundant seasons held for a time in store to meet the alternate deficiency of bad years. Till the bad years come, that corn is cheap, because it is a supply exceeding the demand; but the moment we go into the foreign market as buyers, to purchase up this surplus, prices abroad will rise. Not only will the British demand, as a new competition with foreign demand, naturally cause a rise of prices, but our own

merchants will compete against each other, until, by a rise of prices abroad, the profit of their importations shall have been brought down to the usual rate of mercantile profit upon capital employed in other ways. There is, therefore, very little probability that the importation of the existing surplus quantity of corn in foreign markets will materially lower prices in this country."

We have nothing to say to the arguments of the noble Viscount—however singular these may appear to persons of ordinary understanding—we merely refer to his conclusion, which we think is plain enough, to the effect that free importations could not materially lower prices. Nay, we could extract from the speeches of Sir Robert Peel himself, passages which would go far to show that he entertained the same opinion, notwithstanding the extreme wariness which he exhibited when challenged by Lord George Bentinck to state his views as to the probable effects of the change on the value of agricultural produce. Well, then, if this be the case—if there was actually a strong conviction in the minds of the leading men who supported the repeal of the corn laws that the expressed fears of the agricultural party were unfounded—are we not entitled now to require that the question should be brought to a very narrow issue indeed? So far as experience has gone, our calculations have proved right—theirs entirely wrong. We maintained that, in consequence of the removal of protective duties, the price of grain in this country would decline to a point far below the cost of production; they averred that nothing of the kind would happen. Nearly a year and a half has elapsed since the new system came into full operation, and the general averages of wheat throughout the country have fallen, and have remained for many months below 40s. per quarter. In spite of the accurate and veracious information of writers in the *Economist* and other Ministerial prints, who have been assuring us, for a long period of time, that the whole available supplies of grain have been pumped out of the Continent, importations continue undiminished. In May 1850 we receive from abroad the equivalent

of a million quarters of grain; France pours in her flour, to the panic even of our millers; and, instead of diminution, there are unmistakeable symptoms of a greater deluge than before. Now, if the Free-traders, in or out of Parliament, are honest in their views—as many of them, we believe, undoubtedly are—they are bound to tell us how far and how long they intend this experiment to last? Of course, if it is no experiment at all, but an absolute rigorous finality, there is no need of entering into discussion. If everything is to be sacrificed for cheapness, let cheapness be the rule; only do not let us behold the anomaly of the advocates of that system prophesying a rise of prices as a general boon to the country. If otherwise, surely some tangible period should be assigned for the endurance of this *experimentum crucis*. We entirely coincide with Lord John Russell in his dislike to vacillating legislation, and we have no wish whatever to precipitate matters. We think it preferable, in every way, that the eyes of the country should be opened to a sense of its true condition by a process which, to be effectual, cannot be otherwise than painful. But we are greatly apprehensive of the consequences which may arise ere long, from the obstinate refusal of Ministers to give the slightest indication of their intentions, supposing that the present prices shall continue; or to indicate what relief, if any, can be given to the industry of the nation.

As to the permanent nature of the fall under the operation of the present law, we entertain not the slightest doubt. There is no one symptom visible of its abatement; on the contrary, the experience of each succeeding month tends to fortify our previous impressions. The decline in the value of cattle is as great as in that of cereal produce. We have already, in a former paper, had occasion to state the extent of that fall down to the commencement of the present year: the accounts received of the state of the Dumbarton market, held in the beginning of June, are still more disastrous than before. Throughout a large portion of the Scottish Highlands—we do not know, indeed, whether we are entitled to make any

exception — black cattle, the staple of the country, will not pay the expense of rearing. The enormous importation of provisions from America is annihilating this branch of produce, with what compensating benefit to the nation at large, it would be difficult for an economist to explain.

This is a state of matters which cannot continue long without manifest danger even to the tranquillity of the country. It is quite plain that, at present rates, agriculture cannot be carried on as heretofore in Great Britain. The farmer has been the first sufferer; the turn of the landowner is approaching. Let us illustrate this shortly. There must be, on an average of ordinary years, a certain price at which wheat can be grown remuneratively in this country. Sir Robert Peel, no mean authority on the subject, has indicated his opinion that such price may be stated at or about 56s. per quarter. Mr James Wilson, rating it somewhat lower, fixes it at 52s. 2d. Let us suppose, that wheat for the future shall average over England 39s. per quarter, and that the produce of the acre is twenty-four bushels, the loss on each acre of wheat hereafter raised will be, according to Sir Robert Peel, £2. 11s.— according to Mr Wilson, £1. 19s. 6d. What deduction of rent can meet such a depreciation as this? Excluding Middlesex, which is clearly exceptional, the highest rented county of England, Leicester, is estimated at £1. 14s. 10d. per acre; Warwickshire, at £1. 11s. 6d.; and Lincolnshire at £1. 8s. Haddington and Fife, the highest rented counties of Scotland, are estimated at £1. 5s. 6d. per acre. This of course includes much land of an inferior description; but we believe that, for the best arable land, an average rent of 40s. per acre may be assumed. In that case, supposing the whole rent to be given up, the farmer would still be a loser by cultivation, if Sir Robert Peel is correct in his figures.

Without presuming to offer an opinion as to the accuracy of either of the calculations submitted by these two Free-trading authorities, we think it is plain that the more favourable of them, taken in connection with present prices, is appalling enough to the agriculturist, whether he be landlord

or tenant. We shall see, probably in a month or two, whether it is likely that even these prices can be maintained. We are clearly of opinion that the price of corn in this country must fall to the level of the cheapest market from which we can derive any considerable supplies; and in that case it is quite as likely that we may see wheat quoted at 32s. or 33s., as at 39s. or 40s. But the matter for our consideration is, that, ever since the repeal of the corn laws, the market price of grain has been greatly below the cost of its production; and that there are no symptoms of any amendment, but obviously the reverse.

The inevitable result of the continuance of such a state of matters is too clear to admit of argument. The land must go out of cultivation. The process may be slow, but it will be sure. It may, doubtless, be retarded by remissions of rent not sufficient to cover the farmer's losses, but great enough to induce him to renew his efforts for another year with the like miserable result; until at length the tiller of the soil is made bankrupt, and the landowner occupies his place. We can hardly trust ourselves to depict the effect of such a social revolution. All the misery which has been already felt—and that is far greater than our rulers will permit themselves to believe — would be as nothing compared with the calamitous consummation of Free Trade.

Yet it is towards that point that we are rapidly tending. Some of the fierce and more plain-spoken Radical journals are so far from contradicting our views, that they openly rejoice in the havoc which has been already made, and in the wider ruin which is impending. They say plainly, looking to the funds, that they see no method of escaping from the domination of the moneyed interest, except through the prostration of the landlords. Their meaning is quite distinct and undisguised. They want to get rid of the national debt, by reducing the value of produce so low, that the usual amount of taxation cannot possibly be levied; and their scheme, however nefarious, is by no means devoid of plausibility. There can be no doubt that the Currency Act of 1819 has

operated most injuriously upon the industry of the nation, by enhancing the value of the claims of the creditor; and that these claims, along with the necessary expenses of government, must be paid, *ante omnia*, from the industrial produce of the year. The cheapening process, therefore, is one directly antagonistic to the maintenance of taxation. The anomaly in legislation of forcibly reducing the value of produce, and yet maintaining stringently an artificial standard of taxation, has been reserved for our times; yet, strange to say, though its effects are visible and confessed, few persons have courage or patience enough to grapple with the difficulty. Free Trade and a Fettered Currency are things that cannot possibly co-exist for any length of time; and our sole surprise is, that any statesman could be shortsighted enough to attempt to reconcile them. Taken singly, either of them is a great evil to a country situated like ours—taken together, they become absolutely intolerable. But we have no wish, at the present time, to depart from the point before us. We are merely taking the evidence of adversaries, to show that our views as to the position and prospects of the great productive classes of Britain are so far from exaggerated that they are acknowledged by the most strenuous advocates of Free Trade. The fundholder, nevertheless, may derive a useful lesson from these financial hints, which indicate an ulterior purpose.

Such is the state of the agricultural interest throughout the three Kingdoms at this moment, and such are the prospects before us. The evidence, albeit not taken before a committee of either House of Parliament, is too unanimous to admit of a doubt; county after county, district after district, parish after parish throughout England, have testified to their melancholy condition. The *Times* may talk of mendicity, and the *Economist* may trump up figures to show that the farmers ought to be making a profit even at present prices; but neither irony nor fiction can avail to discredit or pervert facts so well authenticated as these. Of these facts parliament is fully cognisant—not only from the individual know-

ledge of members as to what is passing abroad—not only from the sentiments expressed at many hundred meetings, independent of the great demonstrations lately made at London and Liverpool—but from the petitions which have been presented to both Houses, praying for a reversal of that policy which has proved so detrimental to the interests of a large section of her Majesty's subjects. Yet still Parliament is silent, and the first Minister of the Crown refuses to sanction that appeal to the country, which the exigency of the case would seem to require, and which has been resorted to on occasions far less peremptory and pressing than this.

Let us not be misunderstood. Our wish simply is to record the fact of such silence and refusal,—not to be rash in censure. We cannot, and do not forget the peculiar circumstances connected with the last general election—the political tergiversation which preceded it, the hopes and expectations which were then entertained by many, as to the working of the new system,—or the disorganisation of parties. Even the most strenuous opponents of the Free-Trade measures, since these had passed into a law, however iniquitously carried, were desirous that the experiment should have a fair trial, and that it should not be impeded in its progress, so long as, by the most liberal construction, it could be held to justify the anticipations of its authors. Many names of great weight, influence, and authority were found among the roll of those who consented to the new measures; and it was most natural that, throughout the country, a number of persons should be found willing to surrender their own judgment upon a matter yet untried, which had received so creditable a sanction. Therefore it was that the majority of members returned to the present House of Commons were Free-traders, bound to the system by the double ties of previous conviction and of pledge; and though recent elections, as well as the alarming posture of affairs, have contributed materially to alter the position of the two great parties in the House, it would be unreasonable as yet to look for a change, in a body so constituted, at least to

that extent which a reversal of the adopted policy must imply.

Neither can we rationally expect, that Lord John Russell will be forward to recognise a failure, where he confidently anticipated a triumph. We believe him to have been, far more than Sir Robert Peel, the dupe of those random assertions and presumptuous calculations which were thrust forward by men utterly unfit, from their previous habits and education, to pronounce an opinion upon subjects of such magnitude and intricacy. We should not be surprised if, even now, his Lordship had some lingering kind of faith in the prophecies of the member for Westbury. Men are slow to believe that the ground is crumbling from below their feet; that the political scaffolding which they assisted to rear has been pitched in a marshy quagmire. Self love, and that kind of pride which is so nearly allied to conceit that it often assumes the form of obstinacy, stand woefully in the way of recantation; and moreover in the present instance to recant is equivalent to resign. We remember well the profound and sagacious remark of Sir Walter Scott, that "the miscarriage of his experiment no more converts the political speculator, than the explosion of a retort undeceives an alchemist." Lord John Russell in all probability is not yet prepared, from conviction, to revise his opinions on a question in which he is so deeply committed. He has a majority in the House of Commons, and, according to the forms of the constitution, so long as he can command that majority, he is entitled to persevere. It is well that our friends, whatever pressing cause they may have for their impatience, should remember these things; and not be too forward in pressing wholesale accusations, either against a Parliament chosen under such peculiar circumstances, or a Minister who is simply adhering to the course long since avowed by himself, and acted on by his immediate predecessor. We may regret, and many of us do unquestionably most bitterly feel, the anomalous position in which we are placed. A more cruel, a more galling thought can hardly be imagined than the convic-

tion which is very general abroad, and which is also ours, that the present Parliament does not represent the feelings or the desires of the people; that it is not consulting their welfare or protecting their interests; and that the duration of that Parliament alone prevents a vigorous and successful effort in the cause of British industry. Yet still, while we feel all this, let us not be unjust to others. We cannot coerce opinion. We cannot force honourable members at once to retrace their steps, or to give the lie to their acknowledged pledges. We cannot complain of open wrong if Ministers decline to accept our voices, in lieu of the voices of those whom we formerly sent as representatives. Their answer and vindication lies in the fact of their Parliamentary majority. Why Parliament should thus be placed in direct antagonism to the country, is a very different question. We need not go far in search of the reason. It is the direct consequence of that policy which Sir Robert Peel thought fit to adopt, not with regard to the abstract measures of Free Trade, but for the carrying of these measures into effect, without an appeal to the country, and by means which proved how closely deceit is allied to tyranny. Upon his head, if not the whole, at least the primary responsibility rests. He has accepted it, and let it abide with him. And let no man affirm that, in saying this, we are prolonging any rancorous feeling, or seeking to rub a sore which by this time should be wellnigh healed. The time for indignation and anger, if injury coupled with perfidy can ever provoke such sentiments, is not yet past; it is now in its fullest force. Had Sir Robert Peel acted as he ought to have done—had he played the part of a British statesman, sincerely desirous that in a matter of such magnitude the will of the country should be respected—the present Parliament, whatever might have been its decision as to Free Trade or Protection, would at least have represented the wishes of the electoral body; and if subsequent events had shown that these wishes were more sanguine than wise, the error would have been a national one,

and no weight of individual responsibility would have been incurred. As it is, we are not only justified, but we are performing our duty, in indicating the real and sole originator of our present difficulties; and without wishing in any degree to trench upon his secret sources of consolation, we can hardly imagine that he will derive much comfort from the knowledge, that his tortuous policy has deprived the people in the hour of need of their best constitutional privilege and shield—the sympathy and co-operation of that House which is emphatically their own, and which, to the great detriment of the state, must lose its moral power the moment that it ceases to represent the will, and to protect the interests of the Commons.

We are well aware that such reflections as these can bring but sorry comfort to the farmers. Their situation is one of unparalleled hardship, unrelieved by any consideration which can make the case of other sufferers more tolerable. We fully admit the vast extent of the powers which, since the Great Revolution, are held to be vested in Parliaments. We cannot gainsay the doctrine that these powers may, on occasion, be exerted to the uttermost; but we say, after the most careful and thoughtful deliberation, that the proceedings of the legislature with regard to the farmers of Great Britain are irreconcilable with the principles of justice, with the sacred laws of morality, which no legislative resolutions can abrogate or annul. The

farmers are entitled to maintain that, in so far as regards them, the public faith has been broken. Such of them as hold leases had a distinct and unqualified guarantee given to them by the protective laws; and the allegation that the substitution of the sliding-scale for a fixed duty acted as a release for all former Parliamentary engagements, is a quibble so mean and wretched that the basest attorney would be ashamed to use it as a plea. The whole of the farmers' fixed and floating capital, estimated at the enormous sum of five hundred millions sterling, has been laid out on the faith of Protection; and yet when that Protection was furtively and treacherously withdrawn, no measure was introduced for the purpose of relieving them from engagements contracted under the older system, which were obviously incompatible with the lowered prices established by the formidable change. The public, we are afraid, are not aware of the extent of that depreciation which is still going on, and which already exceeds the whole annual value of the manufacturing productions of Great Britain. We borrow the following table from a late pamphlet by Mr Macqueen entitled, "Statistics of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce, drawn up from Official and Authentic Documents;" and having tested it by every means in our power, we have no hesitation in adopting it. It is, in truth, a fearful commentary on the rashness and folly of our rulers.

COMPARATIVE VALUES OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE.

	Protective value.	Depreciation.	Value 1850.
Grains, potatoes, &c., . . .	£237,543,750	£80,764,075	£156,778,875.
Straw,	100,700,000	30,210,000	70,490,000
Green crops, pasture, &c., . .	222,404,786	66,721,435	155,683,351
Sundries,	8,500,000	2,125,000	6,375,000
Wool, British,	15,400,000	1,540,000	13,860,000
	<hr/> £584,548,536	<hr/> £181,361,310	<hr/> £403,187,226

But this is not all. We have still to deal with the depreciation or diminished value of the farmers' fixed capital, invested in live stock, &c., which at the rate of 25 per cent,

(a most moderate calculation, and below the mark in so far as Scotland is concerned,) shows a loss on £504,835,730 of £126,208,432 additional!

We put forward the case of the farmers thus prominently, because, in addition to the great public wrong which has been done to them, they have serious reason to complain of the general apathy of the landlords. We do not allude to the part which the landowners took in 1846. We believe that the majority of them were sincerely disgusted by the conduct of the men who had climbed into office on their shoulders; and that they loathed and despised in their hearts the treachery of which they were made the tools. We know, moreover, that a great many of them abstained from taking part in the election of 1847, not being able to see their way through the political chaos in which we were then involved, and having, naturally enough, lost confidence in the probity of public men, and despairing of the remodelment of a strong constitutional party. Such things were, perhaps, inevitable; and it may be argued with much show of reason, that no better line of conduct was open to the landlords, and that they did wisely in reserving themselves for a more favourable opportunity, when experience, that stern and unfailing monitor, should have exposed to the Free-traders the falsity of their wild expectations. But it is impossible for them now to plead that the opportunity has not arrived. The experiment has been made, and has failed—failed utterly and entirely, if the practical refutation of the views advanced by all its leading advocates is to be considered as equivalent to failure. The current of reaction has set in strong and steady, not only in the counties, but in the towns; not only among those who, from their position, must be the earliest sufferers, but among those who are connected with the trade and general commerce of Britain. The disorganised party has rallied and is reformed under leaders of great talent, tried skill, and most assured loyalty and honour. How is it that, in this posture of affairs, any considerable section of the landlords is still hanging back? Why is it that they do not place themselves, as is their duty, at the head of their tenantry, and enforce and encourage those appeals to public justice, and to public policy, which are

now making themselves heard in every quarter of the kingdom? We confess that we are at a loss to know why any apathy should be shown. The conduct of the tenantry towards the landlords has been generous and considerate in the extreme. They were invited, in no equivocal terms, to join their cause with that of the Free-traders and financial reformers; and they were promised, in that event, the cordial assistance of the latter towards the adjustment of their rents, and the equalisation of their public burdens. We venture not an opinion whether such promise was ever intended to be kept. Still it was made; and no effort was left untried to convince the farmers that their cause was separate and apart from that of the owners of the land. Their refusal to enter into that unholy alliance was most honourable to the body of the tenantry, and entitles them, at the hands of the proprietors, to look not only for consideration and sympathy, but for the most active and energetic support. Very ill indeed shall we augur of the spirit and patriotism of the gentlemen of England, if they longer abstain from identifying themselves universally with a movement which is not only a national one, in the strictest sense of the word, but upon which depends the maintenance of their own interests and order. Surely they cannot have been so dull or so deaf to what is passing around them, as not to be aware that they were especially marked out as the victims of the Manchester confederacy! These are not times in which any man can afford to be apathetic, nor will any trivial excuse for languor or indifference be accepted. Exalted position, high character, the reputation for princely generosity, and the best of private reputations, will be no apology for inactivity in a crisis so momentous as this. Organisation, union, and energy are at all times the chief means for insuring success; and we trust that, henceforward, there may be less timidity shown by those who ought to take the foremost rank in a contest of such importance, and who cannot abstain longer from doing so without forfeiting their claim to that regard which has hitherto been readily accorded them.

It will be observed that, as yet, we

have put the case for Protection upon very narrow grounds. We have shown that, so far as the agricultural body is concerned, Free Trade has proved most injurious, and that it cannot be persisted in without bringing downright ruin to that section of the community. If we had nothing more to advance than this, still we should be entitled to maintain that enough has been adduced to show the necessity of retracing our steps. The annihilation of such an important body as the agriculturists of Britain, implies of itself a revolution as great as ever was effected in the world; and to that, assuredly, if the agriculturists stood alone, they would not tamely submit. When Mr Cobden or his satellites addressed the people of Manchester, through their League circulars, to the following effect, "If the Americans will only put down their monopolising manufacturers, and we put down our monopolising landowners here, when our election time comes, we will lay the Mississippi valley alongside of Manchester, and we will have a glorious trade then!"—and again, "Our doctrine is, let the working man ply his hammer, or his spindle, or his shuttle, and let the Kentucky or the Illinois farmer, by driving his plough in the richest land on the surface of the earth, feed this mechanic or this weaver, and let him send home his produce in exchange for the products of our operatives and artisans"—they seem to have forgotten the temper and mould of the men with whom they proposed to deal so summarily. It is not quite so easy to expatriate three millions of able-bodied men; nor do we opine that a power morally or physically adequate to the task of such removal exists in the manufacturing districts. But, in reality, of all idle talk that ever issued from the lips or the pen of an inflated demagogue, this is the silliest and the worst. It presupposes an amount of ignorance on the part of his audience anything but flattering to the calibre of the Manchester intellect: indeed we hardly know which is most to be admired—its intense and transparent folly, or its astounding audacity. The home trade is a thing altogether kept out of account in the foregoing splendid vision of a calico millennium.

Mr Cobden, it will be seen, contemplates no home consumption, except in so far as the operative may provide himself with his own shirtings. The whole production of Britain is to be limited to manufactures; the whole supplies are to be derived from the hands of the reciprocating foreigner!

There does not exist in this great and populous country any one class the labour of which can be restricted, or the profits curtailed, without an injurious result to the interests of the whole community. This is not simply a maxim of political economy; it is a distinct physical fact, which no ingenuity can controvert. Yet, strange to say, our rulers have acted, and are acting, with regard to by far the most important class of the country, as if no such fact were known; and they now profess to be amazed at its speedy and inevitable consequence. That agricultural distress must react upon the manufacturer, the trader, shopkeeper, and artisan, is as necessary a consequence as is a failure in the supply of water after a long-continued drought. If our taxation is artificial, and our national establishments costly, it must not be forgotten that our private expenditure is generally on the same scale. We consume within the country a far greater amount of manufactures than we can ever hope to export, and the only limit to that consumption is the power of purchase. The profits of the landowner, which depend upon the value of produce, do not constitute a fund which is removed from public circulation. On the contrary, these profits furnish the means of labour and employment to the greater portion of the industrious classes, who otherwise would have no resource; and if they are violently curtailed, it must needs follow that a large amount of employment is withdrawn. That is precisely our case at the present moment. By the admission of foreign produce, which is in fact foreign labour, the value of agricultural production in this country has fallen very nearly thirty per cent, and the consequence is a greatly diminished expenditure, and a slackening of employment grievously felt by those who are supported by manual labour. How, indeed, is it possible that it can be otherwise? A very little thought

must convince every one that all incomes in Britain must depend upon the amount and value of the national production; and that, by reducing and lowering that, a direct attack is made upon the profits of every kind of labour. It is singular that a consequence so plain should ever have been overlooked; still more singular that statesmen should have been found to maintain an opposite theory. The only explanation we can suggest as to this singular departure from the leading principles of economical science is, that of late years Ministers have habitually consulted the interests of the capitalists rather than those of the people. Sir Robert Peel has invariably shown himself a capitalist legislator. At the outset of his career, and while under the Israelitish guidance of Ricardo, he succeeded in carrying those Currency measures which increased by nearly one-third the weight of the national obligations. Later in life we find him engaged in measures of arbitrary bank restriction, thereby occasioning commercial panics, and securing another rich harvest for the moneyed class. His tariffs and Free-trade measures exhibit precisely the same tendency. They are all constructed with a view to cheapness, or, what is the same thing, to the diminution of the value of labour, so that the fortune of the capitalist or fundholder is now virtually doubled; while the industrious classes, with a lowered rate of wage, are compelled to undergo the additional evil of unrestricted foreign competition.

Let us now, for a brief space, proceed to consider the internal adjustment of the strength and industry of Britain. It is a subject well worthy of study, especially at the present moment, when a general feeling of perplexity prevails, and when those who unfortunately gave ear to the specious representations of the Free-traders are convinced of their error, but are yet in doubt whether it be possible to retrace our steps. It is a subject, moreover, upon which we are bound to enter, seeing that official cunning has been used to conceal the real posture of affairs in this country, and, by undervaluing the magnitude of some interests, to give a factitious and altogether imaginary importance

to others. We trust that we shall be able to show, to the satisfaction of our readers, the gross extent to which this kind of delusion and imposture has been carried.

Upon no subject whatever are more erroneous impressions entertained, than upon the relative importance and strength of the two great classes of the country. Of late it has been quietly assumed that the manufacturers are infinitely superior to the agriculturists, not only in point of numbers, but in respect of capital employed or available; and many people have been puzzled to understand why, if this should be the case, such vehement opposition should be made to any proposal for readjusting the direct and local taxation, which confessedly weighs most heavily upon the proprietors and occupiers of the land. We have been told, in as many words, that henceforward the voice of the towns is to dictate the policy of Britain—that the agriculturists are a worn-out class, scarce worth preserving—and the most influential of the Free-trade journals has not hesitated to recommend a wholesale emigration to the Antipodes, or any portion of the surface of the globe where corn can be cultivated cheaper than in England. We have been not only taunted, but threatened, whenever we presumed to expostulate. Reference was made to certain “masses,” who were ready to rise in defence of perennial cheapness; and Mr Cobden has warned us not to provoke the exercise of that power which is vested in himself, as dictator of the democracy. In short, we have been given to understand that, if protection to native industry, in any shape, should be re-introduced—which only can be done by the will and legitimate sanction of Parliament—physical force shall not be wanting on the other side.

The use of such language argues great ignorance of the national temper. We have heard a good deal lately of what is termed the dogged Anglo-Saxon spirit, the main characteristic of which we take to be its decided antagonism to bullying, and its inveterate hatred of coercion. It is too much to expect that a controversy such as this should be conducted without some asperity of lan-

guage, and therefore we make no clamorous complaint when Mr Cobden, or his friends, think proper to designate the British agriculturists as "ignorant clodpoles" and "horse-shoe idiots," or the landed proprietors as "a selfish and degraded faction," or the Protectionist press as the "hireling tools of oppression." These are very old and very harmless terms of rhetoric, and we are not sure that we can claim entire vindication from the charge of having retorted with tolerable energy. The real danger begins when men step beyond constitutional limits, and advocate resistance to the legislature by appealing to the passions, as they have pandered to the prejudices, of the mob.

Having premised so much, we think no one can misinterpret our motives, if we set ourselves seriously to the task of refuting a great fallacy which has been hatched and propagated by the Free-traders. It is one so monstrous in itself that we hardly could have supposed that any man, who had reflected for a moment on the subject, could have yielded to the delusion: nevertheless, we believe it to be most common, and it has been over and over again repeated at public meetings, until it has lost its quality as an assertion, and been treated as a recognised fact. It is within the recollection of all of us, that, both within the walls of Parliament and at the great outward gatherings of the League, the superiority of the manufacturing over the agricultural interest of Great Britain was broadly asserted, and assumed as the basis of the leading argument of the Free-traders. Sir Robert Peel expressly adopted this view in 1846, while advocating the repeal of the policy which he had hitherto professed to support; we say, *professed*, because no man now doubts—indeed, it is fairly admitted by himself, with something like a sneer of triumph—that for many years he had been practising a deliberate imposture on the public. This view necessarily must have had some foundation on authority, if not on fact; and we can trace that authority to a statistical writer, Mr Porter, on whose accuracy, and method of dealing with figures, far too much reliance has been placed by statesmen high in office.

In dealing with the census of 1841, and compiling his tables with a view to show the relative occupations of the people, Mr Porter has adopted the ingenious plan of massing commerce, trade, and manufactures together, and exhibiting the aggregate of these in contradistinction to the purely agricultural interest! At page 55 of the last edition of his *Progress of the Nation* we find this statement—"The following more elaborate table of the occupations of the population of Great Britain, as ascertained in 1841, has been compiled from the Reports of the Census Commissioners. It affords the best abstract that has hitherto been attainable upon this important branch of political arithmetic."

We turn to the table indicated in this modest passage, and we find the following results for Great Britain alone:—

Persons engaged in commerce, trade, and manufacture,	3,092,787
Agriculture,	1,490,785
Labour not agricultural,	753,495

This, of course, is exclusive of the army, navy, learned professions, domestic servants, and various other employments, besides women and children. In another table, Mr Porter, estimating the male population of Great Britain, (excluding Ireland,) who were then upwards of twenty years of age, at 4,761,091, divides them thus:—

Agriculture,	1,198,156
Trade, manufactures, &c.,	2,125,496
Other classes,	1,437,439
	4,761,091

If, as Mr Spackman most properly observes in his excellent work, the *Analysis of the Occupations of the People*, one of the principal objects of taking the census is to trace the relative degree of dependence of one class upon another, how can this be done if all the trade and commerce of the country is to be mixed up with manufactures? "Mr Porter would have us to consider trade and commerce, and manufactures as synonymous terms, and that together they only form one class; and he seems to be so thoroughly haunted with the numerical weakness of the manufac-

turing interest, that his fear of its being discovered peeps out in every paragraph; and, by mixing them up in every table in which they are mentioned in his book, with those engaged in trade and commerce, he has effectually succeeded in his object."

As we propose to lay before our readers the results of Mr Spackman, it may be proper shortly to state the principles which have guided him in his classification of the official returns. He recognises but two great classes of the community engaged in the production of wealth, and upon these he justly considers the whole of the remainder to be dependent. The following extract from his preface will sufficiently explain his view:—

"Of the number of persons actually employed by the agriculturists and manufacturers, no difference of opinion can exist, as we have adopted the Government classification in every instance, and copied the figures given in the returns. We believe this classification to be correct in principle, and but slightly erroneous in details.

"Political economists may exercise their ingenuity by calling in question this classification, but we believe it is the only one that accurately traces the dependence of an individual on the one or the other interest; and, as this is the primary object of all such matters, if it attains this end, it is sufficient for all purposes. By the landed interest, we mean not only the proprietors of the soil, but all that are engaged in its cultivation, and all the interests that are dependent on and supported by both landlord and tenant. An agriculturist is one who grows the raw material. The manufacturer changes the fabric from cotton into calico, flax into linen, wool into cloth, raw into manufactured silk, mineral ores into various combinations of metals, and the skin of an animal into leather.

"All besides the agriculturists and the manufacturers are auxiliaries, not principals. Thus the handicraftsman alters the form, but not the substance, and adapts the article to the use of the consumer,—so the miller, baker, and butcher; the tailor, milliner, and shoemaker.

"There is also a very numerous class, who neither produce, manufacture, nor alter the shape or substance of an article, and these are called merchants, if they buy and sell in a wholesale manner, or

shopkeepers and retail dealers if they sell by retail. The business of these is to distribute all articles imported from abroad or produced at home, through every city, town, and village, in the United Kingdom; and the Government definition of all these auxiliaries is 'engaged in trade and commerce.'

"The dependence of any particular class engaged in trade and commerce, or in handicraft, is not upon the party who produces, alters, or supplies the article, but on the individual who consumes it; and if there is any tax whatever on the raw material, or on anything used in its manufacture, adaptation, or distribution, it is on him that all and every item of such tax, together with all profits and charges, must ultimately fall.

"Inasmuch, however, as there is no wealth in this country of any amount, but what has been derived either from agriculture or manufactures, nor any of which the value is not determined by the success of these, so again this consumer, whatever his rank or position in society may be, is mainly dependent on them. The rental of land, the income from houses, or investments in the public funds, are merely the representatives of so much labour; and the means necessary to pay them are principally drawn from either agriculture or manufactures.

"Our annual creation of wealth may be thus stated:—

Agriculture,	£250,000,000
Manufactures, deducting the value of the raw material,	127,000,000
Money interest,	37,000,000
Colonial interest,	18,000,000
Foreign commerce, (including shipping interest,) 10 per cent on amount of exports and imports,	15,000,000
Fisheries,	3,000,000
	<hr/> £450,000,000 "

And from one or other of these does every individual in the land derive his income or means of support. The Peer of the realm, the landed proprietor, the Government annuitant, the clergyman, the medical and the legal adviser, with the banker, merchant, dealer, and handicraftsman of every class and kind,—derive what is necessary to support their state and condition, and their daily sustenance, from these spring-heads of national wealth. This is the substance of the nation, and what we call money consists merely of the counters we use to

denote and measure the value of this substance as it passes from one to another.

"To do equal justice to all classes, the legislation of a country ought, therefore, to keep steadily in view their relative importance, not only as regards numbers, but also their powers of production, and the proportion which they severally bear of the national burdens. Unless this is the governing principle, it strikes at the root of their prosperity, and the injury inflicted on a class is evinced in the gradual decay of the whole community."

Acting upon these distinct, and, we submit, perfectly sound principles, Mr Spackman has compiled his tables in the following manner. The Government returns are quite explicit as to the number of those engaged directly in agriculture and in manufactures. Mr Spackman takes each county separately; and having set down the relative numbers of each class, he divides the remainder of the population between these according to their proportion. For example, let us instance his table of the county of Lanark, which is the great seat of Scottish manufactures. We find, from the official returns, that the following numbers are directly engaged:—

In Agriculture, . . . 13,169
In Manufactures of all kinds, . 61,378

The residue of the population being 352,425, he divides in the same proportion, and thus gives us as a result:—

Engaged in Agriculture, 13,169
Dependent on, . . . 62,257
75,426

Engaged in Manufactures, 61,378
Dependent on, . . . 290,168
351,546

Total of county, 426,972

In the same way, by estimating the population of Perthshire directly employed in agriculture and manufactures, Mr Spackman forms his table thus,—

Engaged in Agriculture, 16,302
Dependent on, . . . 64,233
80,535

Engaged in Manufactures, 11,509
Dependent on, . . . 45,346
56,855

Total of County, 137,390

The grand result for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is as follows:—

Engaged in, and dependent on agriculture, . . . 18,734,468

Engaged in, and dependent on manufactures, . . . 8,091,621

Population, exclusive of those travelling on night of census, 26,826,089

Let it should be said that Mr Spackman has acted upon any wrong principle in framing these tables—for we know by experience that a certain class of political economists can see no virtue in any figures which are not of their own construction—let us turn to the Government reports, and extract from them the number of males *directly* employed in the two great branches of production.

AGRICULTURE		MANUFACTURES.	
Farmers and Graziers, . . .	737,206	Above 20, . . .	717,780
Agricultural Labourers, . . .	2,312,388	Under 20, . . .	168,964
Gardeners, Nurserymen, &c. . .	60,767		
All others, . . .	9,196		
Total Males, . . .	3,118,557	Total Males, . . .	886,744

"It will thus be seen," says Mr Spackman, "that the farmers and graziers alone, as a body, are more in number than all the males above twenty years of age employed in manufactures, and only 150,000 short of the whole number of males of all ages so employed. If we add the two and a quarter millions of labourers

which these farmers and graziers give employment to, the *male* population employed in agriculture are nearly as four to one compared with those employed in manufactures. The same remark will also apply as to age: those above twenty are four to one; those under twenty are nearly two to one."

We put forward these statements

with no other view than to exhibit to our readers the national importance of that agricultural interest which has been so bitterly assailed, and which is threatened still by a heavier accession of calamity. If the bastard system of Free Trade is to be considered according to its influence on the welfare of the majority of the people of Britain, there can be no doubt to which side the vast preponderance belongs. The "horse-shoe idiots," though dull in intellect, are numerous in the flesh to an extent of which, perhaps, even Mr Cobden was little aware. It is quite true that the extended area over which they are disposed does not afford them the same means of combination which are within the reach of the inhabitants of the factories. The agriculturists have no wish to interfere with their neighbours' livelihood, and little inclination to move at the bidding of mercenary demagogues. They seldom speak until suffering or a sense of injustice compels them to appeal to the legislature; and their unwillingness to join in agitation has, ere now, been made subject of taunt against them. Were it otherwise, we should not attach one half the importance which we do to the movement which is visible all over the face of agricultural England

— a movement which the advocates of Free Trade may affect to despise, but which, in reality, has struck them with consternation. And no wonder that the movement should have been made. Let us pass from the mere numerical consideration, and look to the extent of property which is embarked on the one side and on the other.

We have already stated the annual value of the agricultural production of these kingdoms to be £250,000,000, whilst that of manufactures is little more than £127,000,000. To this latter sum we must add about £50,000,000, being the estimated cost of the raw material, if we wish to calculate from the exports the importance of the home market compared with that which is to be found abroad. For example, if the declared value of the exports shall amount to 60 millions, we are entitled to assume that about 117 millions are consumed at home in a year of ordinary prosperity. This, of course, is no more than an approximation to the truth, but it is the nearest which can be made from such documents, reports, and returns, as are accessible to the statist. Let us take Mr Spackman's estimate of the capital employed, referring our readers for the details to his exceedingly interesting work.

AGRICULTURAL CAPITAL.

Value of the Land, at 25 years' purchase of the annual rental of Great Britain and Ireland, amounting to £53,753,615	£1,500,000,000
Farmers' capital, employed in the cultivation of the soil, independent of the stock on hand, at all times, of cattle, grain, &c., £5 to £6 per acre on 46, 522,970 acres, about	250,000,000
Stock in hand—	
About 7,500,000 head of cattle,	} 250,000,000
" 31,000,000 sheep and lambs,	
" 1,500,000 horses,	
" £50,000,000 value of timber,	
On an average, three months stock of grain, seeds, hay, and other produce always on hand,	
Estimated agricultural capital	£2,000,000,000

MANUFACTURING CAPITAL.

In Cotton,	£24,500,000
" Woollen,	16,500,000
" Linen,	7,000,000
" Silk,	4,000,000
" Lace,	2,000,000
" Hose,	1,000,000
All others,	23,000,000
Estimated manufacturing capital,	£78,000,000

The first reflection which must come home to the mind of every one who considers these tables, is the astounding audacity of those who have characterised the landlords as a grasping and rapacious class. Singular, nay, almost incredible as it may appear, the annual value of the production of manufactures is nearly double the amount of the whole capital invested. This fact sufficiently explains the manner in which so many colossal fortunes have been realised, while it also suggests very painful reflections as to the condition of the operatives who are the creators of all this wealth. But what are we to think of the conduct of the men who, not content with such enormous returns, have leagued together to swell them to a greater amount, by demanding the free importation of foreign produce, under the pretext that the people were oppressed by the continuance of a system which gave remunerative prices, continuous employment, and the means of livelihood to two-thirds of their aggregate number? We acquit many of the leading and most respectable manufacturers from being participators in any such scheme. Those connected with the home trade have very generally been opposed to the application of the Free-trade doctrines, the leading advocates of which were comprised of men who manufactured solely for exportation, and whose goods were neither intended nor adapted for British consumption. It was for the exclusive benefit, as at the instigation of the latter, that the Corn Laws were repealed. Few can be sorry—we confess we are not—that even they have been disappointed in their expectations. No tariffs have been relaxed in consequence of the ill-omened surrender; on the contrary, the Continental states, as well as the Americans, are protecting their own manufactures with increased vigilance; whilst, on the other hand, they are availing themselves of our folly, by deluging our market with their agricultural produce, securing by these means the double advantage of promoting both branches of industry. Never was there a vainer notion than the chimera that other states would abandon their rising

manufactures to reciprocate with Great Britain, when that haughty power had deliberately deprived herself of the means of enforcing reciprocity. *The countries from which we import the largest amount of grain are not the countries which take the largest amount of our manufactures.* Even if the case were otherwise, we maintain that we should be heavy losers, and in no way gainers, by the transaction. Nationally, this is so clear that we need not waste words by arguing the point; but we go further and say that, even had other states reciprocated, the manufacturers, as a body, could not have been gainers by Free Trade, unless the relative proportions between the amount of home and foreign consumption had been entirely changed. For, so long as two-thirds of our whole manufactures are annually consumed in Britain, the condition of the consumers there, and their power of purchase, must be a matter of greater importance to the manufacturer than that of consumers abroad. The interest of the shopkeepers and of the artisans is almost entirely bound up with the home trade; and nothing can be more suicidal to the traders than to give any countenance to a system which strikes at the amount of their profits, by crippling the means of their customers.

Were our object merely to show the glaring injustice which has been done to the landed interest, we could proceed much further in disentangling details from the confusion into which they have been purposely thrown, by such statistical writers as Mr Porter. But we apprehend that, in the present temper of the nation, there is little occasion for this. Men of all classes have had that opportunity which experience can alone give, of testing in their own individual case the advantages which were so confidently predicted by those who advocated the commercial change. Those who have benefited by it will, of course, remain Free traders. We are not unreasonable enough to expect that they will abandon that policy which is profitable to themselves, even though they should be convinced that it has proved the reverse of profitable to others. But we can conscientiously say, that

we are acquainted with very few such persons. In the country they do not exist; in the towns, we hear of nothing except continued and weary depression. Almost every day fresh complaints of want of employment are thrust upon us. Establishments are reduced, because those who were considered wealthy, and whose wealth depended upon produce, have no longer the means to support them as before: even professional incomes are declining; and no one ventures now to indulge in that expenditure which, four or five years ago, gave an impulse to the industry of the people. All this we believe to be acknowledged, and we have heard it from the lips of many whose political creed is quite at variance with our own.

Most important testimony to the same effect was borne, at the recent meeting in Liverpool, by gentlemen who, from profession and connection, belong to the mercantile and trading classes of the community. It is no vague apprehension of coming evil, no slight or ephemeral touch of distress, which has elicited declarations of opinion so strong as were there expressed. The urgency of the case is felt and acknowledged; and ere long we have not the slightest doubt that demonstrations of similar magnitude and importance will take place in other of the English towns.

From what we have already said, it will be gathered that we recommend no hasty or precipitate movement. Our strength lies in the justice of our cause, and in the palpable failure of the measures against which we have emphatically protested. This is not a question of mere sentiment, regarding which men can long continue to maintain divided opinions. It is a practical question, affecting not only the general welfare of the kingdom, but the property and means of every man who lives and thrives through his industry. It is essentially a labour question, and, as such, it cannot long remain without receiving a distinct solution. In the meantime, however, it is our duty to make preparation for the change which may arrive at no distant period. The various Protection societies which are everywhere organised, offer to

those who condemn the present line of policy the best opportunity of concentrating their efforts, and of contributing to the ultimate triumph of the cause. These societies must be supported, for, under existing circumstances, they are of the utmost value. They present a ready channel through which the wishes and situation of the people can be communicated to the legislature or the throne; they establish and preserve communication between neighbouring districts; and they supply useful information, and disseminate sound principles, in quarters where good political knowledge is most especially required. We trust that no one who entertains opinions similar to our own, and who is deeply impressed with the necessity of a return to the just system of Protection, will be backward in lending his aid to these institutions. From the peculiar position of the agricultural party, such combinations are absolutely necessary, in order to arrive at a just estimate of our strength, and the true sentiments of the nation. Private efforts, however energetically made, are ineffectual in comparison with this system of union and of order; and although we know that agitation is in itself a thing distasteful to many, the emergency of the case is such that we are imperatively bound to adopt all legitimate means for the furtherance of our object. It may be that under no circumstances whatever can redress be obtained from the present Parliament. We have already adverted to the peculiar causes which would seem to render such an expectation at best a forlorn hope; yet still that furnishes no reason for relaxing in our efforts. The Whig Ministry—by the confession of men of all parties—has a most precarious tenure of office. Already the House of Peers has passed its gravest censure upon the course of foreign policy which has been pursued—a course of which it is difficult to say whether its most prominent feature is culpable recklessness or glaring dishonesty. We do not know what may be the decision of the House of Commons upon a point of such importance, or whether unscrupulous influence, and the dread of a dissolution, may not overcome the dictates of honour and the force of private judge-

ment in the more popular assembly. But, whatever may be the fiat of the Commons, this at least is clear, that a severe blow has been given to the stability of the Whig Government. Beyond the walls of Parliament they have hardly any support upon a question which threatens to involve us in direct hostility with France; and nothing could have more effectually damaged them, even in this wretched business, than the acerbity of the tone assumed by Lord John Russell with regard to the European powers, who are most justly incensed at the paltering and bad faith of the political incendiary who, to the misfortune of this country, has been intrusted with the management of foreign affairs. Neither the honour nor the interests of Britain are safe in such hands. Therefore we say to the men of the Country Party—Be prepared to act, for no one can tell how soon the moment for action may arrive. Ours is a great cause, and it must not be imperilled by slothfulness or inactivity at a crisis which requires the exertion of all our energies, and the combination of all our powers. Let us but be true to ourselves, and ultimate success is certain. Delusions may for a time have taken hold of the public mind; but the endurance of all delusions is short, and the mist is rapidly dissipating. Let any man compare the state of public feeling as it exists now, with what it was but twelve months ago, and he cannot fail to be impressed with the amazing rapidity of the change. And yet, why should he wonder at it? The industry

of the nation is at stake, and what marvel that the people should demand their own?

That cheapness of itself is no blessing, even our opponents admit in the arguments which they try to direct against us. Read their accounts of the squalidness and poverty which prevail in the larger towns—the testimony which has been laboriously collected as to the lamentable fall of wages, and the diminished profits of thousands employed in the lower kinds of handicraft. Undoubtedly competition among themselves has contributed to this state of matters; but in no degree at all commensurate to the great decline which has taken place since we commenced the ruinous system of reducing customs duties. Mr Joseph Hume once ventured to maintain, in the House of Commons, “that England might exist and prosper as a purely manufacturing and commercial country, if it did not grow a single bushel of corn,—if, in exchange for its manufactures and minerals, it imported from the cheap corn-producing countries every quarter of wheat required in this country!” How far that statement is compatible with the ascertained sources of the national wealth, we leave our readers to decide. This much, however, we shall say, that England, so situated, would be a very different country from that which we have known; and that the wildernesses of the West would offer a place of abode infinitely preferable to that which we could enjoy here under the gentle sway of the Millocrats, and the enlightened legislation of the Economists.

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FREE TRADE AND OUR COTTON MANUFACTURES.

STATISTICS are the favourite weapon of the Free-Trade party. On whatever point they are assailed, they bring forth columns of figures to prove the infallibility of their position; and, if we may believe them, every statistical table published, from that of the quantity of cotton on hand at any particular period, to the bills of mortality, tends to show the necessity for and advantages of Free Trade, and the ignorance or selfishness of those who advocate the cause of British industry. It has been very well observed, that this is an age in which men are liable to be befooled by figures; and we have known very significant instances in which results, available for party purposes, have been brought out, by no means in accordance with the strict laws of arithmetic. Against this delusion the late lamented Lord George Bentinck made a noble stand; and it is very much owing to his efforts that the public mind has been disabused from the idea that there is an inseparable connection between Free-Trade theories and facts and figures. If his memory were endeared to us by the recollection of no other service, our acknowledgments would still be due for the great labour and admirable clearness with which he brought statistics to bear against his opponents, and for his forcible demonstration of the suicidal nature of that policy to our home and colonial trade, the effects of which we are now so severely realising.

That statistics are of great value is undoubted; that they lead to many important truths, and settle many a disputed point, may be at once admitted; but, before we can estimate their value in any particular instance, we must be perfectly certiorated that no unusual circumstance has occurred to affect their result, so as to render them absolutely useless as the basis of any demonstration. The bills of mortality may furnish us with an example of this. If in one year we find an unusual number of deaths, we inquire if any cause can be assigned; and if we find that malignant disease was prevalent at that period, we naturally consider any argument as to the general health of the country, founded on that year's return, to be untenable. But this rule must be still more strictly enforced in looking at the returns of trade: for, as every mercantile transaction is generally one of a series—not separate from, or independent of, all others—it follows that a great complication of causes may arise, which require due consideration before we are competent to pronounce an opinion on the statistics laid before us. Nothing is more customary, in many foreign markets, than a glut of goods in one year, and a corresponding depression for three or four afterwards. Revolutions occur, which render life and property insecure, and cause a total suspension of business; or, on the contrary, during the disorder consequent on the suspension of the

law, and the relaxation of the executive power, goods may be smuggled, or admitted duty-free, from want of proper authority to prevent it, and in this manner large importations of goods may take place. The price of produce, the rate of exchange, political events, or a variety of causes, render it somewhat difficult to arrive at the same certain result in commerce which statistics enable us to do in matters less exposed to the operation of exceptional contingencies; while to overlook any of them may frequently vitiate the correctness of our conclusion.

We have been led to proffer these remarks in consequence of the repeated references made in the House of Commons, and by the organs of our new commercial policy, to the comparative return of our exports for 1848 and 1849. In reply to the complaints poured in from all quarters by our home and colonial interests, our opponents content themselves with assuring us of the prosperity of the cotton trade; and, in their usual way, they corroborate their assertions by figures. The idea of Free Trade seems thoroughly connected with cotton. It was first taken up in Manchester, where a junta of cotton-spinners conceived the magnificent scheme of founding that political seminary, the Manchester school, which now numbers amongst its graduates the members of the present

Cabinet; and Cobden can hardly make one of his harangues without expatiating on the blessings of unlimited calico. The incessant cry has always been—"Give us Free Trade, and you enlarge our cotton business; you give us larger orders; you give us more regular business; you increase the wages of our operatives;" and it has been, in a great measure, owing to a belief on the part of our late and present rulers, of the certain arrival of these results, that Free Trade became the law of the land. If, therefore, we engage to show that the benefit anticipated for the cotton trade has not been fulfilled, we hope we shall be acquitted of any undue preference in the choice of our subject. The facts and figures which we shall adduce have been communicated to us by a gentleman largely engaged in the cotton trade in Manchester, whose name, were we at liberty to use it, would convince every one that the pernicious doctrines of Messrs Cobden and Bright are not advocated by the men of the highest class who are engaged in this important branch of industry.

If we were to ask for a proof of the prosperity of the country under the present system, we should probably be triumphantly referred to some such summary as the following—(which, with the other statements of our exports, we take from Burn's *Commercial Glance*) :—

* Cotton yarn exported in 1849,	144,126,046 lb. weight.
Do. 1848,	127,121,446 "
Plain calicoes exported in 1849,	697,542,808 yards.
Do. 1848,	556,199,538 "
Printed and dyed calicoes, 1849,	389,156,161 "
Do. 1848,	301,515,780 "

Now, at first sight, these figures seem to strengthen our opponents; but, while we have no objection to their bringing forward *figures*, we must insist that *facts* shall not be kept in the background; and, with a remembrance of the peculiar history of the year 1848, we must altogether demur to a conclusion sought to be drawn by comparing it with 1849.

In August 1847 commenced the

most fearful commercial crisis that perhaps ever befell this country. Failures commencing in the corn, and afterwards in the India and China trade, and extending by means of bills far and wide, shook the credit of half our commercial men: insolvencies to the amount of *eight millions sterling* were announced within two months; mercantile houses of long standing, whose credit was as good as

* It is proper to state that the Tables here given of our exports refer to goods shipped from English ports alone; the amount shipped from the Clyde will not materially affect a single result, and we are anxious, as far as possible, to simplify details.

that of the Bank of England, and whose principals were members of the senate, and held high offices in the City or the public companies, stopped payment. Wealthy men were compelled to meet their engagements by ruinous sacrifices of property, and those of small means found themselves reduced to poverty by the failures of others. The railway crash followed; the rate of interest and discount increased, until money was hardly attainable at rates which we are entitled to call usurious, and the necessary result of a long suspension of trade and credit followed. The consequences of this disastrous period were not confined to one or two branches of trade, but the rate of discount precluded, for a considerable period, the possibility of negotiating many foreign bills, undoubtedly good, but drawn at long dates; so that, while orders were in the hands of the merchants in Manchester, the difficulty

of converting bills into cash delayed the goods being sent off; the foreign markets were kept bare of goods, and, as a necessary consequence, stocks were reduced to a very low ebb at the middle of 1848. It must be borne in mind, that this commercial crisis did not affect our *customers*, but our *capitalists*; the difficulty lay, not in the insolvency of foreign markets, but of our own merchants; and therefore, with very low stocks abroad, and the condition of our customers being unaltered, we had a right to expect that the trade of 1849 would compensate for the deficiency of 1848.

So much has been said in favour of Free Trade, and of its astonishing results, that we should not have been surprised to find a large increase in place of the following table, showing the actual amount of our chief exports in cotton manufactures during the last five years:—

		Cotton Yarn. lb.	Plain Cottons. yards.	Printed & Dyed Cottons. yards.
1845,	.	131,937,935	613,138,645	310,850,697
1846,	●	157,130,025	612,339,181	267,084,797
1847,	.	116,512,874	488,044,632	237,384,903
1848,	.	127,121,416	556,199,538	301,515,780
1849,	.	144,126,046	697,512,808	389,136,181

An average of 1845-6 taken against 1848-9 shows as follows:—

		Cotton Yarn. lb.	Plain Cottons. yards.	Printed & Dyed Cottons. yards.
1845-6,	.	144,533,980	612,988,913	288,967,747
1848-9,	.	135,623,746	626,871,173	345,325,980

We may here remark, that the safest way of arriving at a proper estimate of the state of the cotton trade is to direct our attention principally to yarn and plain goods, as being the least liable to variation in the quantities exported. The trade in fancy articles is much more precarious, from the obvious reason, that in anything which becomes a matter of taste, much depends on the style being approved by the customer. In case a design, or class of designs, of print should not please, a large falling off may appear in the exports, or the merchant may be left with a large stock on hand. On the other hand, if it is approved of, perhaps a good profit will attend the first sale, and additional quantities may be wanted to supply the demand: rival houses

obtain similar goods, and probably at the end of the season the market is overstocked; and as in fancy articles novelty of design is all in all, the merchants are glad to sell their old stock to make room for new, just as we see done here every day; with this difference, that the sacrifice of the foreign merchant is not confined, like that of our shopkeepers, to printing it in large capitals at the head of the bill of sale. If this surplus of stock be very large, the demand in the ensuing season may be much limited. Another circumstance which has been known to cause great irregularity in the print trade, is the imitation of fast-coloured prints by fugitive and less expensive colours, which for a time, on account of their cheapness, undersell and supersede the others; but gene-

rally, after a year or two, are entirely unsaleable. Instances have occurred of this kind, where such an imitation has first superseded, and then caused the total disuse of styles which were taken in such regular quantity, as hardly to be subject to the rules we are laying down; and the consequence, for some time, has been a large diminution of exports. Now, in plain goods or yarn nothing of the kind occurs; any variation to which they are subject, as regards price or quality, may with equal force be urged against the print trade, in addition to what we have stated; and therefore we repeat, that to form a correct judgment of the true state of trade, we

must be guided by those articles which are least likely to vary in demand.

We shall now proceed to an analysis of the cotton exports, showing what proportion of the whole has been sent to the principal foreign countries with which we deal, as also our colonies and dependencies; and we shall continue, as before, to compare the exports of 1845-6 with those of 1849. This will afford us an excellent opportunity of ascertaining what degree of reciprocity is practised by the countries from which we now obtain the largest supplies of grain; and how far the anticipations of the men of the Manchester school have been actually realized:—

COTTON YARN EXPORTED.

		1849.	Average of 1845-6.
		lb.	lb.
EUROPE	Belgium,	4,635,318	4,638,213
	Denmark,	1,547,390	750,415
	France,	71,889	95,391
	Hanse Towns and Prussia,	41,312,136	43,056,555
	Hanover,	2,020,950	3,181,965
	Holland,	25,233,211	23,109,096
	Malta and the Ionian Isles,	1,326,294	1,512,266
	Naples, and Sicily,	11,138,239	7,336,935
	Portugal and Madeira, &c.,	911,147	877,377
	Russia,	3,105,635	16,791,498
	Sardinia and Tuscany,	4,562,334	5,102,301
	Sweden and Norway,	1,595,836	2,701,443
	Spain (principally Gibraltar)	215,842	494,038
	Trieste and the Austrian Ports,	3,664,405	3,433,810
	Turkey and the Levant,	10,568,177	9,124,123
Egypt,		1,293,160	121,207
African Coast,		10,456	47,626
Cape of Good Hope,		24,276	47,656
Mauritius,		—	—
New Holland,		16,442	30,242
India,		19,177,878	17,264,292
China,		3,174,774	3,246,715
United States,		125,636	75,555
Mexico,		6,724	—
Brazil,		11,180	39,280
Buenos Ayres and Monte Video,		19,323	—
Chili and Peru,		29,953	118,400
Columbia,		277,489	3,438
Foreign West Indies,		3,110*	14,456
British North America,		71,138	57,705
British West Indies,		828,281	783,970

EUROPE	PLAIN COTTONS.		PRINTED AND DYED DO.	
	1849.	Average of 1845-6.	1849.	Average of 1845-6.
	Yards.	Yards.	Yards.	Yards.
Belgium,	1,619,202	1,733,551	1,850,381	878,198
Denmark,	1,852,610	664,700	782,247	367,450
France,	785,658	1,055,238	2,468,426	1,539,963
Hanse Towns and Prussia,	15,744,347	16,704,285	24,123,323	26,503,994
Hanover,	123,087	48,747	126,978	62,296
Holland,	12,491,336	15,901,690	12,604,839	12,160,489
Malta and the Ionian Isles,	12,423,114	8,837,189	4,960,030	2,549,486
Naples and Sicily, . .	10,222,263	6,791,970	7,964,832	7,046,455
Portugal and Madeira, &c.	27,403,109	25,228,423	7,875,148	11,276,421
Russia,	1,692,130	868,941	331,087	184,323
Sardinia and Tuscany,	18,603,064	18,695,347	13,558,113	11,824,573
Sweden and Norway,	862,673	876,701	961,626	475,750
Spain, (principally)				
Gibraltar,	12,201,100	14,408,006	5,946,175	5,996,204
Trieste and the Austrian }				
Ports, }	13,080,485	12,705,705	6,094,436	3,303,640
Turkey and the Levant,	68,645,075	61,836,729	40,943,561	24,876,857
Egypt,	13,953,997	5,370,409	1,848,197	452,914
African Coast, . . .	6,801,418	4,333,387	13,283,500	5,573,540
Cape of Good Hope, . .	3,040,181	3,492,944	2,515,395	3,093,541
Mauritius, &c. . . .	2,134,898	2,086,963	2,317,940	1,540,762
New Holland,	6,511,318	3,188,847	3,264,558	3,469,028
India,	223,875,757	173,315,368	26,992,062	21,260,332
China,	67,625,956	80,707,073	3,381,170	2,506,715
United States,	16,511,942	11,526,598	49,419,477	13,327,180
Mexico,	2,758,011	1,821,531	12,542,167	6,350,734
Brazil,	60,115,965	57,159,758	37,475,895	38,327,684
Buenos Ayres and Monte }				
Video, }	23,530,435	4,326,989	17,761,223	3,838,834
Chili and Peru,	16,222,560	24,692,002	28,828,650	20,990,073
Columbia,	11,816,686	3,655,603	15,192,275	4,728,396
Foreign West Indies,	13,276,100	14,337,894	16,283,958	21,935,438
British North America,	10,742,350	11,150,995	9,751,658	12,598,543
British West Indies, .	18,557,181	17,376,471	17,686,834	19,294,029

From the above, it will be seen that, taking an average estimate of goods and yarns, the amount of our exports to France, Holland, and Belgium may be considered stationary. There has been an increase at Trieste and the Austrian ports, at Malta, and Naples and Sicily—especially the latter—and in two or three smaller markets; while, at China, Spain and Gibraltar, the Hanse Towns, Hanover, Portugal, Sardinia, and Russia, there has been a considerable falling off. There is also an increase in Turkey and the Levant, Egypt, New Hol-

land, India, and most of the American markets. Now, every one remembers that the Free-Traders argued that a large importation of foreign grain would increase our export trade; and to any one who ventured to hold a contrary opinion, they replied with sneers of contempt, deeming argument to be not worth bestowing on a person of such limited mental capacity. They insisted that England, as the first commercial country in the world, was bound to set the example of sacrificing native industry, and exposing the British

farmer to unlimited competition: that the large influx of foreign commodities would compel a relaxation of hostile tariffs, as the importers of corn would be obliged to take back return cargoes; and as, according to the same school, cotton manufactures, and not gold, constitute the proper circulating medium, ergo, cotton manufactures, and not gold, would form the balance which would be exchanged for corn. It is true that a good many persons doubted the practicability of this new method of currency, and argued that gold was less liable to variation, and more easily disposed of than cotton: they knew, moreover, that the foreigner had capital employed in rivalry with our cotton-mills; that the Free-Trade policy, by permitting the exportation of British machinery, had placed him in a formidable position to compete with our manufactures; and they naturally doubted whether the rulers of foreign countries would be so blind to the interests of their subjects, or to the state of their own revenues, as to follow any such example for the mere sake of endorsing the opinions of Cobden and Bright. These eminent and far-seeing men assured us that, at the first whisper of Free Trade, duties imposed for the purposes of revenue or protection must vanish; that every country was panting for that inestimable boon, which we were to be the means of procuring for them; and that the moment we admitted foreign produce, we should be hailed with shouts of "Reciprocity" from all quarters of the globe.

When Mr Cobden returned from the Continent, his inflated description of the reception he had met with, the banquets prepared in his honour, his orations, ovations, and the reported eagerness of the persons with whom

he associated to merge all national distinctions in a common brotherhood of trade, tended still further to delude the public into this absurd expectation. It would be amusing, though scarcely worth the trouble, to make a collection of those speeches wherein Cobden narrated his impressions and enunciated his prophecies; for we will venture to say, that there is not a single man, of good or bad eminence in public life, who has so uniformly showed a total want of discernment, or who has so constantly allowed his judgment to be warped and influenced by his wishes. France affords us a memorable instance of that Continental feeling which, we were told, was so enthusiastic in favour of Free Trade, but which was repressed by despotic governments. After the abdication of Louis Philippe, and the declaration of a Republic, France was in the hands of the party which included in its numbers those men who were supposed to be most favourable to a relaxed system of duties. Then, with full power at their command, what have the French Free-Traders done to reciprocate our liberality? Their tariff is notoriously the most restricted in the world; and yet here was a golden opportunity for the friends of Mr Cobden not to talk, but to testify by deeds their entire sympathy with his views. Their reciprocity hitherto has been all in words; and the peripatetic philosopher of the West Riding has the pleasure of finding that he has been egregiously duped by the Republicans whom he honoured with his confidence.

How far the imports of foreign corn influence the export of cotton goods, will be seen from the following table, which we copy from the *Economist* of Feb. 23:—

Total quantity of Foreign and Colonial Wheat, Wheat-meal, and Flour imported into the United Kingdom during the last five years:—

1845,	1,141,008
1846,	2,341,153
1847,*	4,465,894
1848,	3,082,264
1849,	4,935,400

Or the average of 1845-6 was 1,742,581 qrs., against 4,835,400 qrs. in 1849, which may be distributed thus:—

		1840.	Average of 1845-6.
		Qrs.	Qrs.
EUROPE,	Russia,	600,355	119,315
	Sweden and Norway,	6,493	477
	Denmark,	243,297	67,867
	Germany and Prussia,	1,096,486	527,612
	Hanover,	21,201	5,500
	Holland,	308,482	1,043
	Belgium,	366,098	2,023
	Channel Islands, (foreign produce,)	2,631	2,261
	France,	742,023	54,791
	Portugal,	5,499	9,357
	Spain and Gibraltar,	498	39,029
	Sardinia and Tuscany,	97,176	49,739
	Naples and Sicily, &c.,	9,699	28,373
	Austrian Ports,	174,654	47,717
	Malta and Gozo, &c., Ionian Isles,	9,048	10,813
	Turkey and Greece, &c.,	226,724	27,201
	Egypt,	129,954	4,510
	Australia, &c.,	15,698	17,208
	British North America,	142,294	278,234
	United States,	617,131	450,400

By comparing this with the export tables we have already given, it will be found that the converse of the Free-Trade rule holds good of nearly every Continental market; and that so far from our exports of cotton goods having increased, they have fallen off or remained stationary in those markets from which by far our largest supplies of foreign grain have been drawn. We know from old experience the kind of argument or rather excuse which will be reared to account for this indisputable fact, and are quite prepared to be told of revolutions on the Continent, which have rendered society unsafe and business unsettled. If, by recalling these facts—of which we readily admit the truth in a limited degree—our Free-Traders desire to apologise for their own foolish and preposterous behaviour in holding sympathetic meetings with Italian cut-throats and Hungarian rebels—if they wish to acknowledge that Free Trade is not practicable as applied to the political constitution of a country, and if they are anxious to withdraw their previous testimony respecting the character of the mild, peaceable, and virtuous revolutionists of the Continent—we are disposed to accept their apology for what it is worth, and to hail their approach to common sense as a harbinger of better things. But if by this they mean to excuse the complete failure of their theory,

we cannot admit the soundness of such a line of argument; for although exceptions may in some cases prove the rule, they never compose it. We always understood that corn, like all other matters of import or export, had to be paid for in some way or other; and it scarcely seems probable that any revolution would induce our neighbours to expend their time merely in importing corn to this market, did they not receive a *quid pro quo*. The insecurity of life and property must exercise a peculiar influence over a country, to induce large exports of foreign corn for which no corresponding value was to be received in exchange.

How far the plan of a cotton currency has succeeded, any European country will show; and as we know the Free-Traders will still talk about revolutions, we shall, for the mere sake of giving them no opportunity of questioning our argument, pass by the case of Prussia and Germany. Let us take France, where our cotton exports are almost nominal and stationary, and whence our import of grain has increased from 53,000 to 742,000 quarters!—take Holland, with an import increased three hundred and eight times!—or Belgium, with an increase of one hundred and eighty-eight times, and our exports not affected perceptibly. In these countries there have been no revolutions during the past year to disturb our

trade or injure the sale of British goods. Look to Russia, where there is not a breath of revolution to taint the air, or to afford the slightest pretext for insinuating that political insecurity has affected the balance of our trade; and we shall find that while our exports of cotton have fallen nearly *one-half*, yarn being the principal article taken, our imports of corn have increased nearly *sixfold*. Naples is almost the only European market where there has been a large increase of exports, and, by some circumstance which our Free-Traders must explain, we received from that country in 1849 just one-third of the quantity of wheat which was sent to us three years before. We can tell them the reason of the increased exports from this country, which rather militates against their excuse of revolutions—viz., that the disturbances and suspension of regular authority have permitted the importation of goods duty-free to an unusual extent. Of all the European markets, Austria and Turkey are the only two of any magnitude which can furnish an argument for Free-Trade notions; and this slender support will be lessened when we bear in mind that, while the imports of grain come entirely from Turkey and Greece, the goods exported are in very large quantities forwarded to Persia and the west of Asia, *via* Constantinople; and could we draw the line with accuracy, we should doubtless find that the increase of exports has principally been sent to Persia, from which we have imported six quarters of corn during the last five years! and where, as is the case with many other foreign governments, politics have much to do with trade. As regards Austria, any remark upon revolutions applies to her with greater force than to any other State of the Continent; and therefore, if we are generous enough to exclude Germany, with a contribution of 1,000,000 quarters, from our argument, we may certainly claim that Austria and Hungary, with an export one-fifth the amount, the seat of far more severe and recent war, should be excluded also. Besides, we have never said that it was absolutely impracticable that, in some extraordinary case, cotton goods should not be taken in exchange for corn. The apocryphal

case of the French captain, who, by an order of the Bey of Tunis, sold a ship-load of cotton nightcaps to the Jews one day at four francs a-piece, and, within forty-eight hours, by means of a second order, rebought them at one franc, furnishes a humorous example of the superior value of cotton goods, in particular instances, over money; but as it is more than probable that this interesting anecdote of commerce derives its sole origin from the fertile imagination of Alexander Dumas, we must, until more pregnant proof is afforded us, insist on our position, that the export of goods is not necessarily regulated by our importations of wheat. We have a practical illustration in the case now before us; and without listening to therodomontade of the League, we have a right to ask, how has the large increased import of corn from the Continent of Europe been paid for? One answer is quite certain,—*It has not been paid for in Manchester cotton goods.*

Egypt and the United States complete the catalogue of countries from which we derive our principal supplies of foreign grain. In looking to the imports from Egypt, we find very great irregularity to exist, the imports in 1848 being only 17,171 quarters against 123,880 in 1847, and 129,954 in 1849; and to an explanation of this the following passage, in reference to the cotton crop, which we copy from the *Economist* of December 1, 1849, may lead us:—"This country, from the peculiar circumstances of its government, is little to be relied upon; the supply (of cotton) having varied from 40,290 bales in 1832 to 2569 bales in 1833, and again from 18,245 bales in 1842 to 66,000 bales in 1844." From such irregularity in the imports of cotton, we may naturally draw the conclusion that Government interference is as likely to take place in reference to corn; for few people have the discrimination which the Free-Traders possess in such matters; and as no argument can be drawn from these figures, especially after the above admission, to strengthen the Free-Trade cause, we have no occasion to evoke the genius of Cobden to help us out with an explanation.

The United States have been for many years the model state to which

our reformers and agitators have unceasingly called our attention. Every proceeding and custom of the country, from Lynch-law to tobacco-chewing, has been held up as the development of a system of liberty which was to place America in a position superior in every respect to that occupied by the mother country; and unless we followed the example of our Transatlantic kinsmen, our commerce was threatened with ruin and our institutions with decay. Admirable in all respects, on no point was the model country so sound as on the question of Free Trade. The arguments applicable to the rest of the world, in favour of such measures, were wafted with tenfold force across the Atlantic; and the reciprocity with which we should be greeted from every quarter, would resound in louder tones from the American States. We were confidently promised an example of what freedom of trade would accomplish—a people of common ancestry and kindred feelings with our own, whose institutions were free and liberal, whose commercial knowledge was great, and who were not ground down by tyrants, would at once respond to our example and admit our goods in exchange for corn. With an unction only equalled by the daring sublimity of the image, it was proposed to lay Manchester side by side with the fertile valley of the Mississippi, and to drive a trade more glorious than the world had ever seen, since the days when Solomon despatched his yearly flotilla to Ophir!

So said the orators of the League; and any one who took the trouble to listen to, or to read their effusions, will remember that Orpheus did not more frequently pronounce the name of Eurydice on the Thracian mountains, than did these men that of America on the platform and the hustings. The only drawback to this otherwise faultless republic consisted in a rival manufacturing interest in the Northern States, on whose account a large differential duty was imposed on our manufactures. These constituted, however, a minority, principally confined to New England; while the Southern and Western States, being unanimously in favour of Free Trade, and represented by Mr Calhoun, would not—so ran the argument—long suffer

themselves to be taxed, solely for the benefit of their northern brethren. The tide of public feeling was declared to be unmistakeable. Mr Polk, who was supposed by some weak and prejudiced persons to have been elected President in consequence of his warlike views, was in reality chosen for his Free-Trade opinions. Mr Bancroft, the ambassador to this country, was a Free-Trader, and a political friend of Mr Cobden's. Mr Calhoun held the same views, and everything seemed to say—If reciprocity can be carried out at all, we must look for its fulfilment here.

We have passed our Free-Trade measures; and since then a new election for President has occurred. In consequence of the inadequacy of the protection which American manufactures receive—a trifling 20 to 35 per cent—the contest was made to hinge on this question, and the Protectionist candidate was elected. Mr Bancroft has been replaced by Mr Lawrence, a gentleman of large property, entirely amassed through American manufactures of cotton, who still retains large property in America invested in mills and machinery, and who consequently is a thorough-going Protectionist.

What measures we may expect from the present American Government, we may gather from the fact of their having proposed to increase the duty on British goods, and from the following passage in President Taylor's message:—

“I recommend a revision of the existing tariff, and its adjustment on a basis which may increase our revenue. I do not doubt the right or duty of Congress to encourage domestic industry, which is the great source of national, as well as individual wealth and prosperity. I look to the wisdom and patriotism of Congress for the adoption of a system which may place home labour at last on a sure and permanent footing, and, by due encouragement of manufactures, give a new and increased stimulus to agriculture, and promote the development of our vast resources, and the extension of our commerce. Believing that to the attainment of these ends, (as well as the necessary augmentation of the revenue, and the prevention of fraud,) a system of specific duties is best adapted, I strongly recommend to Congress the adoption of that system, fixing the duties at rates high enough to afford substantial and per-

manent encouragement to our own industry, and, at the same time, so adjusted as to secure stability."

Most of our readers must have seen the manifesto of Mr Meredith, the Secretary to the Treasury, wherein he follows up the President's Message by asserting that the banks of the Mississippi ought to be the *only great manufacturing district* in the world, and New Orleans the only port for cotton manufactures.

It must certainly be confessed that these are singular sentiments to emanate from a nation of Free-Traders; but there are sages among ourselves who seem to have acquired the long-lost art of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, as witness the following remarks in the *Economist*, commenting on the above passages:—

"It simply means that the Government, of which Mr Meredith is a member, are the determined supporters and partisans of the manufacturing corporations of New England. They have no wish to see cotton-spinning in the south. All this talk is for the purpose of disarming, if they can, the opposition of the planters of the south to their plan for enriching the manufacturers of the north. It is a plot against the planting, agricultural, and mercantile interests, in favour of the cotton-spinners at Lowell and the iron-masters of Pennsylvania. The Boston interest, of which Mr Lawrence, the new minister to this country, is the leading member, is paramount." — *Economist*, January 26, 1850.

How pleasant it is to be thus favoured with a peep behind the Transatlantic curtain, especially under the guidance of such an omniscient Asmodeus! The off-hand quietude with which he disposes of the flimsy imposture is capital; and we hardly know which we ought most to admire—the extent of the writer's knowledge, or his exquisite way of pool-poohing the inane Presidential bluster. Let us not, however, be too hasty in forming conclusions on a point of such very great importance.

If there were any truth in the statement that the interests of the Northern and Southern States were conflicting, Free Trade might still have a glimmering of hope that eventually the southern party might gain the ascendancy; but the large number of mills

which are being built in the south and west makes it already a matter of joint interest between them and the inhabitants of New England and Pennsylvania, that the protective duties must be continued, if not increased. The *Savannah (Georgia) Republican*, of May 1, says, "It has been estimated that there are now in operation in Georgia forty cotton mills, employing nearly 60,000 spindles, and consuming 45,000 bales of cotton annually. In this estimate, which seems below the mark, no calculation is made of our paper mills, bucket factories, iron establishments, flouring mills, &c. In Tennessee it has been reported to the Secretary of the Treasury that there are thirty factories, employing 36,000 spindles. In South Carolina, the Hon. Wm. Gregg says there are sixteen factories, containing 36,500 spindles, and about 700 looms, consuming 15,000 bales of cotton per annum. He estimates the capital invested in these establishments at about 1,000,000 dollars, and the number of operatives they give employment to at 1600. There are in Alabama twelve factories, with a capital of 500,000 dollars, containing 12,580 spindles and 300 looms, and consuming about 5500 bales of cotton annually. It is said that machinery for others is contracted for, sufficient to make the number of spindles into 20,000 and the looms 500. Thus we have in four States *ninety-eight* manufactories of various descriptions of cotton goods, containing 140,000 spindles. There are doubtless many other cotton mills in the other Southern States, which would swell the number somewhat. In addition to these, there are others growing up, not only in this State, but everywhere else in the south. We hazard but little in saying that, at the end of the next five years, there will be perhaps Two Hundred cotton factories in operation in the Southern States, consuming near 250,000 bales of cotton per annum, and giving employment to twenty-five or thirty thousand operatives." The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, writing from Philadelphia, says, "In only four of the Southern States, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, there are at present 150 cotton mills;" and he adds, that a large

number will be found to have sprung up in the Western States of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and Indiana.

Whatever may be the exact statistics of American manufactures, it is clear beyond all dispute, that a large class has sprung up in the south and west, whose interests, so far as British goods are concerned, are identical with those of the Northern States; and when a differential duty, which, including freights and charges of all kinds, is not less than *thirty per cent*, is complained of by the manufacturers as too small, and is recommended to be in-

creased by the Government, what expectation can be entertained by any man of common sense that our free trade will be reciprocated?

The descriptions of goods sent out to the States are principally fine shirtings and muslins, and the best prints—such articles as their own mills cannot produce, and which do not interfere, or but partially, with their own productions. As in most other cases, the increase between our exports and imports bears no sort of analogy.

Years.	Grain imported from the States.	Plain Cottons exported.	Printed and dyed Calicoes exported.	Yarn.
1815,	92,622 qrs.	12,412,981 yds.	13,097,851 yds.	69,059 lbs.
1846,	808,178	10,610,215	13,556,569	81,663
1847,	1,834,142	41,519,244	44,425,017	58,743
1848,	296,101	16,968,637	39,600,996	81,523
1849,	617,131	18,511,942	49,419,477	125,636

In 1846, when the imports of corn increased ninefold, as compared with 1845, the exports fell off; in 1847 both imports and exports increased; in 1848 the imports fell to one-sixth of 1847, while the exports were more than a third; and 1849 bears no proportion to any former year. The increase of business in the last year may be fairly attributed, in a great measure, to the declared intentions of Government to propose increased restrictions, an announcement which has always a tendency to increase the quantity taken, in order that the additional duty may be avoided. The demand for prints, as we have already mentioned, is a matter of caprice; and as the goods sent are of a kind that cannot as yet be produced in America, we owe them no thanks for taking what is required to suit the taste of the country; and we have shown, moreover, that the demand is no way regulated by our annual importations of corn.

We have now taken consecutively into consideration every large foreign market from which we import corn; and wherever the Free-Trade theory would have led us to expect a very large increased export of Manchester goods, we find either that our imports do not bear any analogy to the amount of exports, or that the few instances where the contrary would seem to be the case, can be ex-

plained without the slightest reference to free trade in corn. All we profess to do is to show that the assertion that our imports of foreign grain must be accompanied by large exports of goods is utterly erroneous, and that there is no necessary connection between them. And when we prove by figures that such is the case, and that our imports may be largely increased or diminished, and our exports remain unaffected, we conceive we have established our point; and if a solitary case to the contrary shall arise, the *onus probandi* rests not with us, but with those who seek to establish from the exception a rule at variance with facts and figures.

We have now to notice those markets from which we do not import corn, and to some of which our exports are considerable—the principal being Mexico, the South American States, India, and China.

Of the South American States, Brazil, which is by far the largest, and the only one with a settled government, exhibits a very slight increase; and those of Chili, Buenos Ayres, and Columbia, as also Mexico, a large one. Now, in all these the irregularity of demand is greater than in any other country, owing to the frequency of political revolutions, as in the case of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, and of the late Mexican war; and this state of matters, besides disturbing

trade, leads frequently to a glutted market, and a consequent reaction.

Our exports have varied as follows:—

	Plain Calicoes.		Printed and dyed Calicoes.		Yarn.	
	1846.	1849.	1846.	1849.	1846.	1849.
	Yards.	Yards.	Yards.	Yards.	lbs.	lbs.
Buenos Ayres and Monte Video,	1,519,242	23,730,435	1,140,936	17,761,223	—	19,323
Chili and Peru,	29,234,501	16,222,560	17,138,571	28,828,650	—	29,953
Columbia, . .	1,866,085	11,816,686	1,676,115	15,192,275	6,180	277,489
Mexico, . .	1847. 292,143	1848. 5,252,219	1847. 750,006	1848. 10,680,937	1847. —	1848. 520,376

With such a variation—and the returns exhibit such results continually—it is manifestly unfair to take the amount of any one year against another; and the only means of arriving at a just conclusion would be to take an average from a number of years. With the exception of Brazil, the bulk of our imports from these countries consists of articles which are not so directly influenced by our Free-Trade measures. They are principally cochineal, nitrate of soda, drugs, dye-woods, and ornamental wood, which are not in demand among the large classes to whom corn and sugar are sold, and therefore a variety of minor causes may affect their demand or value. Unlimited competition, which affects the British farmer and Colonial planter, can claim no part of our large increase to South America; an increase which stands a fair chance, unless the latter half of 1850 is more productive of orders than the first, of being considerably reduced in average by the falling off in the current year.

The India trade has largely increased our returns for the year 1849, and in this matter we are glad to find that we agree with so notable an authority as the *Economist*. In an article in that paper of November 27, 1847, the writer, comparing the business during the early part of 1846 with the same period of 1847, finds in certain countries a large increase of the consumption of goods: these are countries from which we import corn and sugar, and to which we "have a right to look," in his opinion, for the benefits of Free Trade. After some remarks, he continues: "If we compare our exports

to the East, and to those distant markets which are conducted chiefly by consignment, and by the capital of this country, we find a decline," &c. To leave no doubt, he gives a list of markets, the principal of which are India and China; and by making this comparison, he at once admits that he has no right to claim India as influenced by Free Trade. And, after this admission on his part, what can we think of the fairness of an argument which admits that in 1847 Free Trade did not affect India, and in 1849 would coolly claim the whole benefit of its exports? Let us take the two articles of plain and fancy goods together, and we shall find that the boasted increase on the whole of these exports amounts to 70,240,493 yards. Of this increase, however, 56,282,619 yards pertain to India alone, leaving somewhat less than 14,000,000 additional yards to be shared among all the other markets of the world.

The position in which our farmers and planters are placed, has been fully explained in our pages; and it is not our purpose to recur to that topic, further than as it affects the demand for goods. It is the fashion to depreciate the value of the home trade, and to compare the amount of colonial with foreign exports; and, as regards mere quantity, no doubt the foreigner is a larger customer than the colonist. But one important point seems to be overlooked—viz., to compare the description of goods which are sent to either market. It will be found that the expense of cotton and labour, and consequently the rate of profit to all employed, is per piece greatly in favour of these markets.

which have been represented as contemptible; for depreciation in the exports to our colonies has not been so much in the number of goods as in the gradual deterioration of the quality, and the large quantities of expensive goods sent out formerly are now replaced by others of inferior descriptions, and which bring less profit to all parties concerned. It may be worth while to consider how far it is wise to lose a profitable customer for the chance of obtaining others for larger amounts, greater uncertainty and risk, and decidedly diminished profits.

In the home trade, it was long before the Free-Trade party could be brought to confess that their predictions were in any way falsified. They are now aware of the fact, and it is curious to note the measured terms in which their admission has been tardily made. Their business of course was to show, that, in accordance with their favourite theory, cheap food must stimulate the consumption of manufactures at home; yet the following was the language of their leading organ the *Economist*, at the close of the bygone year:—"At the beginning of the year 1849, *great expectations were entertained of our home demand*. It was agreed, and with good reason, that we never yet had a year of general employment and low prices of provisions combined, which was not also a year of very large domestic consumption of manufactured fabrics. This year, labour has been in very brisk request, and food has never been so cheap and plentiful since 1836. *Yet our expectations, from these facts, have not been fully answered*. The sellers of printing cloth and medium shirtings, report that their home trade has been on the whole good; the sellers of domestics report, on the contrary, a decidedly dull business, *worse than that of last year*; but we believe that *all agree, that the anticipations with which we began the year, have been by no means realised*."

We could not expect more than this from an opponent; and his admission shows the root of the Free-Trade fallacy, and supplies us with an argument of which we shall avail ourselves in exposing another refuge of the League already adverted to in former papers.

Their main error consisted in supposing that trade must be improved by cheap corn, no matter whether that cheapness was produced by extra-production of British farmers, or by the encouragement of foreign competition. Now, this was a very serious mistake indeed; for any one taking the pains to reflect, must see, that the farmer was much better off if he could raise and sell 150 quarters at 50s., than if he merely raised 100 quarters and sold them at 60s. A succession of good seasons and abundant, always had the effect of lowering the price of provisions, and, at the same time, of enabling the farmers to purchase largely of the manufacturers. The case, however, is now wholly altered, for grain prices cannot in any way adjust themselves to the cost of production. After the poor crop of 1848, prices rapidly declined, owing to the operation of the new law; and we believe that almost every tenant farmer in the country sustained a severe loss. They are now exposed entirely to the brunt of foreign competition; and the consequence is that, do what they can, their labour continues unremunerative, and their expenditure is of course reduced to a lower amount than before. The reduced expenditure of the farmer, however, may not materially affect the cotton trade. In some respects it would appear calculated to improve it, as calicoes are much cheaper than silks or woollen stuffs, and the cheapest sort of dress is sure to be adopted when economy is imperatively required. Therefore, the above admission is one of extreme significance. It points to some cause, even lower than that of distress among the farmers, which has affected the home market for cotton manufactures in so very remarkable a degree. The Free-Trader professes to be quite ready with his explanations. He can tell you that railway speculation has caused the deadness of the home market; he can tell you how many shareholders there were in this or that line, what dwindled dividends they are receiving, and what amount of money has been lost in the country in this manner. He will probably, however, omit to add that no body of men were more deeply implicated in these matters than the party to which he belonged, and that Manchester and

Glasgow took the lead in that course of insane speculation, which has shown how entirely the judgment even of practical men may be overcome by the glittering temptations of Mammon. We entertain different views as to the amount of loss sustained. That individuals lost large sums in speculation is true; that work was in many cases paid too highly for is certain. We can afford to make these, and many other admissions; but we do not understand that the transfer of property can be called a national loss. The money merely changed hands; and what one lost another gained: and the same may be said of law expenses, and the expenditure of money in rails, engines, servants' wages, &c. But even supposing that our opponents are right, as to the losses sustained, what does this prove for them? We all know the class of people who are railway shareholders — landowners, merchants, capitalists, gentlemen unconnected with business, professional men, and managers of trust money, are the principal holders of railway stock. The amount held by the shopkeeper and tenant farmer is, in comparison with the above, trifling. If any of the latter are compelled to economise, it will be in the better descriptions of goods, in luxuries, and not in the plainest articles, that a great depression will be felt. But is such the case? We are told, "the sellers of printing cloths and medium shirtings," which are the better description of goods, report a moderately good trade, though one short of their expectations; and it is the "sellers of domestics," or the *lowest descriptions of goods*, who report trade worse than last year, and a decidedly dull business.

It is, then, THE LABOURER who feels the effect of this *railway speculation*, or whatever else it may be which causes a want of demand. Some time ago Cobden warned labouring men against buying up the Austrian loan; but this is the first time that we were aware that they had held so large a proportion of railway stock, which, by the bye, we suspect would be an equally profitable investment of capital with the forty-shilling freehold. Seriously, does any one believe that the present depression in the home trade arises from the

railway stock held by the labourer, who earns eight shillings a-week? Is it not a more reasonable inference, that the reduction in wages (another variation from the theory of "low corn and high wages") is the cause of their buying a smaller amount of goods, and of compelling thousands, who are uninfluenced by railway transactions, to save from their reduced earnings a few extra pence to purchase that cheap corn which has lessened their wages in many cases 20 to 30 per cent?

The manufacturing districts are pointed to, where wages are good and provisions cheap. Surely here, at least, the system works well. Let us see. A very large number of mills are employed in the manufacture of goods suitable for India. There we have seen that Free Trade can claim nothing: we have still a large number of mills to deal with employed in home-trade manufactures, but here there has been no reduction of wages. Mark that word *reduction*. Great stress is laid upon it. There has been no reduction of wages; consequently, you would suppose that the hands were obtaining the same amount of wages. Very far from it. They may be obtaining very much less; *for these mills are working short time*; and the hands being paid so much per piece, the amount paid for each piece remains unaltered, although the weaver may have only three pieces to make instead of five, and, consequently, obtains so much less. It will be said, "here is a distinction without a difference;" and, practically, such is the case; although this is what is understood when it is said that in Manchester there has been no reduction in wages. That this practical reduction of wages, by working short time, has not affected the operatives more injuriously than it has done as yet, is no proof of the sound condition of our trade. From a variety of causes, a mill-owner will lose less, in most cases, by working his mill, than by working short time, or closing; and, therefore, until his case becomes desperate, he prefers paying his hands, and losing £500 per week, rather than discharge them and lose £750 in other ways.

In every cotton manufactory there are certain fixed expenses, such as rent, interest of capital, wear and tear, and a number of fixed salaries, which

form very large items in the cost of production, and cannot be reduced by any curtailment of the hours of labour. These expenses are so great, that it is generally considered a saving to sell yarn or goods at an *actual loss* on the cost of production of $\frac{3}{4}$ d. to 1d. per lb., rather than resort to short time; and practical proofs of this have for a very considerable time been constantly given—the market price of domestics suitable for the home trade having been from $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. under prime cost; or, to make it still plainer, the loss in a single piece will vary from fifteenpence to three shillings. Bearing this in mind, it will be seen how great must be the loss when we hear of mills being closed or on short time; and a comparison of the selling prices of domestics with that of cotton will be sufficient to show any one who has the slightest acquaintance with the trade, what our recent commercial policy has effected. And yet this was the interest which was to be so largely benefited, and of whose prosperity Government officials could not say enough at the commencement of the present session!

The working of short time has been rapidly spreading, and the wages of the operative, like those of the labourer, the profit of the manufacturer equally with that of the farmer, is on the decline—in many cases, to a very alarming extent. It were idle to say the price of cotton is the cause of this loss to the manufacturer. The demand for India enables those who make goods for that market to obtain a profit, notwithstanding the price of cotton; the *want of demand* in the HOME TRADE causes the lowness of prices and the consequent loss on high-priced cotton. Our prospects in the cotton trade are far from encouraging. With a decreased export to most of the Continental ports, and the probability of an increased duty in the United States—with a thoroughly restrictive policy pervading every large and civilised community except our own—our trade is largely dependent on the business done to India, which, from the enormous quantities shipped, has far surpassed every expectation, and will most probably be soon followed by a severe reaction; and on the South American States, on which, constituted as they are, no dependence

can be placed. When these resources fail, it will be seen, perhaps too late, how insane it was to destroy those home and colonial markets, which yielded us a greater *profit, security, and regularity of demand*, than can be found in any of the markets for which we have sacrificed so much, and from which we have gained so little.

We think it right to state that we do not offer this paper to the public notice, without due consideration of the extreme importance of the subject. Much that is contained in it must hitherto have escaped the notice of the general observer, for every trade has its own peculiar fashions and its own channels, and it is difficult for those not practically engaged in it to ascertain its true situation, its prospects, and the means by which it thrives. We frankly confess that, even with clear statistical returns before us, we should hesitate to undertake an exposition, in the course of which we might have been compelled to put forward speculative opinions, plausible enough perhaps to the many, but doubtful to those who really understood the true position of that trade which forms the subject of our present article.* Most fortunately, however, the quarter from which we have derived our information enables us to assure our readers that these views are entertained by men of practical knowledge and experience in that particular branch of trade. Many of our leading manufacturers have been all along aware that their interests are inseparably connected with those of the agricultural body, and have viewed with intense disgust the arrogant proceedings and violent assertions of that junta, engaged in foreign trade, which formed the nucleus of the League. Nothing, we believe, could have mortified these gentlemen more, than an impression which has been industriously disseminated and generally entertained, that the principal cotton manufacturers were favourable to a scheme which could have but one result—namely, that of depressing, to a degree never experienced before, the home market, in comparison with which all foreign trade is insignificant. Reciprocity, like charity, begins at home. Unless the agricultural and the manufacturing bodies reciprocate—cordially, kindly, and

without jealousy—it is impossible for either body to thrive. Free Trade at present stands entirely in the way of such reciprocity. The agriculturists, with those dependent on them—in number two-thirds of the nation—being deprived, by the operation of a most mischievous law, of those profits which formerly were the reward of their toil and the return for their invested capital, have no other alternative than to reduce the extent of their custom. The manufacturers may indeed have cheap corn; but, as foreign markets do not afford an outlet for the third of their production, such cheapness must be accompanied with lowered prices and a diminished demand at home. Such being the position of the productive classes, the shopkeepers, whose profits depend strictly upon the amount of their sales, must suffer in a corresponding ratio, as also must the artisans, whose sole capital is their labour, and whose prosperity can only be measured by the amount of employment which the circumstances of the producing classes will enable them to give. Thus, a depression felt by one portion of the community extends itself to all. It is in vain that we strive, by forced legislation, to supersede a natural law. The old fable of Menenius Agrippa still remains in full force, and will continue to preserve its significance after the last of the Free-Traders shall have been gathered to the tomb. The limbs cannot exist without the belly which secretly nurses them—industry cannot thrive on the ruin of its greatest market.

Besides this, there are considerations which ought to suggest themselves to the mind of every thinking man—considerations fearfully important in the present state of our body politic. Cheapness of any article which constitutes a great staple of British product never can be otherwise than a positive disadvantage to the nation, so long as our present monetary laws remain in force. We mean, of course, that cheapness which is induced by foreign competition, not the cheapness arising from great production, which in the case of agriculture is the effect of natural causes; in that of manufactures, a large demand arising from the otherwise prosperous condition of the people. By allowing

unrestricted imports of foreign grain, we are in fact robbing every man in the country connected with agriculture, be he landlord, farmer, or labourer, of one-third of his profits and labour. The taxes, general and local, which are levied for the payment of the interest of the national debt, for the expenses of government, and all other establishments, bear no proportion whatever to the current value of British produce; though from that produce the whole of them must necessarily be paid. It matters not whether wheat be high or low in price—whether cotton be cheap or dear: all public payments—and, more than that, all private engagements—are inexorably measured by the gold metallic standards, and the producer must, in this way, settle all claims upon him, before he can proceed to calculate a profit. Is it then just, or is it defensible upon any conceivable principle, that the foreigner shall be permitted to send his produce—which is, in other words, his labour—to the British market, without becoming liable to that taxation which is imposed on the British producer? What prosperity can there be for a country which has adopted so foolish a system?—what benefit to the labourer can accrue from a course of policy which professes to give him cheapness by diminishing the value of his work, but affording him no relief from the pressure of his other burdens? We shall here take the liberty of transferring to our columns a letter which lately appeared in an able Glasgow newspaper, and which appears to us to contain matter well worthy of consideration on several of the points to which we have already alluded.

To the Editor of the Glasgow Daily Mail.

"Sir,—Being a constant reader of your very able journal, I am desirous that it should be more extensively circulated; and accordingly, I take the liberty of a friend to suggest, that to the title of *Daily Mail* you should add, 'for the Promotion of Home Trade.'

"In that title I include our colonies; considering a well-governed colony as an integral portion of the British Empire, in the same way as the Channel Islands, the Isles of Man, Orkney, Shetland, &c., now are.

"I also include, as promoting home trade, such foreign trade as is more profitable to the home traders than domestic barter is,—viz., the export of such surplus in our

manufactures as glut our market, and injures our operations; while I would also admit the corresponding foreign surplus goods, provided they ministered to our revenue as much as our own home produce does. For, as I do not myself approve of monopoly, I would not give our own people a monopoly; but neither would I give it to the foreigner, as is now likely to be effected, by requiring from them no equivalent to the taxes paid by our workmen and manufacturers.

"Corn, wool, cloth, meat, leather, iron, cutlery, and all necessities of life, and all luxuries, should be exchanged, when overabundant, for articles in which we are deficient. Philanthropy and wisdom alike commend such commerce; and we may suppose the excess of some products, and the deficiency of others, to be provided by the Governor of the Universe, in order to unite nations, politically or geographically separated.

"When Mr Huskisson or his party was called on to defend what was called protection to agriculture, against the free trade in corn—inisted on first by one of our largest landholders Earl Fitzwilliam—he (Mr Huskisson) only consented to its admission duty-free, when the 1819 gold standard proved the price to be rising to a famine elevation for the labouring classes.

"He did not, however, provide such prices for goods and labour as would make his import point compatible with the welfare of purchasers of corn. So corn at last fell, because the wages of the workman could not buy it. On the contrary, his gold standard prevented the banks from issuing sufficient money to enable masters and men to get the same profits and wages that corn growers and corn holders received from their contingent monopoly by the sliding scale.

"He introduced foreign manufactures of silk and other articles, at all times, upon paying duties insufficient to enable the home manufacturer to get profit adequate to the wants of his workmen—at a time when corn was protected; while silk, cotton, wool, flax, and hardware were unprotected.

"Hence a system, ineffectual for the protection of the farmer and landowner, and offensive and injurious to the manufacturer, laid the foundation for conflicting interests, and alas! animosities, betwixt the two great bodies of the nation,—bodies who, through much suffering, have yet to learn how really dependent they are on each other's well-being. For the foreigners and the few stockjobbers have now the means of carrying out of the country the expenditure of this nation. Our market becomes stocked by foreigners, who can undersell

our manufacturers, so long as we give adequate wages to our workmen.

"Not only does a third of the workmen's wages go to pay taxes on their living, but the employer must support police, hospitals, schools, and churches, and the poor—while the foreigner ministers to none of our institutions.

"Mr Huskisson also proposed to maintain the income of the landed interest, in order to preserve their station in society; but his legislative enactments did not preserve to the other classes of the community the comforts of their respective stations—a policy which, if not intentional, was in effect fatal to the wellbeing of the whole, and consequently to the success of his measures.

"By his currency measure of 1819 (commonly called Peel's Bill,) a *positive* instead of merely a *contingent* monopoly was conferred upon the fundholders' property—gold, or notes exchangeable for gold in sovereigns.

"Sir John Graham says he thought the landed interest made a bad bargain. He gives them credit for a knowledge they never possessed, and for a measure of which they had the same foresight as Earl Fitzwilliam had of the benefits to accrue from free trade in corn; while corn labour was taxed 33½ per cent in Britain, and little or nothing in most corn exporting countries.

"Since the peace, blindness seems to have fallen on our legislature. Influenced by, I fear, a deluded parliament, the policy of the various Administrations has made the debt and public expenses require more of every man's produce, while less is left for the market and less for master's profits and men's wages. Such a result must always follow an enhancement of the value, and a diminution of the quantity of money in circulation.

"For as by it all commodities are represented in price, and taxes must be paid first, the profits of those who provide the revenue can only be realised after the public demands are defrayed.

"When money is small in quantity, less is left for the employer—as, for instance, if he gets full profit on £100 worth of goods under an ample currency. When the same quantity of goods is sold for £50, he will only get half profit; and yet his taxes and those on his workmen's wages, must equally be paid out of this.

"If £5,000,000 worth of goods be imported, and paid for in gold, a loss of £10,000,000 of currency immediately follows—since, in 1844, it was enacted that, for each hundred sovereigns sent out of the Bank of England, one hundred banknotes should be withdrawn from circulation, and of course taken away from the

price of the commodities which they represented.

"The object of the law of 1844 was to check speculation; but the impulse immediately given to railways, &c., showed its impotence. It has aggravated the misfortunes of the industrious, and it has lowered everything except taxes and rates.

"From this source, it seems to me that low prices and wages, want of employment and of profits, arise; and we need not wonder that the working classes are led to seek redress by political organisation, or to escape by emigration.

"Instead of £100 the employer has only £50 with which to pay wages. The only aid by which the workman can subsist on this, is by the use of cheap foreign imports—imports which are at the very moment reducing his wages, and lessening his employment.

"Bread stuffs and fustians are cheaper, but taxed articles are not—for rates and taxes are not cheapened by foreign competition; nor is the rate of interest payable to creditors and British bankers lowered by foreign imports. Cheap bread and cloth do not exchange advantageously for articles directly taxed, or for money. Hence the producers of cloth and corn give more bushels of corn and yards of cloth to get rid of taxes, and to get money; and the classes who are supported by the taxes—the fundholders and money-lenders alone—gain by our present system of cheapness.

"I hope that I have given some excuse for my suggestion, and that the nature of the industry advocated as home trade will meet the line of policy you so ably and indefatigably recommend for the general welfare. I trust that I may have written what may lead some of your readers to reflect on the true policy—of promoting each other's means of giving employment to the high-taxed labour of Great Britain, instead of foreign labour. The squabbles of the Manchester cotton spinners, and the yeomen and corn growers of the most exclusively grain districts, can never be adjusted so long as foreign houses of consignment and foreign stock-jobbers are the guides of the parliamentary constituencies in the burghs. No cheapness gained by mere evasion of taxes can exist without cheap wages. Cheap wages make poor customers, discontented workmen, and create a competition by which the man who can live with his wife and his daughters in a never-cleaned garret or cellar, with nine other men, equally dirty and miserable in condition, beats out of the labour market the clean, decently-lodged workman, hitherto tenant of a house or apartment, instead of a human pigsty!

"If we are to have food from the Hun-

garian, who, in an untanned sheepskin, lives on black bread; or from the Egyptian, who, in a linen frock, lives on water melons, and sleeps in the open air—our workmen, in the cold and high-taxed Britain, must be involved in a contest which can only produce crime, misery, and poor-rates to themselves and their fellow-subjects. As it is about to be in food, so it must come to be in clothing. Let us tax foreign surplus labour out of mercy to the British labourer, or put our taxes upon property. We cannot serve God and Mammon. We cannot become rich by starving and demoralising our workmen, under the votes of a stock-jobbing parliament. But I must conclude by 'We must love our brethren first' to have the blessing of Heaven."

We are glad to believe that views so sound, and at the same time so temperate as are expressed in the foregoing letter, are rapidly gaining ground even among the masses of the people in the larger towns. We have never been insensible to the obstacle which lies in the way of a return to a just system of protection, nor are we disposed to undervalue its magnitude. Taken in the abstract, cheap food is undoubtedly a blessing; but it is a blessing only when accompanied by adequate employment. If it cannot be procured save at the cost of lowering wages, whilst at the same time it enhances the disproportion between the value of commodities and gold, it is a positive curse, and as such it will ere long be felt by every labouring man in the country. We believe that, in a great measure, it is so felt already. But it is not until the merits of this all-important question are thoroughly understood—until the mutual dependence of all classes upon the others is clearly seen and appreciated—until the fraudulent representations of interested agitators, exclusively connected with the foreign trade, are exposed to the scorn which they deserve—that we can well hope to apply a sound, effectual, and lasting remedy. We have no fear for the ultimate result: we only regret the suffering which men of all classes must endure, until the hour arrives when the delusion can no longer be maintained, and the authors and abettors of a wicked and unnatural policy shall be fain to shrink from the indignation of a people whose interests they have deliberately betrayed.

COURTSHIP IN THE TIME OF JAMES THE FIRST.

IN presenting our readers with the following narrative, we must assure them, in the first place, that it is, in all respects, a true and faithful one; being compiled from the autograph memoranda and diary of the principal character therein, respecting whom it may be well for us to say a few words by way of introduction. Be it understood, then, that in the month of October, in the year 1620, a certain young man, by name Symonds D'Ewes, being about eighteen years of age, and lately a fellow-commoner of St John's College, Cambridge, came up to London for the purpose of commencing his studies in the learned society of the Middle Temple. His father, Paul D'Ewes, was one of the six clerks in Chancery, and usually brought up his family from the country to reside with him in town during the term. He had five daughters, the eldest of whom was in her twentieth year; and on this occasion he took a lodging for them in the Strand.

We are sorry to say that Symonds D'Ewes gives his father the character of being niggardly, irascible, and austere. Although he was a man of very considerable wealth—his official gains amounting to £1100 per annum, and his wife, now deceased, having been heiress to a large estate—he could not be induced to come to any satisfactory arrangement with his son upon the important subject of allowance. And it sometimes happened, when the son was driven to desperation by his father's parsimony, and the father's angry temper excited by the son's over-bold remonstrances, that their discussions terminated in a very unbecoming outbreak. Such had been the case very recently, on the son's bringing home with him from college a tutor's account, which the father for some time positively refused to discharge; and the result was an angry and sullen feeling on both sides.

As party spirit, both in politics and religion, was running extremely high, it may be well to observe that the D'Eweses belonged to the great and increasing body designated by themselves the "religious and honest" of

mankind, and by the rest of the world "Puritans." Not only in respect to doctrine, but also in respect to discipline, they were admirers of the school of Calvin. But inasmuch as a majority of the lower clergy, and even of the bishops, were as yet decidedly Calvinistic in doctrine, Episcopacy was acquiesced in by them as an ordinance which might be tolerated for the present. After the Prelacy had become Arminian, and had shown, as it was thought, an inclination to resume some of the cast-off insignia of Popery, enforcing the observance of ceremonies which were looked upon as superstitions, our hero became an opponent of Episcopacy. In regard to the civil government of the country, the Puritans had not, either now or at any subsequent period, any dislike to monarchy in the abstract: though they set themselves very decidedly against those measures by which James, if he had succeeded, would have made the monarchy an absolute one. Our hero, in his place as a member of the Long Parliament, supported the Crown to the best of his ability, even to the last.

His tastes and pursuits were literary, and of a decidedly serious cast. At Cambridge he was a hard reader, and he had brought away with him a tolerable acquaintance with Latin and a smattering of Greek. In divinity he was better versed than in either. Three sermons on the Sunday he made a point of attending, besides one or two lectures during the week; and what he heard he also digested. Certain of his friends told him, indeed, that he ought to become a minister rather than a lawyer; but, for some reason not alleged, it was decided otherwise. He devoted himself in after life to the study of the history and antiquities of his native land; and his name is now associated with those of his friends Selden, Cotton, and Dugdale.

From a personal description which he gives of his sister Cecilia, with whom we are informed in another place that he was "accounted admirably to symmetrise," it may be

inferred that he had "a very well-favoured and pleasing countenance, with a full and quick black eye." In another place we are informed that he had the misfortune to labour under a slight obliquity of vision, and "the black ball of the right eye was somewhat dilated." For this defect the midwife who introduced him into the world is made responsible; and he professes to entertain some doubt that it was done "maliciously," and not "casually." It was the cause to him of "mickle grief:" not so much, however, he wishes it to be understood, on account of "the deformity," which after all "was not great," as on account of "the weakening of the optic faculty," which, to one whose studies were "almost continual and unintermissive," gave him occasion "too often to be sensible of the loss."

The country residence of Paul D'Ewes was at Stow-Langtoft Hall near Bury-St-Edmunds; and on the seventh of October, in the year aforesaid, the D'Ewes family, having spent two days upon the journey, "passed through London," and arrived at the Six Clerks' Office in Chancery Lane. In these days London ended, literally as well as nominally, at Temple Bar. They had scarcely alighted, when the father's angry temper vented itself in such a way as to produce in the son's mind "a vaticination of future misery." For on going up into "the chamber where they kept," Symonds chanced to open a casement which "hung but by one gimmer," or hinge, and "tittered somewhat." It was done "unwittingly;" and no sooner was it done than he "repented" of it. But his father instantly poured forth so many furious words, as to make him quickly perceive that it would prove but "ill entertainment" to live under the same roof with such a father, and that little but "wretchedness" was in store for him.

The next day being Sunday, he rose betimes, and went to hear the sermon at Paul's Cross. Of this sermon and its subject he makes no mention; but he heard one in the afternoon from "that good man, and excellent scholar," Mr Gouge of Blackfriars, which he rejoiced to find applicable in a remarkable manner to his own circumstances. The preacher showed

that "all affliction comes from God," and that "godly people must never expect to be free from it," and that in the present world they are "as sheep among wolves." In applying this to his own case, Symonds hesitated neither to include himself in the number of the *sheep*, nor to assign a place among the *wolves* to his father.

On the Monday morning he set himself to the ordering of certain things necessary for his "continuance in the Temple," of which the principal were a gown and a new suit of clothes; for, "by reason of the ill apparel" in which he had come up out of the country, he was ashamed to show himself in public. While the new suit was preparing he found the time hang heavy upon his hands, for it was necessary either to confine himself to the back streets, as Beau Brummell is said to have recommended his brother to do on a similar occasion, or to suffer a tedious imprisonment within the walls of his father's office. On the morning of the arrival of the new suit he lay in bed somewhat longer than usual in expectation of it; and having arrayed himself to his satisfaction, as soon as it came, he sallied forth "with a moderate cheerfulness," casting aside his "rustic accoutrements" with disdain. The effect of his personal embellishment was first tried upon an aunt and her two daughters, who resided in Mark Lane; and after spending some time with them "in pleasant chat," he went to St Paul's, and exhibited his bravery among the gallants in Paul's Walk. The next day he walked to Westminster, and after viewing the new Banqueting-house of Inigo Jones, which was then in the course of erection, in place of that which had been destroyed by fire the year before, he went to the Abbey and to the "stately Hall." In the Court of Common Pleas "my Lord Chief-Justice Hubbard sat as chief;" in the King's Bench, Sir Henry Montague; and in the Chancery, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, who was now in the zenith of his pride. In the Court of Chancery he stayed "a pretty while," fascinated by that "eloquent expression of himself, and graceful delivery," to which, in spite of the bitter dislike of my Lord Chau-

cellor which is expressed by him in other places, he could not forbear to assign the meed of his admiration.

On the Sunday he went as before to Blackfriars, when he heard from Mr Gouge a sermon upon the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove. In speaking of the nature of the dove, the preacher enlarged upon the tender care which she shows in providing for her young; and he made an observation to the effect that "every true child of God should endeavour to better others, and to draw them to God as much as he can, by communicating to them that which he knows." Upon this advice Symonds acted. After dinner, for the benefit of his sisters, who "upon little or no occasion had stayed at home," he took a Bible and delivered a great part of the morning's sermon from memory. In the midst of it—"in comes my father;" who, although not averse to sermons in general, did not altogether approve of this lecturing propensity in the young Templar. He therefore "brake off the holy exercise," by addressing conversation to the young ladies who formed the audience. Upon this Symonds left the room in haste, and went to church again. In the evening, when supper was ended, he again began to communicate what he had heard to his sisters; and again—"in came my father," in the very midst of his exhibition. He did not, however, interrupt the youthful preacher, as in the morning, but desired him to proceed. The sermon was upon the brevity of man's life; and in the course of it was introduced the argument, that since nothing can be carried out of the world when we leave it, "it is of little profit to be covetous." Although this was a tender subject to meddle with, Symonds thought upon his past privations, and determined to make the most of his opportunity. In a manner which he designates "all affable and humble," but which others might think all cool and impudent, he ventured to speak against his father's "too much parsimony." Of course the holy exercise was again broken off, as in the morning; for this was more than Paul D'Ewes could tolerate. He applied "many bitter terms" to his son, and "refused to go

to prayers" with him, and "declared that many suns would not suffice to eradicate his anger." It is amazing to see how Symonds at once assumes the air of a martyr. Having satisfied himself with the reflection that his father is "much too subject to this kind of perturbation," he goes to rest with the comfortable assurance that of his own "innocence" in the matter there cannot be the slightest question or doubt.

The reflection upon "this evil estate at home," added to "the partaking of doleful news" respecting the misfortunes of Prince Frederic, the champion of Protestantism, in Bohemia, caused the thoughts of Symonds to "settle down" the next day into "a deep melancholy." His father would not agree to his "going into commons" at the Temple, until he could get a chamber; and he would not suffer him to occupy any other chamber than a certain one upon which he had a legal claim, but which was now in the possession of an occupant who did not choose to be disturbed. And as to an allowance, he would not bear the subject to be alluded to. "Mewed up" with this morose father at the Six Clerks' Office, where, says Symonds, "if the pet did take him, though upon a slight or no occasion, he would not so much as look upon me once in four or five days, I began to lament my coming up from Cambridge, since that which I had hoped would prove my chiefest comfort—to wit, my father's company—served for my greatest cross."

From these manifold griefs and discomforts our friend Symonds saw no other hope of a deliverance than by a wealthy marriage. Provided that a wife could be found with a competent dowry, and that his father could be persuaded to come down with a corresponding allowance, Symonds believed that he should secure at once a position and a comfortable home. Whether by accident or not, it happened most opportunely that just at this crisis such a match was actually proposed to him: the proposer being "one of my Lord Chancellor's gentlemen," a Mr Boladero, who was acquainted with the lady and her family, and offered his assistance and advice in the negotiation.

Strange as it may appear in modern times—for Symonds D'Ewes was as yet at an age when matrimony, according to our present notions, is altogether out of the question—this match was by no means the first which his friends had proposed for him. While he was yet a mere boy at school, "some speech" had transpired of marrying him to a daughter of the dowager Lady Parker, who lived at Erwarton Hall in the county of Suffolk; and it appears that he had seen the young lady, and was not insensible to her merits. Again, while he was at college, his friend Gibson, the pastor of Kedington, had recommended to him a daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas: the splendour of which alliance, for the Chief Justice was held in especial honour by Symonds' party, at first attracted him. But when he reflected that the young lady was only in her *twelfth* year, and that he had never seen her, and that it was not yet ascertained whether my Lord Chief Justice Hobart might approve of him for a son-in-law, he condemned himself as having been "too temerarious" in his immediate acceptance of a proposal, in the way of which there stood so many difficulties. He therefore signified to his friend who had proposed it, what he calls "an ambiguous dislike;" thus terminating the fears and anxieties which had disturbed his quiet for several days and nights, and laying his head upon his pillow with an approving conscience, "almost enrapt" with the comfortable assurance that a happy marriage and independence were yet in store for him.

It was about six weeks after this, that his friend Boldero made a third proposal, at a dinner given to Symonds and his sister by another "gentleman of my Lord Chancellor's chamber" at his residence "over aient York House." The lady in question was a Mistress Jemima Waldgrave, the daughter and co-heiress of Edward Waldgrave, esquire, of Lawford House in Essex, "a Justice of the Peace, whose yearly revenues were a thousand a-year or thereabouts." This gentleman was of worshipful descent—tracing up his ancestry in a direct line to Sir

Richard Waldgrave, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Richard III., whose descendants in another line have been ennobled, and are now the possessors of the barony of Radstock and the earldom of Waldegrave. Symonds "easily apprehended" the proposition, and indeed was "wonderfully moved therewith." He passed a considerable portion of the afternoon in private conversation with Mr Boldero, who undertook to break the matter to his father.

But although the proposal was accepted by Paul D'Ewes with much apparent willingness, a considerable period elapsed before any material progress was made. Frequent visits were paid to Boldero at Westminster; but they seem to have been fruitless visits, and the mind of our hero was ill at ease. He was accustomed to retire for solitary meditation into the fields—those "*fields*" in which were erected the churches of St Martin and St Giles; and he is constantly complaining of the intrusion of worldly thoughts of riches and advancement in the midst of his devotions. Mr Gouge's sermons did not promote so much edification as heretofore.

While matters were in this unsatisfactory state, it happened that during the Christmas festivities in the Temple, he met at supper, in the rooms of the Lieutenant of the Temple, who was his college friend and countryman, a certain Mr Wade, one of the gentlemen of the Lord Chief Justice Hobart. It will be remembered that the Lord Chief Justice's daughter was one of the three ladies who had been proposed to him; and he therefore took the opportunity, "after their kindly entertainment of good cheer and pleasing music," of entering into conversation with Mr Wade. He began by expressing his satisfaction that "the worthy judge," who had been sick, was "in the recovering mood;" and he then proceeded to make certain particular inquiries about his daughter, intimating that "a very dear friend of his had been wished to her in marriage," and had desired his counsel "in the matter." Having thus poked his head into the sand, he persuaded himself that his entire person was invisible, and obtained from my lord's gentle-

man a promise that he should have a sight of the damsel the next morning.

Sir Henry Hubbard—or Hobart, as it is given in modern orthography—was held in high repute throughout the nation as a sound lawyer and an upright judge. By Lord Bacon he was regarded as a most provoking obstacle in the way of promotion. To Bacon's great disappointment, Hobart got the office of attorney-general in the place of Coke, and for a long time nothing could prevail upon him to vacate it. He refused even the chief-justiceship of the King's Bench; and it was only by intriguing to get Coke into that office, and thus tempting Hobart by the lighter duties of the Common Pleas, that he attained his object at last. Hobart was thought a likely person for the chancellorship, at the accession of Charles I.; but his independence had given offence at court, and he died in his office in the Common Pleas soon after.

His residence was in the close or precincts of St Bartholomew's Priory, near Smithfield, where once had dwelt the infamous Chancellor Rich. Out of the remains of the ancient structure several mansions had been erected by other persons of note; and down to the commencement of the present century, sundry old mulberry trees—the frequent appendages of ancient grandeur—were still surviving. Hither came our friend Symonds, according to his appointment. Having announced to the servant at the door his desire to see Mr Wade, he was admitted into the hall; and while he stood waiting there for Mr Wade's appearance, the "little gentlewoman" herself came in, who was the unconscious object of his visit. She came there "to speak to a poor woman, who had brought her mother some oranges and lemons." What the little gentlewoman thought of the precise-looking youth with oblique vision, the friend of her father's gentleman, who stood waiting in the hall with the poor orange-woman, or whether, indeed, she thought of him at all, it is hard to say: but, at all events, she could have little idea that matrimony was in his head, and that she was herself the object of it; and that, at this very moment, he was scrutinising carefully her merits and attractions,

in order to weigh them against those of a rival. Such was, however, the case. "There were many arguments," he says, "on both sides." The little gentlewoman before him "might bring more honour and credit," as being the daughter of my lord the Chief Justice, a personage of high station and popular fame; but the lady in Essex would bring more wealth, "being heir to at least four hundred a-year." In regard to personal attractions, "nature had done sufficiently for both." In point of "education" the other would have the advantage, being the elder. And this led to "the true substance, which was the equality of years;" the other being about his own age, but "this worthy virgin" only *eleven*. "All the rest was circumstantial." One of the two he "fully determined to match with, if it should be possible;" but the preference was given to the young lady in Essex, inasmuch as, in her case, the prospect of completing the match was somewhat nearer at hand than in the case of her rival. Thus were ended the doubts which "had possessed" his "wakeful mind," as he lay musing on his condition and prospects, for some time past. He acknowledges, at the same time, that he is "certain of neither;" and some time after, he added in a marginal note,—"Homo proponit, Deus disponit: neither of them came to pass."

Symonds after this had a conference with his friend Wade, but he does not appear to have seen any other of Sir Henry's numerous family than "the little gentlewoman," Mistress Mary, in whom he was more particularly interested. She was the second daughter, and died unmarried. Sir Henry's lady, who was the daughter of the Lord Chief Baron Bell, of Beaupré Hall in Norfolk, figures in L'Estrange's collection of the *bon-mots* of the period, as having anticipated Sheridan's witty ejaculation, when called upon to say grace in the absence of a clergyman. The wearisome effusions of the Puritan clergy, whom her husband patronised, were doubtless little to her taste.

The question, so far as his own inclination was concerned, being now decided, Symonds proceeds to consider

that others are concerned in the matter besides himself. Two essential preliminaries are to be settled—the obtaining of her parents' consent, and “the linking together” of their affections. So serious is his impression of the importance of matrimony, and of “the many effects” resulting therefrom, in regard to the happiness of life, that he can never meditate upon it without “fearful and reverent cogitations.” “Great is the policy, and strong are the assailants of Satan, as well by outward objects as by fantasies conceived inwardly, and by fruitless cogitations of honours, riches, and the like,” to alienate his mind from spiritual things, and especially from the public instruction of Mr Gouge; but he has recourse to “often prayer,” and endeavours thereby to obtain “God's blessing and assistance in the main.”

The course, however, of our hero's matrimonial speculations did not yet run smooth. There were serious obstacles in the way, though we are prevented, by frequent and extensive erasures, from ascertaining what may have been the nature of these obstacles. His father continues in the same mind, being not only willing, but desirous; and that there was no change in his own resolution we find from an observation which he recorded when a letter was brought out of Suffolk by his friend Sir Nathanael Barnardiston, containing the positive offer of the Lady Parker's daughter, with a portion of £3000. “I had determined,” he says, “another way.” Nevertheless his melancholy was so deep, that during the festive assemblage of the family, which took place at the marriage of his eldest sister, in the month of February, “it was much noted by all, and divers did express their thoughts.” “But I had many causes of it,” he adds, “and I could not cease.”

Towards the end of February, we see some signs of progress. A certain Mr Littlebury, who is a neighbour and intimate friend of the Waldgrave family, and also a kinsman of Boldero, is enlisted in the cause, and “labours very far in it.” Paul D'Ewes also writes a letter to Mr Waldgrave, explanatory of his intentions with regard to the settle-

ment of a yearly revenue upon his son, in case of the marriage taking place; and this letter, of which he gets a sight, “by good providence,” at Boldero's lodging, gives him “much content.” He takes immediate steps to get his portrait painted, as a suitable offering to the lady when opportunity may occur. “A limner in Chancery Lane” undertakes the work, and the first sitting is “for the most part of a forenoon,” until it is “drawn in dead colours.” He bespeaks also a tablet wherein to put it, and then waits impatiently for the reply to his father's letter.

But Mr Waldgrave required much time for deliberation. The portrait was finished, and seven weeks elapsed before there was a shadow of a chance of presenting it. Mr Waldgrave's letter arrived, but even then there was no invitation. The old man was cautious. He did not choose to admit any one as a candidate for the honour of being his son-in-law, until he had seen him. After the expiration, therefore, of three weeks more, he makes his appearance in London, having come up, as he gives it out, expressly for the purpose. One fine morning, in the month of May, Symonds sallies forth from the Temple to “Paul's church,” to give him the meeting. He paces to and fro among the crowd, with the subdued murmur of many tongues and many feet upon his ear; but he misses Mr Waldgrave, and returns to his room choppfallen. “I feared, methought, all the day,” he says, “as if some ill were toward me.” And his forebodings were true. For when the fathers met—Mr Waldgrave intimating that he was not prepared to give his daughter any portion in hand, while Symonds was to have an allowance of £1100 a-year; and requiring, at the same time, a considerable jointure to be settled upon his daughter — Paul D'Ewes, not without reason, thought “the good old man somewhat exacting, and “angrily brake off” all the negotiation.

What the feelings of Symonds were on this rude scattering of his hopes, we can only conjecture; for although, in the excitement of the moment, he committed his thoughts to paper, in a

cooler mood he crased them all. His first step was to hold a consultation with "honest" Mr Boldero; and his second was to endeavour, by a personal interview with Mr Waldgrave, to "amend the evil" that had been done by his father's rashness. "As God had ordered it," he found the old gentleman at his lodgings; and, having introduced himself, he pleaded his cause not without success. By these exertions, the negotiations were commenced anew. Paul D'Ewes threw off some of the reserve which he had usually assumed toward his son, speaking with him "both sadly and seriously;" and the latter was rejoiced to find that his father was so much in earnest, and that "his intentions were to so good purpose." The next day, Paul D'Ewes directed his son to "go in the coach to call upon Mr Waldgrave after supper, and to recommend his best love to him;" which directions Symonds carefully fulfilled, taking with him his faithful ally Boldero. We are prevented, by certain erasures, from learning the particulars of this interview, further than the fact that "the good old man" was just going to bed when they arrived, and that he "sat a pretty while discoursing with them in his nightcap."

The next day, however, the father and the son went together in the coach to pay a visit of ceremony, during which the old man "spoke so friendly and pleasantly, and bade them farewell so lovingly," that Symonds hugged himself in the persuasion that "all was going on right." So satisfied was he of this, that the next morning he presented himself again at Mr Waldgrave's lodging with a joyful countenance, in order to confirm the favourable impression, and to take respectful leave of him on his departure into Essex. But he found himself much less at home with the capricious old man than he had expected. "Whether it was through the craziness of his age, or his haste to be gone, or his unwillingness, I could not guess; but he brake off abruptly, and I was fain to depart a great deal timelier than I thought to have done, with discontent and grief."

The call was evidently unseason-

able. Independently of other reasons, it was irksome to the old man to be troubled with the boy's presence just at the moment when the bustle of preparation for departure was at its height. For advice and consolation, Symonds betook himself to his two faithful allies; and, at their suggestion, he wrote a letter to the young lady's mother, the Lady Bingham—who, being a knight's widow when Mr Waldgrave married her, still retained her title. This epistle, which was so carefully worded that it cost him the whole day to prepare, Mr Littlebury undertook to carry down to Lawford with him, professing also to be able to "prevail much" with Mr Waldgrave, and promising to "use his best furtherance."

In the mean time, Paul D'Ewes consents that his son Symonds shall go down to the house of Mr Littlebury, which was near Lawford, and endeavour to get an opportunity to press his suit in person; and, in order that nothing may be wanting on his own part to the furtherance of so delicate and important an errand, he promptly advances the large sum of thirty pounds for the purchasing of apparel. When we consider that this sum would be as much as eighty or ninety pounds in the present day, and that Paul d'Ewes's habitual parsimony was not likely to allow his purse strings to be drawn to a greater extent than was absolutely needful, we shall see how extravagantly expensive the article of dress was in these days. Having received the money, Symonds immediately set himself to "the buying of necessaries," and the next day set out on his journey, intending to stay a short time at Newhall, the residence of his aunt, near Upminster in Essex, and from thence, so soon as the outward habiliments which he had bespoken should arrive from the tailor, to proceed at once to Mr Littlebury's residence at Lawford. We must not forget to state that his friend Boldero accompanied him.

The entertainment given to our travellers by "my aunt Latham" was "both fair and good;" and fortune seemed to smile upon their enterprise. But the smiles of fortune were delusive. The next day Boldero

fell sick, and on the day following he was "so far east down, as in so short a time it was admirable to see;" neither of his "sudden" recovery did there appear any hope. In the heart of Symonds was "bred" a "double sorrow;" first, in behalf of his friend, and, secondly, of himself. The journey, upon which all his happiness seemed to depend, was for the present entirely put a stop to; and he decided that there was no occasion now to send to the tailor for the new suit. The next morning there appeared some slight hope of the sick man's "amendment;" but in the afternoon he was in "a burning fever," which "ragged so terribly" that his life was despaired of. In his delirium he "talked idly, to the trouble of all present," and to Symonds's "no small grief and fear," who was alarmed at the prospect of his own affairs being made the subject of "idle talk" before strangers. On the Wednesday, "through God's blessing upon the endeavours of the physician, one Dr Crake," there were evident signs of amendment, and "all fear of death was past." The disease proved to be the small-pox. And inasmuch as Symonds "dared not to come at" his friend, "by reason of the infection of the disease," he wrote "a letter of comfort" to him, giving him "all manner of good directions, both for his outward and his inward health;" resolving, at the same time, to pursue the journey to Lawford alone as soon as possible. The day following a letter was brought from Mr Littlebury, assuring him of "a safe welcome" whenever he might choose to present himself. To this letter he sent "a thankful reply," not "forgetting to reward the messenger;" and in the morning of May the 24th he set forward in his father's coach alone.

But the Fates were still envious, and our hero had no sooner cleared himself of one difficulty than he found himself involved in another. After travelling some distance on the road to Maldon, where he was to sleep that night at the house of one of his father's tenants, he suddenly discovered that the money which his father had given him to defray the expenses of his journey, amounting to seven pounds, had been left behind in

the bustle at his departure. The discovery at first overwhelmed him with consternation: he recollected, however, that the tenant at Maldon was to pay him forty pounds for rent, and this recollection set him at ease again. But as ill luck would have it, when he alighted, doubtless with some of the dignity of a landlord, at the tenant's door, he found the man so far overcome with liquor, that he declared he would neither admit him into the house, nor pay a farthing of rent. He was forced, therefore, to put back again into the coach certain articles of baggage which he had taken out therefrom, including the new suit, and to drive to the Blue Boar. Here he passed the night in peace, having fortunately in his pocket as much money of his own as sufficed to pay the bill, which money, "in this extremity," did him "good service."

These were "hard beginnings;" but Symonds, in the hopefulness of youth, ventured to calculate upon their bringing a "good ending." Yet he was doomed to suffer a fresh trouble that very night: for he felt so sick, and suffered so severely from the headache, as to make him fear that he had taken the infection of the small-pox from Boldero. But by the aid of "honest outward means," such as "a good warm posset, with bezoar-stone and hartshorn to it," he got "a night's rest with very little disturbance," and found himself "somewhat bettered in the morning." And starting from Maldon at "nine of the clock," he travelled "with so good speed and courage" that, a little after twelve, he found himself at the King's Head in the ancient town of Colchester, where his coadjutor Littlebury was waiting for him.

The two friends immediately "went to dinner, and held much discourse together." Awhile after dinner it was discovered, to the no small surprise and delight of Symonds, that the yet unseen and unknown object of his matrimonial speculations was at that very time in the town, in company with the Lady Bingham her mother. Upon hearing this, Mr Littlebury immediately went out in quest of them. They were found at the house of a Mr Bowman—perhaps Beaumont—one of the numerous refugees from the Low

Countries, with whom Colchester at that time abounded. And after he had arranged the preliminaries, Mr Littlebury returned to the inn for his young friend. The suitor was presented in due form. It had been expressly stipulated, however, by the mother, that no allusion should yet be made to the object of our hero's journey, so that the conversation was confined to "things political and economical;" and after a pretty long chat, Symonds "bade them courteously farewell," and withdrew. In spite of the cruel erasures which are frequent at this place, it is evident that an impression had been made upon Symonds, and that he was impatient to know whether it was reciprocal. Scarcely allowing them time to arrange their thoughts, Mr Littlebury shortly after went back to the ladies, to learn what they had to say respecting his young friend: and he returned with the negative report that there was "no dislike," but that the mother did not quite approve his "youthful years." She did not object, however, to his pursuing his journey to Lawford Hall the next day, where he might have an opportunity to "discourse with the young gentleman more fully."

The two friends had now leisure to "discourse upon certain state businesses," and other news of the day. The progress of the Spanish match, the prospects of the French Protestants, the indulgences granted at home to the Papists, were discussed in their turn; and it was stated by Littlebury that Mr Ward, the celebrated preacher of Ipswich, "is still in prison, though some of the chief persons in the town have been with Secretary Calvert for his deliverance." The house in which this conversation took place is still in existence; but it is no longer an inn, and its ancient title of the King's Head is known only by tradition. When the garrison of the Royalists in the town of Colchester surrendered to Fairfax, after their blockade of eleven weeks, in the year 1648, it was stipulated in the articles that the officers should render themselves up to the *mercy* of the Lord General Fairfax in this house; and the door is still pointed out through which the unfortunate Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were conducted to the

council of war sitting at the Moot Hall, by whose mercy they were sentenced to be shot forthwith.

After their discourse was ended, Symonds accompanied his friend Littlebury to his residence at Langham, a village about six miles to the north of Colchester, overlooking the valley of the Stour, and fronting the green slopes of Suffolk beyond it. Betimes in the morning of the next day, which was Saturday, Littlebury went over to his neighbours' at Lawford Hall, and had a long conversation with them, after which he returned to fetch his friend.

The thoughts of Symonds were so fully occupied with the business he had in hand that he felt little inclination to admire the beauties of the Vale of Dedham as they passed along it; and when they had surmounted the steep ascent which brought them upon the table-land, he cared not so much for the prospect of the estuary of the Stour, and the distant glimpse of the shipping at Harwich beyond it, as for the ancient chimneys which his companion pointed out to him through the foliage of the oaks which they were approaching. After they had alighted, he saw that the house was "both good and convenient." The good old Mr Waldgrave received them, and when they conversed with him a while, "down came my lady," accompanied by her two daughters—namely, Mistress Jemima and her half-sister, who was married to a gentleman in Suffolk. After they had discoursed together a while within doors, they walked out into the garden; and here, whether by design or by accident, Symonds "had the opportunity to go aside with the gentlewoman into a private walk, and to discourse with her about an hour." At first "she was unwilling," he says, "for the general, to try the married life: but at the end of our discourse, for I did not desire to prove tedious, I took a parting salutation of her for that time." Very much that followed is erased; but he seems to have returned to Langham "between five and six of the clock," well satisfied with the progress he had made, and with an invitation which he had received to return and pay a longer visit on the ensuing Monday.

On the Sunday, Symonds "was par-

taker of two sermons" at Langham church. In one of them, "it was honestly discoursed how subject even religious men are to slip many times, though God will never suffer them to fall finally;" and in the other, "how the Sabbath ought duly and strictly to be kept:" two very favourite subjects with the popular divines of the day. As Symonds and his friend walked home from church, they fell into conversation with some of the "parishioners who had lately heard from London," and they were told that Mr Gouge of Blackfriars, Symonds' favourite preacher, who "had been clapt up in prison for speaking faithfully against the Papists"—most probably for meddling with the Spanish match—was now set at liberty. They were also informed of a judgment which had befallen two noblemen of the Palatinate, "who were drowned in returning home from a convivial meeting, where they had been drinking the health of the Emperor." Such topics of conversation were believed by Symonds and his friends to be "not altogether displeasing to our good God, forasmuch as they tended to a religious end." In the evening, after supper, they "discoursed upon the religious government of a family."

At length Monday morning arrived. It having been arranged that Symonds should sleep that night at Lawford Hall, and pursue his journey to London the next morning, he rose early and "penned a letter" in his most exquisite style, to be presented to Mistress Jemima, along with his portrait. He had engaged his friend Littlebury to undertake the presentation after his own departure; the letter, therefore, was "dated accordingly."

Taking his "final leave for this time" of the village of Langham, and accompanied as before by Littlebury, he set out after this for Lawford. In his reception all was courteous and agreeable; but finding that "little or nothing could be done" until dinner was over, he waited for that time with some degree of impatience. All that he records of the dinner is that it was "both plentiful and orderly." When dinner was ended, he was "admitted to a private discourse with Mistress Jemima in her chamber;" and he seems to have pressed his suit with

much fervency, and not altogether without effect. "I then went," he says, "and discoursed with the good old lady, her mother, desiring to confirm her opinion of me likewise." But the success he met with here was but indifferent. "Freely and honestly she objected what she could; and I, as well as I could, gave her reasonable answers, and those from my heart." The fact was, that she had already decided that the match should never take place; and poor Symonds would have been a happier man for the next three months if she had told him plainly that there was no hope: whereas she suffered him to leave her with the impression that the opposition was no greater than might be overcome by perseverance.

He now sought "the young gentlewoman" herself, and "walked with her a long time in the park which stands near adjoining to the house, first alone, and then with company;" after which he "had discourse, both familiar and pleasant, with her and her sister in the sister's chamber," flattering himself with the persuasion that he had "filled her taste with so many and pretty tales," as to have made an impression decidedly favourable to his wishes. "Yea, to say the truth," he exclaims, somewhat boastingly, "I received as many tokens and signs of her gracious willingness, as none had ever before received the like, and more indeed than, at the first sight, I could expect, to the admiration of all." Yet mark his prudent forbearance:—"Howsoever, I was not too exultant upon this first good overture, but carried myself in an equal strain; and no marvel, for there were yet many things to be done." Nevertheless he was in a happy mood, and disposed to be pleased with everything about him. "Our cheer at supper was very good; but it seemed even more, because all things were done with such excellent order and silence." And when he retired to his chamber at night; "after publicly with our company, and also privately, commending myself to God's protection," there was nothing wanting which he could expect, "but all things so sweet and cleanly, that it seemed almost a Paradise rather than a country house."

The next morning, when breakfast was over, "it being about eight of the clock," Symonds and his friend Littlebury "took coach to depart," just at the time that the Waldgrave family, including "the gracious Mistress Jemima," were "entering their own coach to go to Dedham sermon." Upon "a spacious green before the house" they took their leave of each other for this time, Mr Waldgrave giving our hero "letters of warrant for a speedy return."

The village of Dedham had long been celebrated for the popularity of its lecturers; and it is one of the few places where the lectureship is still kept up by a special endowment. Rogers, the lecturer at the period of our narrative, was a divine of some repute: he is styled by Symonds, "a famous and religious minister of God's Word;" and Neal says, that "he had a great gift in preaching, his matter being solid, and his manner attractive." A bust of his grave countenance may still be seen in Dedham church, where he lies "in expectation of the resurrection which he preached," as it is not inappropriately expressed in the inscription below. He died in 1636, and was succeeded by Newcomen, an active partisan of the Puritan school, and one of the authors of that well-known attack upon Episcopacy, entitled "*Smectymnus*."

The lecturer, like the mendicant friar in former times, too frequently beguiled away the people from their legitimate pastor in the parishes which lay within the sphere of his attraction. Thus the Waldgrave family seem to have been regular attendants at "the Dedham sermon," though their residence was in another parish. The name of Waldgrave, indeed, is closely connected with the annals of Puritanism. It was "to the virtuous and elect lady, the Lady Waldgrave," that the notorious Bastwick of Colchester dedicated one of his most irreverent attacks upon the Liturgy and the bishops; writing from his prison the Gatehouse, where he lay "like an Essex calf, cooped up a-fattening by the prelates for sacrifice." This patroness of Bastwick was a relative of the Lawford Waldgraves, and lived in the neighbouring parish of Wormingford.

But we must return to our friend

the suitor, who professes to have left the place with a philosophical indifference, "neither over joyed nor over sorry." At the White Hart of Colchester he and friend Littlebury partook of a lobster together; and having intrusted to his friend's charge the portrait and the letter before mentioned, Symonds bade him farewell, and proceeded onward to London. His horses were disposed to "go so cheerfully homewards," that, instead of "lying" at Ingatestone, as he intended, he went through the thirty-eight miles to Upminster in one day.

The family at Newhall, which had been joined by D'Ewes the elder, since Symonds left them the week before, were assembled at supper when he presented himself; and, much to his annoyance, his father began at once, and before them all, "to demand how he had sped." Checking the old man's ill-timed impatience, Symonds begged of him "to stay that discourse until after supper;" and he made this request "with such moderate and easy speech,"—such an affectation of indifference,—that "some of those at the table—yea, the old man himself—thought that all was lost." But after supper was ended, Symonds formally handed over to him two letters,—the one, Mr Waldgrave's "letter of warrant for a speedy return;" and the other, a formal report prepared and forwarded by Mr Littlebury. He then gave a circumstantial history of what he designated his "blessed" proceedings—this expressive epithet, though partially erased, being still legible. But it was now the father's turn to assume an air of indifference. Whether he was somewhat disgusted by his son's conceit, or whether he was beginning to dislike the match, or whether a certain suspicion be correct which Symonds presently suggests to us, it is not easy to decide; but Symonds, at all events, was thrown aback. "How he stood affected," he says, "I could hardly tell; but I was half afraid that, now the matter had passed thus far, he repented; and I wondered that such should be the mutability of men's minds." But the cordial sympathy of Mr Boldero, who was now recovering from his late illness, made some amends for the father's unaccount-

ableness.. He sincerely congratulated Symonds on "this first act of good fortune, after so many scenes of disaster," adding his "prayers for good success in the future."

As soon as Symonds found himself once more in London, he went about to pick up all the news. He was informed that "Floyd the Welsh Papist," who had been convicted of uttering irreverent remarks upon the Palsgrave Frederic, had been riding through the streets with his face to the horse's tail according to his sentence, and had stood also in the pillory:—that French refugees were coming over "by forties and fifties in a company;"—that the Archbishop of Spalato was prohibited from preaching, "because he averred that the church of Rome was not heretical, but schismatical;"—and lastly, that the King was about "to break up the Parliament, to the great discontent of his subjects." Symonds took some interest in these rumours; but it was in vain that he strove to fix his thoughts upon his ordinary avocations, and he made "very little progress in the study of the law." His father's indifference to the match appeared to be growing into aversion; which, "after he had willingly sent me to visit the young gentlewoman, and I had received from her many tokens of good proceeding," appeared a wanton act of paternal caprice. His spirits fell, and he sank into a "deep melancholy."

In this mood he heard a story of Lord Beauchamp, the son of the lately deceased Earl of Hertford, which, by showing the evil effects of melancholy, led him to pray to God for grace to strive against it. "So strangely was this nobleman possessed with melancholy, that he feared if any person should come into the closet where his sweetmeats were kept, they would poison him. Wherefore once, when it happened that the door of his closet had been left open, while his man was sitting in the next room, although the man was quite ignorant of it, my lord ran up hastily and threw all his delicacies out at the window; and if present remedy had not been found, he would also have poisoned the man, in order, as he thought, to avenge the wrong."

That Lord Beauchamp's mind should

have given way under its burden of suffering, is not much to be wondered at, for he had been familiar with sorrow from the time that he first saw the light. His birthplace was in the Tower; by a persecuted and heart-broken mother he was nurtured; and having, like her, ventured to marry without the royal permission, he was committed to custody and separated from his wife. His mother was sister to the unhappy Lady Jane Grey.

Symonds, too, had his trials. In the young lady at Lawford he had discovered the very person calculated to insure the conjugal happiness and independence of station which so long had been the subject of his day-dreams. In his suit with her he seemed to have been tolerably successful. Other obstacles were gradually giving way, but his father's unaccountable aversion seemed to become more obstinate. And when the cause of this became manifest, it made the matter still worse. For in the midst of manifold erasures, and hints scarcely more intelligible than the erasures, we find that the old gentleman had been captivated by the arts of "a young light woman," and was actually meditating a second marriage. This he communicated in plain terms to his son. Of course Symonds opposed it with all his powers of argument. He represented to him how lamentable it would be, "after he had been commended generally for his abstinence so long, if he should cause his wisdom to be called in question" by the rash step which he was contemplating. He showed him, also, how much "content and comfort" was likely to accrue from his own alliance with "the religious gentlewoman at Lawford." By which "honest and Christian arguments" the old man appeared to be somewhat moved. Their effect, too, was still further increased by the discreet conduct of Mr Littlebury, who "carried himself wisely" throughout the whole affair. But it was an effect merely transient. On the very next day Paul D'Ewes brought out two letters for his son's inspection, who found to his "no little grief," that the matter had advanced farther than he anticipated, and that the lady whom he feared to have for a step-mother "seemed willing beyond the modesty of wo-

man." He found also that there was an intention to settle upon her as a jointure some of the Stow-Langtoft property, which had been promised to himself, in case of his marriage, "for present maintenance." His surprise and sorrow overpowered him, and he "knew not well either what to speak or what to think." His father promised, indeed, to take no further steps until his own marriage "was over past," and he also promised to do nothing which should be "much" to his "hurt." But Symonds saw nothing but "shame" to his father, and "misery" to himself; and, retiring to his chamber, he humbled himself in prayer to God.

The next day came a reiteration of the assurance that he should receive "no loss or damage," and at the same time an intimation that he might, if he pleased, avail himself of Mr Waldgrave's invitation to go down into Essex on the Monday following. There was "some speech," also, about "the contriving" of his clothes "against that time." With a heart, therefore, somewhat exhilarated, he joined a friend's supper party the same evening; and having made himself "moderately merry" with them, which was a "great refreshing" to his mind, he enjoyed for once a "sweet and comfortable sleep."

There being still certain unpleasant symptoms of inconstancy and backsliding on the part of his father, Symonds was heartily glad when he found himself again on the road to Lawford. His father had written a letter to Mistress Jemima with his own hand—of which letter more anon. The two travellers—for the faithful Boldero accompanied him as before—slept at "the Cock Inn at Gensford," and arrived at Langham the next afternoon. Having sent to announce his arrival, and received in reply "assurance of a kind welcome," Symonds pursued his way to Lawford Hall after dinner, "happily," and and with a joyous spirit. The young gentlewoman received him graciously, and indulged him with "much pleasant discourse," though it was "little to the purpose in hand;" and being invited to "continue here" until the next Tuesday, "thus far" he flattered himself that "all things went

off pretty well." He had some conversation also with "the good old man;" but being careful "not to seem too hasty" in the matter, until he had "fully sounded" the affections of the lady, he confined it chiefly to subjects of a public and political character.

In the afternoon of the day following, Symonds ventured to enter into discourse with Mistress Jemima about "the matter in hand;" and finding her "both affable and gentle," inasmuch that he became "hopeful of a blessed furtherance," he took an opportunity of joining Mr Waldgrave in his early walk the next morning, and there he began "boldly and freely" to speak of marriage. The old man was "very affable," and Symonds was overwhelmed with delight.

But his father's letter had not yet been delivered, and in truth he was afraid to deliver it; for, although it was "penned in a good phrase," it contained "certain unseasonable imperious passages," from which he already "presaged" mischief. On the other hand, if it should be kept back, he feared his father's displeasure, and "an abortive issue of the overture." At length, therefore, he resolved at once "to put it to the hazard." And no sooner was it delivered than the mischief began to work.

The same day, in the afternoon, entering again into conversation with Mistress Jemima, upon the same all-engrossing subject, he found her, to his infinite sorrow, "clean off from her former resolution." Instead of the gracious familiarity to which she had thus far used him, and which, while it increased his love for her, had also increased his confident hope that the affection was reciprocal, he found a sudden change to caution and reserve. He was "driven at once into a most deep melancholy." With a heavy and anxious spirit he betook himself to his rest, and the dawn of the "blessed Sabbath" that ensued brought "no quiet" to his distracted thoughts. Although, "at the hearing of the sacred word opened," he strove to "separate all his thoughts from worldly affairs;" and although Mr Ides, the worthy pastor of Lawford,

performed "honestly" his part, giving them in the morning a sermon, and in the afternoon "an expounding of a part of the Creed by way of catechising," nothing could dispel the gloomy forebodings of evil which possessed him. On Monday morning it was acknowledged, without reserve, that Paul D'Ewes's "unseasonable and foolish letter" was at the root of "all this discontent." The Lady Bingham, indeed, told Symonds without reserve, that if his father "took authority upon him so early," her daughter should "never come under his power." In fact the die was struck, and Symonds' fate was decided. He conversed awhile with the young lady in the forenoon, and found her "prettily affable;" but having in the meanwhile received a renewed caution against giving him any further encouragement, in the afternoon she was "clean off again." After supper he "had liberty" to walk out a little with her, and he was partaker of much mirth "in her blessed company;" but he could not "obtain any great matters in serious converse with her" concerning his "intended business," and in much anxiety he retired to rest. How he should "speed with her in the future," he knew not.

On the Tuesday Mr Waldgrave took Symonds with him to Dedham lecture; and as they walked along, Symonds was glad to take this as a proof that his friend Littlebury had "set all right again with the old folks," as he had the day before promised to do; and, thus flattering himself that "all things were in a good state," he became "prettily jocund." With a mind somewhat quiet he listened to the sermon of the famed Mr Rogers, who enlarged upon the nature and ground of "the hope which is laid up in heaven for the Christian," and showed also what "miserable estate the Papists are in, being altogether deprived of this assured and sacred hope." But something in the course of the day occurred to convince him that his hopes were vain, and that "all was like to come to nothing." What this was, we are prevented by his various obliterations from learning.

On the Wednesday Symonds took his departure. The good Mr Waldgrave was "prettily merry" with him,

and "very affable," writing to his father "a most honest and good letter," in which he expressed a regret that the young man's "entertainment with his daughter" had not been "so good as he wished," and a hope likewise for better in the future. Symonds had no enemy, it would appear, in Mr Waldgrave. The lady mother was the mainspring of the opposition to him. He easily found that "the daughter's elbow leaned upon her mother's breast;" that "what one spake, the other had learned;" that "both sang, as it were, the same song." As from neither he found "any final despair," so from both he found "little or no comfort." He bade adieu to Lawford in sadness: and in company with his friend, who did all he could to enliven him, "by his affable and cheerful carriage," he pursued his journey to London, sleeping that night at "the Blue Boar at Ingrave-stone."

It was a hard thing for Symonds to regard himself in the light of a rejected suitor: and so long as the merest shadow of hope remained, he refused to abandon his enterprise. As then appeared symptoms of a favourable disposition towards him in the good old man, he resolved to cultivate that disposition. He wrote a careful letter to him, sending him "all the best novelties, both domestic and foreign, from the pen and the press, that the town afforded." He apprised him that "Dr Williams, the Dean of Westminster, was made Bishop of Lincoln, and sworn of the Privy Council, and was likely to have the Great Seal; also, that Cary, Lord Falkland, was in election for Deputy of Ireland; and that the good Earl of Southampton was a close prisoner, under the charge of the before-mentioned Dr Williams, at the Deanery of Westminster." To the mother, Lady Bingham, he sent an earnest request for "the continuance" of that which she had never yet vouchsafed to grant, namely—"her consent." To the gracious Mistress Jemima herself he poured forth his expressions of admiration in some of his "best lines." None of these epistles seem to have been answered or acknowledged; yet, in less than a fortnight,

he wrote a second time; after which, finding that the same profound silence was still continued, with the advice of his coadjutors, he began "in serious thoughtfulness to prepare for a final breach or conclusion."

The time had now arrived for the annual removal of Paul D'Ewes and his family into the country; and our friend began to ponder in his mind where he should "bestow" himself for a season, being well assured that the unsuccessful suit of the heir of Stow-Langtoft to the coheir of Lawford is known and talked of by all the gossips "in almost the whole of this end of the realm." Having heard from Cambridge that his old friend Senhouse of St John's—who had been talked of for the Mastership of the College, in the event of Dr Gwynn being made the Bishop of St David's—was disappointed of his preferment, the bishopric being given to Dr Laud, the Dean of Gloucester, Symonds felt for him as a fellow-sufferer—"his Mastership and my intended marriage being both so much noised abroad." Senhouse, however, might perhaps, "after all, be made the Dean of Gloucester,"—which appointment actually took place—whereas, for his own disappointment, there is no remedy whatever. He grew every day more miserable. It vexed him to hear his father "ever talking of his own foolish marriage;" and seeing that the old man was so bent upon matrimony, he "plotted" with the rest of the family to encourage him to look out for some "good and ancient widow." He enlisted two ministers of the neighbourhood to act as auxiliaries; the one by dissuading his father from the marriage, which, as he was given to understand "in a tedious and disastrous conversation," was likely to take place "suddenly;" and the other, by endeavouring to negotiate an interview for him with Mr Waldgrave.

With those of their own party, the Puritan clergy seem to have exercised considerable influence, and in their domestic affairs to have interfered in no small degree. Symonds thought at one time that he had discovered the "chief let and hindrance" to his success in "the double-dealing of a certain preacher," who, professing to

be his friend, had yet "interposed for another;" and by the aid of one Mr Fairweather, a Justice of the Peace, who "could do much with this minister," he thinks that the mischief may be remedied. He caught, in short, at every straw. We are sorry to state that he entertained, at one time, the scheme of sending letters clandestinely to Lawford Hall by means of his friend Boldero's sister. A momentary gleam of hope burst forth when he received intelligence from Boldero that Mistress Jemima had shown some signs of favour towards him; but he soon became afraid that this was "only hypocrisy," she being unwilling to have it thought that the rejection of the suit was owing solely to herself. His thoughts were so distracted, even on the Sunday, as too often to cause the breach of that blessed day. At the assizes at Bury he meets with "many friends and ancient acquaintances," and he is present during a trial for murder, which seems to have excited considerable interest throughout the county: but neither the interest of this trial, nor the company of friends, could divert his thoughts from the one subject that engrossed them. His friends were "very merry," but Symonds was merry "only so far as his disquiet would give him leave." He hears everywhere "great talk of the match," which is supposed to be finally settled, being himself all the while only too certain that "it is even now in breaking off."

At length, through the indiscretion of Mr Littlebury, who had mentioned it to Paul D'Ewes's clerk, John Scott, the rumour of the "breaking off" came to the ears of Paul D'Ewes himself, who was highly indignant—in the first place, because it was an affront to his family; and secondly, because his family had kept him in ignorance of it. He immediately looked out for another string to his bow, and in the course of a few days informed Symonds that a match had been proposed to him with one of the daughters of Sir Giles Allington of Horseheath in Cambridgeshire, whose lady was a daughter of the first Earl of Exeter. To this proposition Symonds was decidedly averse. He knew that he could not aspire to so high a lady,

"excepting on many base conditions;" and in comeliness of person between her and Mistress Jenima, there was "no comparison." The Cecils had already become one of the most flourishing families in the kingdom; and the young lady in question was doubly connected with them, being descended on the father's side from the great Lord Treasurer's sister, and on the mother's side from the Lord Treasurer himself. The well-known letter, in which the first Earl of Exeter desires his "cousin Allington" to supply him with evidence from the family records, that their common grandfather was not a *siege-maker*, as some had slanderously asserted, was addressed to her grandfather. But however eligible such an alliance would have been in point of family connection, Symonds at once formed the resolution to decline it; though he was afraid to speak out his resolution too openly, lest it should displease his father. His thoughts were lingering after the lady at Lawford, and he half doubted that this fresh proposal had been made without any sufficient authority, solely for the purpose of producing a diversion of them.

He persisted still in writing letters, and still his letters were unanswered—excepting, indeed, that he received one short epistle from Mr Waldgrave during the Lady Bingham's absence, in which the old gentleman stated that he could not say anything until his wife's return. Even Mr Littlebury is constrained to acknowledge that "a final breach is inevitable." Symonds begins to feel "illish." He cannot go to church; and he "half suspects an ague." His "kind tutor" Holdsworth, and his "ancient friend" Gibson, pay a visit to Stow-Langtoft, and administer to him "many good comforts;" he becomes more and more desirous "to lay to heart the counsel of Mr Holdsworth, and to make a religious use of it." The arrival of these gentlemen was opportune, and their consolation needful; for, just as they were departing, "in came Mr Waldgrave's man with a flat and final denial."

All the odium of the refusal was laid upon the young lady herself—"She could not like." But the servant averred that "it was the wicked

old lady that had wrought it;" and whether this was the case or not, Symonds was willing to believe that it was so. With a show of pious resignation he bows under the stroke, as "an act of that Infinite Wisdom, who knows best what is fittest for them that serve him." "And thus," he says mournfully, "seeing that well-near a whole year's labour has vanished like a drop of wax from a torch, without noise, and without honesty in those concerned on the other part, in pensiveness was I fain to shut up the day." At a more advanced period he says, that the present portion of his life "may justly be accounted one of the most unhappy, being for the most part mis-spent in idle discourses, visitations, and issueless cares:" which time he would afterwards "gladly have redeemed at a great rate!"

A momentary gleam of hope seemed to break forth on his hearing that Mr Drue Drury of Riddlesworth, who had married Jenima Waldgrave's sister, had shown a disposition to befriend him, and had, indeed, "spoken in his favour very earnestly." He went over to call upon this gentleman, whose "library, curious pictures, and armoury," excited an especial degree of his admiration; and he also received from him a letter "full of sweetness and hope." But the hope was delusive, and "the letter proved, alas, only a compliment." He strove to wean himself from the seductive day-dreams in which he had so long indulged; contenting himself with a fling now and then at "the inveterate malice," or the "contrary ends," of the "old lady mother." Nevertheless, when the family went up to town at the commencement of term, making their resting-place for the first night at Langham, he could not resist the opportunity which was offered of calling once more at Lawford, to take his final leave.

For the third and last time, then, Symonds pursued his way along the vale of Dedham, and with feelings somewhat different to those which had possessed him before. Mr Waldgrave was gone to Dedham sermon, Mistress Jenima was forbidden to come down stairs, and the only person visible was

my Lady Bingham—cautious, cold, and civil. He did not now “come to sue unto her humbly;” and therefore, although they had much discourse respecting the match, “it was all to very little purpose.” The chambermaid, however, whom this youthful diplomatist, in his two journeys thither, had made his friend, assured him that her young mistress “was as willing as *he* could be;” and that “the wicked old lady had kept her in;” and that she had “so far gulled the old man as to make him believe that his daughter was unwilling,” otherwise it would never have been broken off. Hearing this, Symonds was the more desirous to seek an interview with the young lady, and with that intent he stayed dinner, “hoping she would come down.” But “all would not do; the old fox was too cunning to be caught.” As soon, therefore, as dinner was ended, he took a formal leave of his impracticable hostess, and sullenly turned his back upon that “good and convenient” mansion, which about three months before he had pronounced to be “a paradise rather than a country-house.”

For some time after his arrival in London the disappointment was brooded over in secret. He had “neither clothes to go abroad, nor the face to do it,” there being “so much inquiry about the match.” He gathered together “the letters which had passed to and fro during this wooing time,” and “they were many in number.” He resolved that it should be his endeavour “to make a true use of the disappointment, and to learn contentedness: that so, like the water to Noah’s ark, it might be the means to make his thoughts ascend higher, even to that holy mountain in which dwells all true happiness.” He sat down to “Cooke’s” Reports, and read over again some parts of *Littleton*. He desired “wholly to forget the naughty lady at Lawford, and the business itself.” He puzzled awhile over “a letter without a name,” which some one had addressed to him, and “he dreamed, as it were, the exposition of it;” and having decided in his own mind that it was written by Mr Waldgrave’s clerk, he laid it aside as unworthy of further notice.

Yet he could not at once forget

“the gracious Mistress *Jemima* ;” for in the ensuing spring, poor Mr Waldgrave being “carried off by a cold,” it was agreed that Paul D’Ewes should pay his addresses to the widow, and Symonds commence again his old suit with the daughter. But this scheme also proved abortive, and henceforward the grapes were clearly sour. The match was discovered to be “not so much to be desired,” the gentlewoman being older than himself, “which in process of time would doubtless have bred much nauseating and inconvenience.”

The husband eventually fixed upon by Mistress *Jemima*, or by her mother in her behalf, was Mr John Crewe, the son and heir of Sir Thomas Crewe, a lawyer of some distinction, and the nephew of that Lord Chief-Justice who was removed by Charles I. for resisting the system of illegal loans and benevolences. At the Restoration, John Crewe was created Baron Crewe of Stene. We are sorry, however, to be obliged to state that he did not prove a very indulgent husband to Mistress *Jemima*, and that “there was no very contented life between them.” Symonds informs us that, on one occasion, when he went to call upon her at her lodging in Holborn, having heard of her conjugal infidelity, he availed himself of the opportunity to enlarge upon his own good fortune in that respect; which he did, doubtless, with admirable complacency. He admonished her to remember that “matches are decreed by God in heaven, and that every married person ought to comfort their minds to a persuasion that their own respective wife or husband is the best they could have had.” “Ay,” replied the unhappy lady, “if one could do so.” Whereupon Symonds proceeded to remonstrate, showing her “wherein she ought to consider herself happy,” and sincerely endeavouring to minister all the comfort he could. But in consequence of one of Mr Crewe’s brothers and a cousin coming into the room, he was compelled to break off the discourse abruptly.

Doubtless he had succeeded in persuading himself that Mistress *Jemima* would have done better if she had married Symonds D’Ewes, and that Symonds D’Ewes had done better by

not marrying Mistress Jemima. The lady whom he eventually secured as his wife was the sole heir-general of the ancient race of Clopton, and descended, by the successive marriages of her ancestors, from "the female inheritrices of many great and ancient families." Symonds studied her genealogy until he grew enraptured therewith. The deeper he dived into antiquity, the more was he impressed with the value of his prize. He found in that ancient and august record called Domesday, the mention of one William Peccatum, or Pécché; and he "gathered strongly" that his little girl of fourteen—for she was no more than fourteen when he married her—was that Norman warrior's direct representative.

But if the history of Mistress Anne Clopton and her ancestors were illustrious, the history of Mistress Jemima Waldgrave and her descendants is far more illustrious; for her blood is now flowing in the veins of some of the noblest families in England.

The barony conferred upon her husband was held by two of her sons in succession, and Nathanael the younger of them held also the princely bishopric of Durham, for the long period of fifty years.

Her elder son Thomas, the second baron, had six daughters; one of whom, who bore the name of *Jemima*, married Henry, the last duke of Kent of the De Grey family. This *Jemima's* daughter Anabel married the Earl of Breadalbane, and was the mother of another *Jemima*, who succeeded as Marchioness de Grey in her own right. This Marchioness de Grey married the Earl of Hardwicke, and was the mother of a Mary *Jemima*, who married Lord Grantham, and through whom *Jemima Waldgrave* is the ancestress of the present or expectant possessors of the earldoms of Ripon, De Grey, and Cowper. From *Airmine*, another daughter of Thomas the second Baron Crewe, are descended the family of Cartwright of Aynho, and the present Viscount Chetwynd. From *Catharine*, a third daughter, is descended Sir George Crewe of Caulk.

But *Jemima Waldgrave* had also a daughter, *Jemima*, who mar-

ried the Earl of Sandwich; that gallant commander whose ship was burnt in the great sea-fight of Solebay, and whose body was drifted by the tide to Harwich. This *Jemima*, Countess of Sandwich, is the ancestress of a noble progeny. Seven successive Earls of Sandwich are descended from her through her eldest son *Edward*. Through her son *Sibney* are descended the numerous progeny of the third Earl of Bute, including in the present generation the possessors or heirs-apparent of the baronies of Wharfedale, Congleton, Hatherton, Stuart de Rothsay, and Stuart de Decies; of the viscounty of Canning; of the earldoms of Harrowby, Ranfurly, Portarlington, Beverley, and Darley; of the marquisesates of Bute, Drogheda, and Waterford; besides an archbishop of Armagh in the last generation. In this line there is also an admixture of the Waldgrave blood with that of the family of Buonaparte. Through her daughter *Anne*, *Jemima* Countess of Sandwich is the ancestress of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, and of the present heir-apparent of the earldom of Brownlow. And lastly, through her daughter *Jemima*, who married Sir Philip Carteret, she becomes the ancestress of the numerous descendants of the first Earl of Granville: comprising *in one line* the Earls of Dysart; *in another line* the family and descendants of the first Marquis of Bath, which include the present or expectant possessors of the barony of Carteret, the earldoms of Aylesford, Chesterfield, Harwood, Cawdor, Desart, Dartmouth, and Ellesmere, the marquiseate of Bath, and the dukedom of Buccleuch;—*in a third line* the family of the first Earl Spencer, beginning with the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, whose descendants are the present or expectant representatives of the dukedoms of Devonshire, Leinster, Argyle, and Sutherland, of the earldoms of Granville, Burlington, and Carlisle, of the viscounty of Clifden, and of the baronies of Blantyre and Rivers; then coming to the second Earl Spencer, whose descendants are the present Earl Spencer and Baron Littleton; and concluding with the Lady Henrietta Frances Spencer, the mother of the

Earl of Besborough, the Baron de Mauley, the Baroness Kinnaird, and the late Lady Caroline Lamb.

So many are the titled families now existing, who must look up to "the gracious Mistress Jenima" of Lawford Hall as their ancestress: their descent may easily be traced with the aid of a Peerage, and doubtless many others of her illustrious descendants remain yet undiscovered. The Montagues, of which family the Earls of Sandwich are a branch, were so marvellously prolific in days of yore, that when Lord Montagu in the reign of James I. was endeavouring to persuade that monarch to cut off the entail of some land which had been granted to the old Lord Chief-Justice, his grandfather, with remainder to the Crown, he alleged that the descendants of the Lord Chief-Justice amounted to four thousand already. The ancestral name of Jenima does not come down so nearly to the present time in the Montagu branch as we have shown to have been the case in the branch of De Grey. A fifth in regular succession occurs in the person of a sister of the first Earl of Grayville, who played a conspicuous part in the political world under George II. There was also a Jenima, the daughter of Charles Montagu, one of the sons of Jenima Countess of Sandwich, who married Sir Sydney Medows; but she died without issue.

In concluding this tedious history of our friend's wooing, we may observe that, at a subsequent period, the Lady Bingham acknowledged that all the opposition to his suit had originated in herself, telling Symonds, when he went to call upon her in her sickness, that he dealt forgivingly with her, "as Joseph had dealt with his brethren." To which he replied with complacent dignity—"Why, madam, should enmity between Christians be perpetual; especially since that which you intended to be

against me, is turned to my greater good?" And we may also observe, that Lawford Hall is still in existence, an edifice "good and convenient," as it first appeared to the enamoured youth who came as a suitor to its young Mistress; and "the green before the door" is little changed since he stood upon it to take leave of the family after his first visit. The green vale of Dedham, however, with its meadows and its mills, so familiar to those who admire the landscapes of John Constable, is now traversed by a railway, and the train now sweeps across the very road on which the family coach of the Waldgraves jogged along to Dedham sermon. The monument of the good-natured Mr Waldgrave, "who married Dame Sarah Bingham, and by her had Jenima who married John Lord Crewe of Stene," as well as that of the Dame Sarah Bingham herself, may be seen in the church of Lawford by any who have curiosity enough to search for them.

Respecting Symonds D'Ewes himself, we shall not trespass on our readers' time further than to inform them, that, in after-life, he tore himself for a while from the study of "ancient records, and other exotic monuments of the past," which he regarded as "the most satisfying and ravishing parts of human knowledge," in order to serve his country as a member of the Long Parliament; and that, besides supplying the House, when it was needful, with precedents on questions of privilege or prerogative, he indulged them with sundry set speeches, of which one was upon the postscripts of St Paul's Epistles to Timothy and Titus, and another upon the comparative antiquity of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. He died in the prime of life, leaving behind him a large mass of manuscripts, the chief part of which are in the Harleian Collection in the Library of the British Museum.

LEDRU ROLLIN ON ENGLAND.

IN our last we drew a portrait of M. de Chateaubriand, a nobleman and a man of genius of the olden time; and exhibited in favourable, but not undeserved colours, the constancy to principle, and fidelity in misfortune, evinced by one trained in the feelings of chivalry, and yet imbued with the enlarged ideas of modern times. Chateaubriand said that he was "democrat du cœur, mais aristocrat par les mœurs;" and such is generally the character of exalted genius, when educated in the lofty feelings of aristocratic descent. Ordinary persons adopt implicitly whatever impress external circumstances, or early training and example, may stamp upon their minds. They grow up aristocrats or democrats according to circumstances, or the early gifts of fortune. But great and powerful minds think for themselves; they rely on their own strength alone, and feel a natural inclination at first to resist the weight of authority, and burst the trammels in which the habits of society, or the authority of government, have bound the human soul. It is the feelings of chivalry, the influence of high-born beauty on generous minds, or the lessons of experience and the reflections of an enlarged philosophy, which make them conservative. M. de Chateaubriand was an example of the first; Mr Burke of the second.

In the present Number we propose to exhibit and examine the thoughts of a man of a different stamp. M. Ledru Rollin presents as favourable a picture as can be desired of *La jeune France*—that powerful body which has overturned two successive Bourbon dynasties, convulsed every monarchy in Western Europe, and even disturbed the gentle sway of a constitutional monarch in England. He is confessedly their leader; he shared with Lamartine the first-fruits of popular insurrection; and has since been driven to the hospitable

shores of Britain, to seek an asylum from the effects of an abortive rebellion, of which he was the head, against the Government which he himself had established. His talents are undoubted: he could not have attained the position he has if it had been otherwise; and abundant proof of them—even in matters in which we most dissent from his opinions—will be found in the sequel of this essay. He has recently published a book entitled *La Décadence d'Angleterre*, which has created a considerable sensation in London, not only from the vehement and uncompromising nature of the views which he has advanced, but from the importance they derive as embodying the feelings, and expressing the opinions, of so powerful and energetic a party in France as that which has adopted him for its leader. These opinions become the more important from the circumstance of their proceeding from the *only party*, in the National Assembly of that country, which did not burst forth in tumultuous applause when the recent recall of the French ambassador from London was announced. It is of some importance to ascertain, amidst the growing coldness or ill-disguised aversion of the Northern Powers, what are the feelings entertained towards us by the only allies whom the foreign policy of the last twenty years has cultivated in continental Europe.

It might reasonably have been expected, if *Astræa* has not left her last footsteps on the earth, that this party should be eminently favourable to the British nation, which has, through every phase of its progress, been in a peculiar manner the friend of freedom in France. If it still exists at all in that country, it is entirely owing to the moderation and favour shown to it, from first to last, by the British nation and Government. It is hard to say whether this moderation and favour have been most exhibited in pro-

sperity or adversity—in the periods of national disaster or the moments of national triumph. When the Duke of Brunswick invaded Champagne in 1792, and fifteen hundred Prussian hussars put to flight, as Dumourier informs us they did, the whole Republican army—when the barrier fortresses were all past, and France, on the admission of the Republican historians, was within a hair's-breadth of destruction, the English Government preserved a strict neutrality: it did not interfere, when, by a single hostile demonstration, they might have ended the contest, and terminated the hostility of four centuries. When England was drawn, by the alarming progress of the Republican arms in Belgium, and the open encouragement given by the Republican Government to the revolutionists in this country, most reluctantly into the contest; when Mr Pitt was compelled to fight, with much the same feelings, says Mr Wilberforce, "as a conscientious father of a family is forced into a duel," the cause of real freedom in France derived more benefit from the hostility of England than she could ever have done from her friendship: she saved her from herself; she combated France only when France had abjured even the semblance of freedom, and was striving to rivet on other nations the chains which she had already firmly fastened on herself. She extinguished a despotism which the Great Republic had shown herself unable to throw off—she gave her the freedom of the Restoration, the only period during her long annals when real liberty has existed in France. She did more. When her capital was in her power—when the English sentinels mounted guard at the Tuileries—when an irresistible force of eight hundred thousand men occupied France, she opposed its partition, vehemently pressed on the Allied councils by Austria and Prussia, and restored the power which had halved Prussia, reft a third from Austria, seized Spain, Portugal, Flanders, and Italy, and brought her territory almost to within sight of the Russian frontier on the Niemen, undiminished to its ancient race of princes.

England has further shown that it was from the inherent partiality of a

free country towards a constitutional monarchy, or the moderation which sometimes forms the accompaniment, and is always the greatest ornament of strength, and not from any blind fondness for the Bourbon race, that she acted with this dignified restraint in the moment of victory. When Charles X. was overthrown—when Polignac feebly attempted to do what Marshal Soult afterwards effectually did—the British Government was the first to recognise the Government of the Barricades. When Russia and Prussia were preparing to invade France, in order to put down the Government of Louis Philippe, it was her alliance which averted the danger, and saved France from a third visit of the Cossacks to Paris. When Louis Philippe himself experienced the hostility of that volatile people; when Guizot was overthrown, and the Orleans family driven into a melancholy exile, England was again the first to recognise the infant republic. It is her steady friendship which has a fourth time saved the French from destruction, by averting the invasion of the Northern Powers—which they had, in the first tumult of revolution, no means of resisting; and it is her avowed support and alliance which has hitherto preserved Europe from the scourge of a general war, only the more formidable from popular passions and enthusiasm being superadded, in the Fatherland, to the old and deep-rooted seeds of national hostility.

What return has the extreme republican party made for so long and unbroken a series of obligations, coeval with the first birth of freedom in France, and continued down to the present moment of perilous triumph to republican principles? We anxiously turn to the work of M. Ledru Rollin, for an exposition of the feelings of gratitude, the warm and heartfelt acknowledgment of obligation, which are felt towards a country which has abandoned all its old principles, and all but forfeited the support of its old allies, from a feeling of sympathy towards nascent republicanism in the neighbouring country. Our readers will soon see how warm and ardent the feelings are, and what cordial support we

may expect, in any national crisis, from the attachment of our new allies on the other side of the Channel.

M. Ledru Rollin is an energetic and able writer, as well as orator; and as our language towards him will not always be that of panegyric, we gladly commence our survey with the brilliant sketch which he has given, in the outset of his work, of the present state and extent of the British empire:—

Who can deny that England, since the date of the Act of Navigation, has acquired the dominion of the seas, and that her naval power, warlike or merchant, is now the first in the world?

Who can deny that England, in an industrial and manufacturing point of view, has become, under its former policy, the first in the world, and the chief moving power, the universal agent, the sovereign people of credit, circulation, and commerce?

Who can deny that British agriculture, on an equal extent and quality of soil, gives a greater return for the labour of the husbandman, than lands the most furrowed by the plough or favoured by the sun?

Who can deny that the British Isles—two miserable little spots, when looked at on the map of the world—have for centuries taken their place among the greatest empires, and obtained an illustrious place in the history of the powers of the earth?

You might as well deny the existence of the sun as deny any of these things. To overwhelm any audacious comparisons, England has only to exhibit its fleets, its harbours, its domains, its banks, its manufactories, its iron founderies, its markets, its docks, its arsenals, its girdle of colonies and fortresses encircling the globe,—composing an empire larger than ever obeyed the laws of Rome.

To speak only of its metropolis. What marvels those riches accumulated between the two banks of the Thames, peopled by a forest of masts, and which almost superhuman activity incessantly presses and agitates! Here are to be seen deep and spacious docks, the ample bosom of which no breath of wind ever agitates, and in which every vessel of every nation, from the gigantic three-decker to the Chinese junk, finds its allotted place, and where all the flags of the earth lie side by side, as in the common emporium of nations. There the tributes of every nation of the world are arranged in perfect order, in gigantic

magazines, constituting of themselves an entire city.

Here are dockyards, dry docks, forge and iron works, where, under the hammer and the flame, steel and iron are twisted into a thousand fantastic forms. Industry labours at everything: and yet all this, great as it is, is as nothing compared to the works at Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Merthyr-Tidvil, and in Lanarkshire. In the midst of the din, the clang, the volumes of smoke, the oceans of flame, which mark these astonishing scenes, you would suppose the fable of the Titans has come to pass, and that giants of a rebel race are preparing to scale the heavens.

Farther on the eye is fatigued, the mind turns round at the immensity of the circulation which is perpetually going forward. From one of the bridges over the Thames, you behold from the midst of an atmosphere of smoke hundreds of vessels, which pass and repass under your feet, docile and obedient to direction like so many human beings; at one moment almost rivalling the railway train in speed, at another stopping at the hand of a child; racing with each other, and yet steady to their object; approaching, but never touching; ploughing through the waves with their wings of flame, seeming to caress where a single touch would be death! In the city itself, thousands of chariots and waggons, of omnibuses, drawn by powerful horses, of carriages, darting at speed through the throng, all passing and repassing, crossing, intermingling, and yet never coming into collision—so experienced and wary are the hands which guide them. Meanwhile, on the foot pavements, a countless multitude of people, intent on business, amusement, or pleasure, incessantly pour along; and this is the same from the West India Dock to the End parks, from Blackwall to the squares of Belgravia and St. James's Park, which form the brilliant girdle of that scene of toil and labour, as the Elysian fields do the realms of Tartarus. Never has a people in the material world developed its industry on such a scale of immeasurable grandeur. The pen cannot describe the animation of its harbours, the activity of its commercial and manufacturing cities, the extent of its rural industry. Figures alone can convey an idea of its immensity.

Great Britain, which is only two hundred leagues long, and the soil of which is far from rivalling in riches the plains of Lombardy or Aragon, yields annually to the labour of the husbandman a revenue of above £140,000,000 sterling: an income, great as it is, which

is almost doubled by the value of similar productions in its dependencies and colonies.

Its industry, commerce, and manufactures yield a revenue superior to that magnificent land estate: thanks to its inexhaustible mines, to its natural riches, to its admirable system of internal communications, conducted by eighty-six canals, and seventy lines of railway. In all, the general income of the British empire exceeds twelve milliards of francs, or nearly £500,000,000 sterling.

Its power among the nations is rendered manifest by the number and greatness of its fleets and dominions. In Europe it possesses, besides the lesser islands which adjoin Great Britain and Ireland, Heligoland, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian islands: in Asia, Hindostan, with its tributary states; Ceylon, and its forced allies in Scinde and the Punjab;—that is, almost an entire world: in Africa, Sierra Leone with its dependencies; the Isle of France, Fernando Po, the Cape, and St. Helena: in America, Upper and Lower Canada, the West Indies, Bermuda, Newfoundland, and all the lesser provinces of North America: in Oceania, the whole of New Holland and New Zealand, Norfolk Island and New Caledonia. These united territories contain a hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, including the twenty-eight of the British isles.

As to its commercial marine, two facts are sufficient to make its immensity known. It has nearly thirty thousand vessels, including those propelled by steam, besides eight thousand in the colonies; and in a single year it exports more than £28,000,000 cotton goods—an amount, for a single article, greater than the whole export of the manufactures of France for everything put together.

“Such,” says Lediŕu Rollin, “is England at first sight.” He then proceeds to detail what England is at second sight, on a nearer examination; and then he finds as much to blame and to reprobate, as in the first instance he did to praise and admire. We shall immediately proceed to examine what he advances in these respects more in detail, and point out what is true, and what is false, in his energetic description. In the mean time, the first observation suggested is, how extraordinary it is that a writer of his power and information should not see that it is *utterly impossible* that a country which has achieved such

wonderful things—which has reared so mighty a dominion—should be altogether on a wrong track, and be made up only of institutions fatal to human felicity, and destructive of the human character. Prosperity and greatness in the long run, even in this world, are never the reward of treachery and cunning; the vast fabric of national power is never built up on the foundation of Government oppression and general misery. Military power may for a time, or even for a generation, effect surprising conquests, and wrench, by the force of military execution, vast sums out of the conquered territories. Such were the ruthless sweeps of Sesostris and Alexander in ancient, of Timour, Genghis Khan, Charlemagne, and Napoleon in modern times. But of how long duration were the empires thus built upon oppression, watered by tears, cemented by suffering? Did any of them survive the conqueror who created them? Did they not each fall the moment his iron arm ceased to uphold the mighty fabric, or even during his own lifetime, before the aroused indignation of mankind? Were wealth and lasting national strength ever purchased but by protected industry? Was wide-extended dominion ever the reward but of a protective and paternal government? It is on the affections of its subjects that every government must depend, whether monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic. If the British rule in India has been nothing but that of oppression, extortion, and injustice—as Lediŕu Rollin says it has—how has it happened that it has continually grown and strengthened for an entire century, till it has come to embrace a hundred millions of men, though the military European force at the disposal of the Company has never reached thirty thousand soldiers? If British diplomacy and external conduct has been nothing but a tissue of treachery, perfidy, and aggression, how has it happened that it has not long since roused the universal indignation of mankind, and produced, like the ambition of Napoleon in Europe, a universal combination to overturn it? These considerations are so obvious, that they force themselves on the mind the moment the

declamations of Ledru Rollin, and his school of politicians, now the *only allies whom our foreign policy has left us on the Continent*, are taken into consideration.

But to descend to particulars, and examine the grounds on which the Red Republican's succeeding condemnation of British policy and institutions is founded, let us commence with the conduct of England in the outset of the Revolutionary war:—

"Officially," says our author, "in its public acts and its international relations, the English Government did not at that period assume an aggressive attitude. No open attack was made on the independence of our nation, or the exercise of its sovereignty -- the constitutional spirit in England was favourable to us, and the sympathies of the people were on our side. Public opinion, therefore, would not have permitted an open declaration of hostility, far less a raising of bucklers, against a revolution which recalled to old England the struggle for its own liberties. Thus William Pitt, the first minister of the crown, who afterwards was the leader against the Revolution, took especial care at first to conceal his animosity, and avoid irritating the spirit of independence in his country, by a declaration of his sentiments. He prepared his measures in secret, by organising in the shade the conspiracy of calumnies.

"The ablest writers in the country were hired and brigaded for the purpose of that propagandism; and every day these public and paid calumniators invented a new falsehood, a fresh crime directed against the ideas or leaders of the Revolution; while the press, the pamphlets, and the clubs, spread far and wide their atrocious calumnies. The English Government ordered its consuls, its spies, its diplomatists, to sound the alarm on the Continent. It caused the disorders which divided its strength to cease; appeased the quarrel of Sweden and Russia, of Turkey and Austria, and united all the powers in one league; recalled its fleets from India, spread revolt among our colonies, chained Spain and Holland to its standards, and, by means of its ambassador at Naples, Lord Elgin, the main-spring of the coalition, brought about the treaty of Pavia, the Partition Treaty, and arranged the famous convention of Pilnitz, which stirred in their graves the bones of our fathers."—I. 155.

Now this passage affords a fair example of the way in which, in the

face of acknowledged and incontestable facts, the spirit of party perverts and falsifies the real view of things. Unable to deny that, during the first and eventful year of the war—when France, pierced to the heart by the army of the Duke of Brunswick, was, on the admission of its general Dumourier, "within a hair's-breadth of destruction"—the British Cabinet maintained a strict neutrality, and that, when they were drawn into the war, it was entirely by the murder of the King, and the seizure of the Government by a sanguinary and ambitious democracy—who invaded Flanders, menaced Holland, and began open war, by their declaration of 19th November 1792, against all established governments—these partisans assert that it was Mr Pitt who in secret did the whole! It was he who appeased, as with an enchanter's wand, the jealousies and discord of the Continent—who arrayed them all in a coalition against France. His apparent moderation in 1792 was only a feint, to gain time till the proper moment for action had arrived. Mr Burke and Dr Marsh were the hired calumniators of the Revolution! Nothing is allowed to the crimes of the Revolution itself—nothing to the natural horror of mankind at the crimes of the 10th August, and the massacre in the prisons in September—nothing to the inevitable terror of all established governments at the growth of a power which, by public proclamation, invited all their subjects to rebellion, and promised them the Kingdom of Heaven if they did so. ~~It was he who did the whole!~~ Does not Ledru Rollin see that, if it had really been true that one man and one country did all those marvellous things, it is the highest possible proof of the wisdom of the Government, and admirable nature of the institutions, which had given that man and that country so great an ascendancy?

France, according to him, did nothing all this time to awaken the jealousies or provoke the hostility of the Allied Powers.

"France meanwhile, neither in its Revolution nor its propagandism, did anything to provoke the hostility of England. In place of being hostile to a

people whom it regarded as its precursor in the cause of revolution, it had solicited its moral alliance, provoked its sympathies; and the Government at Paris never ceased to protest at the foreign office its loyal and pacific intentions, overlooking even the public injuries it had sustained in the person of its ambassador in London."—I. 158.

And this assertion is made at the very time that it is notorious, to every tyro in European history, that France opened the navigation of the Scheldt in direct violation of the treaty of 1648; openly made preparations for the invasion of Holland; overran Flanders; and menaced England, by speeches in the Convention, with the descent of 50,000 *hommes rouges* on the coast of Sussex, who would dethrone the oligarchy which now threatened the liberties of both countries.

"No sooner was the war declared than Pitt opened the maritime campaign, by giving orders to all his admirals to 'burn, sink, or destroy' all the French vessels which they might meet. He forced Spain, the Two Sicilies, and Portugal to join the coalition; he determined Russia, and the Stadtholder of Holland received from his hand £500,000 to join the Allies with its fleets. Denmark, Genoa, and Switzerland, having resisted, were subjected to British insults. Tuscany, which was desirous to have remained neuter, was drawn in behind Austria to the general assault."—I. 163.

In this passage there are nearly as many falsehoods as lines. Russia, it is notorious, did not join the coalition till 1799; and its troops, under Suwarroff, first appeared in the field in July of that year. The Stadtholder got nothing, and the whole subsidies, of every description, paid by Great Britain in that year were only £1,500,000. No attack whatever was made on Denmark, Genoa, or Switzerland, either by the British or their allies, in that year, or for six years afterwards.

"In 1807 the English Government bombarded and burnt, in the face of Europe, in defiance of all law, of all honour, Copenhagen and its fleet, because Denmark refused to lend itself to the hatred with which it was inspired towards France.

"In 1808 it refused the exchange of the Spanish prisoners, its allies, against the French prisoners dying in its hulks,

and cast wide on the elements six thousand Austrians, Prussians, and Bavarians, whom it would no longer nourish in its prisons."—I. 176.

Not a word of the secret article in the treaty of Tilsit, by which it was stipulated that, within three months after its date, Portugal and Denmark were to be summoned to join the coalition against England, and, if they refused, to be compelled by force—a step which was actually adopted against Portugal by Junot's expedition, and only prevented at Copenhagen by the English. Not a word of Napoleon's refusal to exchange British prisoners against French, although we had ninety thousand of theirs, and they had only thirty thousand of ours. As to the story of the Austrian and Bavarian prisoners, it is an entire fabrication.

When such are the ludicrous misstatements, the enormous inaccuracies, not to use a harsher expression, with which the work before us abounds in matters connected with European history—and on which, therefore, a Frenchman should be as well informed as an Englishman—it may readily be supposed that, in matters more peculiarly belonging to the domestic concerns or colonial conduct of this country, he is still more envenomed in his language, inflamed in his ideas, and inaccurate in his statements of matters of fact. Of the spirit with which he approaches this part of his subject, the following passage will give an idea:—

"The earth is wide, and the Englishman has planted his foot everywhere. Well! from the Channel of St George to the river of Canton, from the Euphrates and the Ganges to the Baltic, search for a nation, a race, which will bear witness before its gods to the honour of England! Seek for a coast, an isle, a harbour, that it has not disquieted, burnt, ravaged. Will you find on the whole face of the globe—not a tributary government, it has them in abundance—but an alliance springing from the heart, a fraternal relation, if it is not among the Red Savages, whom it has so often brigaded against the civilised nations in its American wars! No; England has no sisters among the nations. She counts her vassals by millions, her subjects or pupils by hundred thousands; but

friends she has none. England is alone, a vulture in her eyrie."—I. 178.

That England has few allies in Europe at this time—none sincerely so, indeed, it is said, but Ledru Rollin's friends the Red Republicans of Paris—is unfortunately too true. But that is not because our foreign policy of late years has been *English*, but because it has been *un-English*; because, swept away by the contagion of French democracy, we have abandoned all our former principles, and alienated all our former friends; because we have sacrificed everything to win the regard of Ledru Rollin and his associates, who being now driven, by the convulsions they have brought about in their own country, to seek an asylum on the hospitable shores of Britain, make this return for having been saved from the destruction which, but for us, they would have brought on themselves. The time was, when the policy of Old England prevailed, that we had plenty of allies; and Ledru Rollin and his party are the last men who can deny this with any show of reason, since they represent England as so powerful in alliances, that, by its single influence, without the slightest aid from propagandism, aggression, or menacing attitude on the part of France, it succeeded in arraying all the Continental powers in a cordial league against the Great Republic.

When Ledru Rollin comes to particulars, to justify this sweeping condemnation, he exaggerates or falsifies to so extraordinary a degree that it alternately excites a smile at his ignorance, and a sigh that revolutions should at times bring up such prejudiced and ill-informed persons to the direction of public affairs. Take, as an example, his account of the conduct of England to Canada on the suppression of Papineau's rebellion, in 1837.

"I will not speak of the glorious deeds of England in Canada, that great and noble colony, which our fathers called 'American France,' and which England wrested from us, shred by shred, thanks to a long series of *perfidies*. Certes, if I were to mention that infamous treaty in 1763, by which Louis XV. abandoned twenty thousand Canadians, I could on that distant shore, as in Ire-

land and the Indies, collect thousands of testimonies to England's shameless confiscations and atrocious vengeance. I might recount the abominable confiscations of lands *declared vacant*, to enrich particular families; and the acts of the Government and its satraps, personified by Sir James Craig and Lord Dalhousie, styled in Canadian history the *Reign of Terror*, and which alone might cause to be forgotten the savage executions of the last war, (1837-1840.)" —I. 150, 151.

So that Quebec, the glorious prize of Wolfe, in combat with his worthy antagonist Montcalm, on the heights of Abraham, was the fruit of a series of the "blackest perfidies;" and the suppression of Papineau's rebellion, in 1837, bloodless save in the field—and which has been followed by the pardon of Papineau himself, and all the convicted traitors, their return to Canada, and elevation to the highest offices under Government—is a period which recalls, on the other side of the Atlantic, the Reign of Terror in France!

"In what moment of history, and in what country, have we ever seen England arrest its fleets or its cannons before an evident right, a sacred principle, when success appeared certain or advantage probable? All her expeditions, since she issued from her island and butchered Ireland, all her exterior conquests, have they not been marked by violence and robbery? Did she not hold the dice in 1815 at that table of kings, when a few powers, her subsidised accomplices, parcelled out among themselves kingdoms like plunder, people like flocks of sheep, without the slightest respect either for nationality, race, historical affinities, social or national relations? At that furnace of the great booty, it was the liberal religious England which dictated the conditions, and held the pen. Let all mankind recollect this!

"As to the rights of nations, the ocean has beheld on every wave, in every clime, before every breeze, the ceaseless robberies of England. Harbours burnt, vessels captured, flags insulted, cargoes pillaged or put in sequestration, crews surprised and imprisoned—such have been in every age its exploits. Like the sea, history is full of the ruins which it has made. Even its allies have been bespoiled by its arms, at the very moment they were acting together. What did the English army during the wars against the Empire, in the time of Napoleon? Why, it razed the fortifications,

and during its retreats destroyed the mills, ruined the manufactories, demolished the works, cut the sluices, filled up the harbours—and did all this so effectually, that, ever since the fraternal usage of its dearly beloved ally, the manufactories of Spain have never been able to compete with those of Great Britain. This is in its true colours a picture of the constant, undeviating, it may be said fatal policy of the English Government in its foreign relations.

“When it does not make use of brute force, insolent and overbearing as the flag which represents it, the English policy makes use of hypocrisy, treachery, and deceit, still more dangerous, and, if possible, still more detestable. Thus England, which boasted of being the Apostle of civilisation, made a pretence of its desire to open the great empire of the Chinese to its blessings; and, by way of a beginning, she poisoned the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, and speculated in cold blood on a assassination, as on its last and most approved bills of exchange. She has only taken possession, she says, of America, the Indies, and her hundred colonies in the two worlds, in order to breathe into them the breath of a new life, to implant in them the free institutions of her isle: and all the world knows with what fury she attacked America, when it only demanded participation in the privileges of the mother country. She still holds Ireland, which has her own blood in her veins, in chains; and during the century that she has held the sceptre of India, she arrogates to herself the sacred title of Protector of Nations, as the ally of all who strive to achieve their independence; and when France, sixty years ago, at the price of its blood and its treasures, opened its universal crusade against despotism, England instantly placed herself at the head of the league of despotism against liberty. And this league of kings she has constantly reconstructed when broken by the arms of kings, paid and upheld during twenty years; and it was she herself who, after the last battle, presided at the distribution of countries—the sale of people.

“Liberty, religion, progress, civilisation, the sacred rights of conscience and sovereignty, are with her mere words, covers for British hypocrisy. When her tongue pronounces them, England blasphemes, for she has in her heart no other sentiment but the passion for lucre, or the suggestions of interest. Her history proves this; it is written in every page of her annals.”—I. 101, 102.

So that the object of England, in maintaining, during six years, the

bloody contest in the Peninsula, which cost her £360,000,000 sterling, *was to ruin the Spanish manufacturers*, which were such formidable rivals to her own! and she took advantage of the operations of war, of sieges, retreats, and warlike measures, to ruin the cities, harbours, and manufactures of her formidable Peninsular manufacturing rival! It is scarcely possible to conceive how any person, in an age of professed intelligence, can himself believe, or suppose he is to get others to believe, such absolute nonsense. As to the charge against the foreign policy of England, of being constantly in secret leagued with kings against freedom, and using the words Liberty and Independence as cloaks for its hypocrisy, it is notorious that the main, and, we fear, the well-founded charge against it, is *just the reverse*; that it is *by far too liberal*; that it is infinitely too much mixed up with the designs of Ledru Rollin and his associates, for the overturning of all established governments; and that, without taking into account the vast variety of races, national character, habits, civilisation, and degrees of advancement, it has ruined nations in every direction, and blasted the progress of liberty in every quarter of the globe, by the premature transplanting among them of English institutions. Witness the disastrous effect of our support to the South American, Spanish, Portuguese, Piedmontese, Sicilian, and Roman revolutions, and the open support given to the Hungarian malcontents, which has all but subverted the balance of power in Europe, by throwing Austria, without reserve, into the arms of Russia. And as to our internal policy, we have seen enough of the effects of the concession of political power to Ireland and Canada, not to be well aware that it is the most perilous of all things to be given to a people who are not fully prepared for it; and that the attempt to do so will generally verify the saying of Frederick the Great, that, if he wished to break a great empire into pieces, he would put it into the hands of the philosophers.

In the midst of his declamations against England, Ledru Rollin lets out some facts in regard to the social state of France, and the effects of the

revolutionary regime which he so strongly advocates for other countries. Take as an example the effect of the division of the land, and new law of succession, on the holders of heritable property :—

“ France contains above 4,000,000 of proprietors, and its soil is divided into 14,000,000 portions. In England, five-sixths of the soil are divided among scarcely 30,000 proprietors. With us, the *twentieth* part of the whole immovable property of the state changes hands every year. *Every twenty years the entire soil of France pays the tax of transfer to Government.* In England, it is only entirely transferred in five hundred years.”—*l. 25, 26.*

This is the state of revolutionary France. Four millions of proprietors, fourteen millions of properties; and the whole land of the country changes hands once in *twenty* years, while in England it is only once in five hundred!

On the internal and social affairs of England, the errors and exaggerations of our author are still more remarkable and astounding. Take, for example, one of his first assertions :—

“ Society in England is divided, as it were, into two camps, without any intermediate force. The one embraces the league of the capitalists, the other the attenuated and defenceless arms. In London there are twenty-nine bankers, whose transactions yearly embrace six or seven hundred millions sterling. At the same time, as the wages of labour are constantly declining, there is also every year a *fifth of the population which languishes and dies of consumption*; a number of cases of lunacy twofold greater than in any country of Europe; three hundred thousand famished persons, who annually fly their country; and a hundred thousand others, who are annually inscribed on the books of the poor. Thus the moneyed aristocracy has become, if possible, worse than the feudal; and wealth, dazzling to the external beholder by its counting-houses and its ceaseless conquests, is coldly committing murder within, driving a herd of men incessantly to two extremities—consumption or madness. Such is the real termination of the boasted power of association.”—*l. 42.*

This is enough to make one hold his breath! A fifth of our people annually dying of consumption. There

are about 29,000,000 of inhabitants in Great Britain and Ireland at this time, so that nearly *SIX MILLIONS* every year die of consumption alone! There is only one small objection to this statement, that the whole deaths in the two islands in ordinary years are under six hundred thousand a-year.

The institutions of England are the objects of still greater misrepresentation and exaggeration. Of the much-boasted trial by jury, he says—

“ In the eyes of a stranger, the English jury is an object of admiration and envy. The stranger is ignorant that the supreme empire of juries has admitted by the side of the ordinary jury, in civil cases, the *special jury*, which, on divers pretexts, may be imposed on all litigants. This jury, which is a sort of standing committee, is chosen by the sheriff, an officer appointed by the crown; and no one is ignorant with what partiality that functionary makes up the list: in all political or criminal cases. This alone, so far from diminishing, is daily on the increase. Has there been one instance in that society, steeped in moral immobility, of an innovator, a real defender of the people, having been acquitted by the jury?”—*l. 51.*

So that our special juries in civil cases are not composed of merchants at Guildhall, capable of understanding better than either counsel or judges the questions of mercantile usage or practice which come before them, but a packed body nominated by the sheriff from the most corrupt motives! And this special jury is intrusted with the decision of all political and criminal cases, and never, by any chance, allows a person charged with a political offence to escape!

The property of the Church, the real patrimony of the poor, because it prevents their religious instructions from being a burden on their industry, is in an especial manner the invective of M. Ledru Rollin, as of all other revolutionists. His statistics are as accurate here as on all other points. He gives the following account of the territorial riches of the magnates of the Church of England :—

“ The English Church, so far as the *personnel* goes, is divided into two classes. Here we find an aristocracy, there a *Proletariat*.” (We have no corresponding word; the French Revolution engendered *the thing*.) “ The *passive* clergy, who, without discharging any duties, enjoy immense

revenues, and let fall a few crumbs to their curates from the rich man's table; and the *active* clergy, who, burdened in general with numerous families, languish in unobtrusive misery. On the one side, prelates who, like the Archbishop of Canterbury, enjoy a revenue of above 3,000,000 of francs (£120,000) a-year, or like those of Dublin, *Hawkins*, (Armagh?) or Cashel, leave, on dying, fortunes of 3,950,000 francs, (£160,000;) of 6,250,000 francs, (£250,000;) of 10,000,000 francs, (£400,000;) and, on the other, poor ministers, whose children—too proud to go into service—often people the cities with thieves, vagabonds, and prostitutes. These are the merchants, twice chased from the Temple by Christ, and who have re-entered it more insatiable than ever. The English Church embraces 6,500,000 souls; and its revenues, which amount to 240,000,000 francs a-year, (£9,400,000,) exceed those of the whole remainder of the Christian world, which nevertheless embraces 203,700,000 souls.”—I. 61.

So the English Church enjoys a revenue of £9,000,000 a-year, the Archbishop of Canterbury has £120,000 a-year, and Irish prelates leave their families fortunes of £300,000 and £400,000! There is but one objection to this statement, and that is, that it is an entire fabrication. The English Church enjoys a revenue not of nine, but of less than three millions; the Archbishop of Canterbury has an income not of £120,000, but £19,000 a-year; and the fortunes left by Irish prelates, all made by running their lives against the lessees of crown lands, and the fines paid on renewing the leases, instead of £300,000 or £400,000, have scarcely ever reached £40,000.

But it is not only from its immense wealth, it seems, that the English Church is formidable; it is still more so from its legislative and judicial powers.

“As legislators, all the bishops, with the single exception of one, sit in the House of Peers, and frequently their suffrages cast the balance in favour of the Government.

“As judges, their importance is immense. They decide all questions of marriage and testament; that is to say, they are the masters of the two greatest of social transactions, the alliance of estates and their transmission.”—I. 62.

M. Ledru Rollin has heard, it

seems, of the *Ecclesiastical Courts of Law*, the Prerogative Courts of Canterbury and York, and the Arches Court, which takes cognisance of questions of separation *a mensâ et toro*, and the like; and he is well informed enough to conclude that the *bishops themselves sit in these courts*, and hold in their powerful hands the decision of the great questions which decide our fate at the entrance into and departure from this life!

A very obvious and satisfactory reason is assigned for the frequent habit of *reading* their sermons by the English clergy—it is, that they may be ready to be produced at any time before the *civil magistrate* when called for.

“Constituted as the English church is, it necessarily is awaiting in independence. Its belief is its politics: enslaved itself, its main object is to enslave others. Thence, according to some, the habit of *reading* sermons in the English church, which is done in order that the preacher may be able at any time to *produce his sermon before the magistrate*, if he is suspected of having disseminated evil doctrines. Thence, also, the custom, so often made the subject of animadversion in Parliament, according to which the bishops, in critical terms, *send discourses ready made* to the clergy, with orders to read them faithfully.

“Have we forgotten the public exhortations made from the pulpit by those ministers of peace, at the time when our countrymen, prisoners of war, were led into the bulks by the English—*To kill a Frenchman wherever you meet him is a service agreeable to God*. Hardly had the preacher descended from the pulpit, when any Frenchman present was assailed and sometimes assassinated by the people leaving the church.

“Have we forgotten the public prayer sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury to all his parishes, with orders to be read publicly, to invoke the protection of the Most High on the arms of Great Britain against France:—‘O all powerful God! give us power to exterminate to the last man that perfidious people, which has sworn to devour *all alike* thy faithful servants.’”—I. 63, 64.

It is scarcely conceivable how any man, possessed of the common rudiments of education, can write or lend the sanction of his name to such monstrous falsehoods.

The Universities do not fare better in the hands of our author:—

"The intolerance of the church is still what it was in the days of Locke, who was ignominiously chased from the halls of Oxford. How is it possible that the universities, under such a yoke, should not be immovable? How is it possible that they can advance on the road of progress, when the Church, like a watchful duenna, incessantly keeps its hundred eyes fixed upon them. All their own authors agree on this point, that it is owing to their exclusive ascendant that the decay of instruction in England is to be ascribed. Their conduct on this occasion recalls the language of Omar before the library of Alexandria:—The subjects treated in these innumerable volumes, if not embraced in the Koran, are valueless; if they are, the books are useless. Burn them then; the Koran suffices for all true believers.' That which the Caliph said of the Alcoran, the Church thinks of the Gospel—the Bible is enough for all."—*L.* 71, 72.

It is amusing to see this declamation on the servile spirit of our universities, and their obstinate resistance to all improvement, at the very time that Oxford is convulsed with the schism, in opposition to the Crown, which has recently taken place in the Church; and Cambridge has just adopted a new and much liberalised system of education, adapted to the change of time and the progress of civilisation. Still more amusing is it to see the Protestant Church stigmatised for its interested and time-serving spirit, at the very moment when two-thirds of the clergy of the Church of Scotland have recently resigned their livings, and thrown themselves on the voluntary offerings of their flocks, in pursuance of a scruple of conscience on a very trifling point of Church discipline; and when the Church of England is menaced with a schism scarcely less serious, in consequence of the resistance of a large body of the clergy to the authority, in religious concerns, of the Crown, the acknowledged head of the Church, and the dispenser of all its dignities, and no inconsiderable part of its emoluments.

When the Universities and Church fare so ill in the hands of our author, it is not to be supposed that the Bar is to escape.

"It is not without reason that the English lawyers have been compared to the Roman judicial patricians. In England, it is only the young men belonging to very rich families, as Cottu has observed, who can embrace the profession of an advocate, on account of the great expenses with which its early stages are attended. With success there are no dreams which their ambition may not form. The functions of judges, of presidents of courts of law, of chancellor, of ministers of the Crown, of members of parliament, are the certain reward of eminence at the bar; and they receive early in life, in advance as it were, the homage due to the exalted situations which it is foreseen they are to fill. Thus how few among them ever are defenders of the people! Barristers receive from the Crown, with a salary of £200 a-year, and the title of king's serjeants, the obligation to undertake no case either adverse to the interest of the Crown or the interest of its Ministers. This is the first step in corruption. They are only chosen to be magistrates or presidents of the courts of justice, when they have given ample securities to the Ministry. 'The Government,' says M. Cottu, 'is without bowels of compassion on that point. No sooner are they seated in the president's chair, than their eyes are dazzled by the prospect of the perage, which renders them entirely subservient to the dictates of power.'

"As at Rome, the English magistrates and bar form a college of initiated persons—for their influence is founded on the confusion of laws, on subtle distinctions between law and equity, on formulas, fictions, and symbols utterly unintelligible to uninitiated persons. As at Rome, they live on abuses; their interests equally with their traditions render them hostile to progress of every kind: they are one of the strongholds of the aristocracy. In a late work an Englishman has said of them, 'They are an universal ulcer: they injure all the world, torment all the world, ruin all who fall into their clutches. They are the chief obstacle to improvement of every sort, for they act against the public and its best interests, with the advantages which a disciplined army has against a mob of disarmed countrymen.'"—*L.* 90.

So that the Bar and the Bench are alike servile and corrupted in England! We have had no Erskines or Romillys, no Scarlets or Broughams, no Denmans or Scotts or Gibbs in our annals. The bar is accessible, like the diplomatic line, only to young men of fortune—it is one of the outworks of the aristocracy. No such thing is ever heard

of as a poor man's son getting on at the bar, or being elevated to the bench : our chancellors and chief-justices are never sons of tradesmen or farmers—nothing but scions of the aristocracy, clothed with the judicial ermine ! We have no doubt the young men of good family at the bar (a class unfortunately daily on the decline) would be too happy if M. Ledru Rollin could only realise in their favour his description of their advantages.

We shall conclude these copious extracts with a very remarkable passage, evincing M. Ledru Rollin's general opinion of the want of original or profound ideas in England :—

“The star which in the heavens preceded the march of the wise men of the East, is at bottom but a symbol, indicating that every people have their own particular genius and disposition to follow in the general destinies of mankind. Every people, in truth, have their peculiar star—that is to say, their ruling idea ; and the effects of this idea appear everywhere, as well in the tents of the tribe as in the form of the greatest republics. The star which shone so bright in Greece was called *Venus* it was beauty personified ; that in Rome was *Mars* or *Jupiter*, Force or Power. That which for sixty years has shone in the heavens of France is called *Justice*, Eternal Right—in one word, *Equality*.

“The English alone have become great in their isle, and have augmented in fortune without any dominant idea, without any progressive or general philosophy, *without an ideal*. Despite its puritanical hypocrisy, England has never raised its eyes or its hearts above its masts and its cargoes ; it has neither a star to follow nor a missive to discharge, as the people who have rendered services to humanity. Athens, a point almost imperceptible on the map of the globe, has marked its position with an imperishable light. What traces will the English, the possessors of the globe, leave ? They are gods to themselves ; self is their principle, their end ; success is their morality—interest their logic ; and their institutions prove it not less than their history. They have no other principle, no other philosophy, no other ideas of duty, but the advantages or necessities of their fortune. They are *par excellence* a matter-of-fact people and one of unchangeable traditions.

“What has established its system of laws on property ? The Norman conquest—a savage fact ; and from that time

to the present its feudal code has undergone no change, although the level of right has ascended from age to age. Whence has come its religion ? From the caprice of a king, from the lasciviousness of a despot—that is, from the most contemptible origin from which so august an institution can have arisen. And that religion, which bears the name of the Reformed, has it been purified in its doctrines, elevated in its practice, in traversing the course of ages ? No, certes ! It has remained fixed, immovable, like the law of William—a sort of adulterous *juste milieu* between the Papacy and the human mind.

“As to the organisation of its Government, its state powers and functions, what is the principle by which it is distinguished ? Is there in that huge Babel a single principle which belongs, however remotely, to the science of law ? No, there is nothing but a collection of *facts*, consecrated by tradition, or which have been disengaged as interests in the strife of time. There is a monarchy, a noblesse, a *bourgeoisie*—that is to say, an oligarchy of constituted forms, leagued together for their mutual defence. But the divine rights of man, the science or philosophy of law, are alike unknown. There is no fixed or general principle : titles, riches—that is, *facts*—alone confer power. There are English citizens, but every Englishman is not a citizen.”—I. 90, 93.

There is some truth as well as much misconception in this passage ; but it is singular that so acute an author should not see that, while he is truly charging the English character with a disregard of, or rather insensibility to, general principle, he is in reality bringing out, in the clearest light, the true and prevailing characteristic of the English mind, and that one to the continued influence of which its greatness is mainly to be ascribed. He says, with truth, that the English have no *abstract* principle of conduct. They are neither devoted to the arts, like the Athenians, nor resolute on conquering the world, like the Romans, nor consumed with the passion for individual distinction, like the French. They are, emphatically speaking, made up of an aggregate of *facts*—that is, their institutions and ideas are formed from the *experience* of what in former times has been found to be beneficial. It is that veneration for antiquity, and adhe-

rence to custom, which forms the general character—that is, the national spirit, of England. It is in it that the true cause of its long-continued progress, and present marvellous power, is to be found. Ledru Rollin has unconsciously and unintentionally pointed it out.

Had England, like France, been inspired with the thirst for distinction and glory, it would have raised up a universal spirit against it, as Napoleon did; and, like him, it would long since have fallen. Had it been actuated by the love of theory and the passion for abstract principles, its constitution would long since have been shattered, as those of France and all its affiliated republics have been, against the wants and necessities of men. Had it been inspired, like Rome, with the lust of universal dominion, it could never have escaped destruction amidst the equal and powerful monarchies of modern times. Had it worshipped the beautiful, like ancient Greece, it would, like it, have sunk to the earth after a brief and brilliant existence. But being eminently practical in its ideas, and constantly regulated, till of late years, by the love of antiquity and the dictates of experience, it has escaped the shoals on which so many other states have been shipwrecked; and constantly gone on, growing in power, numbers, and importance, till it has acquired its present colossal magnitude in every quarter of the globe. It has not run counter to the wants and necessities of men, but shaped its course and adapted its principles to their interests and wishes, and thence its astonishing success. It has grown like the mansion of the prudent family, which has not wasted its resources and terminated its existence, at once on the construction of a splendid edifice, but gone on, prudently and cautiously, adding room after room as its numbers increased or its resources were enlarged, until it swelled to a magnificent palace, and outlived all the ephemeral structures erected around it during the course of its growth.

How evidently is this national character suited to the part England has been called on to perform in the world, and the mission on which she was so plainly sent! Ledru Rollin

says that England has never had a dominant idea, and has never raised its heart above its masts and its cargoes. No! it has had a dominant idea, it has had a mission to perform, and that mission was the civilisation of the world. It has planted its colonies in every quarter of the globe. It has spread the Anglo-Saxon race over half the world. Sixty millions of men in the old and new hemispheres already speak the English tongue: in half a century their number will be a hundred millions. A sixth of the inhabitants of the globe, at this moment, obey the sceptre of Queen Victoria. Her dominions are more extensive, her power, if called forth, and resuscitated by a wise and equal system of domestic policy, would be greater than that of any country upon earth. These have been the fruits of the practical good sense, the dominant idea of England; and hopeless it is indeed to contend that the people who have done such things have no character—have not worthily discharged their mission, and left a name immortal in the annals of mankind.

Ledru Rollin concludes the first volume of his work, which is all that has yet appeared, with long extracts from the interesting and valuable papers lately published in the *Morning Chronicle*, on the state of the working classes in the metropolis, which of course is there represented in the most glaring colours. It need hardly be said, to those practically acquainted with this country, that there is too much truth in these representations on the present social condition of our industrial population. In truth they are notorious; and it affords the strongest proof of their general accuracy, that what the observers—who have detailed the results of their researches in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, a leading Free Trade journal, on the condition of our working classes—have advanced, coincides exactly with what we have for years been remarking, over and over again, in this Magazine, with a view to demonstrating the pernicious effect of these very Free-Trade principles. When the witnesses for the plaintiff and the defendant coincide in their statement of the facts of a case, there can be but one opinion as to what the verdict

of an intelligent and right-minded jury should be.

But there is one observation to be made on the gloomy picture which the *Morning Chronicle*, and after it M. Ledru Rollin, have drawn of the present social condition of England, which is of the very highest importance; and it is this—the picture so charged, and so justly charged, with the darkest hues, is that of *Modern England*: no such picture exists of *Old England*—for the best of all reasons, that *no such original ever existed for its portrait*. It is in recent times, and from the effects of recent legislation, that the dismal features in society have arisen, which they have portrayed in such faithful and terrible colours. The dreadful struggles between capital and labour; the rich always becoming richer, the poor poorer; the depression of domestic, and exaltation of foreign industry; the woeful destitution of our great towns; the increasing striving for employment in our fields; the rapid and alarming growth of crime and pauperism in one class, and of luxury and dissipation in another; the death of three hundred thousand persons by famine in one year, and the voluntary emigration of three hundred thousand persons to avoid famine in another: all these, the well-known and oft-described features of Britain's social state at this time, are of recent origin. They never were heard of before the Reform Bill, and the class government and legislation to which it has given rise. If we would see a picture of *Old England*—of what the empire was when the *whole* interests of society were protected by a legislature which represented them all, not an urban class only—we must turn to the splendid picture which Ledru Rollin has drawn of the British empire as seen at first sight, in the commencement of his work, which has been already given. That picture is true in every part, and it illustrates the

practical effects of the *Old English* constitution. The woeful picture presented in the close of his volume, of the misery which now pervades a large portion of society, is, we lament to say, in great part equally true, and it illustrates the working of the *New*.

Had a work containing such strange and unaccountable mistakes, and so tinged by falsehood, passion, and partiality, as that of M. Ledru Rollin, been the work of an unknown writer or obscure pamphleteer, we should have dismissed it without any remark, as an effusion unworthy of notice in any critical journal. But it is otherwise when the political position of the writer is considered. M. Ledru Rollin is no obscure pamphleteer; he is the head of a great and powerful party in France; he was the Minister of the Interior after the Revolution; he conspired, with two hundred members of the Assembly, to overturn the government of Louis Napoleon, and was obliged to take refuge on the hospitable shores of Britain, to avoid the punishment which awaited unsuccessful rebellion. The late crisis on foreign affairs brought the importance of this party to light. They alone preserved silence in the National Assembly of France, when all the rest vociferously cheered on the announcement of the return of the French ambassador from London. What the opinions of this party are of England—to what extent we may rely on their assistance, in any crisis which may arise—with what security we may trust to the *entente cordiale* with our ancient rivals, may be judged of by the tone of M. Ledru Rollin's work, and the extracts from it we have laid before our readers. But their importance to this country is immense, for they express the sentiments of the *ONLY ALLIES WHICH LORD PALMERSTON'S FOREIGN POLICY HAS LEFT US ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE*.

A FAMILY FEUD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GODFREY KINKEL.

"Friede ernährt, Unfriede verzehrt."—(*German Proverb.*)

[Godfrey Kinkel, professor at the University of Bonn, was already known in Germany as an author of some promise, when he acquired additional and unfortunate celebrity by his participation in revolutionary movements. Taken in arms amongst the rebels in the Grand-duchy of Baden, he was condemned to death, a sentence afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life. His memoirs are now in course of publication. The tale, *Der Haushrieg*, of which we here publish a translation, is a very faithful and characteristic sketch of German rural life, distinguished by a vein of quiet humour, by minute observation, and by a good feeling and amiable tendency which might perhaps hardly have been expected from a physical-force revolutionist. It is extracted from a pleasant volume published a few months since by Cotta of Stuttgart, entitled *Erzählungen von Gottfried und Johanna Kinkel*.]

PEACE gives increase, discord wastes. That is an old and a true saying, although many people put no faith in it.

On a bank of the Lower Rhine stands a little village, clean and pleasant to look at, and whose inhabitants are well to do, for fields and meadows are fertile and the people are industrious and orderly. The richest man there was old Andrew, whose house and stabling were close to the river, where the towing-path passes in front of the village. At his death all his earthly goods went to his two sons, of whom the eldest was named Caspar, and the youngest Zebulon.

From his youth upwards Caspar was a strong, healthy fellow, who, at fifteen years of age, could guide a plough or handle a scythe with any man; and who, at night, when he came in for his supper, would take his share of soup and potatoes with the best farm-labourer in the country. Zebulon, on the contrary, was but a rickety boy, and for three years had to drink physic instead of beer, besides being tormented with all the maladies incident to childhood. After his fourteenth year he gained strength, but his legs remained crooked and tottering, and he was a bad customer to the barber, for he never had any beard. He had no taste for farming, but loved to lie beside the stove, playing with the neighbours' children, who were much younger than he—making them all manner of toys, mending the broken heads and legs of

the beasts out of Noah's ark, and sewing clothes for their dolls. Old Andrew, seeing he was of no use in the fields, bound him apprentice to a tailor. He proved clever with his needle; and, before his father's death, he had set up for himself, and was doing well. But, in spite of this, the girls of the village would have nothing to say to him—not even those for whose dolls he had formerly made clothes; they made game of him, and nicknamed him Master Scissor-legs, on account of the strange shape of his lower limbs, which had grown cross-wise. This discouraged him; and at last he thought no more of falling in love, but clung all the closer to his brother Caspar, who had married early, according to the good country custom, and whose wife brought him a child every year.

When old Andrew died, the brothers easily agreed about the inheritance. Caspar took all the farm-land; Zebulon had the house, with the large kitchen garden and adjacent meadows. He gave up the ground floor to his brother, with whom he took his meals by way of rent. He himself dwelt in the upper story, where he had a large cheerful room, one of whose windows looked up the main street of the village, and the others across a patch of meadow to the Rhine. Here he sat upon his board and plied his needle; nothing could happen in the neighbourhood without his seeing it, and with every boatman who put into shore he had his word of gossip, and

got the latest news from Mayence or Emmerich. And thus his life passed pleasantly away, and he grew an old bachelor almost without knowing it.

For twenty years the brothers had lived together in harmony, greatly to the advantage of Caspar's children, who were all day in their uncle's room, looking out of the great windows, and coaxing him to make them all manner of puppets and dolls, at the twilight hour, when it grew too dark to work. When one of them was old enough to go to school, he got sancy to Zebulon, because he had heard his playfellows making game of him; and thenceforward they would all, in turn, be troublesome and impertinent, until their uncle took them by the arm and sent them down stairs. This he was accustomed to do to all or any of his nephews and nieces.

Suddenly the devil laid an egg in the household. Caspar had now twelve children, small and big, like the pipes of an organ. He had been frugal and prudent, and had increased his farm by the purchase of new pieces of land. This made a larger number of labourers requisite, and at last his wife found the ground floor of the house too small. She plained her husband to build a new house by the side of the old one: it must not be of wood and clay, but a good brick house, with a wainscotted room in it. For a long while Caspar would not listen to her, for he said to himself that, for the cost of a new house, he could buy a dozen cows and an acre of land. But his wife preferred a fine house and no cows. Reader, if ever you wished for cows, and your wife for a new house, you assuredly remember that the house was built, and that the beasts were not bought.

But the ground for the house? Nothing could be done till brother Zebulon agreed to give that: for the land all round the paternal dwelling belonged to him, and he had fine vegetables in the garden, and productive fruit-trees in the meadow, and twice a-week he sent down the produce by the market-boat to Rees or Cleves, and in this way had made many a hard dollar, and had now a round sum out at interest. The garden especially was a great enjoyment to him; it did him good, when he rose from his tailor's board, to

busy himself with light garden-work, such as sowing, planting, grafting, and the like. Caspar, although he had abundance of land and many broad fields, had nothing near the village except a small worthless strip, which lay between the house and the towing path. His wife had conditioned for this when the property was divided, to use it as a drying-ground for her linen. It was an uneven sandy bit of soil, and sloped so much towards the river that it was flooded almost every year.

The best possible place for the house would have been Zebulon's kitchen garden. It was high and dry, had a pretty view of the river, and the soil was firm and well suited for cellars and foundations. From the very first this had been the wife's opinion, and now she spoke it out. When Caspar heard it he scratched his head, and said she had better break the matter herself to brother Zebulon.

This she did the very next evening after supper, when grace had been said and the children sent to bed. She treated the subject as a thing quite of course, and made no doubt but that Zebulon would act brotherly, and let them have the garden a bargain. Zebulon made no answer, but rose from his chair, handed Caspar, according to his regular habit of an evening, a pinch from his snuff-box, wished him, as he sneezed, God's blessing and a good night, in the same breath, and walked up stairs to bed.

But there was no sleep for Zebulon that night. For the first hour he lay thinking of the beautiful cherry and apricot espaliers which, only three years before, he had got into good bearing with the greatest possible trouble, and after planting, in vain, six different sets of young trees. In the second hour he thought of his ranunculuses, to which he had allotted the warmest and best bed in the garden: his ranunculuses were his pride, no one in the neighbourhood, not even the nurserymen in the adjacent towns, could compete with him for variety of sorts. After midnight his fancy led him along the neat, well-kept walk, for which he himself had brought the gravel—two hundred barrowfuls at the least—with the sweat of his brow and the toil of his arms,

from the river's edge; and he paced round the neat little plot in the middle, bordered with sea-shells, which he had sent for on purpose from Schevening. Just as the watchman called one o'clock, his very heart was touched by the recollection of the beautiful thick asparagus which he every year gathered from the raised bed under the hedge; at two o'clock he was full of his fine summer cabbage; at three he was preoccupied with green pease; and towards morning all these things, the apricots and the shells, the cabbages and the rannunculuses, the pease and the asparagus, whirled confusedly through his brain. And he thought how these were all to be uprooted and cut down, merely to make room for a house which would stand just as well anywhere else; and how, in his old days, he should have to lay out a new garden, and perhaps never eat of its fruits.

At last a happy thought struck Zebulon: he took a resolution, and went sedately and cheerfully down stairs to his noontide meal. His sister-in-law did not look very kindly on him, for she was vexed that he had not immediately agreed to her wishes. But she held her tongue, expecting him to revive the subject. At last, seeing him silent, she got impatient, and came out with an abrupt question. "Well, brother-in-law," she said, "has night brought you good counsel? For how much are we to have the garden?"

"Send away the children," replied Zebulon; "we can talk better without them."

The children gone, he continued. "Dear sister-in-law," he said, "I cannot spare the garden; it is so profitable to me that I cannot give it you a bargain, as behoves between brothers. The soil of the meadow is not suitable for flowers and vegetables—I cannot make a garden there—and, besides, it would take me too long. But it must be all one to you, whether you build a few yards to the right or to the left. Choose a place in the meadow for the house, and for a good yard besides. Don't be modest about it; you are welcome to a good half acre. What I have will go to your children, and I have no need to boggle at trifles; the half acre is yours as a free gift."

This was spoken like a brother, and Caspar already stretched forth his hand to grasp that of Zebulon and heartily thank him. But his wife was not content, because she would have it as she had decided, and not otherwise. "No," she said, "in yonder swamp will I *not* build; I would rather remain in this house."

"As you please," replied Zebulon, "and I trust you have all made a good dinner." And therewith he walked, quite friendly, out of the room, and went up to the workshop. When he was gone, his sister-in-law's anger burst forth. If he had answered her rudely, and given her an excuse to vent her vexation, it is possible that, after a good scold, they might have been friends again. As it was, her husband bore the brunt.

"A pretty fellow you are," she began, "without a word to say in your wife's behalf! So it is with us poor women: blow high, blow low, 'tis all one to you men; and when we stand up for ourselves, and for the good of our poor children, we are set down as scolds and termagants."

"Wife," said Caspar, "the meadow is good enough to build upon, and we get it a gift."

"I will not have it," cried the angry woman. "Sooner would I build upon the scrap of land by the water's edge, which is our own already. It would vex that crooked Scissor-legs to spoil his view of the Rhine, and stop his chat with the boatmen, the old gossip, the—"

"None but a fool would build there," interrupted Caspar. "The spring-thaws and the floods would suffer no house to stand there long. But I must be off to the farm." And he left the room.

Meanwhile Zebulon sat upon his board, and sewed together bits of gaudy cloth to make a jacket which he had promised his youngest nephew, little Peter, for his new punchinello. The child had been three times to fetch it, and as his uncle had promised him it should be ready by three o'clock, his fourth visit might soon be expected.

Three o'clock struck: the jacket was ready, but little Peter came not. Zebulon took up some other work: "the boy's gone a-fishing," he thought to himself. Four o'clock struck, still

no Peter appeared; neither came the other children, although it was their usual custom, after school, to eat their bread and cheese in their uncle's room. "They will be making a bonfire in the potato field," said Zebulon; "or can anything have happened to them?"

But when five o'clock struck, he heard the urchins shouting and running about in the rooms below. He went to the stair-head and called out—"Peter, bring your doll, the jacket is ready."

"No, uncle," answered the little fellow; "I don't want the jacket any more."

Zebulon returned to his board, fetched the gay many-coloured jacket, held it up to the children, and said—"Who will have it, if Peter does not want it?"

"I," cried Michael, the youngest boy but one; and already his foot was on the stairs when his elder sister, the pert Anna, sprang forward and pulled him back by the arm so violently that he fell to the ground. "Keep your jacket, uncle," she said. "Mother says you are a bad uncle, and that you have no heart for your brother's children, and so we will take nothing more from you. And mother says, too, that we are not to go any more into your room."

"Yes," cried one of the boys, "and I shan't go any more to see you, you Uncle Scissor-legs. Oh! Uncle Scissor-legs!"

And thereupon the entire gang, big and little, Michael included, shouted in treble chorus; "Oh, Uncle Scissor-legs! Uncle Scissor-legs!"

Zebulon turned as white as chalk with anger, and looked round for his yard-measure to thrash the little rabble; but he felt his legs totter, and went slowly back into his room. He tore the jacket into shreds, and threw them out of the window. Then he climbed upon his board and began furiously to sew at a waistcoat. When it was done he found he had sewn in the sleeve on the wrong side; he threw it from him, pulled on his coat, took his cane and went out—to the public-house.

When Caspar had done working in the fields, he also did not feel very comfortable in his mind. He had no inclination to go home, and thought to himself—"My wife has made a

blunder of it with brother Zebulon, so it's for her to make matters up again at supper: I will go to the public-house." And so, because the brothers avoided each other, they met the sooner, and that in presence of strangers. When Caspar entered the tavern, Zebulon was sitting in a corner, reading a Rhine newspaper. He looked ill, and before him—an unusual circumstance—stood a pint of wine. Heretofore the brothers had always drank their wine together, and out of the same bottle; but upon this evening Caspar, as soon as he saw his brother, called for rum. A dozen of the villagers were in the room.

"Well, Caspar," said the Assessor, "so you are going to build, I hear?"

"Do you know that already?" was the answer. "Yes, please God, next spring."

"And where?"

"Don't know yet; not yet agreed with my next neighbour."

Zebulon looked up a moment from his newspaper, and the brothers' eyes met. "It isn't every one that's obliging," continued Caspar.

Zebulon laid down the newspaper, took off his spectacles, but said nothing.

"I'm thinking," said the Assessor, "that the best place would be on your brother's meadow."

"Yes," said Caspar; "and that is where it will be, I suppose."

"On what meadow do you mean, Caspar?" said Zebulon across the table.

"Well, on yours, as we decided to-day."

"I know nothing of the decision," replied Zebulon. "Since five o'clock this afternoon, not a hand's-breadth of my meadow is to be sold or given away."

"Indeed," said Caspar; "I knew nothing of that. I dare say we will talk it over again to-morrow, at dinner."

"I dine no more at your wife's table," replied Zebulon. "I have agreed with the host here for my board, till next spring."

"And next spring?"

"Then I shall begin housekeeping myself, and take a cook; I shall live above and she below."

"We live below," said Caspar.

"Yes, but next spring you will

live there no longer. have just the warning to quit come next May."

"Zebulon," cried Caspar, striking the table with his fist, "am I to build on your meadow or not?"

"No."

"Or in your garden?"

"No."

"And am no longer to inhabit my father's house?"

"No."

"Then will I build on the strip between the house and the Rhine, or may Satan seize me, and the spirits in this glass turn to flames and fire in my throat! Good night, men." And so saying he swallowed down his rum, and burst out of the house.

Early next morning came the Assessor, and, in Zebulon's name, gave Caspar and his wife notice to quit. The woman was frightened now that things looked so serious, and would gladly have accepted the half acre of meadow. It was her opinion that Caspar should go upstairs, and give his brother a few fair words. But, in his turn, Caspar was stubborn, and far too proud to knock under. With his two eldest sons he walked down to the river, and forthwith cut down the trees which grew there. As they were at work, Zebulon put his nightcapped head out of the window: "Good morning to you," said he, very quietly, "and good luck to your undertaking."

It was a wretched building-ground. Squeezed up between the house and the towing-path, there was space only for a single row of rooms. "All the better," thought Caspar; "I will build three stories, one over the other, and so shorten Zebulon's allowance of daylight." But on the side next the river he had to build a strong stone parapet, and that was no joke. There was so little room for the stables, that, when complete, they held fewer oxen by half-a-dozen than did those of the old house. On the other hand, Caspar managed to build them in such a manner that they darkened Zebulon's side window, and intercepted his view of the village, thus depriving him of the chief amusement he had when he sat at his work.

With many curses, and much vexation, the roof was got on the house

before winter came. The brothers no longer spoke to each other when they met; the whole village laughed at them, but this only strengthened them in their obstinacy. When Caspar wanted clothes made, he employed a tailor from another village. His children did their uncle all the harm they could, and had no longer any mercy on his fruit and flowers.

When spring came, and Caspar went to live in his new house, things improved a little, but yet no great deal. It is bad enough to have an enemy when one lives in a town, but in the country it is still worse. For in the town one can avoid him, if one will; but in the country one daily meets him, at fair and market, at the tavern and at parish meetings, at work and in one's walks; and then one's food tastes sour afterwards.

One day Caspar said to the innkeeper: "I am well housed now; I have a pleasant view all around and look right into the village: that pleases my wife, and is a great amusement to her." The innkeeper repeated this to Zebulon, and next morning bricklayers came, and built upon three sides of Caspar's house, but upon his brother's ground, two six foot walls, and stuck good store of broken glass upon the top of each of them. Between these walls Zebulon planted, with his own hand, a row of young poplars, tended and watered them day after day, and paid the watchman handsomely to see that no one injured them in the night. Caspar's children got nothing from these walls but cut hands and sore knees; and meanwhile the poplars grew apace, and by the following spring had so fenced in Caspar's house that he had to burn candles at four in the afternoon. It was all up with the pleasant prospect that so rejoiced his wife. And what was still worse, the wall separated the children from all their old playgrounds, and now they lay the whole day by the water-side; their mother could not get them from it; and, when the river was high, she had constant anxiety and trouble. At last Caspar was obliged to hire a servant, solely to look after the children.

On a certain autumn day, soon after the after-grass had been got in,

Zebulon was seated at work, when his brother's eldest son entered the room, without knocking, walked up to the tailor's board, and said, "Uncle Zebulon, father lets you know—"

"Take off your cap," said Zebulon, "when you speak to your father's brother."

"My father told me nothing about that," answered the young fellow, and kept his cap on. "He bade me tell you that, up yonder, where your meadows begin, the dike and fence are worn out. Father says that concerns you as well as him; and that, if you will help and pay your share of a new stone dike, with an osier hedge, he is ready to do so too."

Then said Zebulon, "He has more need of it than I, for if there is a flood in spring, and no new dike, his house will be full of water. Tell your father, however, that I would have agreed to his proposal, if he had not sent such a clown to make it."

He had turned on his heel, and walked away without further greeting. When he told his father the answer he had got, Caspar said, "I am not going to spend my money to protect the meadows of that niggardly clerk. Thank God! I am rich, and my land lies high and dry; and though my house were to float down the Rhine, I should not be ruined."

Accordingly, no dike was made. That autumn the Rhine rose higher than usual; and when it again subsided, Zebulon walked out with an anxious heart to visit his meadows. True enough, the last remains of the old wall were washed away, and a great piece of meadow ground was stripped of its grass: there was full an acre and a half of bare earth, thickly strewn with barren sand and gravel. Zebulon easily calculated that, including the unavoidable expense of a new dike, he was a thousand dollars the poorer. And he thought to himself—"It were better that my brother had the half acre of meadow for his house, and I the whole acre over and above, which is now completely spoiled." But he quickly banished the reflection, when he walked along the wet towing-path in front of Caspar's house, and saw the whole family, great and small, hard at work with buckets, to bale

the water out of the cellars, and Caspar's wife wringing her hands, because her whole year's stock of sour-kraut and newly preserved beans was spoiled in the casks. To Zebulon this sight was like a cool dressing to a smarting sore.

But there was a severe rod in pickle for Zebulon. That same autumn he heard the bauns published in church, for the marriage of his eldest niece Lizzy with a young farmer of the neighbourhood: and this was done without a word to him, the nearest relative! Lizzy was his goddaughter, she had always been his favourite niece, and for many a long year he had stored up for her a heavy gold chain, with bright ducats hanging from it, which had come to him out of his mother's inheritance. And now—

The wedding day came: Zebulon was not invited. Although the autumn was far advanced, there was a warm gleam of sun, and the tables for the marriage-feast were laid out in the open air, hard by his house door. From his upper windows he beheld the joyous preparations, and swallowed his vexation as best he might; but when the bride appeared in her beautiful new dress, which he had not cut and sewn,* and which, therefore, as he thought, fitted her very badly, two large and bitter tears escaped from his old eyes. He could no longer resist the sounds of mirth and rejoicing, which floated up to his ears through the branches of the poplars. He dressed himself, put the gold chain and the clinking glittering ducats, so long intended for Lizzy, in his breeches pocket, and went down stairs.

But for the spiteful walls he himself had built, he might have slipped out by the back-door, and have reached the wedding party almost unperceived: as it was, he had to make a circuit, and pass between the rows of tables. Stepping softly, and with downcast eyes, he approached the feast. Lizzy saw him and blushed crimson, her mother saw him and turned deadly pale; a malicious smile spread over the faces of most of the guests at the prominence thus given to the gross breach of family love and family usages. Caspar sprang from his seat. I

* In Germany there are tailors for women's clothes, *Damen-kleider-macher*.

believe his intention was to offer his brother a glass of wine, and I also believe that, had he done so, Zebulon would have remained, and Lizzy's marriage would have marked the date of a new bond of harmony and affection. But just then, the youngest of Caspar's children called out to the great house-dog, which upon that day was unchained, that he might share the general joy, "Towler, Towler, there is Uncle Scissor-legs!" The dog was good-tempered enough, and incapable of hurting a child; but the little rascals had more than once, when he was chained up, set him at their uncle, to frighten poor Zebulon. Towler now rushed from under the table, and made a furious charge at the tailor's legs; Zebulon, who was prepared for everything, struck him a severe blow across the teeth with his walking-cane, and at the same moment Caspar gave him a tremendous kick in the ribs, so that the brute fled back howling under the table. But Zebulon looked wrathfully at the family, and said—"I am going away; you have no need to bring dogs to drive your nearest relative from his niece's wedding." Far quicker than he came he strode through the guests, and disappeared behind the angle of the house.

Quietly went Zebulon through stubble-field and pasture to the goldsmith in the nearest town, sold him the chain, and dropped the louis-d'ors he received for it into the same pocket in which the chain had been. Then he crossed the market-place to the office of the notary, had an hour's conference with him, and made an early appointment with him for the next morning at his own house. Then he returned home, joined the drinkers at the village inn, and asked the barber and the farrier, the two greatest gossips in the parish, to come to him next morning, to witness his signature. Upon their promising to do so, he treated them to the best wine, and played cards with them till late in the night. In this way he got rid of two of the gold pieces he had received for his gold chain—which was just what he desired. At midnight, when the marriage-feast was at an end, he went home and to bed.

The notary came, the witnesses also. Zebulon had a female relation in the Oberland, whom he could not bear,

because she had misconducted herself as a young girl, and disgrace to the family had been with great difficulty averted by a hasty marriage. To her and her children he now bequeathed by will his house and land, and everything else he possessed; with a clause, providing that the bequest should be null and void, if ever the heirs suffered the walls and the row of poplars to fall into decay, or if at any time they sold any portion of the land to his brother Caspar, or his descendants. The notary's fees swallowed up the rest of the price of the chain, with the exception of a ten-groschen bit, which Zebulon threw into the poor-box on the following Sunday. He strictly and repeatedly forbade the two witnesses to divulge what had passed. They of course knew nothing more pressing than to tell it to everybody; and before evening twenty tongues had repeated to Caspar, in confidence, the edifying tale.

Money weighs heavy everywhere, but especially in country places, where men, and often maidens, are valued by what they possess. Caspar soon observed that he no longer passed for half so rich a man as formerly. It was very well known that Zebulon, from his garden, and his rich meadows, and his tailor's trade, derived about as good an income as did Caspar from his farm; and that, moreover, having neither chick nor child, he did not spend a tithe of his gains. Besides this, he had his father's solid, well-built house, whilst Caspar had the unsafe, newly-constructed dwelling by the water's edge; and when the property of the latter came to be divided amongst twelve children, the share of each would be very small indeed. By the neighbours, both old and young, all these calculations were quickly made. The mayor's son of a neighbouring village had long been paying attention to Anna, Caspar's second daughter, (the same who had pulled Michael off his uncle's staircase,) and on Lizzy's wedding-day they had almost come to an understanding; but now he kept away, and for a long time Anna looked far less pert than was her wont. Caspar himself had hoped to be chosen assessor at the next opportunity; but when it came to an election, everybody said it was not proper to bestow that office on a man who was at feud with one of his

neighbours, and so the choice fell upon a richer peasant, although he, instead of one enemy, had at least half-a-dozen. In his own house, too, Caspar had daily fresh vexations to endure. His wife reproached him with his obstinacy, saying she had never seriously intended him to build on that damp spot by the river. His children, in whose hearts the seeds of hatred had been early sown, had learned, whilst playing tricks to their uncle, to despise the parents who connived at their misconduct. The elder sons and daughters looked upon their father and mother as the cause of their losing their uncle's rich inheritance; and Anna, abandoned by suitors, had not a good word left for her parents. The curse of hatred was upon the whole family, and Caspar, as he followed his oxen across his fields, would often say to himself,—"Were I but three years younger, I well know what I would do. But since this has lasted three years, it must last till my death." And thereupon, he struck the goad so sharply into the oxen that they sprang aside, and the furrow went askew.

A hard winter came. In January and February it snowed incessantly; at night it froze, and the snow remained on the ground. Upon the lower Rhine the thaw was looked forward to with much uneasiness. March was well advanced before it came: then the vane suddenly swung round from north to south-west, and in a single day the black earth everywhere pierced through its snowy covering. The Rhine rose, and a terrible flood was to be apprehended, if the thaw were as sudden and lasting in the mountains as in the lowlands. Had there but been a proper dike made in the autumn! Now it was too late; there was barely time to think of a make-shift. Caspar's stubborn mood yielded to his anxiety for his wife, children, and home. Without again asking or waiting for his brother's help, he replaced the demolished rampart by a row of large fir-stems, set deep in the ground, and filled up the intervals with strong wicker-work, so as to break the force of the flood. He thus made sure of time to save at least the most valuable of his goods.

The river rose higher and higher: Caspar took away his wife and chil-

dren in a boat; the water was up to the second floor. He himself still remained in the dangerous building, like the captain of a ship, sticking to his wrecked vessel till it sinks. His fir-tree barricade held together famously, and he strengthened it with a great barn-door, which he managed to fix against the weakest part of the wicker-work parapet. This increased the value of his breakwater, and further protected the house from the force of the flood. At times, when the eddies were unusually violent, the fir-trees bent and cracked, as though they would have given way; but their elasticity preserved them, and again they righted themselves. If the river did not further increase—and at last the rise seemed to have discontinued—the house was saved.

But one evening dark clouds overspread the sky—a strong wind blew from the west, and drove the waves over towards the village. The rain fell in torrents, the river rose two feet an hour, and the water began to climb the walls of Zebulon's house. Zebulon lay down in his clothes upon the bed on his upper floor. His house had never yet been endangered by the floods; so he had not thought of leaving it, and had not even provided a boat; and although his brother, also blockaded in his fortress, had a skiff moored to his window, he had no mind to ask his assistance. But, in fact, he was nowise anxious, for he relied upon the strength of his house. He kept a lamp burning, and read a volume of sermons.

Suddenly, however, Zebulon saw the water bubble up between the boards of the floor like a mountain stream in early spring. His hair bristled with terror: he looked around and saw the invading element gush in over the threshold of the room. He jumped up and opened the door, and was almost carried off his legs by the torrent that entered; and hardly had he time to get upon his table when the water was level with the window-sill. A frightful death stared him in the face; if the water rose to the top of the windows, he must be drowned or stifled. He made his way to the window that looked towards the village, and shouted for help; but the roaring of the stream and the sharp whistling of the wind mocked his

utmost efforts to be heard, and the water plashed in and out, and reached up to his breast. On this side there was no chance of rescue, but on the side of the river a faint hope remained. Close to the window-shutter stood one of the spiteful poplars. He waded to his bed, rolled up a dry blanket and secured it round his neck. Then he climbed cautiously upon the window ledge: the poplar stood firm, and a stout branch offered itself to his hand. At a short distance he distinguished the roof of his brother's house, still above water. He saw Caspar, with a lantern in his hand, getting out of the top window into a boat; he called to him, but so great was the uproar that it was impossible he should be heard. With great exertion Caspar pulled his boat under the lee of the breakwater; whilst Zebulon climbed up his poplar as high as its branches would bear him, and waited for daylight and succour. To his great joy, he presently observed that the water was falling as fast as it had risen: it was soon below the window through which he had passed, and he began to think of abandoning his uncomfortable refuge, and re-entering his room. Whilst congratulating himself on his escape, and just as day began to dawn, the wind again rose and blew in short but violent gusts. Again the river rolled more wildly, and the poplars swayed to and fro. Zebulon was on the very point of effecting a retreat through his window, when he heard a terrible crash proceed from the breakwater. The roof of his brother's house sank plashing into the flood; and in the whirl of waters that ensued, the strong poplar tree to which he had clung was twisted round and round, as though it had been but a sapling, until its branches, and even its topmost spray, were at times submerged. Like the tree, Zebulon was fain to yield to the blast: now under water, now whirled dripping through the air, he clasped his poplar in a desperate embrace. Suddenly he experienced a violent shock: the branch to which he trusted seemed to hurl him from it, and he fell heavily upon something hard. Stunned and bewildered, and with the blood streaming from his nose, he felt himself borne rapidly down stream. On recovering his senses sufficiently

to look around him, he found that he was lying upon the great barn door which had formed part of the breakwater. At the other end of the door sat a man, and that man was his brother Caspar.

When Caspar, warned by the rocking of the walls, abandoned his house, he dared not row towards the village, lest in the darkness he should strike against a tree, or be overwhelmed by the rush of waters. He succeeded in reaching the breakwater, which still stood firm. There he lay at anchor, sheltered from the storm, and with the force of the flood broken. But when, towards morning, those violent gusts of wind occurred, they drove the waves directly against the barricade: after a few shocks, four of the fir-trees were literally washed out of the ground, and the breach thus made was instantly followed by the demolition of the entire fabric. The heavy barn door, broken from its fastenings, fell within a few inches of Caspar's head, and knocked his trail bark to splinters, whilst he, as sole chance of salvation, scrambled upon the door. The flood, now unimpeded, roared down against his house, whose destruction he witnessed; and it was whilst he was whirled in the vortex occasioned by its fall, that Zebulon, shaken from his tree, fell upon the door. Upon beholding a man thus suddenly thrown on his trail raft, Caspar's first impulse was to push him off, lest the weight of two persons should be more than it would bear. But his better feelings quickly banished the thought; and when by the gray twilight he recognised his detested brother, he contented himself with getting as far from him as possible. So sat the pair, each at his own extremity of the door, which drove down stream with terrible speed.

Daylight brought little consolation to the house-wrecked voyagers. The clouds cleared away, and the storm was stilled; but on all sides a vast expanse of troubled waters, strewed with furniture, uprooted trees, and carcasses of cattle, offered itself to their view. Boats dared not venture into the furious current: if at times their door was borne near the bank, the people who saw it were either afraid, or too occupied with their

own losses to attempt the rescue of the brothers. Scarcely a minute passed that they were not threatened with death, by the violent contact of their crazy raft with floating timber, or with the trees which seemed, since the flood, to grow in the bed of the stream. To add to their miseries, the wind chopped round to the north, and blew icy-cold through their wet clothes. Zebulon took the blanket which he had fastened round his neck, unfolded it, and wrapped it around him. But even with this covering, his teeth chattered for cold.

In that hour of suffering and great danger, many a good old saying about Christian forgiveness and brotherly love came into Zebulon's head, and pressed hard upon his conscience. But, just as his heart began to soften, he thought of the pleasant view out of his upper windows, which his brother's house had intercepted; and he thought of his sister-in-law; and above all, the day of Lizzy's wedding recurred to his memory, and then his heart became hardened as before.

Caspar was still more troubled in his conscience, and he muttered to himself one prayer after another. The cold was intense, and every moment he was more and more benumbed. Suddenly it occurred to him, that, just before he got into the boat, he had put a flask of spirits into his pocket in case of need. He felt for it: and behold there it was, well corked and unbroken. He took a famous pull at it, and his blood circulated more freely, and his eyes sparkled. At sight of this, poor Zebulon's teeth chattered worse than ever. Caspar perceived it, and quite slowly, as though he counted his words, he said to his brother:

"Zebulon, will you take a pull?"

The tailor's countenance brightened at the offer: his need was too great, his stubborn spirit was broken, and a whispered "yes" escaped from his set teeth. Caspar crept cautiously to the middle of the door, and Zebulon as cautiously to meet him; for they dared not attempt to stand up, lest they should capsize the raft. The one offered the flask; the other received it, and took a deep draught. But with returning warmth their ancient spite revived. Zebulon gave back the bottle, said, "I thank you;"

and turned his back upon Caspar, to resume his place at the end of the door.

For another hour the two men were hurried along; the sun shone brightly, and nature calmed herself after her recent convulsion. Caspar, worn out by the fatigues of the last few days and nights, could not keep himself awake, and his head nodded to and fro. Zebulon saw his brother's danger, and this time he spoke first. "Caspar," he said, "lie down and sleep, or you will drown me; I will keep watch, and awake you if anything happens."

Caspar did not need to be told twice, but let himself fall forward, laid his head upon his arms, and began to snore. Zebulon crept softly towards him, took off the blanket, which was now dry, and laid it carefully over his brother.

Another hour passed, and Zebulon perceived that their progress became less rapid. He looked around him, and uttered an exclamation of heart-felt joy. They had reached a place where the stream took a bend to the right, and by some accident their raft had got out of the main current, and was driving through calmer water towards a black line, which looked like a bank. When Zebulon had noticed all this, he awoke his brother. Caspar sat up and stretched himself. "I know the place," he said. "Yonder black line is a dam, in front of which we shall find still water: if we can but reach it, a walk along its summit will take us to shore." In their joy at this prospect of deliverance, they took another dram; and Caspar gave back the blanket to his brother, and continued to watch the course of their raft.

"How is it," he suddenly exclaimed, "that we advance so fast, and our speed seems to increase—if that be indeed a dam?"

He rose to his feet, and, shading his eyes with his hands, looked sharply before him. After gazing thus for a few moments, his countenance fell.

"Now are we indeed lost," he said, in a hollow voice. "There is a break in the dike, and we are caught in the current that sets towards the opening. Do you see? we swim each moment faster. Yonder foam the furious waters: we shall drive

against the bank, and our destruction is certain."

And so it was. More swiftly than any steamboat they shot along to the narrow rent in the dike, through which the water poured with the force of a cataract, and against whose rugged sides the door must inevitably bedashed to pieces. "Three minutes more," groaned Caspar, falling on his knees, like a criminal before the block—"ay, in three minutes, all is over."

But Zebulon averted his eyes from the broken dike, and fixed them upon Caspar. "Brother," he said, in a loud firm tone, "are we to appear as enemies before the judgment-seat of God?"

Then Caspar's heart melted, and exclaiming, "Brother, forgive me!" he threw himself into Zebulon's arms. For the first time for four years the two men felt their hearts glow towards each other with the warmth of brotherly love. Tears of joy and affection rolled down their cheeks, and on the verge of death they were happier than they for long had been in their disunited and vindictive existence.

A roar of waters, and a violent agitation of their raft, put an end to the close embrace in which for upwards of a minute they had held each other. In expectation of instant death, both looked in the direction of the dike. But no dike was there. Bewildered with surprise, they turned their heads, and, behold! it was behind them. In the moment of their reconciliation, they had passed unharmed through the very jaws of death. The door upon which they knelt, and which appeared at least as wide as the opening in the dike, had passed through it, by a seeming miracle, without striking either right or left. They were saved; at a short distance before them lay the land, towards which the subsiding waves were now gently floating them. Yet a few minutes, and their raft was aground on the slope of an inundated field.

Arm in arm went the brothers to the nearest village, where they dried their clothes and obtained food. Gladly would they have rested there a night, but they thought of the anxiety of Caspar's wife and children. Caspar sold his barn door, Zebulon his blanket; and this, with some little money

they had in their pockets, furnished funds for the journey. All the roads near the river were flooded; they had to make a circuit over the mountains, and the distance they had floated in six hours was a three days' march on foot. But the three days seemed shorter to them than the six hours; for in those three days' intimate communion, they went over all that had occurred to them in the previous four years; old feelings of kindness and mutual dependence resumed their sway, and they laid plans of future happiness for both. In the last town they passed through Zebulon stopped at a notary's, and destroyed a will he had lying there.

Late upon the third evening they reached their home. The river was sinking fast; the poplars with their double wall, and the new house which had been the apple of discord, had disappeared, and left no trace of their existence. Caspar lingered a little in the rear; Zebulon stole softly round the corner of his house, which stood firm and uninjured. His sister-in-law, surrounded by her children, sat in a despairing attitude upon the site of her former dwelling, whence the waves had but lately retired. "Pray for your father," Zebulon heard her say, "for here the flood swept him away; and pray also," she added to her elder children, "for your mother, for she was the cause both of his death and of that of your poor uncle Zebulon."

"Not of mine," cried Zebulon, stepping forward. The children, forgetting old quarrels, flocked around him. "And because you, sister, are sorry for what is past, God is merciful to you, and suffers Zebulon, whom you were regretting, to bring back your husband to your arms."

As he spoke, Caspar stood by his side, and the joyful woman threw an arm round each. Then said Zebulon—"Friends, we have had a famous lesson these four years past; and truly, if it had lasted four years longer, we might have found ourselves reduced to a beggar's staff. But let that be all bygone and forgotten. To-morrow we will begin to build a new dike. Of a new house you have no need. Come back and live with me. All that is mine is yours and your children's."

BURNET'S LANDSCAPE-PAINTING IN OIL.

LANDSCAPE Painting is chiefly cultivated in England. The public taste runs mainly in that direction. The generality of visitors to Trafalgar Square love to breathe the fresh air with a fond fancy, in the midst of a hot crowd, and a summer's day in London, and dream a momentary dream of glade and river scenery; and before pictures by Lee and Creswick plan their summer tours. There is certainly something very refreshing in well painted landscape scenery. It calls not the mind to sympathise beyond its reach, in either the low miseries of life, or the ideal of horrors, which some artists delight to paint, seeking notoriety for a *dreadful* beyond nature. In this style of horror-painting the French painters excel, and rise to the height of that "bad eminence." Their novel writers, having exhausted all the known vices of mankind, shun the tameness of "common place," and invent the scarcely conceivable, and we hope the impossible. Their painters follow the lead, they scarcely know landscape by name. It is left almost exclusively to the English artists. With us, all love rural scenery of every kind; and, in truth, it has all degrees, from the most simple to the most varied—from the lowly and sweetest to the highest and the sublime. But our English school, for the most part, fear to encounter the latter. They rather love the pleasing, the common. When we admit, however, that we are landscape painters in our tastes and practice, we must not give the very true meaning to the word landscape, as it may more properly be understood as general landscape, distinguished from Views. In that sense, indeed, landscape is nearly extinct among us. We very rarely see a landscape upon the walls of any Exhibition that is not a locality, *a view*. If our artists compose, they do not acknowledge it; for their compositions are not according to art, but conventional, to make up deficiencies supposed or real. We cannot but lament this view-loving taste, in which

there is so much room for display of talents, and so little for genius.

Nature is in everybody's mouth, but how few know what nature is!—and it is this ignorance among artists that has wellnigh quenched the ideal in historical painting, and altogether in landscape. They say the public taste will not admit of a higher walk than that taken. We do not believe it—let them try; and they ought to feel that they are placed in art to teach, and not to follow the dictation of a taste inferior to their own. But have the public shown a distaste for the few specimens of a higher art which have been put before them? Certainly not. Danby has been successful.

It is not our purpose in this paper to decry any style or school of landscape, unless it be the decidedly low,—the positively debased and vulgar. There may be a kind of low life in trees,—Landseer has shown that there is in animals: scrubby, stunted things, growing by unseemly ditches, dank and dripping, though not with dew, as they are unpleasant to look at in nature, are abundant in art, and can find no satisfactory apology in the technical skill with which they are executed. These things are the products of a low mind, and their nature is to corrupt the unformed, or to disgust the purer spectator. But they degrade art, and should therefore be under a general persecution. It is some comfort to say we get less and less of this kind every year. If our landscape has not reached the poetical, still it is progressing. The taste is greatly spreading among the better educated classes. How few we meet with who do not sketch or draw. In the fit season, in every place, under green tree or by river's bank, we are sure to see portfolios spread, and busy hands at work. Whoever has leisure either paints in oil or draws in water colours.

But if we speak of the English practice in water colours, we should call it painting rather than drawing. It arose at once in this country, about

half a century ago, from a very poor and weak style to one of considerable power and richness. Girtin was the first to bring strong effect into the art; but he avoided colour in most of his works, chiefly addicting himself to greys and browns.

Then came Turner and John Varley and Havil, and by them was the art brought to a great perfection. The latter works of these bear no comparison with the earlier. They then studied nature closely; afterwards their attempt was less successful, when, leaving the peculiar charm which their materials readily offered, they imitated oil-paintings. Without the possibility of attaining the peculiar force of oil pictures, they lost the real power which they had formerly achieved. In figure-painting, perhaps, more has of late years been done; but in landscape we never see anything like the lucid yet forcible colouring, and the real substantial depth, and varieties of aerial tints, which were so remarkable in the drawings of John Varley in his best days. Nor was his execution less entitled to praise than his colouring—full of expression, decision, and clearness. His execution is nowhere more beautifully conspicuous than in his street scenes. We well remember one in the possession of that amiable and eccentric collector, James Watken of Hereford, of a street in that city, which was quite fascinating for its free yet truthful execution. His best pictures were of Welsh scenery: the mountain and the lake, in every light of the morning air or twilight gloom, were given with the largeness of poetic truth. We have seen some mere sketches of natural effects quite wonderful. His practice seems to have been to work his colours into his paper, yet letting the white come through, just when and where it was required—his colour appearing, by this means, of a solidity rather than opacity. The sponge was used for granulation, and rather for earthy than for transparent colours. His late works are quite of another character—flashy and untrue in comparison, with less variety of parts, less accuracy, and all too nearly alike—with a false force, and worked with gums to the consistence of oil paint. Good as are some of these,

they are not to be mentioned with those of his other style. We remember, too, some very truthful representations of closer mountain scenery, by Havil, which, in that kind were unrivalled—powerful in the sober and rich tones, a method he afterwards deserted.

Of Turner's drawings, at this time, it would be difficult to speak too highly. They are, however, better known. He was ever a great master of effect; and in his good time his colouring was natural and appropriate. He had not then cheated his genius with the false vagaries of colouring, which have called forth so much admiration from some, and so much blame from other critics. On the whole, we cannot turn to the modern practice of water-colour painting, in reference to *landscape*, and pronounce that it has been an improvement upon this earlier style. Dewint and David Cox, the successors to that first school, rather deteriorated than advanced in their more recent works—in a great measure, we think, from their abandonment of the use of the more earthly colours, and the adoption of the transparent, which are so apt to be heavy and rotten, whereas nature is ever substantial. We cannot avoid here making mention of one branch of Art, in which water colours have reached greater perfection than oil. We mean still life—such as in Hunt's fruit-pieces. Van Os does not come up to them in his elaborate works, exquisite as they are; for this water-colour painter has positively much more real force. His groups of peaches and grapes are quite wondrous for truth.

Sir George Beaumont used to say that water colours had spoiled our oil-painters. There is, then, a reciprocity of injury; for our oil-painters have done mischief in their turn to the other method of art. It is well to study the nature and capabilities of the materials we adopt, and never to lose sight of them, for the attainment of however good an imitation of the peculiar capabilities of other materials; for in the attempt we are sure to lose more than we can gain. That transparency which, used in a body in oil, is rich and luscious, in water-colouring is weak, of a gummy texture which has little power; and however skilfully

laid on is very apt to be dirty, and to have little harmony with the less transparent colours. Then, again, that atmosphere which the dry water-colours produce with such facility—the white paper aiding by its luminous quality—is of far more difficult attainment in oil. It is by this great help of the white paper, judiciously managed, that the power of water colours is most effective for sketches from nature. For most subjects this method is the most rapid and dextrous; and we are bold to say, for we have tried it by many an experiment, that a water-colour sketch from nature may have a strength, a force, equal to any oil-painting whatever.

We have now before us a sketch from nature, in water colours, made last summer: it is at some distance in a frame on a table, and behind it is a large and powerful old Italian picture. We make no other comparison than of the force of each. The sketch is not in the least overpowered—on the contrary, many have said that it is the more forcible. As some readers of *Maga* may not have had our own experience, we venture to describe the method of our working. First, then, with regard to the colour-box. We do not use the colours in cakes, nor the soft colours as they are sold in boxes, because in this state they are not soft enough for our purpose. Our box is fresh made every day, for the day's work, and thus: We get a supply of very common colours, which are to be had everywhere—ochre, Venetian red, indigo, a little French blue, Naples yellow, and common coal well ground; we may add, if our subjects are likely to require it, a little chrome. These we grind well with a muller, on an earthenware slab, or glass, with the mixture of gum-arabic—but only sufficient to fasten the pigments—to which we add a little honey, or white sugar. We make this substance such as we can with a tolerably firm brush, take up in lumps, as we would in oil-colours, on the palette-knife. We strongly recommend those who would sketch from nature, not to add more colours to their stock—it is true there may be cases where a little madder lake, or vermillion, may be wanted; but it is better not to crowd the box with them. A cake, or, what is better,

a tube or two in the pocket, will serve the purpose. The palette we have given is ample, if we add to it white. And here is a difficulty; for white—*permanent white*—having a body, does not always answer the boast of the colour maker. For white, however, we recommend the usual permanent white in tubes; but in addition to this, as it will be found far better for some purposes, we would add to the palette a quantity of China clay—or even chalk will do, (but the China clay is softer, and is easily procured at any pottery.) In mixing this we should be cautious to use less gum; we have even found rice-water sufficient for adherence. And it may be well also, for other purposes, to have a quantity of the same material ground with more gum, so as to stand up, and capable of being drawn into threads. This may be found very useful in putting on strong lights, and may be mixed with any colour. The pocket should hold, therefore, a separate bottle so prepared. In this setting out of our palette-box we have included a pigment but little known, even by professional artists—coal. It was, however, used by the Dutch and Flemish painters, (it is equally good for oil or water,) and is the brown seen throughout the pictures of Teniers. Coal is not black, but a cool brown; we know no pigment to be compared with it. It will also be observed that we have omitted two colours in common use—the raw and burnt siennas. We do not mean to assert they may never be of use, but we think so rarely, that we would rather avoid them as generally dangerous, and for the reasons given above. The sketcher, artist or amateur, should never suffer his palette to become dry and hard—it will take very little time, each day, to mix his paints up again with the palette-knife—for all depends on their consistency. This being the colour-box, we have only to add, that, besides a water-bottle, it may be found sometimes of use to mix up a little made starch, not very thin. In doing the boles of trees, the brush dipped in this starch can with one sweep give the very grain of the wood, and leave it in a good state for more solid touches. We only mention this, not as necessary to the method of sketching, but because a little prac-

tice will show where it may be used with advantage: it serves to *drive* the colours in various directions.

We next come to speak of brushes—and here, perhaps, we should recommend a greater variety than we generally see adopted—for to the usual water-colour sables we add hog's-hair tools, as used in oil, of every size and shape, round and flat. Indeed, brushes of this kind we reckon by far the most fit for general use, as will be seen when we speak of the manner of working. We do not very much adopt the liquid and floating tints, excepting in distances and in glazings—we get in the subject, generally, very broadly, with the earthly colours, and mostly Venetian red and blue, with a mixture of more or less ochre; and this we do with a considerable body, upon which we put in rather solidly the strong depths and shadows; and we work all in together, wet or not, as the part may require strongly, with a good hog's-hair brush; and we use the same, with somewhat drier colour—not in a washing method, but dabbingly, to represent that great under variety which we see in trees and bushy foliage: and upon this we may put in what detail we please, with partly smaller hog's-hair, and partly sable brushes. The coal and blue, varying its degrees of transparency with a little ochre, readily answers for the deeper tones; and if we would accurately imitate the greens of nature, which are so beautiful, a little chrome may be added, and for greater opacity, Naples yellow. With the Venetian red, blue, and ochre, we may make almost all the tints of grey, or other character, which we can want; and by using these, as the key to the whole colour, we shall keep up a harmony throughout. Even white may be mixed in with the dark mass of green, as we see the white lights in nature sparkling on the leafage—but it will be more true if a very slight tint of red be in it—and this white sparkling is done when the mass is wet, with a spreading fitch or hog's-hair, somewhat uneven at the points, and not too stiff: a worn brush is best. If any of this sparkling be too bright, it may be slightly glazed over with the gray-green again; and with a similar brush it will be not difficult

to dab in, somewhat strongly, the holes and hollows, according to their several depths, on the mass before it is quite dry. We come now to speak of the very strong lights. These, though not entirely and too solidly, we prefer putting in in opaque colour, the most useful of which will be the Naples yellow, as having most body; but when we say opaque, we would observe that this opacity must have degrees, and is often such that the deeper tones are still seen through. It is not an uncommon thing for artists to rub out lights; but it is a bad practice, always weak, and is wanting in substance and colour. We greatly prefer the semi-opaque, and the perfectly opaque together, as occasion may require; for be it observed, as we have before said, one great characteristic of nature is its positive substantiality. We must, therefore, never be reminded that the white paper is beneath; but where the white paper shows, as in skies, and slightly in distances, it is for the sake of its own luminous opacity—an opacity rendered the more luminous from the grain and texture of the paper—as a white board with dark spots is more *luminous* than one without.

We wish to say a few words on water, and the best method of representing it in sketching from nature. To the eye water is always a substance: however clear and still it may be, it has a body: it is not, as we have often seen it represented, a mere brown stain. It has too generally motion, for even nominally still water has frequently a lightly stirred and tremulous motion. We have seen water painted *impossibly* still, at no great distance from a cascade—no notice being taken of its course. It is this course of a stream which gives it such great variety, such changeableness of colour, reflections losing themselves in the deeper-coloured beds, and the grey streaks sometimes lighter and sometimes darker than the body of the stream. As most sketches of water are of this description, and not perfectly still pools, we shall consider the best method of representing these two characteristics—its peculiar substance, and its motion. Now it is quite a mistake to imagine we can succeed by using the perfectly

transparent pigments, for in that case we make but a stain, and lose the body—and we have no ground on which to put the great variety of surface colouring. We shall best show the method by referring to a sketch. Here is a deep woody bank traversing the whole space of paper; at its base, a mountain-stream runs, occupying the space from right to left, even down, to what we technically call the foreground. The bed is of various depths, and the stream is here and there interrupted in its course by ledges of rock, that rise, some to, and some high above the surface. The water is clear, but embrowned, as mountain-streams commonly are. There is reflection of the woods, which lose themselves, and blend into perceptible course, in which numerous froth-balls show white upon the dark stream; and here and there is a grayish reflection from the sky, still in the direction of the current, nearest towards the foreground; the water is foamy, and runs all across the picture, with many shades of tint, and of its own intricate transparencies in the midst of its more determined substance.

Now we paint it thus: We take a full pencil of colour—mixture of Venetian red, blue, and ochre—which we work freely over the whole, and while wet, press into it various tints of green or brown, as we see them, with a flat hog's-hair, marking the reflected green of trees with a little more opacity. With a finer brush we accurately draw the ledges, as they appear above, or just on the surface, taking care to give the exact general colour at once, leaving the particular markings for more opaque colour. By this time, the portion where the disturbed water should be given is perhaps too dry; we therefore lightly run it over with the colour before given to it; then, while wet, we take our china clay—either pure or mixing it slightly with such tint as we observe—and lay it on with a great body, so that the brush may drive it about; and thus the white, mixing with the under colour, and having in itself different substances, not only takes the course of the stream, but represents tolerably well the varieties of semi-transparency on the surface. The white bub-

bles, and froth also, may be rapidly dotted in the china clay—for this method must, as we observed, be laid on with great body, and may be partially glazed over afterwards—so that a very great nicety of parts may be faithfully painted in, in this apparently very free and rapid manner. We say some stress on the word rapid, because whatever is done quickly will best imitate the unconstrained character of nature; and be it observed, also, that nature is a coy sitter for her portrait.

Sketches that take more than a couple of hours will generally be found untrue somewhere; and it is far better to give the true impress and character of nature, both with regard to colour and effect, than to labour at detail too long, to the sacrifice of that which is of greater moment. Besides, one great charm of sketches is in their suggestive character; they are not finished pictures, and not the worse on that account. We know it is the practice of many artists to go again and again to the same spot, and work day after day for a given time at one picture—in fact, to finish the piece, as they would say, from nature. This may be very well for some painters, and suit the character of their works—but on the whole, we think it a bad practice, for the following reasons. In the first place, unless a mere view be intended, the artist loses sight of the great principle of art, that it is not imitation; and that whatever his subject may be, after having taken the impress of it from nature, he has to add to it his own mind, which he will scarcely do when all his powers are tasked to the toil of an exact imitation. In the next place, such changes take place in most scenes, by the variations of light and shade, that, beyond a few hours, the work can hardly be said to be one of the same nature. And as to coming day after day to the same spot, few days are so alike as to make that practice safe for truth's sake. And what is of more importance still, it may be asked if the artist's mind's eye is in the same condition. May not new impressions be made? and the piece become converted in parts—a mass of incongruous alterations, a fatiguing labour in

vain? Even in painting pictures, we believe those works are the best where the whole subject most resembles a sketch, as put in at once upon the canvass in the course of a day, care being taken in all the subsequent work not to disturb this one character,—for the mind works rapidly: after that first work comes technical knowledge and display, certainly of great value, when it does not obliterate the mind's work. On every account, then, we think that sketching from nature should be a peculiar kind of painting, having a distinct beauty of its own, and that its chief characteristic should be its suggestiveness. Herein lies its great charm—we recognise nature, and see in it a glimpse of art; and this is what nature does to the poet's sight, offering much, and suggesting more. Art grows not out of the perfect, but the imperfect. An exact, too accurate, imitation, shows imitation to be the object; it is for the outward sense, not for the creative mind. If this be so; there is a point of labour which the sketch should not reach; if it do, it becomes a picture, a thing of art, in which the great principle of art, the working of the inventive mind, is wanting.

Let it not be understood that we are encouraging an idleness, a slovenliness in working; on the contrary, we think the attainment of the full effect and character of a subject its highest finish, and not to be reached without care, great observation, and a readiness of hand, the result of much toil. And we firmly believe that many resort to a minute *finishing*, as they falsely call it, to disguise their ignorance of, and want of power in, representing the larger and more important features of nature. Nor would we depreciate elaborate studies of detail; they are quite necessary to the painter; but they are another thing; they should be the sketch, and not a part of it. They should be made with reference to future use, and not unfrequently for their beauty as individual pictures. But there is a wholeness in a scene, independent of them; for in nature they are not first observable, scarcely perceptible, when the first thought of the sketch is laid in: and when perceptible for any character they give, a very slight indica-

tion will tell all such detail should convey. Indeed, so far are we from depreciating the study of detail, that we should almost say it is the chief business of the painter. A general acquaintance with the scenery of nature may be easily acquired, from which invention is to reach a facility; but a necessity of truth must accompany the inventive process, and this implies a great knowledge of particulars as respects form and colour. Yet, besides the study of detail, the artist will find time for sketches of the other character; and from them he will acquire a power of selection, and, to the degree of his capacity, educate his eye. And as there is no reason why sketches should not be, though not pictures, yet a kind of pictures, we would insist upon their possessing their own peculiar charm, their being true to the first impressions of nature, and suggestive of something more.

It will be observed that this method of sketching does not much differ from that not uncommonly adopted in oil-painting, where the old Italian rather than the Flemish practice is considered.

We thought these preliminary remarks upon water-colour sketching from nature not very much out of place, nor inconsistent with our intention of noticing Mr Burnet's book on "Landscape Painting in Oil," because there are apparently some points of junction between the two methods, or rather practice, arising from the two materials; and we are convinced that it is from a want of knowing the differences in the *genius*, if we may be allowed such a term, of the materials, that in practice they become injurious to each other. We cannot for a moment hesitate as to their respective estimation. Unquestionably the great powers of art can only be completed in oil-painting. Such a picture (landscape) as the Peter Martyr could never be the result of water-colour; and if that material could do anything like it, it would be with so great a labour that the attempt would not be desirable. The great ideas of the mind require oil-painting for their embodiment.

Water-colours are best adapted for sketching from nature, and that me-

thod may, we think, borrow some force from the other practice; and it is on that account that we have ventured to make the observations we have given, and to detail as much as may be the practice which we have found tolerably successful.

There are objections also to sketching from nature in oil, which it may be worth while to notice. An incomplete sketch in oil seems to come short of the power of the material, which leaves upon the spectator the uncomfortable feeling of a desire ungratified. In water colours, even an incomplete sketch seems verging upon a point beyond the power of the materials, and is therefore, while more suggestive, more perfect as a work, a more accomplished truth, fully reaching, and seeming even to go beyond its aim. And this consideration is of some importance, for the mind is displeased with the ungratified want of that which it knows the materials could supply; it becomes wearied with looking for more than is given: while in the other case no such want is put into the mind by the material; and, more being done than might have been expected, the satisfaction is full and continuous.

Besides this, water-colour sketches are more pleasantly preserved, are kept in portfolios, and easily turned over—whereas oil sketches are at the time of working more unmanageable, and afterwards difficult to dispose and arrange; for they will not keep their colour without air and light.

It now occurs to us that we have omitted to speak of sketches on tinted paper. These are worked pretty much in the manner described, excepting that more opaque colouring is required in the skies and distances when they are of any depth. In some kinds of subjects the work is shortened by the use of tinted paper. We should mention, also, that the best sketches are made without outline—the lead-pencil is seldom in the hand of the practised artist—a piece of charcoal suffices to mark in the leading lines and places where particular features come; and by passing a handkerchief lightly over these lines, only so much remains as will guide the eye, and be no impediment to the working.

We now make a few remarks upon oil-painting in landscape, for which purpose we took up the pen, having in view to notice Mr Burnet's treatise. Mr Burnet is a sensible man, experienced in art, which he has studied theoretically and practically. His several treatises are very valuable; if they are deficient in laying down fully the higher principles of the art, they are not less valuable to many learners for their elementary character. His predilection is for the Dutch school, which, agreeing with Sir Joshua Reynolds, he considers to contain the perfect grammar of art.

We are, nevertheless, not quite disposed to assent to this decision, for if we should think, upon the whole, that Italian art is the most perfect, we should make up our grammar from the works of the Italian schools. It is, we are aware, the fashion of the day to see every excellence of art exclusively in the schools of Holland and Flanders.

The Italian are of a higher cast, and here we speak only of landscape; but, like the best poetry, they speak plainest to educated minds—we mean the educated in art—for the best art can no more charm the uncultivated eye than the best music the untutored ear. Painters, therefore, look for the grammar of art in those masters whom they find most generally to please, and this may be the cause that the grammars of art stop short, and are incomplete.

We fully appreciate the Flemish and Dutch Schools, but still the whole *power of art* is not in them. Imitation merely enters too largely into their system—not indeed too largely for their purposes—but those purposes are within a narrow limit. The greatness of the Italian schools—their first appeals to the mind rather than to the eye—appeals for which too often the mind is unprepared—avert the common spectator from receiving a clear conception of their technical excellences, the modes of colouring, of execution, and management of forms, which, being mostly of a greater intricacy, require a greater skill. But this skill, it may be discernible to those who look for it, hides itself in the prevalence of a general character. The Italian schools have both more

variety and more simplicity, consequently a far wider range, and a necessity of more enlarged means.

Before, therefore, we should venture to recommend one desirous of applying himself to the art to any school, to any particular grammar, we should think it requisite to know something of the general character of his mind, of his tastes and feelings, out of art. Even in language, the gentle, the timid, have not one vocabulary with the bold and resolute. Milton and Spenser utter not the words, nor the music, of the familiar Gay. Æschylus used not the same Greek with Sophocles or Euripides. The mystery of Cassandra's prophetic speech was of a coined, and almost hieroglyphic eloquence. In painting, this preference to the particular schools, in which alone the elements of art are to be learned, has had an injurious effect, especially of late years. We have had one original English painter, whose genius, could it have been unfortunately chained down to the tuition, would have become enervated under the uncongenial toil—Richard Wilson. What Dutch or Flemish master could he have studied, whose style, whose technical practice, he could with any hope of success have amalgamated with his own? Yet, what deficiency of knowledge of a tolerably good grammar of art do his works show? And is there one of our after English school that has formed himself upon the lauded models, whose pictures will hang as companions to those of Richard Wilson? It is true he was not understood in his day; the public taste was not then educated to see his merit; it gave the prize to imbecility, and was slow to learn. We said that the power of art was not in the Dutch and French schools. It may be said that we forget Rembrandt;—by no means—he is an exception, inasmuch as he is a school in himself, and has little really in common with what we usually designate the Dutch and Flemish. Even in his manner of working in the great body of his pigments, whether opaque or otherwise, he more nearly resembles some of the Italian: the aim of Rembrandt was not imitation.

But to speak of the Italian landscape painters. They are not so

many, that a difficulty could arise in the selection. Mr Burnet makes mention here and there of Claude, and his method of painting trees; but he does not at length enter into his whole style, nor his process of working. Of Gaspar Poussin—certainly the finest painter of pastoral landscape, and whose whole style and method would be more worth analysing than that of any other painter—he says little indeed, only illustrating by one of his pictures in the National Gallery his warm breadth of foreground. It must be observed that we class Claude and Gaspar Poussin in the Italian school. Titian's landscapes are of an ideal colouring, wonderfully fine; but, being better adapted to the historical, we would scarcely venture to recommend to English learners, under their present imperfect knowledge of the differences between nature and art, to receive their elementary lessons from that great master. We may however remark, that his richness was the result of continual glazing. It is said he put his pictures by for years to harden, that he might glaze over them repeatedly. He is supposed generally to have painted on a white ground, though not always. In the Bolognese school, especially the Caracci and Domenichino, most perfect rules may be found. It is true they were not always successful in their grounds, which were generally red or brown: and it is supposed, from some chemical action of the red in the ground, their pictures have greatly darkened. But this statement is greatly exaggerated, and in part arises from our modern painters addicting themselves so entirely to the light scale and crude unmixed colouring. We have seen many pictures of this school perfect in colouring, very learned, and which would naturally suffer with the slightest alteration in the scale of light and dark.

For general purposes, there is no method perhaps so good as that of Gaspar Poussin. His style is neither too much ideal for our English scenery, nor too natural for art: it is strictly *learned*; it is the poetry of the pastoral.

Salvator Rosa's manner is more rugged and broken; in other respects, he in a great measure resembles Gas-

par Poussin in his method of working. Claude was a more laborious artist: he wrought up his pictures to great perfection; he chiefly studied atmosphere, and succeeded wonderfully; his best pictures are his marine and architectural subjects. He painted very solidly, and glazed, and worked over his glazings, with attention rather to atmospheric effect and gradation than to form and composition. Hence, imperfect as are his works in some respects, they are and ever will be the wonders of the world. Claude's method bears no resemblance to that of any of the Dutch and Flemish masters. These methods have been well described by Mr Burnet. We are surprised, however, to find him in error with regard to a pigment—speaking of Hobbima's trees, he says "they are brought up against the sky with great richness and transparency, sometimes the colour being of burnt sienna and Prussian blue—or at all events, dark ochre or raw sienna, and blue." Hobbima was born about the year 1611. Prussian blue was not discovered till a century after that date.

We have recommended a palette of few colours in our remarks on sketching from nature in water colours. We should venture to give the same advice for painting in oil, where a greater number of pigments is the less necessary, as the power of the medium enables the painter to make a still greater variety of tints from a few. The list of colours given by Mr Burnet, as to be found in colour-shops, contains not less than sixty-nine. It is astonishing that Mr Burnet should mark with an asterisk, as "most useful, and necessary to get well acquainted with," so many as twenty-five. We believe five or six would have been thought sufficient for the Caracci, and Domenichino, and Gaspar Poussin.

A few remarks upon the manner of painting of these artists may not be misplaced here. The Caracci were the more solid in their works, though, painting over a dark ground, it more seldom appears through than in the other painters of their school. Domenichino seems to have laid in his subject with great breadth, using in full pencil semi-transparent colours, of the greatest harmony, slightly

varying them, in the progress, with more or less of each. These were yellow ochre, either burnt ochre or Venetian red and black, or blue. These few colours will make a wondrous variety of tints; and if the ground be, however slightly, seen through, the effect will be rich. But Domenichino, when this was dry, went over the whole again freely with a full pencil of liquid colours, the same as at first, varying his work in this peculiar manner, leaving a larger portion of the greener tint over that which is most red, and the red over the green—the whole being a shade deeper. The effect of this is, that, without being absolutely dark, the mass is deep and extremely rich. To attain anything like this power, the Flemish painters are obliged to make their very transparent browns very much darker, and lose thereby the ever-changing variety of colour amid the greatest simplicity, which is so potent and so fascinating, making in effect the real "chiaroscuro." Edging this great breadth are laid the lighter tones, in substance, and with a still stronger variety of parts and shades, of the opaque. This deep rich method gives wonderful clearness to the azure of his mountains and skies, on which again this rich and simple colouring of varying red and cool green blending into it, in bold projecting trees, increases still more the lucid atmosphere. We once copied a picture by Domenichino in this manner, and were told by some artists, who saw our commencement, that we should never attain by it the power and depth of the original, and that we must use asphaltum. We replied, that we did not think the original painter used any brown at all, nor is it necessary with a red ground. We showed them the picture after we had completed the process; they remarked triumphantly that we had, after all, been obliged to resort to asphaltum, and were surprised when we assured them that we had entirely adhered to the method we had proposed. We say further, that asphaltum, from its extreme transparency and strength, would have destroyed the depth, and reduced the real under paint to a mere ground, over which it would have acted as a stain, and effected what

may be technically called rottenness. And this is a defect sometimes found—though, we admit, rarely—in some works of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

The method of Gaspar Poussin was likewise extremely simple—general in his colouring, but of great variety in its tints; but so generalised, and so slightly varying, that they are rather felt than seen, felt in the entire avoidance of monotony. He painted for the most part on a red ground—sometimes we have imagined that it was vermilion, for dots of vermilion are not unfrequently seen in his pictures; but we rather incline to think that he used that colour in making his pearly grays. He was more fond of showing his ground than Domenichino, and played over it with a lighter pencil, especially in his roads and foregrounds, which are marked with great freedom and precision of execution—using rather a greater body of his pigment than much lighter tints for his half lights, even the strongest lights not being rendered without broken colour. He is partial to deep and refreshing greens for his masses of trees, or rather masses of wood, which he seems to have preferred to portraiture of trees: richness is here given by laying in with a full pencil the masses of dark gray greens, and clearing away partially portions to let the rich red of the ground shine through. The parts are then brought out with slightly more opaque colour, put on with the utmost freedom, and with a thorough knowledge of the form the parts should assume. Upon these the higher lights are firmly painted—not by individual touches, but in a massy manner, letting them lose themselves as they descend into the more shaded; and they are worked in with a great play of hand, so as to give the very motion and blowing about of the foliage. His manner was throughout remarkably rapid; and as this rapidity was the result of great decision, it conveys a charm that no high finish, in the common meaning of the word *finish*, can give, for it aptly represents the very freedom of nature. The greater part of his picture is made up of semi-opaque colour. You will never see the Flemish transparency; but a depth that perfect transparency

can never give. He seldom laid on a very great body of opaque colour, unless to drive it about into smaller portions with an unloaded brush; and nearest his greatest opacity he would remove some of the paint, to show slightly the ground. He used but few colours; and his work was never impeded by the distraction of innumerable pigments on his palette. Indeed, the few we have mentioned would suffice to make every variety which we see in his pictures. It is surprising that, so large a portion of Mr Burnet's book being taken up with skies, he gives no account of those of Gaspar Poussin, whose skies are at once most true and most poetical. No painter ever so well adapted his skies to his landscape, for he makes both of one composition; they literally unite, for often one composition line takes in a portion of the landscape and the sky—that is, the two making one mass, to correspond with the other masses. He was well aware, too, that illumination is not whiteness—his skies are not white. Nor did he confine himself to one kind of sky; he was as great in describing the pastoral storm as the calm repose. The winds have motion, and take the boughs, and bend the branches, and toss the foliage with wonderful effect and truth. Though it has been said he could paint a tolerably large picture in a day, his pictures show that his skies are not one painting. The working over the first layer is very visible. It has been said that the pictures of this master have in many instances become black: it may be so in some few, but, generally speaking, they are as estimable for their colour as for their composition and execution. They are strictly pastoral—frequently, indeed, a high pastoral, such as may have been when Pan reigned, and shepherds piped or conversed without care, and looked a kingship with the woods and rocks. He dashed in his waterfalls with a few touches, never painting a waterfall as the subject of his picture, as did Ruysdael, but simply as a part of the life and motion of his pastoral landscape, breathing its air of freedom and delight. As a painter of a waterfall, making it his picture, no one has ever reached the excellence of Ruysdael,

from whom we should say, after Poussin and the Bolognese, the most complete grammar for the use of the English school may be extracted.

In the directions to his pupil-friend, Mr Burnet, we are sorry to see, recommends megulp, that fruitful source of all mischief, of cracking and of loss of brilliancy. He seems partly aware of this, by recommending it, after the mastic varnish has been added to the drying oil, to be put on the fire that the turpentine might evaporate. This may be some improvement, but it should be remembered that mastic is a soft gum, and liable to decomposition by the atmosphere. We are happy to learn that the harder varnishes are now superseding megulp, for which advance, or rather retrogression to the medium of the old masters, we are indebted to Mr Eastlake's *Materials*. We have used with great pleasure the amber varnish, and are told by a friend, who has made experiments, that it can be rendered strongly drying without sugar of lead or copperas, and of a lighter colour, by being long exposed to the heat of a stove, but not being burnt. It is further said that all the amber is not thus taken up; and it may be that undrying portion may be thus left undis-solved.

There are a few passages in Mr Burnet's book rather obscurely worded—we are not quite certain that we understand what he means by the skyline repeating the subject. We should have considered opposing it more true to pictorial effect. Nor is the following clear, — “You will observe in nature, both in mid-day and evening effects, that objects on the right and left of the sun have not only more defined light and shade, but are more divided in their colours; and looking towards the north, you will see buildings, &c. that come dark off the sky, from being in shadow under the sun's light, are rendered lighter than the sky itself behind them.” Surely if we look to the north, and the sun is in the south, the buildings are not in *shadow* under the sun's light, but have the light upon them. There is something here omitted, or there is a misprint. “I mention,” he adds, “all these things that your attention may be drawn to them; for

unless you contemplate the various changes the position of the light produces upon objects, you will never be able to give a true representation of them; and remember, that objects approach the eye from their strength of colour, as well as strength of shadow; therefore your fields or mountains ought to belong to the tone of your sky, more than to the landscape in general. You will find many examples of this in all fine works, from Titian down to Rubens, and from the great Flemish colourist down to Gainsborough, whose scheme of colouring was built upon this principle.

There are some good remarks in the Letter on Trees.

“All trees differ in their general appearance—some with regard to the size and shape of their foliage, and others are more distinguishable from the character of the branches: some, from their grand and regular appearance, may be more applicable to historical or classic subjects, while others, from their ragged and picturesque shapes, are more adapted to scenes of familiar life. Hence the necessity of choosing those whose forms are most conducive to the subject in hand. The trees of Titian possess this quality in the highest degree; and those forming the landscape to his picture of the ‘Death of Peter Martyr,’ dispute the palm for attraction with the figures themselves. The style with which the trees of Titian rise up in the air, the mode in which the branches shoot out from the stem, both in advancing to the spectator and receding from him, are perfect examples of this department of the art. Nor is the leafing less worthy of notice; never either too trifling in size, nor too large in character. The trees of Titian are in accordance with the style of his historical compositions, both as respects their form and depth of colouring; and this unison and harmony we observe in all our celebrated landscape painters:—for example, how well do the trees of Claude (such as the Lombardy poplar, in its broad soft foliage and gray stems) assist in the general effect of his picture. Nor in the landscape of Salvator Rosa, cast amid the wild scenery of the Alps, do we perceive the rugged rock and indented cavern claim any alliance but with the wild chesnut, whose riven bark and broad-leaved branches are so admirably adapted to the character of the whole. And if you turn your attention to the landscapes of the Dutch Masters, such as Hobbins,

Ruysdael, Waterloo, and Wynants, you will notice the same natural combinations: the stunted oak, the rugged hawthorn, the pollard willow, all lend their aid to the truthfulness of the scene. Thus it is that we observe the surrounding imagery not only influences the taste of the artist, but leads his study to those objects presented to his pencil. I am more anxious that your attention should be drawn to these circumstances, as you will be less likely to be led astray in composing landscapes of a heterogeneous character, where one part destroys the truth and natural effect of the other."

We observe that Mr Burnet here uses the word picturesque in its false technical meaning. Is the stunted oak more picturesque than the trees in the Peter Martyr? The picturesque has its only existence in propriety. He has given in a plate a slight outline of the trees of the Peter Martyr, but they lose their effect in this transcript. Is it that they want the angels in the sky, and the murdered man, over whom they should suspend, as it were, the branch of shelter, for sympathy, and the murderer, from whom the trunks should seem to shrink back, abhorrent of the foul deed? Is he not mistaken with regard to the locality of Salvator's studies? He might have noticed that it is only the rugged character that Salvator Rosa preserves; he ever omits the vivid greens, and takes away the gloss and smoothness from the leafage—this he does, preferring the nature of his ideal to the actual and external. Now, as regards art, there is something very curious in this diversity of character in trees. It would be worth while to search a little into the philosophy of it. Why is it that some painters, indeed nearly all the Italian, choose the overarching foliage, the pensile boughs, if the study of nature alone was their object? The thorn and the oak grow together among trees of this character. Why, on the contrary, do Ruysdael and Hobbima, and all the painters of the Dutch and Flemish school, shun that character of trees which the Italians select? There are doubtless good reasons—we know and feel there are, for we cannot imagine an introduction into a picture by Ruysdael, of the foliage, the bending boughs, and deep shadow-making leafage of

Gaspar Poussin. Should we not be equally shocked at a portion of a picture by Gaspar being obliterated, to make room for a well-executed portion of one by Ruysdael or Hobbima? It is said, and said truly, there would be an incongruity—but the why is not so clear. We see the different kinds not unfrequently growing out of the same soil, and our poets love to enumerate them, when they would paint in words their scenes of peculiar beauty. See with what trees Spenser clothes his pleasant grove:—

"Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy.

The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine prop elms, the poplar never dry,
The buidler oake, sole king of forests all,
The aspine, good for staves, the cypress funeral.

The lawrel, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,
The willow worn of forlorne paramours,
The eugh obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shaftes, the sawlow for the mill.
The mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,

The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull olive, and the platane round,
The carver holme, the maple seldom inward sound."

Perhaps it will be said that poets paint vaguely; the eye sees only what the mind wills. The diorama moves—the scene is not arrested in its confusion. But we do see a great variety in nature, and are not offended—we see the trees of Poussin and Ruysdael growing together. We frequently see the slim and tall poplar overtopping the huge and spreading oak. We see then that the oak is dwarfed—but we are not offended, unless we refer the scene to the principles of art. We then find that it is the purpose of the mind to dignify the oak, and in our transcript would not see it so dwarfed. If, then, the poplar dwarfs the oak, that we would fain have high as well as broad, that it may be huge. Do not the principles of art make conditions for all trees? The painter seizes on one condition, one characteristic, which, if he be poetical, he forms into a sentiment, and this sentiment requires congruity; and where a particular sentiment is in the general, the painter avoids those forms that have the sentimental tendency.

Thus, the pendent leaves and hanging boughs—whether they recede

and form deep hollows,*or meet and associate, or look Narcissus-like into the waters—always more or less convey some sentiment. They, in fact, appear sentient in themselves, to have a motion of life; and their very leaves are tongues that utter whisperings—there is a solemn mystery within their hollows. The painter, feeling this, makes it the sentiment of his picture, and therefore cautiously avoids an uncommunicating leafage, and inexpressive trunks and boughs; and as much as he may, he gives even to rocks and stones, skies, and even his very lights and shadows, this interchanging expression of sentiment. It must be admitted that there are certain forms that have naturally, by their bending and receding, this character; and that being the case, they are omitted in the pictures of those artists whose object is to portray the common and everyday look of nature, whose expression is unstamped by other thought or feeling than such as the rude uncultured walkers in the woods might entertain. In the picture of *Salvator Rosa* in the National Gallery, the trees shrink back from the presence of the woodman—they are poetically sentient. There is the god *Mercury* in the stream. His picture would be even of less value than his statue in the fable, had *Hobbinia* or *Cuyp* put him in one of their reedy ditches. Could *Tobit* and the Angel come out of a pool of *Wynants*? No bleeding myrtle, growing by the oaks of *Ruysdael*, will ever tell the tale of *Polydorus* with effect.

The poplars round "*Poplar Hall*" will never pass for the sisters of *Phæton*. In the Dutch and Flemish pictures, the business of everyday life is everything—respectable toil is the best occupation of the inhabitants of their pictorial land. They cannot afford to run into the vagaries of sentimental incongruities—and thus their works are perfect to their intention, as were those of the Italian schools, particularly *Gaspar Poussin*, to their insight into a more sentient nature. We do not mean to say that we have unravelled the threads of this philosophy. There may be some truth in our hasty theory—we throw it out as a venture that may be marketable for better opinions.

We cannot quite agree with Mr Burnet in his estimation of the degree of nature in the landscapes of Rubens.

"As I have mentioned the two great founders of landscape painting, Titian and Rubens, I must say a few words on the landscapes of the great Flemish painter. The works of Rubens in this department are slight, and unaccompanied with either much glazing or detail; most of them were painted in a journey through Flanders, taken on account of his health. But slight as they are, they breathe the true spirit of nature, given by the hand of a master perfectly acquainted with the arrangement of hot and cold colours, and therefore to be viewed on this broad principle alone. Look at the Rubens landscape in the National Gallery, presented by the late Sir George Beaumont, and judge for yourself. And always bear this in mind,—if you lay out your work on a broad, intelligent principle, whether you give much detail or little, it will command attention."

Whatever Rubens did was of power, and that is certainly seen in his landscapes; but in those whose scenes are of the most homely kind, there is a power in the colouring quite at variance with the subjects. Had we been acquainted with the landscapes only through *Bolwert's* admirable engravings, we should have acknowledged the fascinating hand of a high genius; but if we are to judge from the landed specimens in the National Gallery, we confess that the eccentricity of the colouring, and that of scenes professedly of the humblest kind, has quite destroyed the pleasure which the consummate skill of the painter in other respects would have given. In colouring, they are really more unlike nature than any pictures we remember to have seen. The browns and yellows are quite outrageous, and not, as we think, tempered with the cool colours Mr Burnet sees in them. *The Chateau of the Artist*—that so much lauded by Mr Burnet—has always appeared to us disagreeable. The violent blood-stained browns are like no earth; and there is a littleness, a multiplicity of littlenesses, in the distance, that makes all the foreground violence worse. In fact,

the colouring is a vagary; it neither tells the subject nor assists it; nor does it represent morning, evening, or mid-day, though the writer of the National Gallery Print-Book assures the reader it is an autumnal morning. The scene is dank and hateful. There is another in the collection—a small sunset—but such as eyes never beheld, yet the subject demanded simple truth. We should almost be tempted again to ask,—“Was Rubens a colourist?”

The opinion of a modern artist in favour or in dispraise of a contemporary must be taken with caution, especially when a comparison is made between the works of the living and the dead. Mr Burnet takes occasion to find fault with the faultless Vandervelde, for the “fixed in the form and treatment of the waves,” as destructive of the undulating, unsteady character of sea; and compares with it a sea-piece by Turner, both in the Bridgewater collection. If we are not mistaken, these two pictures were exhibited some years ago, side by side, in the British Institution. If the eye could take in at once every painted wave, and distant portion of sea, we should still differ from the criticism; for the law of the sea would render any one portion pretty much as Vandervelde has painted it; nor is the actual motion of the whole body in the least destroyed, because the eye does not see all at once *in detail*. The motion of Vandervelde's seas is perfect, and the transparent depth of the water, in which we remember thinking the companion picture deficient. Had Vandervelde been painting an historical sea, he would have been less accurate, or rather less precise, in his forms. The author remarks elsewhere, that Vandervelde never painted green water. His scenes, it may be remembered, were off the coast of Holland.

He particularly directs the attention of his learner friend to the eleventh letter, in which we find the following valuable passage:—

“With regard to lines, you will find a perpendicular has its greatest antagonist in a horizontal line, and the lines necessary to harmonise the two are conse-

quently oblique lines. Now, as these lines incline more or less to extremes, they do not, by such inclination, give increase of force; on the contrary, they break down and soften, by their harmonious agreement, those lines with which they accord. So, in light and shade, black and white are the two extremes, and can only be united by the presence of middle-tint. According as this half-tint is regulated will depend the force of either of the opposites. If it is of a light scale, the dark will have more point and strength—if of a deep shade, the white will have the greater value. Hence we see the necessity of regulating the half-tint according as we wish to increase the power of either the light or dark objects. Likewise, in colour, we shall find the same law will operate towards a similar result. For example, take blue, red, and yellow—the three primitive colours—and let a green be added to the group, the red will gain an ascendancy by the blue and yellow being harmonised by the compound colour; or, in the place of a green, let a purple be present, the yellow will increase in value from the same cause. This is the reason why cold colours have more force in a warm picture, and warm colours in a cold.”

With regard to the lines—the horizontal and perpendicular, affected by the oblique—we would suggest, that, to restore the force of the perpendicular, lessened by the oblique, the oblique should be repeated, as reflected in a mirror: the perpendicular will then seem to rise more than before the oblique lines were added.

Among the plates, there is a very good one of detail, from a sketch by Mr William Simson. It has quite the charm of a daguerreotype. It is indeed in itself a picture—much more so than many by Wynants, where an ambitious landscape has been added.

We find it time to draw to a close. The readers of Mr Burnet's thin book—and we hope they are and will be many—cannot fail to find in it both amusement and instruction. It will surely do its part to promote a love of Art, and, in promoting a love of Art, it will be a key to that garden-gate of Nature, where all who enter in, and admiringly love, in the end become wiser and better.

POLITICAL AND LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

THOSE who are in any degree acquainted with the machinery of the British Government, know that it is worked by three classes of public persons. First, by the leaders of public office, the heads of departments—emphatically the Ministry. Those are the individuals who, having most distinguished themselves by ability in the House—or being most fortunate in their connections with great families—or being sustained by old pledges of party, are naturally looked up to in all changes, exert the largest influence in Parliament, and give the strongest security to their partisans for the permanence of Ministerial power.

The next class are also a race of important mark—generally recruited from the professions, and in almost every instance won over to political pursuits by the glitter of their prospects, rather than by any original passion for wielding the affairs of the commonwealth. Those men are generally persons of adroit and intelligent minds—by no means negligent of their own interests; not too tenderly attached to either side—equally familiar with both; and not at all disinclined to see virtue in a rising party, as well as to honour it in one in possession. Holding nearly the same relation to political struggle which lawyers hold to the bar, but few among them consider themselves entitled to look beyond their political brief, and for the time are apt to regard the retaining fee as deciding the case.

This class mix largely in society and are generally among its pleasantest members. Knowing all the minor matters of Whitehall, they figure with peculiar lustre, however with borrowed light, in the more mixed associations of the metropolis. Cabinet anecdotes drop with prodigious effect into the lap of the merely fashionable world. To have emerged from the whispering circle of the Treasury, confers a character of importance in the Clubs, inexplicable out of London; and, to

have hinted the first intelligence of a Ministerial fall, or predicted, by a fragment of gentle panegyric, the accession of a new luminary to the Cabinet galaxy, establishes a reputation for life, in all the banquets of the most opulencan city between the poles.

Those men are absolutely essential to an Administration. They are the organs, by which the secret and secluded men of the Cabinet receive and give impressions; they are the ears and eyes by which the *Dii majorum gentium* learn what the level world is doing; they are the restless feelers by which the body of the state discovers its way.

But they sometimes render other services. From them emanates many a piquant paragraph in the party journals; we may trace them in those prompt denials which tear up a whole tissue of neatly wrought fiction; we may find them in the “sincere assurances” which thicken round the death bed of a Cabinet with congratulations on its health; and always detect them in a prodigious burst of horror against official obliquity, and an overflow of eloquence on the necessity of speaking truth to a nation so “philosophical, well-informed, and incapable of being deceived” as Britain. In fact those contributions, however written, have an unmistakable air, which is to be distinguished at first sight from the general work of the journalist—an air of business, a matter-of-fact style, a sort of self-reliance which belongs to those who are in the secret, and who can afford to tell a part of the truth, with a sufficient reserve of the remainder, to give weight to what they choose to divulge. The early numbers of the *Anti-Jacobin* were a capital specimen of this style. Paragraphs, thus coming with the stamp of office, have somewhat the same sort of effect in the columns of a newspaper, which the flinging of a squib might have in the quiet street of a village at midnight. It opens every eye at once, some to the glare, some to the danger of their

thatch; and it is some time before Hodge can venture to sleep again.

The third class are like the third class of the railways, exhibiting a coarser kind of model, but moving all together—all running on the same track—all dragged by the same noisy, puffing, hurrying locomotive at their head; and crowded with a living cargo, who have neither share in the secret nor in the steerage, and whose only business is to sit still. Those are the *οἱ πολλοί* of legislature, the back benches, the honest tribe of whose public existence nobody knows anything, but by their vote.

The subject of the present biography was of the second class, and of the best of his order—known by everybody, liked by everybody—with troops of friends, probably without an enemy—a very sensible, a very sociable, and a very agreeable man. The writer of these pages feels gratified by the opportunity of recalling the manner and conversation of this very pleasing personage, and of paying this tribute, however slight, to his interesting companionship, his public principle, and his well-furnished mind.

But these volumes have more than the merit of interesting narrative: they give a large insight into some of the most important, yet intricate transactions of perhaps the most important Ministerial period of the century—that period in which the Cabinet system of Pitt gave way before the new shape of popular influence, which has since, more or less, moulded every Ministry. We see passing before us the forms of the able men, who have since successively sunk into the tomb; and see them with the distinctness belonging to daily intercourse and official experience. We have in our hands that telescope, one end of which shows objects in their largest dimensions, and the other in their smallest, but in both with equal clearness. Between diaries, letters, and conversation, we know nothing more lucid, or more real, than the first volume of *The Life of Robert Plumer Ward*.

We owe Mr Ward to Gibraltar. He was the sixth son of John Ward, who resided in Gibraltar, and com-

bined the comfortable office of chief clerk to the Ordnance with his trade as a Spanish merchant. This John Ward married a Spanish Jewess, with the compound and characteristic name of Rebecca Raphael. Yet, though Mr Ward's parents had been domiciled in Gibraltar for two generations, it happened that he himself was a Londoner, being born in the metropolis in 1765, in one of the occasional visits of his parents to England; and his physiognomy and hue bore no semblance of this double claim to southern blood. Though Spanish on the one side, and Jewish on the other, his countenance was thoroughly English—broad and blue-eyed. His figure, instead of the general littleness of the south, was tall and manly; indeed, he was altogether a good specimen of the Briton.

From the beginning of his life, Robert Ward seemed to be under a fortunate star. On the death of his mother (who died within three years of his birth) he became an object of kindness to the Honourable Mrs Cornwallis, the wife of General Cornwallis, then Governor of Gibraltar. Having no children of their own, and pleased with the animation of the boy, who very early showed some literary turn, and at the age of eight recited Milton with "great applause," both seem to have taken charge of his education, as they would not improbably of his fortune. But, within three years those two amiable people died, and he was sent to England to school, where he was put under the care of one Macfarlane, who kept an academy. The choice was a singular one; for this teacher of men and manners happened to be a violent democrat, whose practical notions of equality finally induced him to marry his cook, utterly ruined his school, and ultimately cost him his life; for, in the riots at Brentford, in the contested election of Byng and Burdett, the luckless democrat, whose folly seems to have been beyond the power of time to cure, was killed in the *melée*.

Biographers are fond, and often fruitlessly fond of discovering the talents of statesmen in the whims of schoolboys. The future incubations of Ward are thus predicted in his

climbing trees at school. We should have conjectured that this habit had some connection with robbing bird's nests; but the biographer, rather more poetically, regards it as a retirement from the world, with the object of feeding those thoughts which rise above the world. The boy was a philosopher, in a study of leaves and branches!

At length he was removed to Oxford, in consequence of a kind of pledge given by his father to General Cornwallis. Christ Church had then at its head a man who "looms large," as the sailors say, in Academic recollections. Cyril Jackson was, in those days, the "Thunderer" of Oxford—a personage whose bushy brows, stentorian voice, and magisterial manner frightened generation after generation of gownsmen into involuntary reverence; and who, to the utter astonishment of one half of Academic mankind, and the unutterable astonishment of the other, was actually said "to have refused a bishopric."

But Cyril Jackson was an honest and an able man, and an honour to Westminster, where he had first imbibed scholarship. As preceptor to George IV., he certainly accomplished the difficult object of giving classic taste to a youth who had the world at his discretion, and, as Dean of Christ Church, he greatly raised the character of the venerable university. Offered the Primacy of Ireland, he rejected it for the more tranquil supremacy of his college, and sinned only in the delicacy by which he shrank from wealth and fame. But such a man ought to have bequeathed to the world some nobler literary legacy than the exercises of his office, and given a stronger evidence of his administrative talent than its display in the cloister.

Of the debt of gratitude which England owes to her two great universities, there can now be no question. They have preserved the national mind from ignorance, they have been the founts of national loyalty, and they have been the pillars of true religion. Merely as schools they have been of high importance. If there is no aristocracy in genius, there is no plebeianism. If there are minds of such original vigour as to require no train-

ing, or, on the other hand, minds of such stubborn material as to be incapable of all training—still, to the countless majority, the early discipline of the understanding is a first-rate boon. To the training of the universities we owe the character of our national literature, the intellectual distinction of our senate, of our bar, of our pulpit, and of those thousands of rising minds which, in the shape of posterity, carry on the inheritance of their services and their fame.

But academic associations have sometimes benefited young men, who must make their way through the rough work of the world; and if the pursuit has its evils, it strongly tempts to tuft-hunting, and is apt to make the *hunter* as insolent as it makes the *hunter* slavish—still, Society is made for man; and where equality of station combines with congenial feelings, the "acquaintance" of the academy sometimes ripens into the friend of public life. *Two of those early acquaintances and mature friends of Ward, were Sturges Bourne, subsequently a Minister and Privy Counsellor, and Sir Michael Stewart, both estimable and prosperous persons. Adopting the law for his profession, Mr Ward, on leaving Oxford, entered himself of the Inner Temple; which, however, he was soon forced to abandon for a time, by an affection of the knee-joint, for which he went to the baths of Barèges. There he speedily recovered; and taking advantage of his returning health, a pleasant country, and, as it should appear, a tolerably well-filled purse, he, not unnaturally, preferred rambling through France to the chambers of the Inner Temple. But he had nearly rambled too long: the French Revolution had broken out; and while all the enthusiasts of the earth were expecting the descent of an angel, they saw the soil blazing at their feet, and a demon starting up before them. Ward was nearly captured in its claws.

Some person of the same name having become "suspected of being suspicious," by the most suspicious of all tyrannies, and Ward being impeached also of wearing a similar coat and waistcoat, the tourist was ordered to

Paris, as a preliminary to the guillotine; and he escaped only by the fortunate discovery of the real culprit. He was banished, however, from France.

It was a remark of Sterne, that the sentimental traveller *always* meets with sentimental affairs. Thus an adventurer always meets with adventures. On the plunder of the convents a nun was turned into the streets, with, as Mr Ward tells the story, "not more than a nightcap for her portion." There she might have starved but for a poor old *aubergiste*, who shared her bread and water with her.

"I had put up at the *auberge* in one of my foot peregrinations. The nun was not only ill, but starving, and thought herself dying; and her greatest unhappiness was, that she could not be confessed, since both she and the *aubergiste* thought there was no salvation except in a priest of the *old school*. Hearing her story, I sent her a couple of gold louis. They were astounded, and, laying their heads together, resolved that I could be nothing short of a bishop in disguise, and endeavouring to escape; and they implored me that I should save the poor nun, by confessing and giving her absolution. At first I would not; but they went on their knees, and the nun felt such terrors of remaining unconfessed, that at last I complied! I found her an innocent, simple young creature, who had been trepanned from her father, a German Protestant of Hesse-Darmstadt, and converted and professed in a low convent. And so, as it was but a hundred miles from Darmstadt, I persuaded her to go back to her family. I asked the *aubergiste* to take charge of her; but she refused, saying that she would be converted by the wicked Lutherans.

"As I had taken two places for them in the diligence, and the *aubergiste* would not go, I thought it best to go myself; and I accordingly delivered her to her father, who overwhelmed me with gratitude."

This must be regarded as a liberal and a benevolent act, and one that may well be remembered to Mr Ward's honour. France was now no longer a place for him; but the difficulty of

returning became excessive, war having been declared. So narrow was his escape, that he was the *last* person who embarked on board the last packet, which was suffered to sail for England.

Called to the bar in 1790, and now well acquainted with France, he had returned to his chambers in the Temple, when another curious adventure occurred to him. The lower population of England was then imbibing somewhat of the intoxication which had maddened all France, and Clubs were the favourite preparative for a Revolution. One day, in crossing a court in Fleet Street, he saw in a watchmaker's window a placard of a violent nature, announcing a meeting for that night at his shop. Ward had already learned such a horror of revolution from what he had seen, that he actually entered the shop to remonstrate with the man on the mischief that he was doing. The watchmaker appears to have been a stubborn, if not a stout, arguer; for the dialogue lasted two hours without producing submission.

Late in the evening, returning from his visit, on passing through the court again, he observed that the placard was withdrawn, and was still more surprised by hearing some one running after him, and calling him. It was the revolutionary watchmaker! They returned together to his house. "I called you in, sir," said he, "to say, that I have done nothing but think over your words. I feel their truth—I shudder at the evil I was about to do—and I am now as anxious to prevent, as I was before to conceal all our schemes."

He then detailed the existence of a formidable plot against the Government, which it appeared to his hearer could not be too soon communicated to the authorities. He took the man with him immediately to the head of the police, Sir Richard Ford, who attached so much importance to the communication, that the three were ushered into the presence of Mr Pitt and some of the Cabinet, with the Attorney and Solicitor General. Mr Ward there told his story, and the Minister looked with evident interest on the narrator.

"What was your motive, young

gentleman," he asked, "for thus entering the shop?" The answer was—"Sir, I am not long returned from France, and have there seen in practice what sounds so fine in theory." Strong measures immediately followed. Those were not times for Government to lie upon its oars, nor was Pitt the man to purchase the votes of villains by impunity for their crimes. Warrants were immediately issued, the chief conspirators were arrested, and thence principally arose the State Trials of 1794.

Those trials, it will be remembered, did not end in execution; but so much the better, since the object was gained without it. Pitt's fearlessness, his open defiance of the public danger, and his equally open determination to give security to the Empire, broke down the conspiracy; and, by extinguishing all prospect of revolutionary success, gave a courage to the country which rendered it invincible.

We are aware that, in one of the Reviews, this story has been doubted; but we cannot, in the first instance, conceive that a train of circumstances narrated by one gentleman of character, and vouched for by another—the biographer referring to such names as those of Pitt and the members of his Cabinet—and containing in itself no feature of obvious improbability, is to be set down as a fiction, or mere conjecture. But nothing can be more conjectural than the reasons assigned in the article in question.

For example, we are told that "so sudden a conversion and confidence is sufficiently improbable." We think, on the contrary, that the anxieties of a man engaged in a conspiracy, of which the result might be the scaffold, would form exactly the condition of mind in which conviction, urged by a rational and intelligent loyalist, might be the most immediate and the most powerful. If the reviewer should have any recollection of the Irish conspiracy of 1798, he might remember that its detection was effected in exactly the same manner, by a casual conversation acting on a mind startled by a sudden sense of the consequences.

The next objection is weaker still.—"Why, if Pitt and Scott were so

struck with the young lawyer, was he not engaged among the seven or eight counsel for the prosecution?" To this the answers might be, in Falstaff's phrase, "as plenty as blackberries." The Crown solicitor generally chooses the counsel,—or it might have been considered an indelicacy to Mr Ward to employ him, as if his recompence were to be a five-guinea fee;—or the employment might have exposed the young lawyer to the possible imputation of having communicated the plot with that express purpose;—or the Privy Council might not have had sufficient dependence on an unknown lawyer, to trust him with a case of such public importance;—or it might have been professionally contrary to etiquette to employ as a lawyer one who had been concerned in giving a knowledge of the plot;—or it might have been intended to reserve him for a witness, though his testimony was afterwards not found necessary;—or he himself might have been unwilling to commence his profession with a proceeding which connected him directly with the obnoxious trials for high-treason.

Whether any one of these reasons was the true one, there is not one of them which might not have operated. But in the instance of the watchmaker, whose "name is not found in the trials," a sufficient ground might be discovered in the natural reluctance to be brought forward against his associates, or even in the personal exposure to the obloquy, if not to the peril, of an appearance in the witness-box.

We have dwelt, in some degree, on this matter, because it involves the character both of the man and the book, and because we believe the whole transaction to be true.

An anecdote of the Premier on this occasion was generally told, which is too much to his honour to be omitted. When the question came before the Cabinet, "Under what form the conspirators should be indicted?" Pitt said that it should be for treason. The Attorney-General objected (probably from the revolutionary temper of juries at the time) that it would be difficult to obtain a verdict on that charge, but that he could obtain one for a misdemeanour. Pitt asked whether the

offence could be sustained as high treason—"No doubt," was the answer of the Crown lawyers. "Then," said he, "as traitors they shall be tried." They were tried accordingly; but were acquitted by the jury, as had been predicted.

But, Pitt's object was completely gained. He was never a sanguinary minister, but it was of high importance at that moment to show that Government felt no fear, and that law was still the safeguard of the country. The result was, that the sight of the scaffold put an end to all conspiracy; the traitors felt that they *would be tried*, and the lesson was salutary. Not one of those men was ever involved in actual treason again. The evil spirit lingered long, but it could not find a body for its dwelling. The party held their annual dinner, but it was one of congratulation for their *escape*. They "spoke daggers, but used none." The trial before the bench was enough, without its formidable sequel in the hands of the executioner; and their annual dinner was simply an *evocation* of blustering verbiage and thankful absurdity.

The biographer regards this casual intercourse with Government as having had an important influence on the future fortunes of the young barrister, and even as recommending him for Parliament. It certainly introduced him to the two distinguished brothers, Lords Eldon and Stowell, who urged him to undertake *History of the Law of Nations*.

The manner in which works of ability "grow up," the circumstances which give them publicity, and their effect on the public career of the authors themselves, are among the most interesting traits of literature. Mr Ward, while in Christ Church, had written an essay on the *de jure* and *de facto* questions of the Civil War and the Commonwealth. The existence of this essay shows, at least, that he had early adopted a resolution of manly study, and it evidently shaped his choice of a profession. But it was thrown by, and five years elapsed before its author was known by any professional performance. At length, in 1791, the result of his studies was exhibited in two considerable volumes, entitled *An In-*

quiry into the Foundation and History of the Law of Nations in Europe, from the Times of the Greeks and Romans to the Age of Grotius.

His early connexion with Spain, where consular law, as in all foreign countries, was continually brought into question; his experience of the irregularity of the law with respect to foreigners in France, where he had been so lately brought into personal difficulty; and, we may presume, the suggestion of the two chiefs of the law in England, had determined him to that branch of jurisprudence. But the study has attractions of its own. None carries the student more directly into classic antiquity, while every step is an advance from the dry rules of right into the regions of philosophy, and every exertion of the vigour also exercises the refinement of the mind. The *jus naturale* of the Roman, and the International Law of modern times, are the noblest examples of practical wisdom. His volumes made their way, were read, received praise from quarters whose "praise is fame;" and their author's animated manners, and lively and intelligent conversation, made his reception in that crowded and glittering scene, called London society, flattering. In addition to his other claims on the smiles of the polite world, he is said to have possessed a singular musical talent: and without having ever applied himself to that graceful art, or having learned the instrument, to have exhibited a most extraordinary command of the piano, at which he could continue plying out for hours the most complicated and brilliant passages, surprising every one, not more by the skill of his execution, than by the elegance of his composition. Even to old age, until deafness extinguished almost all sense of sound, he continued to enchant his hearers with those ebullitions of untaught harmony.

One of his achievements in this style might almost figure beside the ancient wonders of Orpheus. Arriving in York, in the assize week, and finding the principal inn full, he was requested by the landlady to walk "into her parlour, until she could obtain an apartment for him elsewhere. Time rolled on, and, tired of waiting, he sat down to a piano in the room. He became

immediately absorbed in his performance, and was in the midst of a superb march, when, on looking up, he saw the landlady beside him. He started up, but was entreated to continue his performance, and was informed, amid ample admiration of his performance, that "room for his party should be forthwith found in the house."

Mr Ward was now to form the connexion which, independently of the domestic happiness it afforded, was to be the chief source of his advancement in public life. He attracted the good opinion of Miss Catharine Julia Maling, a young lady of good family in Durham, and who had passed her early youth in France, during the residence of her parents at Bethune.

At this period the following description of him was given, in a letter by a lady, corroborative of our musical anecdote:—

"Mr Ward's playing is astonishing. He cannot read a note of music, but plays airs and variations in the most masterly style. He is amazingly clever, but not at all pedantic. We went to Ranelagh. I never saw such a crowd, but our party was delightful. He has travelled all over France and England, and is a man of great observation and general knowledge. He has written a very clever book, though so young, which would do credit to any author. He does not, however, pride himself on these merits, but wisely doubles their value by his *polite conversation*."

This letter ought to have been written by Miss Maling. One of that lady's sisters was about to be married to Lord Mulgrave, who had just succeeded to the title and estates of his brother Constantine, and who, on his entering the English House in 1794, addressed it on the question of peace with France, in a speech, characteristically described by Lord Grenville as the most brilliant *first appearance* remembered in the Lords.

We must acknowledge, that Lord Mulgrave's *brilliance* was not among our recollections; and something in this judgment of Lord Grenville must depend on his idea of brilliancy, which we should conceive, from his own style of eloquence, to have been by no means of the most lucid order. But Lord Mulgrave seems to have been an intelligent, high-bred, and friendly man.

Beginning his career as a soldier, and serving in the colonies, he accidentally, (being then on half-pay,) was present at the siege of Toulon, then in possession of the squadron under Lord Hood. Though every circumstance of that promising event became subsequently a disaster, the half-pay colonel distinguished himself in a volunteer command of the few and miserable troops, of all kinds and nations, who could be got together to man the works. However, the old Horse Guards' habit of always superseding the successful officer, and putting some unknown experimentalist in his place, produced its effects on the present occasion. General O'Hara, the Governor of Gibraltar, arrived, took the command, and was almost immediately captured in an unlucky sortie. There still might have been some chance for the talents of Lord Mulgrave, but General Dundas took the command, and the French soon became masters of the fortress, under Napoleon, *shelled* the British squadron out of the harbour, drove some thousands of the loyalist inhabitants into the ships and into banishment, and snatched a large portion of their own fleet from the British firebrands. It is remarkable that, on this occasion, everything done that showed any real talent was the work of three volunteers—Lord Mulgrave, Sir Sidney Smith, and Mr Graham, afterwards the well-known Lord Lynedoch.

It seems to have been Lord Mulgrave's fate to have been always engaged in unlucky campaigns; for, on his return to England, he had a share in the Duke of York's hapless exploits in Belgium and Holland—hapless, however, only from England's having forgotten what War was, and from her being totally ignorant of the effects of revolution. England sent twenty thousand brave men who had never seen a shot fired, officered by equally brave men who had never seen a brigade manœuvred, to fight a population of thirty millions, officered by men trained to all the science of war, and with coronets, principalities, and thrones in prospect. The English were not beaten, for the English have never been ultimately beaten—and the Duke of York was as brave

as his own sword, if not quite a military genius; but the contest soon grew so obviously hopeless, that the retreat was regarded as a victory.

On Lord Mulgrave's resuming political life, he openly enlisted under the banner of Pitt, and adhered to it with manly fidelity. Several of his letters to the great Minister are among the valuable portions of these volumes; but they have not the slightest share in sustaining the character of his Lordship's "brilliaucy." They are plain, solid, and rather heavy performances, very well written, very well-bred, and very much to the purpose. But the writer was known to be a man of accomplishment and a man of honour.

Shortly after Lord Mulgrave's marriage, Mr Ward became his connexion by wedding his wife's sister, and began a most valuable friendship, which continued through life.

For a while, his objects were unsettled, and there was some good-natured intimation of giving him a house on one of the Mulgrave estates, and fixing him in the North for the remainder of his days. Why such a plan should have been conceived, to extinguish a fine, stirring, excitable mind, and turn the material of a senator and a statesman into a clodpole, until he perished of playing the country magistrate, or died of strong ale, idleness, and the gout, is among the incomprehensibilities of this world. But the idea was soon rejected, probably by his own instinct, and the bridegroom and barrister was sent up to town, his natural place, to follow the bar, his natural profession.

But politics, always the temptation of the man of law, and the irresistible temptation of the well-connected man of law, soon began to assail him. Fox was now utterly *ruining* the Whigs. If Pitt had given them their death-blow, Fox was digging their grave. He was no longer even a Whig, he was a Radical. Sinking into the depths of public scorn, he was forced to grasp at the skirts of the rabble. All the *furies* and follies of France could not *awake* him to a manly abandonment of Jacobinism. But they awoke others, and he saw himself daily stripped of every follower whose name could have thrown a colour of public principle over the last burlesque

of public spirit—Whiggism. One of Ward's letters to Lord Mulgrave, after a Foxite exhibition, says—

"As far as I can judge, democracy, and that no-party which has received its death-blow by uniting with it, are on their last legs. I speak, not from the certainty of the power of ministers to carry their bills through the Houses. . . . I speak it from the persuasion I have of the equal distribution of property in the country; the consequent wishes of by far the greater proportion against the attempts of a faction, the fears of that faction itself, and the prostration, if I may so call it, into which what might have made a respectable Opposition has fallen."

He then gives a scene of the degradation, into which the blighted demagogue had been flung by his craving for low popularity:—

"When I saw Fox on Monday, deriving *additional* consequence from the support of citizens Thelwall and Jones, I could not help exclaiming within myself, 'If thou be'st he!—but oh, how fallen!' This meeting was their grand struggle, and about four or five thousand people met. Of those, not four or five hundred held up their hands, the rest were either neutrals or adverse spectators. Judge whether so ridiculous a pageant, such knaves or such mountebanks, are to govern this realm. For my part, I do all that I can to come at a knowledge of the public opinion, and I have no hesitation to say, not with Lady Fairfax, 'not a tenth part of them,' but, not a hundredth part of the people are adverse to the constitution."

Such was the case then, and such is the case at this hour. The clamourers, the combiners, the Chartists, are not one in a thousand, nor one in a hundred times the number; if we are to reckon only those who would be ready to *act*. Nothing can be easier than to work all the wonders of rabble popularity. Impudence and falsehood are the only qualifications demanded. Any brawler who will itinerate the country, bellowing, "bread at half price," will have the rabble at his heels. Any bitter blockhead, who, to revenge his own meanness of condition, will raise a yell at the peers; any vulgar infidel, who will scoff at the religion, which he defames only to extinguish, and will libel the Church, only for the purpose of its plunder; any mendicant patriot, labouring in

the popular vineyard only to dupe the crowd into a subscription, may figure in the foremost place of popularity.

Yet experience is against even the profits of the game. The *pseudo*-patriot, like the gambler, may win in the beginning; but the tables turn at last. Some may retire in time, and secure their plunder; but nine out of every ten, in our memory, have been utterly undone; and, even though escaping from justice, have disappeared, to die in beggary.

Mr Ward had now practically begun his profession. All the world knows that there is no profession more precarious, that law is the most inexorable of mistresses, though, when she has once selected her favourite, she is among the most faithful of wives. But she delights in the long exercise of her caprices; and some of the most eminent men at the bar have been tortured by those caprices until they were on the point of abandoning the profession altogether. This was the history of Lord Eldon, of Sir William Grant, and of others, probably of no inferior powers, whose latter days remained unglorified by the fortune which finally threw such lustre on their luckier contemporaries.

A few extracts from letters which, in the absence of other claimants, we may presume to have been written by his wife, give some slight idea of his aspirations at this period.

"Ward is at Westminster, and talks of studying in his own room every evening. He is forming a thousand good and prudent resolutions, and determines *à la dernière* to begin to lay up a fortune."

Another letter says—

"Ward has gone off to court, with his brief in his pocket. I hope he will have a good deal of business this term. He must fag hard."

Another says—

"Ward's head is stuffed full of briefs. He is this morning arguing a case at Westminster. Briefs come in apace, and his eagerness and steadiness increase in proportion to the great encouragement he meets with. We have made fifteen guineas by them in the last fortnight."

"Business pours in every day, and new briefs are announced, so that, instead of fifty, he intends to make sixty guineas before he leaves town. I wish that he may have something on the circuit."

We then have a little professional touch, which looks like the pen of a lawyer's wife:—

"He has a prospect of a good harvest this term. He is just returned from Westminster, with three causes in view; not exactly three briefs in his pocket; but if they are not amicably settled, which I trust they will not be, he is to have them."

Such is the difference of *morale* between the doer and the sufferer; such is the huge interval of sensibility between the lawyer and the client.

The life of a lawyer, in its early periods, is a tissue of those odd disappointments which show him, above all men, the "seamy side of things." The business even of the northern circuit, now perhaps the most productive of all, was then often scanty; and the seniors of the bar occasionally declined going the circuit in winter. This absence, of course, offered occasional opportunities of distinction to the juniors. It happened, in one instance, that Ward's leader was taken ill at the moment of trial. This was exactly one of those chances which is supposed to make a lawyer's fortune. Ward came forward, spoke well, argued learnedly, gained the cause, was congratulated on all sides, and probably looked upon himself as secure of future popularity.

But the next circuit was in summer; the seniors from London came down; and Ward's own account of his reception is, "I got not a single brief, nor so much as a nod of recognition from any grateful client."

On another occasion his client acknowledged his services, but in a singular way. He had saved a horse-stealer at York from the gallows—an effort requiring considerable ingenuity, for horse-stealing in *Yorkshire* has always concentrated the seven deadly sins. Travelling in the stage on the way home, he saw seated opposite to him, as he stepped in, the horse-stealer. The man grasped both his hands, "I'm much obliged to you, Counsellor Ward," said he: "boot," winking his eye, "I doot I was guilty, though."

If talents in general are the source of fortune, there are some talents which are injurious to fame. Mr Ward's pleasantry, his animation and

constant good-humour, probably lowered his estimate among the crowd of triflers, who think that frowns are necessary to a philosopher. But those critics of character should know, that to this man was committed the vindication of British policy in one of its most important points, "national rights at sea," and this by the suggestion of Lord Grenville, then Minister of Foreign Affairs.

We cannot now go into this question. All the northern powers, jealous of the naval strength of England, had for half a century laboured to sap what they could not overthrow. The first object of a naval belligerent, of course, is to stop or capture the trade of its enemy. But the northern powers offered themselves as the *carriers* of the enemy's trade, on the plea that "free bottoms make free goods." This was in fact *aiding* and *protecting* the enemy. England demanded the *right of search*. The foreign ships refused it; they were, of course, captured. A Northern League was formed, of which Denmark was the "cat's-paw." But the question was settled by the mouths of Nelson's guns at Copenhagen, (April 2, 1801.) But if Nelson decided the controversy by the fears of the Northern Powers, the "Treatise on the Relative Rights and Duties of Belligerents and Neutral Powers in Maritime Affairs," by Robert Ward, barrister at law,* addressed itself to the understanding of Europe. Lord Grenville, high in place, Lord Stowell, high in reputation, both gave their testimony to the learning and logic of his treatise, and he had now made a vigorous step to fortune.

Two colonial appointments had just become vacant—one the judgeship of the Admiralty Court in Nova Scotia; the other in the West Indies. The latter appointment was declined at once, from its notorious hazards to health; but the former excited grave suspense. The goods and evils of such offers perhaps produce the most uneasy moments that pass in the lives of public men. The salary was considerable, with a security of a retiring pension of £1000 a-year, after six years' service. Six years form but a small space in the life of a man of middle age, and £1000 yearly

were a valuable security against the shocks of the world. On the other hand, he must give up all the many chances of life in England, a profession in which he was beginning to make progress, and those higher associations of public life in which many men, not more gifted than himself, had risen to distinction; and, above all, the connection of his influential and kindly kinsman, Lord Mulgrave.

While he pondered, he was seized with a lucky illness, which produced delay; other claimants were pressing; and, before he recovered, the judgeship was given away.

There can be no doubt, that he was fortunate in this result. To a man wholly unfriended in England, a six years' or a sixty years' absence might be the best thing that could happen to him. But, with Lord Mulgrave to buoy him over the shoals of public life, Mr Ward ought to have regarded London as his natural place. The late Sir James Mackintosh, at a subsequent period, was a complete example of the contrary error in judgment. Beginning in nearly the same manner, though on the Whig side, by a showy speech, and a not less showy pamphlet, the *Vindicie Gallicæ* (in answer to Burke's famous volume on the *French Revolution*.) he was already among the *prospective* champions of Whiggism: he was also making his way at the bar, where his emoluments already amounted to £1200 a-year, and where, on the first change of Ministry, he was certain of office. He notwithstanding accepted the Recordership of Bombay from Mr Perceval. The emolument was considerable, and he lived to enjoy the retiring pension; but the acceptance was fatal to all his higher objects of party. He had lost *caste* with them. He was no longer the *élève* of the Whigs; he was no longer a sharer in their secrets, or an object of their promotion; he was, in fact, scarcely more than tolerated among them thenceforth. And, though he still dined at Holland House, and wrote articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, and sat on the Opposition bench, and indited a rather dull Whig history of England,

* All those were but external show,
But feebly hiding inward woe."

Mackintosh was, from that hour, an excluded man. However received with all the civilities of his old clique, in the Whig books he was "Perceval's man;" and though he made his way into Parliament, made occasionally a heavy harangue, was sometimes libelled and sometimes laughed at, and exhibited the Whig quite enough to exclude him from all consideration by the Tory; the old livery still marked him for one incapable of Whig office for ever.

Mr Ward's connection with Lord Mulgrave, with whom Pitt seems to have been always on terms of great intimacy, gives us opportunities of seeing some of that most memorable man's letters, which, we conclude, were kept as curiosities. One of those was on the brief peace of Amiens:—

"DEAR MULGRAVE;—You would learn from to-day's Gazette, that our long suspense is at length terminated, and that preliminaries of peace were signed yesterday evening. As you will naturally be anxious to know the terms, I inclose a short statement of all that are material. They will, of course, not be published at length until after the ratification. I cannot help regretting the Cape of Good Hope, though I know many great authorities do not attach to it the same importance that I do. In other respects, I think the treaty very advantageous, and on the whole satisfactory; and the stipulations in favour of our allies are peculiarly creditable. I shall be very happy to find that it strikes you in the same view."

Lord Mulgrave writes a letter of acquiescence, adding, however, to Pitt's regrets, his condolence on the loss of Malta. A letter from Lord Grenville, shortly after, differs from them both as to the advantages of the peace, which he regards as at once injurious and *precarious*—a judgment in which, on the latter point, he was amply borne out by the event, but which, after all, sounds more like the judgment of an angry partisan than a sagacious statesman—for the treaty was a fair and ample allowance for both sides. England obtained Ceylon and Trinidad; France regained all her West India possessions; Malta was to be independent of both England and France, and to be restored to the Knights; and the Cape was to be a free port; Egypt,

the last source of struggle, was to be restored to the Sultan.

These were unquestionably the materials of a good peace, because they hurt no national feeling on either side, and the world was wide enough for both. The sudden infraction arose solely from the personal character of the First Consul. Wholly incapable of good faith, he began the peace in the worst spirit of war, by assailing independent states, and seizing neighbouring territories. He exhibited his desire of connexion with England, only by demanding the reception of licensed spies in all her ports, under the name of French commissioners; and when remonstrance was made against his annexation of Piedmont, and his invasion of Switzerland, contemptuously replied,—"that those acts ought to have been *foreseen*." The refusal of the Government to give up Malta, while every stipulation of the treaty was obviously about to be broken by France, was a measure of necessary wisdom, and the renewal of the war was simply an act of self-defence.

All these proceedings were so monstrous that they could not have been rationally anticipated; yet nothing but their anticipation could have justified Lord Grenville in the conjecture. But the peridy of the Corsican was fortunate for England. She retained Malta, and recaptured the Cape. It was equally unfortunate for France. The renewal of the war ruined her whole commerce, destroyed her whole fleet, cost her all her West Indian Islands, all her Indian territory, finally destroyed her whole army in the north, consigned Napoleon to Elba, brought the armies of Europe twice to Paris, crushed her veterans at Waterloo, and finally sent Napoleon himself to a grave in St Helena. To return to Mr Ward. His abilities and intelligence had been proved to the public, and in 1802 he received, from the stern and lofty premier himself, an invitation to enter Parliament.

The world has grown so delicate on those subjects in our day, that it would doubtless excite a universal shudder in the manufacturing boroughs, to hear that his only recommendations were those of character

and understanding. As it must be at the same time admitted, that his choice for the seat was *not* effected by the roar of a Radical mob, or the corruption of a junta of millowners, we acknowledge the superiority of the modern mode of election, which would undoubtedly have excluded him from the service of his country.

As Pitt wrote but few letters, and as every line from his pen has a value, we give his note on this occasion:—

"Sir—I wrote to Lord Mulgrave on Friday, from Walmer Castle, to mention to him, that Lord Lowther had the goodness to offer to name a Member at my recommendation, for the borough of Cuckermouth, for the first three years of the Parliament, after which he wishes to reserve it for his nephew, Lord Burghersh. I also stated to him that I hoped to be released from the only claim which could prevent my having the satisfaction of proposing you to him as a candidate, if it should be agreeable to you.

"The Election will, I understand, be free from trouble, and from any but a very trifling expense; and though less satisfactory than one for the whole Parliament, I am in hopes it will appear to you too eligible to decline.

"I have therefore thought it best, as Lord Mulgrave is out of town, and as the time presses, to state the particulars to yourself. I am just setting out for Short Grove to-night, in my way to Cambridge; and if you could possibly let me hear from you on the subject, by to-day's post, I shall be much obliged to you, as Lord Lowther is waiting my answer."

The offer was of course accepted without hesitation. All this must be very frightful to the independent members for certain constituencies which shall be nameless. We can imagine the pious horror at this usurpation of the "Rights of Man!" the turning-up of eyes at this aristocratic encroachment on Universal Suffrage! the wringing of hands at this treachery to the innocent candour of a street constituency. Nor do we suppose that the irritation of popular feelings will be much appeased by being reminded, that in this way nearly every eminent man of British public life, for the hundred years before, had entered Parliament; that to it we owe the introduction of Fox, of Pitt, of Burke, of Canning, and of the whole crowd

of the Tierneys, the Horners, the Broughams, &c. &c.; and that, with all the dashing purifications and trenchant extirpations of the Reform Bill, the same expedient remains *not* unknown to the "patriots" of later times; that a borough still finds favour in Whig eyes, and that the closer it is, the more favour it finds.

We can have no idea of defending the *abuses* of the old representation, nor abuses of any kind; but we still must think, that a peer has, at least, as strong an interest in the preservation of the country as a cobbler; and that the possessor of twenty thousand pounds a-year has as much *right* to be represented, as the man not worth a sixpence. We shall even go to the formidable extent of saying that, as the protection of property constitutes the whole origin of society, the insecurity of property constitutes its ruin. Representation by *numbers* is the certain step to Revolution. The progress may not be so rapid in our country as in others. Property in England may continue to act on the common sense of the nation, so as to protect itself from the sweeping confiscations of a Republic; but if we shall, for our misfortune, once see the suffrage lowered to the ranks which live by pauperism and mendicancy—in fact, if every man who is born receives from that birth a title to send the demagogue to Parliament—there is an end of property—an agrarian law will smite the landlords, a law of forced loans will rob the merchant, and a law of plunder from house to house will amerce the householder. Place power in the hands and plunder before the eyes of the beggar, and all is rapine.

The period at which Mr Ward entered Parliament was one of a peculiar character. War had ceased: the thunders which had shaken the Continent rolled no more, the billows which had cast so many mighty of the earth on the British shore had partially subsided, and England had begun to feel what may be called the *pressures* of peace. A crisis of this order, in our country, materially differs from one on the Continent. In the latter instance, nations are like their soldiers. A warrior has only to lay down his sword, to take to the plough.

In England the nation has to assume a new condition, as well as a new system. On the Continent, the nation only changes its livery; in England, the nation undergoes a course of alterations, which almost change its nature. To the British minister peace is actually a severer trial than war; and of all the periods of peace, the most trying is the transition from war. Unluckily for his fame, over this period presided a minister of routine, a man of form, a pupil of expediency, and a professor of retrogradation. Than Lord Sidmouth there could be no侯ester man or weaker minister. The nation contrasted him day by day with his memorable master; remembered the unfailling sagacity, large resources, and lofty spirit of Pitt, and demanded that the State should be again committed to the guidance which had so long held the helm.

But we have now to see the shifting of a new scene. The catastrophe which had flung the Premier from power, of course scattered his followers to every distance from office. Of those the ablest and the most angry was the well-known George Canning. Too restless to wait for the public feeling, and too subtle to be satisfied with simple means on any occasion, Canning attempted to force Pitt back to power. But the lion, once entered into his den, and recumbent there, was not to be moved. The intrigue occupies a large space in the volume, and bears but little honour to its inventor. Canning, though an *employé* of Pitt, was, in fact, a pupil of Bolingbroke: he had the exact order of ability, which made that distinguished man always the most showy, but always the most luckless of statesmen. Canning had his elegance and his vividness, but he also had his love for the oblique; and he thus contrived to be at once a Tory and a Whig, to break down the party of his friends, and to come into power by the party of his enemies.

To this man of dexterity the return of Pitt to office was important in more senses than one. But Pitt, with great ambition, had no vanity; and though living for statesmanship, he had no passion for the baubles of place. His strong sagacity saw that his legitimate time was not yet

come; and all men knew that persuasion was hopeless, when Pitt had once made up his mind.

The history of this greatest of ministers was identified with the existing history of his country. From 1783 to 1802, he had governed England with uncontrolled superiority; all opposition had sunk before him. Even the power of France—which had humbled all the thrones of the Continent, and made a Court day at the Tuileries a levee of vassal kings—acknowledged the force which existed in his character. But his overthrow was to give a lesson which cannot be lost on British Cabinets without ministerial and national injury. In his eagerness to carry the important measure of the Irish Union, Pitt had made a compact with Popery.

It is certainly in no attempt to wield the weapons of public judgment that we pronounce that one deep error to have been his ruin. But, the historic truth is, that from that hour he never saw a day of good fortune. He was instantly cast down from power; he saw that power given into hands wholly inferior to his own; he saw his party wholly shattered—the Peace, with which he was anxious to have crowned his own gallant and patriotic War, made, and feebly made, by others. And when at last restored to place, he was restored only to encounter a more inveterate and insolent opposition, to see Europe again prostrated, and, with his hand on the map of the Continent—then almost converted into the map of the French empire—die, with the ominous words on his lip, “*That map may be rolled up for twenty years.*”

To induce the Ex-Minister to resume power, it was proposed that an Address should be got up, signed by a number of influential members of Parliament, to both Pitt and Addington, to form a united Government; the pretext being the old one—the danger of national downfall. But then comes the part of the transaction which makes it *cunning*, and something more. It was suggested, that, should a sufficient number of signatures *not be obtainable*, the following notice should be appended to

the Address,—“It is thought most *respectful* to Mr Addington and Mr Pitt to present this paper to them *without* the signatures, *which are ready to be affixed to it.*” This transaction has been tenderly pronounced merely a “small expedient;” or, by another touch of tenderness, “almost a *pleasantry.*” But we conceive that gentlemen will conceive it no “pleasantry” whatever, but a very different thing, and feel no surprise at the failure of this piece of red-tape dexterity.

The mere proposal of an Address, or of fifty Addresses, was nothing; the act might be wise or foolish, successful or unfortunate; but the *excuse* for the signatures was the point; and though the parties are passed away, the exposure may be of some service to Ministerial posterity.

At length Pitt declared against Addington, and, though beaten on Mr Patten's motion, in June 1803, by 335 to 56, yet the battle was obviously decided, and the Cabinet waited only for the conqueror.

In the meantime began the war of pamphlets, in which Mr Ward took his share. But pamphlets are like the exhibitions of prize-fighters with gloves: they display the art of attack and defence, but without the reality, and, like the gloves, are always thrown by when the champions come to real action. When Pitt at once descended into the field, no hope was left for Addington.

Lord Mulgrave was now a member of the new Cabinet: but no place was found for his brother-in-law. Still, for a man of ability and diligence, opportunities are seldom wanting. War had begun with France: and a most melancholy event marked the commencement of hostilities. By a secret Article in the treaty of St Ildefonso, Spain was bound to furnish to France a certain number of troops, or a certain contribution in money. The English Cabinet considering the submission of Spain to this treaty as unwilling, and wishing to avoid all unnecessary hostilities, an understanding had been adopted, that, if Spain limited herself to mere contributions in money, she should be regarded as a *neutral*. But Napoleon was not a man to suffer this rational compromise: there now were

evident symptoms that Spain, whether forced or willing, was about to engage in active hostilities; and it was regarded by the Cabinet that she waited only for the arrival of the treasure-ships from her Transatlantic dominions to commence open war. Pitt determined not to be duped, and made instant preparations for the seizure of those treasure-ships, which every rational conjecture consigned to the grasp of France.

A case remarkably in point had existed little more than forty years before. In 1761 the father of Pitt had urged the Cabinet to seize the Spanish treasures on their way from America. He had declared to the Cabinet that Spain was only waiting their arrival to begin a war; but, powerful as he was, his counsel was overruled, and the result was exactly as he had predicted. The treasure-ships were no sooner in a Spanish harbour than the British ambassador was dismissed.

The precedent was too strong to be disregarded, and four frigates were instantly despatched to seize the Spanish vessels. After a brief action, on the 5th of October 1804, three of them were captured with four millions of dollars on board, the fourth having been unfortunately blown up.

Mr Ward was now called upon to place this important transaction in its true light, and he displayed his knowledge of international law, in a treatise entitled—“An Enquiry into the manner in which the different Wars of Europe have commenced, during the last two centuries.”

Pitt took so strong an interest in this clever and timely production, that he was said to have revised the proof-sheets himself. But, as everything which relates to such a man must attract remembrance, we give the exact state of the case, as furnished by the writer himself.

“A tract purporting to be a *Catalogue of Lining Authors*, asserts incorrectly that this little essay was revised by Mr Pitt before it was published. It was read to him, but *not* revised; a word was not changed, though the form was. In fact, I had intended it for a professional treatise, and entered all my authorities at the foot of each page. Mr Pitt asked me to make him a present of the tract, to suit the political, and not the legal world; for which purpose, he proposed throwing

the authorities (which he said would not be read by those he meant the work for) into an Appendix. And this was all the change he made."

Of course, the Whigs took the part of Napoleon, and the French Emperor was, of course, shocked beyond all expression at this "outrage on the forms of civilised society." But the hypocrisy was seen through, and the clamour soon went down; there was not a man in England who did not know that the Spanish Government was playing a treacherous part, or that the only feature of the transaction which hurt Napoleon's conscience was his loss of the money. The innocence of Whiggism was ready to give Spain credit for an abhorrence of duplicity, and the Corsican credit for an abhorrence of plunder; but the nation knew them both, and despised the one and defied the other. Mr Ward's book, too, showed that the clamour was as ill-founded even in the forms of international law, as in the spirit of justice. His Treatise applied itself to meet the chief charge—namely, that hostilities had been begun *before* a "declaration of war." It showed that this kind of commencement had occurred in repeated instances, and that it was as perfectly justifiable as every one sees it might be necessary. Spain fared, in that war, as the treachery of her government deserved: she was ruined at sea by a succession of desperate defeats, her monarchy was usurped by her ally Napoleon, and it cost her seven years of havoc and misery to recover her independence.

By a curious but natural coincidence, the writer of the Treatise was shortly transferred to a confidential post in the direction of that war, the Under Secretaryship of State for Foreign Affairs. Lord Harrowby, the Foreign Secretary, had fallen into ill health, and the appointment was given to Lord Mulgrave, and he immediately proposed Mr Ward as his under secretary. Relationship might have some share in this choice, but his services as a writer had probably much more. The proposal was made in the following letter:—

"Barn, 1804.

"Dear Ward,—I have just received a letter from Mr Pitt, proposing to me the

office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; which the present state, and I fear the future prospects, of Lord Harrowby's health oblige him finally to relinquish. It is impossible for me to hear yet what Mr Elliott's intentions may be with respect to the situation of Under Secretary of State, or what other office may be destined for him. But I lose not a moment in enabling you to turn in your mind every consideration connected with the step of quitting a profession for political employment; assuring you that, if the latter pursuit should be that on which you determine, I shall then have great pleasure in offering you the post, which you once seemed to desire, as soon as it shall be at my disposal.

"I shall be in town on Thursday morning, and shall probably know something decided about Mr Elliott's views in a short time.—Ever yours sincerely,

"MULGRAVE."

But we now draw near to an event of higher importance—the close of Pitt's long course of distinction. Afflicted with hereditary gout, he had begun life with an enfeebled frame; and his long parliamentary labours—the days of toil, with the weight of Europe pressing upon him, and the nights of debate, exercising perhaps a still heavier pressure upon his faculties—at length broke him down at the age of forty-seven.

Some slight attempt is made by the biographer to palliate his error on the Catholic question, but the best thing that can be said for it is, that it was the single error of his political life. Pitt knew but little of the nature of Popery; he had never seen it in action in a legislature, and he was hurried into the compact by what he supposed a necessity of the time. It was for those who followed him to feel the perplexities introduced by this most mischievous measure into English legislation—its confusion of all the principles of Irish government; the succession of monster meetings and popular insolences; the tissue of conspiracy and revolt, which have formed the history of Ireland since 1829, the whole followed by the rapid degradation by which a noble island and a flourishing people have fallen into bankruptcy and pauperism before our eyes.

The death of this great man was a private loss, as well as a public one, to Mr Ward. A pension had been

promised to him, as a compensation for the exchange of his profession for politics—the pension to commence whenever he should cease to hold office. But the arrangement had not been completed. More than once, in his illness, the dying minister had alluded to his promise. His anxiety on the subject is shown in an affecting anecdote.

“Later on, when he could no longer continuously articulate, he made the name ‘Robert Ward’ audible, and added signs for paper and ink. His trembling hand, having feebly traced a number of wandering characters, and added what could be easily recognised as his well-known signature, he sank back. This precious paper, (precious, whatever may have been its unknown import, as a proof of remembrance at so solemn a moment,) was afterwards handed over by the physician in attendance, Sir Walter Farquhar, to Mr Ward; and many a time did he declare, as he displayed it to me, that he would give anything he valued most in the world to be able to decipher its unformed characters.”

He now doubly required this mark of ministerial protection, for the Foxite ministry instantly came into power, and the famine of twenty years of exclusion was to be fed at the Treasury table. Mr Ward lost his office, and retired to the country. But the Whig ministry were soon to find how utterly uncongenial Whiggism is to the natural feelings of England. The death of Fox, within the first six months, has been reckoned among the blows which precipitated their downfall; but they fell by their inability to stand, they fell by the necessities of public safety, they fell encumbered by the weight of pledges, which common principle would never have adopted. The Catholic question was a chain which they had hung round their own necks, too heavy to carry, and too strong to break. In a single twelvemonth the Whigs vanished amidst a national uproar.

The Portland ministry was then formed. Lord Mulgrave was placed at the head of the Admiralty, and his friend Ward was called from his retirement and placed at the Board. We are then introduced to a personage, who has begun to make a considerable figure among our modern

statesmen, certainly not in the character of a conciliator. On the formation of the Perceval ministry, Lord Palmerston appeared for the first time on the political stage. Mr Ward had now begun to keep a diary, and we find his lordship thus registered:—

“Lord Palmerston came to town, sent for by Perceval. He was so good as to confide to me that three things were offered to him—the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, the Secretaryship-at-War, or a seat at the Treasury, by way of introduction to the Seals, if he was afraid of entering on them at once. These offers were, however, in the alternative of their being any of them declined by Milnes, (Member for Pomfret,) to whom they were made in the first instance. Lord Palmerston consulted me very frankly on them, and asked if I thought he would be equal to the Seals, either in Cabinet or Parliament—particularly the latter, where he had barely made his debut. I told him I was most sincere: that, in common with all his friends whom I had heard speak on the subject, I thought him quite equal to them in point of capacity; but, as to nerve in Parliament, (of which he seemed most to doubt,) nobody could judge but himself.”

The dialogue goes on, and is curious enough, as the picture of a “young politician’s first palpitations.” He said Petty (whom I mentioned) had come forward after having felt his way, and got possession of himself in the House; and that, if he had done the same, he perhaps would not hesitate. As it was, he inclined to the second place, but had written to Lord Malmesbury. We then have a touch of official sagacity, always looking to the future:—

“Among other topics which I urged, one seemed to impress him much— which was, the great difference there would be in his situation and pretensions upon a return to office, in the event of our going out, if he retired as a Cabinet Minister, instead of in a subordinate capacity. He allowed it much flattered his ambition, but feared the prejudice it would occasion to his own reputation, and the interest of his friends, if he failed. I left him inclining to the Secretary-at-War, and admired his prudence.”

Whether this is said in the spirit of a well-bred sneer, or in sincerity, is more than we can now discover. But

the sneer would have been prophetic. His Lordship's appointment to the Secretaryship-at-War was made in October 1809; and until November 1828, his Lordship drudged in that clerklly duty, making an *annual* speech in moving the army estimates; but wholly unknown beyond the walls of the Horse Guards, a little laughed at for his taciturnity, and much "admired for his prudence," in the selection of an office in which arithmetic was the most necessary knowledge, and writing his signature was the most

his nerves a well-paid training of nearly *twenty* obscure years.

It would be harsh work to expect any sturdiness of opinion in an individual who thus felt the sweets of office an equivalent for humility of position. But as it is a matter of public history that all kinds of Administrations, with all kinds of principles, floated across the political horizon during that long period, so it is a matter of private record, that the patient man of *prudence* still held his place. The Secretaryship was unquestionably a comfortable thing, and we blame no man for considering his own comforts. But he must not lay claim to everything at once—he must not pretend to have an opinion on any public matter whatever. He is paid for his work, and receives his wages. There he must stop. Lord Palmerston has actually been the retainer of *nine* Cabinets!!

At length, in 1829, the silent Secretary began to open his mouth. His maiden topic was the Catholic question, on which he deluged the House with all the commonplaces of the fifty years before. His Lordship *discovered* that all the indolence, ignorance, and turbulence of Ireland arose from the curtailment of her legislative faculties; that the superstition of her priests, and the beggary of her people, all belonged to her ejection from the hustings; that the disloyalty, discomfort, and dissension of the "eight millions" required nothing but a Tipperary election to be turned into a sort of enthusiastic affection for the name of England.

Tous, who have lived to see the effects of the measure, how trifling must all this declamation now appear; how con-

temptuously must we revert to prophecies of which every syllable has been so palpably falsified; with what scorn for the *wisdom* (!) of those who pronounced Popish "Emancipation" the "one thing needful" for the *peace* and *prosperity* of Ireland, must we look on the wretchedness of a country in which a police army is the essential instrument of public security, and Pauperism the general, and by no means the reluctant, resource of the population. If the men who promised us Irish tranquillity and Irish progress, as the reward of our fatal concessions in 1829, were dupes, where then was their sagacity? If they were conscious of the result, where now must be our reliance? Will they be wiser in the conduct of remote colonies, in the management of foreign interests, or in the guidance of affairs which everywhere touch the circumference of the world?

We must now hasten to the close of the Memoir, yet, in glancing over its pages, we are continually caught by some remark of sound sense or manly experience. What, for example, can be a better lesson for a young parliamentary speaker than Lord Mulgrave's observations on Ward's intended debut? In the beginning of the session of 1802, an increase of the Naval forces was proposed, and of course became the object of Whig obloquy, and on all contradictory grounds—it was too great, it was too little, it was worthless, it was unnecessary, &c.

On this subject, Mr Ward, as a member of the Admiralty Board, proposed to speak; but his time was not come, and he suffered the debate to go off. A letter from Lord Mulgrave cheered him a little in his silence, by telling him that the opportunity was "not favourable;" and assigning the following capital reasons:—

"First, because a *first* speech, at the end of a debate, *never* makes a favourable impression. Secondly, when the attention of the House has been exhausted by such a man as Lawrence; (who had just made a long-winded speech,) they will give but a forced attention. Thirdly, I think you should take a *whole* subject, and not a skirmishing hit, for your debut; you must stand upon a *higher* scale, to stand upon the ground which could alone

be fit and advantageous for you. Fourthly, you should not, in the first instance, measure yourself with a heavy and unpopular speaker; you will be very likely to find yourself coupled in people's ideas with your first adversary. I need not say, how much better it would be to be so coupled with Lawrence in the Cockpit, (the place of argument before the privy council,) than in Parliament. Fifthly, because (if you will forgive me for saying so) the ground you meant to take, though it might show the accuracy of your information, and the error of Lawrence's statement, yet, in fact, did not apply as any argument upon the main question."

His Mentor closes with another fruit of his Parliamentary experience:—

Had you stood forward to combat the evident and glaring paradoxes of Fox's speech, you could have suffered no discredit, and could have been guilty of no indiscretion, as it can never be wrong to combat Fox. Or, had you failed to expose the whole of his (to me) monstrous line of argument, still I should have rejoiced in the attempt, and should with satisfaction have said to you,

— Non tam

Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum est."

If these two volumes contained nothing else, those maxims would make them worth the possession of any young member of the "honourable house."

Mr Ward subsequently engaged in the debates, and acquitted himself well; but, having too much honesty to embrace rabble topics, and too much taste to attempt a reputation in the "penny saving, pound foolish" style, on the value of cheese parings, and in the dull echo of a senseless parsimony, he was content with speaking when he had something to say, and in general restricted himself to matters of official duty. Not that we altogether applaud this Parliamentary career, nor can comprehend why any man should enter Parliament either to talk nonsense or to say nothing. Parliament is the especial place of national discussion, and no man ought to enter it who is not able, and willing too, to contribute an effective and vivid share to its discussion.

The "Diaries" of these volumes are so graphic, that we only regret they are so fragmentary. What a vast mass of helpless conjecture would have been saved to the writers of our

histories, if the leading public men of the last three centuries had thus given us the facts of their knowledge! How much would they have added to the defence of their own motives, and how much to the elucidation of their time? The statesman does injustice to himself, who, in the midst of the common uproar of prejudice and party, delays to prepare this vindication of his character to the generations to come.

At length old age came upon the subject of this Biography; yet not as it comes upon other men. With the death of his political friends, and those fluctuations of the political system, which, in the last quarter of a century, have made politics a game of chance, and political character the offspring of mingled craft and clamour, he retired from office; but it was to the indulgence of tastes which he had never forgotten. Possessed, as we are gratified by saying, of opulence and domestic enjoyment, he turned his leisure to authorship, and at a period when the generality even of educated mankind think only of rest, he produced "*Tremaine*," the most graceful romance of its day.

It may not be sufficiently known that the work originated in an answer to the scepticism of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, which now constitutes the third volume. The whole was received with much popularity, and was followed by other novels. Thus occupied, thus prosperous, and thus pleased, this agreeable and fortunate man reached the great age of eighty-one, when, after a short illness, he died in London, August 13, 1816.

We have not left ourselves room for any details on the conduct of the Biography. It is written with spirit and intelligence, with evident knowledge; and if we should be disposed to find a fault, only with too much discretion. We regret the curtailment of the diaries, wherever they approached our day; and though they may appear at the end of the century, we fear that we shall not then have the pleasure of their perusal. The critiques on the novels are too extensive; but the diaries, the political anecdotes, and the correspondence, could not have been too voluminous, and must always be interesting.

BARONIAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES OF SCOTLAND.

THROUGHOUT all Europe we find scattered, in more or less abundance, the stony vestiges of two great rival influences, which kept up for centuries a ceaseless contest for supremacy—the ecclesiastical influence operating by spiritual power, and the feudal or baronial by that of physical domination and the strong hand. In some places these material monuments of a former social condition still lift their heads in solemn time-honoured magnificence, while in others they are fast crumbling into the amorphous crust of the earth, from which their fair proportions were originally fashioned. In general, their preservation or destruction must have depended on the vitality or decay of the social impulses to which they owed their existence. But in the present day they have got new guardians, even for their crumbling remnants, in the love of art and of historical and romantic association. Thus there are many preservers and restorers of the Gothic vestiges, who are not ecclesiologists; and there are abundant admirers of the grim, square, frowning peel-tower, who would not desire the revival of the feudal sovereignty that found in it a suitable stronghold. To minister to these tastes, and to encourage, strengthen, and rightly direct them, is an important function of the art and artistic literature of the day; and we believe it is one of those which will hand down the greatest quantity of valuable matter to posterity.

The more we see the marvels and beauties of ecclesiastical stone-work articulately developed by a pencil both accurate and artistic, the more do we wonder that they should have remained in obscurity, and waited down to this age to be brought into full light. From the period when the constructors of the early Christian stone edifices raised their massive round pillars and solemn circular arches, in the eleventh century, down to the fifteenth, ecclesiastical archi-

itecture was the predominant art which absorbed all others, and made them either subservient instruments of its resplendent glory, or humble imitators of its stately devices. It is a remarkable thing indeed—deserving of more attention from the curious and inquiring than it has ever, so far as we know, received—that everything ornamental, in whatever kind of work, within the period called the dark ages, took its tone, and not only that, but its tangible form, from the ecclesiastical edifices of the day. In the decoration of churches, it may be, perhaps, natural to find this peculiarity; yet it seems strange that wood should be carved into those forms which are necessary to meet the difficulty of creating lofty piles of stone-work; and, taking analogy from other kinds of work, we would expect the stone-cutter or statuary, who has a marble slab to deal with, rather to take advantage of his compact homogeneous material, than to imitate all the shifts and peculiarities which the constructor has to adopt, who must fit one stone above another. Look for instance at the carved wood-work, so rich and varied, in the King's College Chapel of Aberdeen, which Mr Billings has been the first to bring before the notice of those who dwell south of the Grampians. All objects of art or of nature, in all the material kingdoms, were in the artist's choice to select from, as objects of imitation; but his choice rests on architectural arcades, church windows and turrets. These representations are pleasing as imitations of architecture; but they are not the natural forms to which wood-carving would have adapted itself, had there been no such architectural supremacy as we have alluded to, leading the ancillary occupation of the carver after it, in its own exact footsteps. Nay, had there been no Gothic architecture to be so imitated, and had the handler of the chisel cut his wood from his own devices, into such forms as these architectural ones

we so admire, they would not have been so admirable, because we could have been without a main element in the beauty of the original device—the adaptability to give to masonry lightness and elegance of form consistently with its retaining sufficient strength. The artist of the carved wood in this chapel has crowded it with representations of Gothic windows, many of them really exquisite ones, of that rich foreign style which the French call *flamboyant*. But it is from our admiration of that skill which can make solid stone rise in slender mullions, and branch itself out as if in sheer beautiful wantonness, into all airy and fantastic shapes, that we first acquire our admiration of the form, so as to be gratified by its repetition on a flat oaken board, where it takes its merit from the imitative rather than the inventive skill of the artist.

But for a still more striking instance of the application of edile forms to carved ornaments, we turn to Mr Billings' representation of that gorgeous tomb of Bishop Kennedy in St Andrews. Here are abundance of tiny clustered pillars, with groined arches over them, and multitudinous windows. The whole a fairy imitation of

"The high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massive proof,
And storied windows richly light,
Casting a dim religious light."

The imitation is carried so far, that we have not only little towers career-
ing aloft, with windows in which the wooden blinds for shedding off the rain are imitated in stone, but, to keep all in harmony, in the lower department, little circular flights of steps, destined, as it were, to be descended by elfin footsteps, lead to baby crypts. But the exhibitor of this tomb can show the visitor another instance of this imitative spirit, still more remarkable, in the shape of a silver mace, which he will declare to have been found within it. Whether this be true or not, this costly ensign of office is as true as the Bishop's tomb to the spirit of imitation. It bristles all over with Gothic spires and crockets. Its lateral ornaments are buttresses, mul-
liowed windows, and arcades. It is, in fact, a tiny temple on the end of a long silver staff, and might be supposed to represent the abode of Simon Stylites,

if the saint had lived in the age of flamboyant architecture, and found room for its development on the top of his pillar.

Thus were the objects which come into nearest connection with ecclesiastical architecture—the altars, sepulchres, pulpits, chalices, maces, croziers, pixes, thuribles, and lecterns—all architecturally Gothic in their construction. But the tendency went much further—in fact the ecclesiastic masonic forms predominated in every kind of fabric which boasted of an ornamental character. It was conspicuous in all kinds of wood-work, not only in carved doors and panels, but in chests, cupboards or aumries, tables, and chairs. Iron-work followed the same rule—it is noticeable in hinges, bands, and locks; and in the handle of an ancient key one may trace the forms, which the church mason found best suited to unite grace with strength, in building up the mullions of a window. In works in the precious metals, the greater ornament expended on the rare and costly material only brought out a fuller imitation of the masonic decoration. It was introduced into the coinage: the old kings look you full in the face with their tow wigs, straight through quatrefoils, taken from the last cathedral window which the medallist has passed. Royal and corporation seals are profusely architectural, probably from a great part of the seal-engravers' practice being in the line of ecclesiastical seals. The illuminations on manuscripts have the same repletion of architectural detail, from a somewhat similar cause—the artists were monks, or other ecclesiastics, and their minds were moulded to the shapes of the cloister. Those meek, sweet pictures of the early Italian school are not entirely divested of the masonic predominance, which is distinct even in their gilded borders. The same class of forms lingered in bookbinding till the end of the sixteenth century, and has been lately revived in that trade. As to the vellum manuscripts, which retain their pristine binding of timber covered with time-worn leather, some of them, seen through a diagonal mirror, might look like the corroded brown doorway and pinnacles of an old abbey. Nay, textile fabrics followed the same despotic taste; and if we may believe

that sepulchral statues and illuminations speak the truth, they represent the drapery that is made of thread, and flexibly winds itself about the human frame, according, in some measure, at least, to the forms necessary for the stability of those fabrics whose materials were the stubborn stone.

This complete predominance of the edile over all other arts is attended by curious coincidents. One would suppose that the absorbing art of the period would obtain an extensive publicity, as painting did in the days of Rubens, and railway engineering in those of Stephenson. It was not so. A deep mystery hangs over the external history of mediæval architecture. The world seems to have been unconscious of the magnificent structures rising from its surface, and their fabricators pursued their task silent and unheeded. We have scarcely more contemporaneous literature about mediæval architecture than about the formation of the crust of the globe: and we classify its epochs and topical distinctions experimentally and analytically, as we trace the formation and upheaval of geological strata. The art published itself to the senses, by pervading all visible structural forms: but it shrank from the publication of the pen. There is something in all this mysterious, curious, perplexing, and exciting. We know that masonic secrecy is of early origin, whether the precise ceremonies which it now adopts are ancient or not. The masons or architects of the middle ages were directly connected with the church. They have sometimes been compared to a kind of knighthood; nor can chivalry be otherwise than honoured, by embracing in the circle of its mission a purpose so grand as that of covering the earth with the finest structural efforts of human genius. In the secret society—secret, not for the sake of darkness, but that it might peacefully and undisturbedly work by its own bright light—discovered mysteries seem to have been taught, and new combinations and varieties of beauty seem to have been discovered and communicated, as if by electric wires, through all Christendom. How otherwise can we account for it, that while between all was dark and barbarous as Tartary or Kamtschatka, the

same light and flowery-toppled towers should arise beneath the blue sky of Palermo and the silent bay of Edinburgh? or how find among the vineyards of the Rhine the same massive form of column and arch which astonish and delight the northern traveller in distant Kirkwall, or see the flamboyant riches of Rouen and the Notre-Dame of Paris repeated at Linlithgow? Thus while architecture infused itself through and imbued all other mental operations, it was avoided by the one great preserver—literature. By other arts it could be the object of silent homage, whispering its supremacy in all imitative shapes. But from literature it could take no acknowledgments without a betrayal of its mysteries; and therefore it commanded literature to be silent. A strange sensitive mysteriousness seemed to haunt all the steps of the mighty and majestic art; and as mystery has its attractions, the whole is re-enacted at the present day, to serve the humours of a large fraternity, whose secret, though often sneered at, still remains a mystery and puzzle to the uninitiated.

We shall not profess to fathom the causes which made it the one great artistic object of centuries,

“*Deorum*

Templa novo decorare saxo.”

Perhaps they are right who say, that as the whole literary and studious intellect of the age was thrown into the service of the church, so the eye absorbing object of all art was to rear and decorate that earthly tenement in which the service of the Deity was performed, and the visible types of all heavenly mysteries were preserved. But be the cause what it may, we have the fact that, for centuries, all the intellect and force of industry that was applied in an artistic direction, was devoted to this one art, and chiefly to this one department of it—namely, ecclesiastical architecture; and when we consider that all that time the intellect of Europe was in a progressive and active state, is there any occasion for indulging in idle wonder, that such a concentration of all efforts in that one direction, over so vast a portion of the world, by people of so many nations and languages, for so long a period, should have produced wonderful results? Nay, is it, at

all astonishing that, after a period when it had been the fashion senselessly to deny the whole fruit of this artistic crusade, we should find it not easy, all at once, fully to appreciate the progressive efforts of centuries, and should daily discover new developments of beauty in the mouldering remnants that have stood unheeded by our pathway during two hundred years of neglect and contempt! Horace Walpole laughed at his friend Sir Horace Mann's ideas of Gothic architecture, and, saying that he knew better, pointed to Strawberry Hill. Their patron, Horatius Flaccus, knew as much of it as either of them. In fact Walpole had no better acquaintance with Gothic architecture than he had with tubular viaducts, or the electric telegraph. Such efforts as he and those who followed him have made, down nearly to our own day, are but the gauges by which we can measure the extent to which the mediæval ecclesiastical architects carried their art. Every effort of the restorers gains something; but it only serves to show how far the great masters of the art had gone. If any one would desire to estimate what we have yet to recover, let him occupy an afternoon in examining the new Houses of Parliament, and then take the night train to York, and spend next morning in the Minster. He may think it a pity that our ancestors had no other and better occupation. He may lament that some of the genius and perseverance devoted to raising an airy, rich, majestic, and symmetrical structure of stone, was not distributed over poetry, painting, and music—the solution of social difficulties, and the facilitating of intercourse between one province and another. But if he have the most ordinary faculties of perception, he will see that the one work to which the artistic faculties of the Middle Ages were devoted, was well done; that the workmen had gone deep into the recesses of their vocation; and that it will require some study and some art in the nineteenth century to recover the traces of all that had been acquired, by the devotion of all the artistic power of Europe, for several hundreds of years, to this one object.

But perhaps, after all, the most re-

markable characteristic of the mediæval church edifices is, that if the great buildings, such as those at Strasburg, York, or Glasgow must always, from their size and costliness, be the most striking, there is no provincialism in the system. The unknown artists, who devoted themselves to this pursuit, were all educated up to the highest knowledge of their art; they were all free of the same mysteries; they appear to have all prided themselves on applying the same high artistic skill to the work they had in hand, whether it might be a metropolitan cathedral at Rheims or York, or a simple village church in the narrow valleys of Southern Germany, in the swamps of Lincolnshire, or away among the wild islands that are scattered through the Atlantic at the back of Scotland.

We are but now discovering that every little relic of the scattered development of this one art of centuries is precious to those who wish to behold its full revival in its pristine glory. Alas! how many fine relics, even within the present century, have mouldered away and disappeared, leaving behind them no memorial of what they were, and losing for ever types which the restorers of the same kind of art, in the present day, would hold of infinite value. We speak not so much of those ferocious ecclesiastical contentions, in which many of the finest works of the Catholic artists were destroyed; because, when there were differences about which men commit each other to temporal punishment and eternal perdition, it would be childish to speak of pleasing or impressive forms being respected and preserved. But sheer neglect, or the facility afforded by an artificial quarry, has in many instances lost us, stone by stone, our best specimens of this school of art. One sees in Slezor's Plates, that the nave and transepts of the magnificent cathedral of Elgin were pretty entire at the end of the seventeenth century. They were roofless, it is true; but the windows might be seen with all their rich mullions, and the pillars were then standing, of which that Old Mortality, spider-looking John Shank, cleared away the bascs, like a Layard discovery, some thirty years ago. The abbey of St Thomas,

at Arbroath, could have afforded to Dr Johnson, had he thought it worth his while to look at such a piece of barbaric effort, an appearance of structural symmetry, of which its ghastly scattered fragments can now give us but a disappointing, miserable idea. Dunkeld and Dunblane retained much which they have now lost. St Machars at Aberdeen had the great square central tower, of which we now see only the fragments of the supporting columns projecting slightly from a rough modern wall. The buildings which clustered round that finely proportioned tower in Dundee were burned to the ground about ten years ago; and as to the tower itself, it must be admitted that the modesty of the community has made them do their best to conceal its beauties, by blocking up its gracefully mullioned windows with rough stones, and making it look rather like an old Border keep, than an open lantern tower. Some people say they would not recognise the blind, lumpish, smoky mass in 'hat airy, decorated, symmetrical structure presented by Mr Billings in his engraving; but they will find that the only liberty he has taken with the original has been to grub out the stones stuck in between the mullions of the windows. The old cathedral of Chanonry has, we believe, almost entirely disappeared. The remains of Kinloss Abbey have been converted into dry-stone dykes within our own recollection; and part only of Lincluden has been rescued from the same fate. Of Culross, one of the finest things in Scotland at the commencement of last century, we know not that there are vestiges much worth visiting. Even lovely Melrose itself, if we can believe what Slezer indicates of its completeness, has lost half its glories since his day. One is astonished, on entering that richly buttressed and niched church of St Salvatore's at St Andrews, to see how bare and bald it is within. It was otherwise some ninety years ago; and the history of its dismantlement is one of the most provoking of the many sad incidents which have lost us the architectural ornaments of our country. It had a massive stone roof—rich and beautiful we doubt not—as the still existing remains indicate. Some wise

workmen took it into their head that the roof was too heavy to be sustained by the wall-plates, and it must needs be taken down. "Experience," says the Rev. Mr Lyon, "might have taught them that, whatever were the religious errors of their forefathers, a defect in church architecture was not one of them." They found that the unsafe roof was too strong to be taken to pieces, and that the only means of destruction was by detaching it from the walls. When this was accomplished the whole mass hurtled to the floor, carrying, of course, all the ornamental work projecting beyond the inner walls along with it. Shaded by the precipices of Edinburgh Castle, the old Gothic church of St Cuthbert's, with its lantern and decorated windows, occupied nearly the site of the present lump of stone, of which it was so wittily remarked that its neighbour, St John's, looked like a Dutch toy, and it like the box in which it had been brought over.

But why speak of the dilapidations which a century, or a quarter of a century, may have witnessed, when, even during the course of Mr Billings' labours, the best remaining specimen of the decorated style in Edinburgh—the church dedicated by Mary of Gueldres to the Holy Trinity—has disappeared, because a railway company wanted its site? There is really no calculating at any time on the extent to which this sort of barbarism will go. We believe that the building was carefully taken to pieces, the stones numbered, and the decorations preserved, in order that, at some future time, it may be re-erected; and we have seen a plan for adapting it to a new site, restoring some of its ruins, and supplying features which had never been completed, which promises to do it ample justice. Whether this plan will ever be taken advantage of we know not; but those who consented to the destruction and removal of the building, have no merit from the countenance of any plans of restoration. They at once consented, as if it had been a stable or an old barn, to its unconditional obliteration. The three drawings, in which Mr Billings has preserved the main features of this departed building, are thus a type of the permanent importance which his

work must hold as a register of what has been achieved in the great mediæval art throughout Scotland.

It will not be denied by any one, who remembers that centuries of enlightened labour and study are concentrated on these remains, that the function of collecting their scattered remnants, and associating and preserving them in a pictorial shape, is the performance of a great service to art and intellect, present and future—not to speak of it as a debt due to departed merit. Among the various qualifications necessary to such a task, there is one which is absolutely essential to it, and that is, undeviating accuracy. Architecture, it must be remembered, is here the dominant art, to which the limner's must be ancillary. Picturesque effects, produced by the working of details, the incidence of broad lights and shadows, an arbitrary grouping, and an exaggeration or diminution of special features, may, we do not deny it, be the elements of meritorious pictures; but they will never serve the purpose we are at present considering. Nor will the mere technical delineator of architectural elevations accomplish it. He may perhaps, by his technical preservation of details, afford his brethren the means of repeating or imitating the old building, but he will not present the edifices themselves in a shape fitted to satisfy the eye of good taste. The accomplishment of this object demands qualifications of a very rare kind indeed; for while everything in form and detail, that is worth preserving, must be preserved, the whole must be subjected, without abating its accuracy, to the conditions of picturesque artistic effect.

We certainly have never known an instance where these qualities—apparently incompatible—have been so rarely united as they have been in Mr Billings. The accuracy and precision with which he introduces every detail, down to the minutest chipping of the chisel, are truly marvellous; and people look into his work with magnifying glasses, as they do into natural objects, expecting to find the still minuter developments of all that is visible to the naked eye. However they are produced, it is in itself a fact that these engravings, while they are truly

fac-similes, are at the same time artistic and picturesque. Competent talent, aided by unwearied industry, as in many other instances of great achievement, are here the real elements of success; and deeper into the resources of his art we shall not attempt to trace his track, save just to observe that part of his secret seems to be, throwing the shadows upon the amorphous masses or large outlines, and sending a flood of light into every corner where delicacy and decoration are prominent. Look, for instance, at that spiral crown of St Giles', piercing, with all its rich decorations, through the transparent air; at Glasgow Cathedral, with all its internal and external glories, from the sunshine lightness of the Lady Chapel, to the solemn gloom of the matchless crypt. That purely French flamboyant window in Linlithgow Church is preserved as it ought to be—every mullion and moulding as clear as if we saw the brightest sunshine falling on it. In Kirkwall, Dunfermline, Leuchars, and Dalmeny, we have all the zig-zags and teeth that encrust the massive Norman pillars, and heavy round arches; yet there is no hardness or undue sharpness, though these characters are generally charged as defects against the edifices which preceded the pointed style. Who could have imagined, from the tawdry engravings which adorn guide-books, or which people take with them as memorials of Scotland, that the battered ruins of the Abbey Church at Holyrood had so much of the symmetrical riches of the finest age of the early pointed style? and still greater novelties, to those who have not penetrated into the far north, are the glories of Elgin and Plusscardin, and the later parts of the great Minster of St Magnus, still more unapproachably distant—further even from Edinburgh, by the time consumed in the journey, than Rouen or Paris. Nor is it the least interesting advantage of so universal a gathering together of vestiges, that, as we turn the pages, and go from the north to the extreme west, we find in Lincluden, Crossraguel, and Kilwinning, the same predominant features and characteristics. Indeed, if we may believe the traditions of the Lodges, this last was the central point

from which the true light of masonry radiated over the land. Here the remains of the old Association are said to have lingered until its fictitious revival in later years, and the oldest germs of the modern system of free-masonry are connected with the Kil-winning Lodge. In the remains of the Aberdeen Cathedral some peculiarities are visible of a very interesting nature, indicative of the architect's skill in dealing with his unaccommodating material, granite, and giving massive dignity where he could not confer lightness or ornament. The absence in that primitive neighbourhood of soft carveable stone seems to account for the marvellous richness of the wood-work in the chapel to which we have already referred. Mr Billings has the merit of excavating these beautiful specimens from their obscurity, and making them known to the world. In following the exuberant and endless variety of device and pattern which his engraving of this interior presents, one knows not whether to admire most the efforts of the original designer and carver, or that wonderful perseverance which has enabled the draughtsman patiently to trace and present to our eye all the varied wanderings of his fairy-like chisel.

From so large and exhaustive a gathering together of all the types of early architecture in Scotland, we learn much that, though not previously quite unacquainted with these edifices, did not occur to us when observing them separately. In the first place, there are evidently more remains in Scotland than there were generally supposed to be, of that old rounded architecture which was the first step from the classic towards the purely Gothic, and is sometimes known as Norman, sometimes as Romanesque. Its connection with the early religious institutions of the north, our readers may find discussed in a very learned article in the *Quarterly Review* for midsummer 1849, suggested by the same work which is now attracting our attention. But there is something peculiarly interesting in reflecting, that wherever these small round-arched churches are found, they show that, so early as the twelfth century, there was a sort of colony of the chivalrous Normans,

sufficiently large to desire religious aid and service. It is in some respects characteristic of the Scottish ecclesiastical edifices to retain the outlines of the Norman style after the richer and more graceful details of the pointed period had been adopted; and of this, instances may be seen in the pillars of Aberdeen and Dunkeld, and the doorways of Haddington, of St Giles's, and of Mary of Gueldres' Church in Edinburgh. In general, however, until the war of independence severed the two nations, and substituted hatred and hostility for the natural amalgamation that was taking place between them, they built their churches and monasteries after a common fashion. The very men who worked at Durham must have held the hammer and trowel at Dunfermline; and there is not in broad England a finer specimen of the style especially called early English, than the Cathedral of St Mungo at Glasgow.

The miseries of the war of independence imposed a check on church building, as on other costly occupations; and, when it revived, it came from a new and distant source. In England, the art continued in all its changes to follow a national bent; but Scotland took its forms from France and other Continental countries. Whether from this source or not we are unprepared to say, a certain airy lightness pervaded our Scottish efforts; and it may be conspicuously observed in those crossed spiral crowns, of which Mr Billings gives two specimens; others at Linlithgow, and, it is believed, at Haddington, have disappeared.

Another and more remarkable divergence from the English models has occurred to us from an examination of the details brought together by Mr Billings; and we do not think there is anything in the buildings he has not yet represented in his series likely to contradict it. The perpendicular Gothic appears never to have been adopted in Scotland. This style came into use in England in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and continued until it was gradually absorbed by the revival of the classical forms. It has been called occasionally the Tudor or the Elizabethan style; but these names were applied

to it rather in its application to civil than to ecclesiastical buildings. Mr Rickman gave it the name of perpendicular, from the propensity of all the lines, whether those of pillars or of mullions, to go straight up and meet some arch or transome, instead of spreading themselves in the easy floral forms of the preceding age. It has also been called the third pointed, because the two epochs which preceded had got the name of the first and second pointed; and it is sometimes called depressed, because the favourite form of arch adapted to it has the ogce shape, as if it were the old pointed arch pressed down at the apex. Lastly it is called the degenerate Gothic; but people sometimes object to the applicability of the term, when they remember that Henry VII.'s Chapel, Christ Church, and many of the ornaments both of Oxford and Cambridge, have been built after this style. England, in fact, is crowded with fine specimens of it. There is not one, so far as we know, among the ecclesiastical remains of Scotland; yet it is somewhat provoking to observe, that almost every modern Gothic building follows this style, as if it were national to Scotland. At the time when it came into use in England, we here evidently adopted the contemporary style of France, called the flamboyant, from the flame-like shape and character of its details, especially conspicuous in the compartments of the windows, when a bright evening sunshine passes through them.

We must not leave this department of the labours of Mr Billings without noticing a small but curious incident in the history of our Scottish churches, which these engravings have for the first time made noticeable—an attempt by some enthusiasts to restore the old pointed Gothic at so late a time as the reign of Charles I., when it had been long out of use. There are just two specimens of the result of this effort—the Church of Dairsie in Fifeshire, and that of Michael in Moray. Dairsie was the parish in which Archbishop Spottiswood served before he became a prelate; and he was ambitious of giving it such a place of worship as he had seen when he visited his professional brethren

at their rectories and parsonages in England. In the words of his biographer, “he publicly, upon his own charges, built and adorned the Church of Dairsie after the decent English form; which, if the boisterous hand of a mad reformation had not disordered, is, at this time, one of the beautifullest little pieces of church work that is left to this unhappy country.” Even the advances which we have already made in the restoration of the mediæval forms, are sufficient to make us look rather downwards on this attempt. It is better than Strawberry Hill—and yet but a poor thing after all. The forms of the pointed style are repeated without the coherence of detail which developed their utility, and with their utility their symmetrical beauty. Thus, instead of the mullions of the windows naturally branching off according to those forms, which are not only the strongest but also the most graceful to which masonry can adapt itself, when the object in view is to impede the light as little as possible, each window-frame, with its mullions, looks like a broad flat stone with holes bored in it. All the tracery and moulding are rather of the classical than of the Gothic character. Still Dairsie, from being upwards of two hundred years old, has a sort of hoary respectability, not decreased by its curious history. It is not improbable that to this ecclesiological attempt we may partly attribute that intolerant disgust of every kind of structural decoration in which the Church of Scotland afterwards indulged.

We must not entirely overlook the other department of our antiquities, which Mr Billings has illustrated with his speaking pencil—the Baronial—under which he seems to include whatever is not ecclesiastical; although of course the strongholds of our old barons and lairds fill by far the larger portion of the general subject.

As in the case of the ecclesiology, the fulness with which Mr Billings has brought together whatever is remarkable in this department of structural art—if art it can always in this instance be called—gives us facilities for analysing and generalising, such as were previously quite unknown. It

is evident that there exists in Scotland no castellated building which can be undoubtedly dated to the period anterior to the pointed architecture—the period, for instance, of Leuchars and Dalmeny churches, and of the White Tower of London, and Bamborough Castle. Of the style which immediately followed this, however, and was contemporary with the first pointed in ecclesiastical architecture, there are several remains. They generally consist, as in England, of curtains with flanking round towers. One of them is the castle of Kildrumny, in the unknown wilds of the upper Don in Aberdeenshire, of the noble proportions and fine old masonry of which few people, we will venture to say, knew anything until they were revealed by Mr Billings. Another is Caerlaveroc, and a third Dirliton. These were in a style exactly the same as the old English baronial, and are brethren to Alnwick and Berkeley—another of the many testimonies to that community in manners and national spirit, which pervaded the two nations before the war of Scottish independence. After this event, the baronial architecture of the two countries spread still farther apart than their ecclesiastical. Of the castellated buildings which rose from time to time in Scotland's age of weary trouble and warfare, we may count two distinct classes—the great ranges of building which constituted the royal palaces and the fortalices of the chief baronial houses, forming one, and the grim isolated peel towers of the lesser aristocratic families the other. The palaces—Stirling, Linlithgow, and Falkland especially—have luxuriant beauties taken from Italian and other foreign types of architecture, which make many of the old baronial halls of England look homespun and provincial. Some of the powerful statesmen of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were almost able to rival the magnificence and beauty of the royal houses. Crichton, rising from a tufted hill, upon a bleak distant moor, has peculiarities which seem to be of Arabic origin, so rich and fantastic are they. How well we can see, in the plate before us, the accuracy of the description:—

“Nor wholly yet hath time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair,
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruined stair.
Still rises unimpaired below
The courtyard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row on row
Of fair-hewn facets richly show
Their pointed diamond form.”

Nearly approaching to the same degree of beauty are the Earl's Palace in distant Kirkwall, Castle Campbell, Maybole, Mar's Work in Stirling, Newark, and the more modern part of Caerlaveroc. It is interesting to find that, in the wilds of the Aberdeenshire hills, Towie, the ancestral domain of the great Barclay de Tolly, as he was called, exhibits very remarkable features—the ordinary unadorned exterior of the time, but an ecclesiastical interior with very curious and uncommon details: the reader will see them all by turning to the drawing by Billings. That so much attention should have been devoted to ornamental architecture, by the barons of a country so rude and warlike, is a phenomenon in itself worthy of some contemplation. To us it is certainly more surprising than the vast and imposing bulk of Tantallon, Doune, Craigmillar, and the other fortresses where strength and the capacity to hold a large garrison predominated over ornament. These, as well as the more ornamental buildings, had their own character, which made them as different from the baronial edifices of England as the two styles of scenery with which they were separately combined. But when we come to the lower grade of baronial architecture—the fortalices or peel-towers of the smaller gentry—there is a far greater element of difference, since in Scotland they were all, until a late period, strong fortresses. In England, the power of the law under the Tudors brought fortified private buildings into disuse, and opened a way for that light, airy, wide, hospitable-looking style of domestic structure, called the Tudor, or Elizabethan—a lasting type of the peace, the elegance, and the wealth that then pervaded the happy land of our southern neighbours. Alas! in poor distracted Scotland it was a different affair. Picture a Perthshire laird, or a Roxburgh baron, seated in

a room with three wide oriel windows overlooking an unwall'd park! Why, his next neighbour could not have avoided taking a shot at him as he passed. Whatever admitted light and air gave admission also to arrows and bullets; and as there was neither sanitary philosophy in those days, nor much reading and writing, and the young ladies were not taught sketching, our ancestors dispensed with light and air, and built those tall, gaunt, blind-looking edifices, which are still so profusely scattered over the land.

We remember once meeting a man from the Far West, with whom everything was at home on a larger scale than the corresponding features in this country; and so, not only were the rivers broader, the mountains higher, and the trees taller, but the jails were larger and fuller, the number of murders was incomparably greater, the thefts and swindlings in the old country were a bagatelle to the large depredations there; and as to public executions, they were so common that people had given up going out of the way either to see or to avoid them. It is perhaps in something of the like spirit that we are inclined to defy the world to produce a greater collection of rascally-looking dens than the gaunt old gray peel towers, strewed along the Border and on the edge of the Highlands. They speak to us eloquently of the state of society in which they were raised, and harmonise well with the wild history of our country.

The earlier ones were pretty uniform in their style. Each consisted of a square tower, more or less extensive, according to the wealth and power of the owner. Such a building was really well adapted for protection in an age when there were no, or very imperfect firearms. It was well to place the tower on a height, that an approaching enemy might be seen; and also, sometimes, that any traveller happening to have a good deal of personal property in his custody, might not pass by wholly unnoticed. Natural inaccessibility was always an advantage; but, in general, outworks were not needed. The narrowness of the loopholes protected the chambers, and a crossed grating of iron

shielded the entrance. In the parapet, and especially over the doorway, were holes by which stones or boiling lead might be dropped on an assailant coming close up to the wall. But at the angles there were almost invariably turreted bastions which flanked the sides or wall plates, just as bastions flank a curtain in modern fortification. As the best specimens of the old square tower on a large and a small scale, we may point to the engravings of Borthwick near Edinburgh, and of Burgie in Moray. We must admit that, if a change had not come over this form of structure, this humbler class of our baronial architecture would have been somewhat monotonous. In the sixteenth century, however, our landowners began to enlarge their ropes and strengthen their stakes; and the form of structure to which they had recourse introduced an infinite variety of rich and airy outlines, which created a magical improvement on the grim old keeps. From our intercourse with France, they adopted a style which had come into use in that decorative country. It affected height and steepness in all the shapes of roof, window, and chimney, together with much division, clustering, and moulding. But its main peculiarity was, to substitute for the old bastions tall spiral rocket-topped turrets. Thus all the stonework of the country bristled up at once with a crop of glittering spikes, which changed the dull face of Scotland, and topped many a bare hill or crag with an oriental-looking crown of spires and decorated chimneys. This style was, as we have said, taken from France, but it was by no means a servile adoption. It was greatly varied and adapted to circumstances by the Scottish artists, who have really had the merit of creating out of it a national style. Glamis and Cawdor are very fair specimens of ancient towers thus decorated. But it is somewhat curious that the very finest instances of these rich oriental-looking clusters should be found among the bleak granite hills of Aberdeenshire; and that, down to this day, they should have remained almost unnoticed. For richness and beauty of outline, and for a completeness of individual character separating them from other

classes of building, we know not any edifices more remarkable than Fyvie, Castle Fraser, Crathes, Tolquhon, and Craigievar.

Again, from this style was struck out another, which, bringing to its enrichment some characteristics of the Gothic, the classic, and the English Tudor, leaves us to regret that there are so few extant specimens of it. The noblest instance of this peculiar combination is Heriot's Hospital, a work which, in the opinion of many, still stands entirely unrivalled. Moray House, in the Canongate; that beautiful specimen of decorated masonry, Wynton House; and Innes House, in Moray, partake more or less of the same characteristics. The singular beauty of Heriot's Hospital has created a tradition that it was the work of Inigo Jones. There is not a scrap of evidence to prove this; and we are satisfied, from many little pieces of testimony, that it was the work of a Scottish artist—William Aytoun, of the family of Inchdairney, in Fifeshire, whose portrait hangs in the hall. Although there be not direct proof that he prepared the original plan, there are documents showing that he altered it from time to time—a bold act, had the original been a design by Jones. These alterations were decided improvements. Thus, it was originally intended that each square tower should have a high sloping roof, but this was abandoned by Aytoun, and the happy idea of angular turrets substituted for it. Innes House, engraved in the 39th Number of the Antiquities, presents us with the details of Heriot's Hospital, applied to a more meagre subject. It was planned by Aytoun; and in an old account-book kept by the family, where this fact is mentioned, he is called "maister masoun at Heriott his work." It is well known that the term master mason was then applied to architects.

It might be expected that, on this occasion, we should say something of previous efforts pictorially to illustrate the masonic antiquities of Scotland, but the task is not a very inviting one. We never had a high estimation of any of these efforts; and, now that we contrast them with the engravings before us, our opinion of

their merits is smaller than ever. And yet more than one effort had been made, from time to time, to supply what was felt as a national want. Of these, the first in date was at the same time the most ambitious. In the reign of King Charles II., Captain John Slezer, a Dutchman, proposed to make engravings of all the palaces and castles in Scotland, "and likewise of the several cities, royal burrows, universities, towns, and hospitals." He had also, as he tells us, "collected the prospects of several ruins of monasteries, abbeys, cathedral churches, and other religious houses, belonging to the several orders of friars, monks, and nuns established in Scotland before the Reformation; the magnificence of some of which buildings does yet appear in their very ruins." In 1693 he published a folio volume of engravings, called "*Theatrum Scotiæ*, containing the prospects of their Majestys' castles and palaces, together with those of the most considerable towns and colleges, the ruins of many abbeys, churches, monasteries, and convents within the said kingdom, all curiously engraven on copperplates, with a short description of each plate." Poor Slezer was long the victim of baffled hopes. Under the auspices of his countryman, William III., he might well indulge in golden visions. Nor did he seem to indulge them in vain, when the Scottish Parliament of 1695 appointed a duty of 14 shillings Scots to be levied on every ton of foreign shipping arriving in port, to form a fund for his remuneration. This, however, was in accordance with a peculiar plan of rewards which the Scottish Parliament had adopted. It voted to a man the produce of this or that tax, but created no machinery for collecting it. Slezer was entitled to the tax of 14 shillings per ton, provided he could raise it. Finding masters of foreign vessels very unreasonable, he again applied piteously to Parliament. His desires were complied with a dozen of times, so far as fair words and assignments of taxes went; but he never could get a farthing of money, and he died bankrupt, after having lived for thirteen years within the sanctuary of Holyrood. If the honest Dutchman was to be rewarded

according to his artistic capacity, rather than his zeal, he had in truth but a meagre claim. His plates are large, and they serve in many instances to show us the existence of some part of a building which has now disappeared. But it would be hard to decide, from the internal evidence of these representations, whether they referred to Egyptian or to European masonry; and his perspective is often as hopelessly jumbled as in the specimens which Hogarth produced to illustrate false rules. Many of Slezar's views were engraved in a more artistic manner for the French book called *Les Delices de la Grande Bretagne*, but nothing could cure their original inaccuracy. Little more was done for Scottish Antiquities until Pennant published his tour, with some meagre plates, after the middle of the last century. Almost contemporary with it was the work of Grose, as to which all that one can do is to express astonishment that a man who had talent, and pretended to have taste, should have tolerated the very existence of pictorial efforts so wretched. That he should have published them, and attached his name to the work, is astounding. In 1793 appeared the "Picturesque Antiquities of Scotland, etched by Adam de Cardoune," a set of little etchings pretty enough in their way as works of art, but conveying a very faint impression of

architectural details. A book which gave one no bad idea of a few of the Northern remains was published two years afterwards, by a country Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. Charles Cordiner of Banff, with the title, *Remarkable Ruins and Romantic Prospects in North Britain*. In 1804 Mr Fittler published "*Scotia Depicta*;" or the Antiquities, Castles, Public Buildings, Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats, Cities, Towns, and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, illustrated in a series of finished etchings," a work of some merit, but one in which accuracy was much sacrificed to picturesque effect. In the following year appeared Forsyth's *Beauties of Scotland*, more valuable for the letterpress than the engravings, of which it can only be said that they are better than Grose's. When we mention Scott's *Border and Provincial Antiquities*, in which a good deal is sacrificed to effect, we think we have given the whole meagre catalogue of Mr Billings' antecedents in this walk. We can only say that, as before he commenced his labours our masonic antiquities had received less justice from pictorial art than those of any other civilised country,—when his work has been finished we shall be able to boast that no other nation possesses so complete, and at the same time effective and artistically pleasing, a record of its notable antiquities.

THE TEMPLE OF FOLLY.

I.

AY! hew them down on every side,
The brave old English trees;
Why should we seek a shelter now
From native plants like these?
Why to the broad and aged elm
A longer respite give,
Than to the myriad men at home
Who know not how to live?

II.

Yes! hew the wood and rear the pile,
Build up your foreign hive!
Let British industry be crushed
And alien labour thrive.
Complete the work so well begun,
The task so wondrous wise;
Nor fear to lack, ere all be done,
A plenteous sacrifice!

III.

The sacrifice of tears and woe,
And pain, and want, and toil,
From those who labour at the loom,
Or turn the British soil.
The sacrifice of wasted hearts
At Mammon's filthy shrine—
The sacrifice of homeless men
Who die, and make no sign!

IV.

Why was it that our fathers fought
So valiantly and long,
Why went our levied armies forth
To battle with the strong?
Why rode our navies east and west,
The terror of the sea,
If not to keep this land of ours
As great as it was free?

V.

To keep it free from foreign foot,
And free from foreign spoil;
To shield the hardy peasant's hut,
To guard the workman's toil.
To give and take as brethren should
With kind and open hand,
And rear the brave old English race
Secure on English land.

VI.

Send out your ships—you need them all,
Though not for cotton bales,
Go—drive the clansmen from the hills,
The peasant from the dales,

And send your bravest and your best
 In other lands to dwell ;
 Since naught but foreign work is prized
 In that they loved too well !

VII.

And build your stately temple up,
 Spare neither stone nor tree,
 And heap it full of costly things
 For starving men to see.
 Throw wide your gates to all the world,
 Yea, throw them wide to all—
 Be sure the greedy foreigners
 Will answer to your call !
 We know them well—the bearded Russ,
 The German, and the Gaul !

VIII.

They seek your gold—be bountiful
 And give them all they need :
 What though for every glittering coin
 Some British heart must bleed ?
 Another rule than that of old
 The modern statesman knows—
 He taxes none but Englishmen,
 And favours but their foes.

IX.

O wise and good ! O good as wise !
 For this great deed, be sure
 Hereafter on your head shall light
 The blessings of the poor.
 And that same monument you rear
 Shall stand in after days,
 The fittest trophy of your worth :
 Your honour, and your praise.

X.

Down with the trees ! for long enough
 They've stood in grandeur there ;
 The axe is laid unto the root—
 Smite on, and do not spare.
 For foreign shows our English wood
 Will furnish rafters rare.
 Ay—roof them in ! 'tis stranger's work—
 Let English homes go bare !

AFRICAN SPORTING.

IN perusing the works of late explorers, nothing strikes us more forcibly than their general adherence to the code and practice of Nimrod. In this respect they differ very materially from their illustrious predecessors. Some men have threaded the palm-lined sinuosities of the Niger, or ascended far beyond the roaring cataracts of the Nile, through dusky jungles and swamp-like lakes, in the hope that they might ere long behold, far away on the horizon, the blue outline of the mysterious Mountains of the Moon; and this they have done without pausing in their route, even to take a snap-shot at a crocodile basking on a sand-spit. Some adventurous gentlemen there are, who, we verily believe, would take the trouble of ascending Mount Ararat, at the imminent risk of ophthalmia, for the sole purpose of marking the height of the barometer at its summit, and who would consider themselves unworthy of their calling, if they tarried for an instant to send a bullet after a flying antelope. Put Mr Porter into Central Africa, and his only thought would be to collect statistics enough connected with Timbuctoo to fill a couple of Parliamentary blue-books. Send a geologist to Hecla, and he will hammer away at igneous rocks, and discourse of Plutonian theories, utterly insensible of the drear grandeur of the Jokuls, or the rush of the steaming Geyser. Botanists there are who, to secure a rare specimen of a plant, no longer than your little finger, would boldly venture amidst a herd of grazing buffaloes. Lord Monboddo would have wandered among the Hottentots from kraal to kraal, blind and deaf to every sight and sound of nature, blind to everything save that glorious vision—alas! never destined to be realised—of a human child with the prehensile tail of a monkey! There is great shrewdness, and more truth than the world supposes, in Peter Pindar's lively sketch of Sir Joseph Banks in pursuit of a winged Emperor

of Morocco, until his enthusiasm for the chase seduced him into a leap which ended in the destruction of the hot-house. It is the way with all men, dear reader, you and ourselves being no especial exceptions to the rule. Ask us to sally forth on an exploratory journey, in any direction whatever, and we straightway mount our particular hobby, and ride into the heart of the wilderness.

We know something of geology, have a smattering of botany, can handle a theodolite, are partial to butterflies, conversant, to our misfortune, with blue-books, and can even tell the time of day by taking a solar observation. But we frankly confess, that not for one of these objects alone would we penetrate as far as Dalnecardoch, much less lave our limbs in the native pools of the hippopotamus. At this season of the year, we have not much appetite for science. A nobler career is before us. The time of the grouse and the blackcock is nigh at hand, and ere another month has gone by, we trust that we shall have handled fud and feather abundantly on the northern moors.

Mr Roualeyn Gordon Cumming's book has come most opportunely to hand. He is an explorer of the kind which we desiderate most in our present mood; and he is fairly entitled to take rank at the head of travelled sportsmen. Descended from the old stem of the Comynes of Badenoch, whose pedigree is coeval with that of the Scottish kings; bred up a hunter from his youth, and inured to the hardships of the hills—it is little wonder if he carried to distant lands that enthusiasm for the chase which he had imbibed at home, and sought out in Southern Africa a nobler quarry even than the red-deer that drinks at the fountains of the Spey. And what better could he have done? There is little stirring, in this modern Europe of ours, to give employment to the man of strong arm and daring courage. The days have gone by when a Scot-

tish gentleman could have taken honourable service in the king's body-guard of France; or, under Gustavus Adolphus, have contributed to the dressing of the Swedish feathers, "whilk," saith Dalgetty, "your honour must conceive to be double-pointed stakes, shod with iron at each end, and planted before the squad of pikes to prevent an onfall of the cavalry; the same being not altogether so soft to encounter as the plumage of a goose." Long before the editorial revolutions and propagandist rebellions, which have been the disgrace of the Continent, broke out, the crack of Mr Cumming's rifle had resounded in the primeval forests of Bamangwato; and, even had it been otherwise, our author could have had no concern in the quarrel. Knight-errantry, we fear, is dead and gone. We may linger with fondness over the heroic story of Sir James of Douglas charging the Moor on the fields of Arragon at the head of his Scottish lances, or that of Norman Leslie riding back to the French camp all covered with wounds, and falling lifeless at the feet of the noble Constable de Montmorencie. Those things belong to romance: we live in the days of dull reality and free trade. We cannot imagine Joseph Hume presiding at a tournament, or Bright, arrayed in complete armour, caracolled proudly in the lists. As for the barracks, we apprehend that a sojourn there is not much more enviable than the occupancy of the three-legged stool in a counting-house. So, upon the whole, we think that Mr Cumming did the very wisest thing he could do in shouldering his rifle, and marching away from civilisation, in front of his waggons, towards the unexplored districts of the Limpopo.

Five years there did he lead the hunter's life—with what success these volumes, and his African museum, will show. Travelling in Africa is not quite so easy a matter as it is in other quarters of the globe. The American huntsman, who meditates a campaign in the Rocky Mountains, is apostolical in the simplicity of his preparation, compared with him who proposes to penetrate some thousand miles beyond the boundary of the broad Gareep. In that land, as in

the deserts of Arabia, to be solitary is to be lost for ever. Even with a caravan—for such we may fairly denominate a well-appointed establishment of waggons—there is frequent and imminent danger. Sometimes the commissariat fails altogether, and for days not a head of antelope is visible on the surface of the sterile plain. Sometimes the wains stick fast in the centre of a rising river, and it is even betting whether the chattels of the adventurers escape, or are swept down to gratify the indolent curiosity of the hippopotami. Another while the track lies through a region where water cannot be found; the deceitful courses are dried up, or a bitter brine arises in the pit which the traveller digs in the feverish intensity of his thirst. Then there is a scourge called the African distemper, which is fearfully fatal to horses. It comes on without warning or apparent cause, is almost incurable, and as rapid in its progress as the plague. Also, in certain parts, a diabolical insect, called the "tsetse"—which Mr Cumming describes as bearing some resemblance to our acrimonious acquaintance, the Scottish "klegg"—fastens upon the cattle; and so terrible is its bite, that the animal once inoculated with the poison never recovers. We believe that some such pestilential volatile is said to be found in Norway, where naturalists have impaled it on pins, and catalogued it under the alluring designation of "*furia infernalis*." Whether the hyperborean or meridional gallinipper is the worst, it would be hard to say; and we devoutly hope we shall never be enabled to solve the problem from the results of our personal experience. There are, moreover, other contingencies for which the traveller must prepare. Oxen oftentimes go astray, and their "spoor," or track, is not always distinguishable. When followed up, it is by no means unusual for the hunter of the African deserts to detect a fine lion, with his lioness and cubs, and may be a score or so of jackals, indulging in a rapid lunge upon his property, whilst hundreds of vultures, perched upon the bushes around, officiate as supernumerary beef-eaters. Not even the camp is impregnable, if

Leo should happen to be inordinately appetised. Accompanied by his lighter but even fiercer relative the leopard, he prowls around the waggons, especially if the night be stormy, his eyes glaring through the darkness like two orbs of dusky fire. The breeze brings the scent of the oxen strong and heavy to his nostrils—the mighty brute can no longer resist the fascination of the bovine perfume—his bowels yearn for sirloin—and, with a roar of hunger, lion and leopard bound madly into the fold, and bury their claws and fangs in the carcase of the nearest victim.

All these mischances, against the occurrence of which no African traveller can guard, necessitate the attendance of a considerable stud and team. Nor are dogs less necessary, though, we regret to say, even more liable to accident. To draw a cover for a lion or a wild boar, or to hold a buffalo at bay, is a service of uncommon danger. The treacherous crocodile, lurking in the still water, but too often carries away the hound; and others may chance to be impaled upon the dagger-like horns of the larger kinds of antelopes. So much for the live stock which must be fed and tended in the wilderness.

We have no doubt that a good many excellent people, connected with the calico trade, will shrug their shoulders at Mr Cumming's narrative, and characterise the whole expedition as a freak of absolute insanity. To be consistent, they must include in their catalogue of lunatics the illustrious Bruce of Kinnaird; since, in a mere profit-and-loss point of view, it would be impossible to maintain that a draught of water from the fountain of the Nile was an adequate compensation for all the evils endured by that enterprising traveller. Indeed, they may say the same thing of the whole race of explorers, and impeach the intellect of every gentleman who becomes the tenant of a deer-forest, or who crosses over to Norway for the avowed purpose of salmon-fishing. It may please them, however, to know that Mr Cumming had a more practical object in his head than mere indulgence in the excitement of the chase. He tells us that he had resolved to form a collection of hunting

trophies, and objects of interest in science and natural history; and he has certainly succeeded in framing a museum such as never yet was achieved by the personal labour and energy of a single man. Further, he was by no means insensible to the advantages of barter. He had a very fair notion of the marketable price of elephants' tusks and hippopotamus' teeth, of peltry and of ostrich feathers; and as these articles were notoriously plentiful in the interior, he resolved to do a bit of trade with the natives in his hours of necessary relaxation. These two objects materially increased the bulk and variety of his equipment. He had two large Cape waggons, crammed with articles as multifarious as the contents of a grocery store. Even if he had given no other proof of the strength of his nerves, the fact that he reposed in peace with some four hundred pounds of gunpowder stowed away beneath his bed, would be received as abundant evidence. In his attendants he was not particularly fortunate. His European body-servant, who turned out to be a fugitive London cab-driver, very soon deserted him; and his tail, beside mere camp-followers, ultimately consisted of four Hottentots, Carolus, Cobus, Stofolus, and Klein-boy, gentlemen who subsequently gave him an immense deal of trouble and vexation. In the first place they drank like fishes, and had a facetious mode, when their master was absent, of extracting spirits from the cask with a gimblet. In the second place, not one of them would ride manfully up to an elephant. This was perhaps natural; but then they were engaged for that particular service, and had no right to volunteer if they lacked the courage to execute. In a skirmish with lions they were worse than useless, generally taking to their heels with Mr Cumming's reserve rifle, at the very instant when that implement of destruction was most pressingly required. In their meditative hours they were sure to be found smoking their pipes close to the powder magazine; and in other respects their habits were decidedly more curious than agreeable. With this cortege did Mr Gordon Cumming, equipped in his native kilt, and bearing on his shoulder a double-

barrelled rifle—the handiwork of that excellent artist, Dickson of Edinburgh, which our author pronounces to be the most perfect and useful weapon he had ever the pleasure of using—set forth on his arduous quest.

His adventures before reaching Colesberg, the last of the military stations, are inferior in interest to what follows. The country through which he passed was occupied by Boers of the genuine Dutch breed, who, though not especially well-affected to the English, held out the right hand of fellowship to the “berg-Scot,” or Highlander, whose philabeg was a phenomenon in their eyes. In this neighbourhood, and at the establishments of Mynheers Stinkum and Sweirs, Mr Cumming enjoyed capital sport with springboks, wildebeests, ostriches, and the other more common kinds of African game. On one occasion he made a sad mistake, by pursuing in the dark what he supposed to be a herd of quaggas, and bringing down a couple which turned out to be the team-horses of some neighbouring Boer. We have known, ere now, a stot brought down instead of a stag, on a cloudy night, when the sportsman was watching in the corn—a circumstance which our sporting friends will do well to bear in mind during their annual excursions to the hills. Notwithstanding the late depreciation of cattle, stot will be found expensive when appraised at the owner's valuation.

Quitting Colesberg, Mr Cumming continued his route northwards, halting occasionally by some vley, or pool of water, which in that arid region is the sure haunt of game. The following is a description of one of his encampments.

“In the cool of the evening I inspanned, and, having proceeded about four miles through an extremely wild and desolate-looking country, on clearing a nick in a range of low rocky hills, I came full in view of the vley or pool of water beside which I had been directed to encamp. The breadth of this vley was about three hundred yards. One side of it was grassy, and patronised by several flocks of Egyptian wild geese, a species of barnacle, wild ducks, egrets, and cranes. The other side was bare, and here the game drank; and the margin of the water was trampled by the feet of wild animals like an English horsepond. There being no trees

beside which to form our camp, we drew up our waggons among some low bushes, about four hundred yards from the vley.”

At this spot Mr Cumming remained until the pool dried up, occupying himself chiefly in the chase of the *gemsbok*. This animal he describes as nearly the most beautiful and valuable of all the antelope that inhabit the animal which is supposed to have given rise to the fable of the unicorn, as its long straight horns, when seen in profile, so exactly cover one another as to give it the appearance of having but one. An epicure would not have despised a lodging by that little African pool. “We lived well,” says our author, “but lonely.” My camp abounded with every delicacy—tongues, brains, marrow bones, kidneys, rich soup, with the most delicious venison in the world, &c., and a constant supply of ostrich eggs.” No wonder that Carollus, Cobus, and Co. were loath to leave such a paradise of unlimited provender!

All things, however, have an end. The vley at last sank into the earth and disappeared—the water having been for some time previously so brackish as to affect the health of the camp. Before starting for a new station, Mr Cumming had the good fortune to behold one of those extraordinary spectacles which can only be witnessed in lands where man is but a casual visitor.

“On the 28th I had the satisfaction of beholding, for the first time, what I had often heard the Boers allude to—viz., a ‘trek-bokken,’ or grand migration of springboks. This was, I think, the most extraordinary and striking scene, as connected with beasts of the chase, that I have ever beheld. For about two hours before the day dawned I had been lying awake in my waggon, listening to the grunting of the bucks within two hundred yards of me, imagining that some large herd of springboks was feeding beside my camp; but on my rising when it was clear, and looking about me, I beheld the ground to the northward of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of springboks marching slowly and steadily along, extending from an opening in a long range of hills to the west, through which they continued pouring, like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about a mile to the north-east, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the ground they covered might have been

somewhere about half a mile. I stood upon the fore chest of my waggon for nearly two hours, lost in wonder at the novel and wonderful scene which was passing before me, and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was really which I beheld, and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream. During this time their vast legions continued streaming through the neck of the hills in one unbroken compact phalanx."

This, however, was merely a partial view of these enormous herds, which give so grand an idea of the boundless prodigality of nature in the southern clime. On the same day our author obtained a better sight of the multi-

"Having inspanned, we proceeded with the waggons to take up the fallen game, which being accomplished, we held for the small periodical stream beside which the wandering Boers were encamped—that point being in my line of march for Beer Vley. Vast and surprising as was the herd of springboks which I had that morning witnessed, it was infinitely surpassed by what I beheld on the march from my Vley to old Sweirs' camp; for, on our clearing the low range of hills through which the springboks had been pouring, I beheld the boundless plains, and even the hillsides, which stretched away on every side of me, thickly covered, not with herds, but with one vast herd of springboks: far as the eye could stream the landscape was alive with them, until they softened down into a dim red mass of living creatures.

"To endeavour to form any idea of the amount of antelopes which I that day beheld, were vain; but I have, nevertheless, no hesitation in stating that some hundreds of thousands of springboks were that morning within the compass of my vision. On reaching the encampment of the Boers I outspanned, and set about cutting up and salting my venison: the Boers had likewise been out with their 'roers,' and shot as many as they could carry home. Old Sweirs acknowledged that it was a very fair 'trek-bokken,' but observed that it was not many when compared with what he had seen. 'You this morning,' he remarked, 'behold only one flat covered with springboks; but I give you my word that I have ridden a long day's journey over a succession of flats covered with them, as far as I could see, as thick as sheep standing in a fold.' I spent the following two days with the Boers. Each morning and evening we rode out and

hunted the springboks, killing as many as we could bring home. The vast armies of springboks did not, however, tarry long in that neighbourhood—having quickly consumed every green herb, they passed away to give other districts a benefit, thus leaving the Boers no alternative but to strike their tents, and remove with their flocks and herds to lands where they might find pasture."

Shortly afterwards, Mr Cumming crossed the Orange River into the territory of the Griquas, having picked up on the way a juvenile Bushboy, who has since remained as his henchman. As usual, he was fortunate in his sport, and succeeded in obtaining rare and valuable specimens for his collection, which had become so large that he found it necessary to return to Colesberg and deposit it there, before attempting to penetrate further in the country of elephants. Moreover, the district was then in a very unsettled state, the Boers and Griquas being at open war, and armed parties traversing the country. Before returning, however, he had the satisfaction not only of hearing the roar of the lion, but of knocking over a remarkably fine lioness, after a desperate encounter, in which his horse was cruelly wounded. His favourite method of shooting was rather remarkable. Near some pool or fountain he was wont to dig a hole, in which he ensconced himself at sunset, ready to discharge his bullets at any of the animals which he might fancy, as they approached the water. This system he prosecuted afterwards with great success; but in one of his first attempts was somewhat disagreeably surprised. He had just shot an antelope and a hyena from his hiding, and had lain down without taking the precaution of reloading his rifle.

"I had not slept long when my light dreams were influenced by strange sounds. I dreamt that lions were rushing about in quest of me; and, the sounds increasing, I awoke with a sudden start, uttering a loud shriek. I could not for several seconds remember in what part of the world I was, or anything connected with my present position. I heard the rushing of light feet, as of a pack of wolves, close on every side of me, accompanied by the most unearthly sounds. On raising my head, to my utter horror I saw on every side nothing but wild dogs chattering and growling. On my

right and on my left, and within a few paces of me, stood two lines of these ferocious-looking animals, cocking their ears and stretching their necks to have a look at me; while two large troops, in which there were at least forty of them, kept dashing backwards and forwards across my wind within a few yards of me, chattering and growling with the most extraordinary volubility. Another troop of wild dogs were fighting over the wildebeest I had shot, which they had begun to devour. On beholding them I expected no other fate than to be instantly torn to pieces and consumed. I felt my blood curdling along my cheeks, and my hair bristling on my head. However, I had presence of mind to consider that the human voice and a determined bearing might overawe them; and accordingly, springing to my feet I stepped on to the little ledge surrounding the hole, where, drawing myself up to my full height, I waved my large blanket with both hands, at the same time addressing my savage assembly in a loud and solemn manner. This had the desired effect: the wild dogs removed to a more respectful distance, barking at me something like collies." Upon this I snatched up my rifle and commenced loading; and before this was accomplished the entire pack had passed away and did not return."

We regret that Mr Cumming has not given us an accurate report of the speech which he delivered on this momentous occasion, as it might, in case of necessity, prove as efficacious as one of the charmed rings of St Hubert. There can be no doubt that even the most ferocious of the lower animals entertain an instinctive dread of man; and many instances might be related in which an undaunted bearing and a steady eye have diverted a meditated attack. Nevertheless we counsel no one to undertake the part of Van Amburgh without urgent necessity. A bull may prove an ugly customer; and it is always advisable, if a wall be at hand, to put that betwixt yourself and the irritated father of the herd. We would rather be excused from attempting to stare a strange mastiff out of countenance; neither shall we ever undertake to fascinate or magnetise a rattlesnake. As to speechification, in such cases, we doubt whether we should find ourselves quite up to the mark of eloquence; and, to say the truth, Mr Cumming's periods, in moments of imminent peril, appear to

have been rather terse than Ciceronian. Though he has not favoured us with his harangue to the wild dogs, we find him on another occasion engaged in an animated conversation with a lioness.

"Ruyter came towards me, and I ran forward to obtain a view beyond a slight rise in the ground, to see whether the lionesses had gone. In so doing I came suddenly upon them, within about seventy yards: they were standing looking back at Ruyter. I then very rashly commenced making a rapid stalk in upon them, and fired at the nearest, having only one shot in my rifle. The ball told loudly; and the lioness at which I had fired wheeled right round, and came on lashing her tail, showing her teeth, and making that horrid murderous deep growl which an angry lion generally utters. At the same moment her comrade, who seemed better to know that she was in the presence of man, made a hasty retreat into the reeds. The instant the lioness came on I stood up to my full height, holding my rifle and my arms extended, and high above my head. This checked her in her course; but on looking round and missing her comrade, and observing Ruyter slowly advancing, she was still more exasperated; and, fancying that she was being surrounded, she made another forward movement, growling terribly. This was a moment of great danger. I felt that my only chance of safety was extreme steadiness; so, standing motionless as a rock, with my eyes firmly fixed upon her, I called out in a clear commanding voice, "Holloa! old girl, what's the hurry? take it easy; holloa! holloa!" She instantly once more halted, and seemed perplexed, looking round for her comrade. I then thought it prudent to beat a retreat, which I very slowly did, talking to the lioness all the time. She seemed undecided as to her future movements, and was gazing after me and snuffing the ground when I last beheld her!"

We believe most of our readers will agree with us in opinion, that Mr Cumming has great reason to be thankful for this narrow escape, notwithstanding the strength of his nerves, and his more than gladiatorial courage.

The second expedition from Colesberg was more exciting than the first. He now penetrated the Bechuana country, of which he gives us an interesting account. Not the least

pleasing of his sketches is the description of Kuruman, which conveys an impression of the quiet progress of civilisation in these remote regions, for which we were hardly prepared. We have much pleasure in extracting this passage; because we consider it a most valuable testimony, by an unprejudiced eyewitness, of the good which has been effected by means of a truly Christian Society, whose labours have often been undervalued or misrepresented by sectarian jealousy:—

"On the following day we reached Kuruman, or New Litakoo, a lovely green spot in the wilderness, strongly contrasting with the sterile and inhospitable regions by which it is surrounded. I was here kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained by Mr Moffat and Mr Hamilton, both missionaries of the London Society, and also by Mr Hume, an old trader, long resident at Kuruman. The gardens at Kuruman are extensive, and extremely fertile. Besides corn and vegetables, they contained a great variety of fruits, amongst which were vines, peach trees, nectarines, apple, orange, and lemon trees, all of which, in their seasons, bear a profusion of most delicious fruit. These gardens are irrigated with the most liberal supply of water from a powerful fountain which gushes forth, at once forming a little river, from a subterraneous cave, which has several low narrow mouths, but within is lofty and extensive. This cave is stated by the natives to extend to a very great distance under ground. The natives about Kuruman and the surrounding districts generally embrace the Christian religion. Mr Moffat kindly showed me through his printing establishment, church, and school-rooms, which were lofty and well built, and altogether on a scale which would not have disgraced one of the towns of the more enlightened colony. It was Mr Moffat who reduced the Bechuana language to writing and printing; since which he has printed thousands of Sechuana Testaments, as also tracts and hymns, which were now eagerly purchased by the converted natives. Mr Moffat is a person admirably calculated to excel in his important calling. Together with a noble and athletic frame, he possesses a face on which forbearance and Christian charity are very plainly written, and his mental and bodily attainments are great. Minister, gardener, blacksmith, gunsmith, mason, carpenter, glazier—every hour of

the day finds this worthy pastor engaged in some useful employment—setting, by his own exemplary piety and industrious habits, a good example to others to go and do likewise."

Many miles to the north of Kuruman, at a place called Bakatla, there is yet another missionary station, occupied by a Dr Livingstone, for whose kindness and advice Mr Cumming acknowledges himself indebted. Still the land of promise lay onwards. A dreary distance of two hundred miles, over rugged and apparently impassable mountain ranges, extensive sandy forests, which are destitute of water, and vast and trackless forests, lay between Bakatla and Bamangwato, the grand district of the elephants; and the interpreter and guides who had been hired for the expedition did their utmost to dissuade Mr Cumming from advancing, by drawing frightful pictures of the difficulties of the way. He was also exposed to another annoyance, which threw on him an additional burden. The Bechuanas are extremely fond of flesh, which they consider the only food befitting man. Corn and milk they reckon the food of women. Having no flesh at home, and being seldom able to kill large game for themselves, they entertain great respect for those who kill plenty of venison for them, and they will travel to very great distances for the purpose of obtaining it. Hence Mr Cumming found himself transformed into a South African chief, with a ready-made clan following at his heels, all blessed with a splendid digestion, clamorous for animal food, and regarding him as their legitimate purveyor. Many a weary hour was he forced to pass in the saddle, in order to satisfy the appetites of these carnivorous attendants. Fortunately they were not very particular as to quality, for they would sit down with satisfaction to a meal of rhinoceros or crocodile, when the more delicate treat of eland steaks or buffalo hump was awaiting. If it be Christian charity to feed the hungry, Mr Cumming can give an irresistible answer to those who have accused him of a too wanton and untempered passion for the chase.

On his way to Bamangwato, Mr Cumming fell in with various new

species of antelope and buffaloes, against which he levelled his Dickson with remarkable success. Also he formed his first acquaintance with the rhinoceros, an animal which he respected at first—and no wonder, as all must acknowledge who have seen that ponderous and formidable monster—but which he subsequently held so cheap as to stone it away on occasion, when its impertinent curiosity interfered with his designs upon nobler game! This may be good fun for those who have practised it, but we should infinitely prefer having a shy at some object less perilous than a brute weighing above a ton, with a horn three feet long upon its snout, and not endowed by nature with the most placable or timorous disposition. Lions also appeared, and were accounted for by our indefatigable sportsman. We give the following graphic description of the scenery on his route:—

“About mid-day we dismounted, and trekked on till sundown through a country the most wild and primitive that can be conceived. On gaining the neck of the mountain-pass, our march for a few miles wound round beautifully wooded grassy hills, after which we descended into a rugged and densely wooded valley, intersected with deep water-courses, which threatened momentarily the destruction of my axle-trees. So dense was the jungle that we were obliged repeatedly to halt the waggons, and cut out a pathway with our axes before they could advance. Emerging from this valley, we entered upon a more level country, still, however, densely covered with forest trees and bushes in endless variety. Here water was very abundant. We crossed several streams and marshes, whose margins were a mass of the spoor of wild animals; that of rhinoceros, buffalo, and cameleopard being most abundant. At one stream the fresh spoor of a troop of lions was deeply imprinted in the wet sand.

“Although I am now acquainted with the native names of a number of the trees of the African forests, yet of their scientific names I am utterly ignorant. The shoulders and upper ridges of the mountains throughout all that country are profusely adorned with the graceful sandal-wood tree, famed on account of the delicious perfume of its timber. The leaf of this tree emits, at every season of the year, a powerful and fragrant perfume, which is increased by bruising the

leaves in the hand. Its leaf is small, of a light silvery gray colour, which is strongly contrasted by the dark and dense evergreen foliage of the moopooroo-tree, which also adorns the upper ranges of the mountain ridges. This beautiful tree is interesting, as producing the most delicious and serviceable fruit I have met with throughout these distant parts; the poorer natives subsisting upon it for several months during which it continues in season. The moopooroo is of the size and shape of a very large olive. It is at first green; but gradually ripening, like the Indian mango, it becomes beautifully striped with yellow, and when perfectly ripe, its colour is the deepest orange. The fruit is sweet and mealy, similar to the date, and contains a small brown seed. It covers the branches, and, when ripe, the golden fruit beautifully contrasts with the dark-green leaves of the tree which bears it. Besides the moopooroo, a great variety of fruits are met with throughout these mountains and forests, all of which are known to and gathered by the natives. I must, however, forego a description of them, as it would swell these pages to undue bounds. Throughout the densely wooded dells and hollows of the mountains, the rosewood-tree occurs, of considerable size, and in great abundance.”

Here our enterprising traveller first encountered the cameleopard, that stately creature whose beauty and innocence should exempt it from the indiscriminate attack of the hunter. Mr Cumming seems to have felt this; for, notwithstanding the intense excitement which he experienced in riding amidst a troop of gigantic giraffes, it would appear that, after securing one or two specimens, he left them for the future unmolested. These rides through the forest and jungle were productive of serious inconvenience. The woods are filled with a kind of thorn, facetiously called the wait-a-bit, the prickles of which, in shape, sharpness, and strength, bear a striking resemblance to fish-hooks. Considering that Mr Cumming usually rode bare-armed, and in the kilt, it will surprise no one to learn that his epidermis was occasionally ruffled, and our only astonishment is, that he should have persisted so long in adhering to his primitive costume. He fairly confesses the inconvenience, telling us that “the greater part of this chase led through bushes of the

wait-a-bit thorn of the most virulent description, which covered my legs and arms with blood long before I had killed the giraffe. I rode, as usual, in the kilt, with my arms bare to my shoulder. It was Chapelpark of Badenoch's old gray kilt, but in this chase it received a deathblow, from which it never afterwards recovered."

At Booby, a Bechuana kraal, Mr Cumming was the unconscious instrument of effecting a change of dynasty. The chief, who possibly followed the northern fashion of identifying his own name with that of his estate, and who, at all events, was entitled to be known as Booby of that Ilk, had driven a little trade with Mr Cumming. Unfortunately, however, he was not judicious in the selection of commodities, as the following anecdote will show:—

"During my visit to Booby, I obtained from the natives some interesting specimens of native arms and other curiosities, for which they required gunpowder, their chief having in his possession one or two muskets. When the chief and his men proceeded to use my powder, they missed all they fired at; the Bechuana mode of firing being to withdraw the face from the gun, from a natural impulse of fear, before drawing the trigger, and to look back over the left shoulder instead of at the animal they expect to kill. The cause of their missing they at once ascribed to the powder, which they affirmed required medicine. Accordingly, the chief and all the long-headed men in Booby assembled in the forum; and, having placed the unworthy gunpowder upon a large kaross, they all sat round it, and commenced a variety of ceremonies and incantations, with a view of imparting to it that power which they considered it had lost. At length some wisacre among the soothsayers informed the king that the presence of fire was indispensable on the occasion. Fire was accordingly introduced along with the other medicines, and a censer of hot embers was passed frequently over the powder. Suddenly, however, an unlucky spark sprung from the censer into the heap of powder, which, of course, instantly exploded, and, the quantity being very considerable, the Booby men and their chief were blown heels over head on every side—several of the party, and among others the chief, being so severely burned, that they shortly died. So much for Bechuana medicine."

The Bechuanas seem to be an inoffensive but not altogether honest

race. Mr Cumming was far too successful a hunter to be permitted to depart easily, as his disappearance, along with his rifle, would manifestly tend to the grievous detriment of their flesh-pots. Accordingly they left no stratagem untried to prevent him from proceeding further; but they had a wary and resolute man to deal with, and the possession of a compass effectually baffled their repeated attempts to mislead him. At length, after a toilsome journey and severe suffering from scarcity of water, the dark blue mountains of Bamangwato loomed upon the horizon. Mr Cumming is probably the first European who has ever penetrated so far, but in these days of commercial enterprise we may calculate with confidence that he will not be the last. The news of his coming was speedily bruited abroad, and obtained him a gracious invitation to the court of Sicomby, whose sceptred rule the Bakalahari tribes obey. This monarch's treasury was particularly rich in ivory, there having been for several years an increasing accumulation of tusks. These he was willing to dispose of, but at exorbitant rates, demanding, with a degree of effrontery which is almost incredible, a musket in exchange for two tusks of the bull elephant. Well might Mr Cumming feel indignant at the rapacity of this Shylock of a savage! Each case of muskets, containing twenty, had cost him £16, "whereas the value of the ivory I required for each musket was upwards of £30, being about 3000 per cent, which, I am informed, is reckoned among mercantile men to be a very fair profit." Opinions differ; our decided impression being, that Mr Cumming was victimised by the autocrat.

Mr Cumming, however, shortly wearied of the monotonous business of barter, and determined to look out for ivory in person. We pass over the very interesting narrative of his first encounter with a female elephant, in the course of which he received a warning of the danger inseparable from the pursuit of the most powerful of living animals. We prefer extracting the graphic account of his earliest victory over a patriarchal bull:—

"In a few minutes one of those who

had gone off to our left came running breathless to say that he had seen the mighty game. I halted for a minute, and instructed Isaac, who carried the big Dutch rifle, to act independently of me, while Kleinboy was to assist me in the chase; but, as usual, when the row began, my followers thought only of number one. I bared my arms to the shoulder, and, having imbibed a draught of *aqua pura* from the calabash of one of the spoorers, I grasped my trusty two-grooved rifle, and told my guide to go ahead. We proceeded silently as might be for a few hundred yards, following the guide, when he suddenly pointed, exclaiming "Klow!" and before us stood a herd of mighty bull elephants, packed together beneath a shady grove about a hundred and fifty yards in advance. I rode slowly towards them; and as soon as they observed me, they made a loud rumbling noise, and, tossing their trunks, wheeled right about, and made off in one direction, crushing through the forest, and leaving a cloud of dust behind them. I was accompanied by a detachment of my dogs, who assisted me in the pursuit.

"The distance I had come, and the difficulties I had undergone to behold these elephants, rose fresh before me. I determined that, on this occasion at least, I would do my duty, and, dashing my spurs into Sunday's ribs, I was very soon much too close in their rear for safety. The elephants now made an inclination to my left, whereby I obtained a good view of the ivory. The herd consisted of six bulls: four of them were full-grown first-rate elephants; the other two were fine fellows, but had not yet arrived at mature stature. Of the four old fellows, two had much finer tusks than the rest, and for a few seconds I was undecided which of these two I would follow; when, suddenly, the one which I fancied had the stoutest tusks broke from his comrades, and I at once felt convinced that he was the patriarch of the herd, and followed him accordingly. Cantering alongside, I was about to fire, when he instantly turned, and, uttering a trumpet so strong and shrill that the earth seemed to vibrate beneath my feet, he charged furiously after me for several hundred yards in a direct line, not altering his course in the slightest degree for the trees of the forest, which he snapped and overthrew like reeds in his headlong career.

"When he pulled up in his charge I likewise halted, and as he slowly turned to retreat I let fly at his shoulder, Sunday capering and prancing, and giving me much trouble. On receiving the ball the

elephant shrugged his shoulder, and made off at a free majestic walk. This shot brought several of the dogs to my assistance, which had been following the other elephants; and on their coming up and barking, another headlong charge was the result, accompanied by the never-failing trumpet as before. In his charge he passed close to me, when I saluted him with a second bullet in the shoulder, of which he did not take the slightest notice. I now determined not to fire again until I could make a steady shot; but although the elephant turned repeatedly, Sunday invariably disappointed me, capering so that it was impossible to fire. At length exasperated, I became reckless of the danger, and, springing from the saddle, I approached the elephant under cover of a tree, and gave him a bullet in the side of his head, when trumpeting so shrilly that the forest trembled, he charged among the dogs, from whom he seemed to fancy that the blow had come; after which he took up a position in a grove of thorns, with his head towards me. I walked up very near, and, as he was in the act of charging, I (being in those days under wrong impressions as to the impracticability of bringing down an elephant with a shot in the forehead) stood coolly in his path until he was within fifteen paces of me, and let drive at the hollow of his forehead, in the vain expectation that by so doing I should end his career. The shot only served to increase his fury—an effect which, I had remarked, shots in the head invariably produced; and, continuing his charge with incredible quickness and impetuosity, he all but terminated my elephant-hunting for ever. A large party of the Bechnanas, who had come up, yelled out instantaneously, imagining I was killed, for the elephant was at one moment almost on the top of me: I however escaped by my activity, and by dodging round the bushy trees. As the elephant was charging, an enormous thorn ran deep into the sole of my foot—the old Badenoch brogues, which I that day sported, being worn through; and this caused me severe pain, laming me throughout the rest of the conflict.

"The elephant held on through the forest at a sweeping pace; but he was hardly out of sight when I was loaded and in the saddle, and soon once more alongside. About this time I heard Isaac blazing away at another bull; but when the elephant charged, his cowardly heart failed him, and he very soon made his appearance at a safe distance in my rear. My elephant kept crashing along at a steady pace, with blood streaming from

his wounds; the dogs, which were knocked up with fatigue and thirst, no longer barked around him, but had dropped astern. It was long before I again fired, for I was afraid to dismount, and Sunday was extremely troublesome. At length I fired sharp right and left from the saddle: he got both balls behind the shoulder, and made a long charge after me, rumbling and trumpeting as before. The whole body of the Bamangwato men had now come up, and were following a short distance behind me. Among these was Mollyson, who volunteered to help; and being a very swift and active fellow, he rendered me important service by holding my fidgety horse's head while I fired and loaded. I then fired six broadsides from the saddle, the elephant charging almost every time, and pursuing us back to the main body in our rear, who fled in all directions as he approached.

"The sun had now sunk behind the tops of the trees; it would soon be very dark, and the elephant did not seem much distressed, notwithstanding all he had received. I recollected that my time was short, therefore at once resolved to fire no more from the saddle, but to go close up to him and fire on foot. Riding up to him, I dismounted, and, approaching very near, I gave it him right and left in the side of the head, upon which he made a long and determined charge after me; but I was now very reckless of his charges, for I saw that he could not overtake me; and in a twinkling I was loaded, and, again approaching, I fired sharp right and left behind his shoulder. Again he charged with a terrific trumpet, which sent Sunday flying through the forest. This was his last charge. The wounds which he had received began to tell on his constitution, and he now stood at bay beside a thorny tree, with the dogs barking around him. These, refreshed by the evening breeze, and perceiving that it was nearly over with the elephant, had once more come to my assistance. Having loaded, I drew near, and fired right and left at his forehead. On receiving these shots, instead of charging, he tossed his trunk up and down, and by various sounds and motions, most gratifying to the hungry natives, evinced that his demise was near. Again I loaded, and fired my last shot behind his shoulder; on receiving it, he turned round the bushy tree beside which he stood, and I ran round to give him the other barrel, but the mighty old monarch of the forest needed no more; before I could clear the bushy tree he fell heavily on his side, and his spirit had fled. My feelings at this moment can only be un-

derstood by a few brother Nimrods, who have had the good fortune to enjoy a similar encounter. I never felt so gratified on any former occasion as I did then."

We need hardly say that the fall of the elephant was greeted by the Bechuanas with their most approved substitute for cheering. At an early hour next morning they were at work upon the carcase with their assagais, leaving little reversion for the maws of the expectant vultures. We admire the sentiments contained in a note, which ought to be seriously considered by those who, with maudlin sensibility, or rather an affectation of it, dispute the right of any man to enter into a regular campaign against the wild beasts of the forest or the desert. It is of course absurd to enter into any discussion upon a point which resolves itself into a primary law of nature; nevertheless, in our days, there are critics possessed of such tender and exquisite feelings, that, even while munching their cheese, and engulfing at each mouthful myriads of unoffending mites, they must needs declaim upon the horrid inhumanity of shooting down a wild elephant. They expatiate upon the pain which the animal must have endured from its several wounds, and denounce the ferocity of the huntsman who could be savage enough to maintain so protracted a contest. Now as to pain they are obviously right. Every mutton-chop and kidney which is devoured throughout wide Christendom, must be purchased at the expense of a certain amount of pain; and yet nobody in his senses has ever ventured to maintain, on that account, that it is an act of barbarity to curtail the existence of a sheep. Is it Mr Cumming's fault that an elephant will carry some twenty shots before he drops? Do these benevolent gentlemen suppose that the excitement of being chased by a charging elephant is so great, that the sportsman willingly lingers over his work? Or do they mean to say that the finer feelings generated by civilisation, ought to deter every one from taking the life of a meaner animal? If so, great joy be to the bugs, and a jubilee for the lesser vermin! It is somewhat curious, as we once had occasion to show, that the very men who are the

strongest opponents of field-sports, are at the same time the most determined advocates of extermination. They wish to abolish the process of killing, by the more summary one of sweeping from the face of the earth whole races of animated beings. They would rather that the hills were utterly devoid of grouse and deer, than that any individual should be tempted to the enormity of shooting one of these, either for his pastime or his appetite. If this is not a warring against nature, we know not what is. Ivory is a marketable commodity, tolerably well known and esteemed in the fine arts; and it is just possible that some of our amiable objectors have applied to the dentist for artificial grinders, which had their pristine growth in the jaws of the hippopotamus. Is there anything unlawful, or abhorrent to the finer feelings of humanity, in the attempt of Mr Cumming to benefit himself by supplying the market with these commodities? If so, henceforward let whales go free without any hazard of the harpoon; let the *Phoca* congregate unmolested upon our shores; let tallow be abolished, cod-liver oil unknown, and leather put entirely under ban.

For our part, so far are we from joining in any such condemnation, that we firmly believe Mr Cumming's visit to these remote regions, forms the brightest spot in the memory of many a poor human being, but too often exposed to the pangs of extreme deprivation; and we regard him as one of those who have done good service to the cause of civilisation, by offering themselves as its pioneers. The following is his own sentiment:—

"It was ever to me a source of great pleasure to reflect that, while enriching myself in following my favourite pursuit of elephant-hunting, I was feeding and making happy the starving families of hundreds of the Bechuana and Bakalahari tribes, who invariably followed my waggons, and assisted me in my hunting, in numbers varying from fifty to two hundred at a time. These men were often accompanied by their wives and families; and when an elephant, hippopotamus, or other large animal was slain, all hands repaired to the spot, when every inch of the animal was reduced to biltongue, viz. cut into very narrow strips,

and hung in festoons upon poles, and dried in the sun."

But enough of this digression. In a country where there are no chop-houses, and where pints of beer are unattainable, every man must shift for himself in the best possible manner; and we presume it will hardly be maintained that the range of discovery is to be narrowed, and a huge portion of the globe left unexplored, merely out of deference to the delicate feelings of certain journalists, who would be sorely puzzled to distinguish between the butt-end and the muzzle of a rifle.

We shall not accompany Mr Cumming farther in his pursuit of elephants, leaving the interesting chapters relative to this noblest kind of chase for the gratification of our readers, to whom we cordially recommend the perusal of these volumes. Once and again he fell back upon the colony to deposit his sylvan spoils, refit, and replenish his exhausted stores, and then resolutely returned to the far hunting-grounds in quest of new adventure. It is this indomitable spirit of enterprise which lends his book its greatest charm, and which distinguishes it from any other of the same class which we have hitherto met with. The moment that Mr Cumming left the colony, he seems to have dismissed from his mind the whole of the cares, curiosities, and anxious thoughts of civilisation. Once in the desert, he never appears to have looked beyond it. It mattered not to him what was the progress of events in the other hemisphere—who was Minister—what party was in or what party out—we even venture to avow our conviction that he cared not to consult a Bechuana conjuror whether Lord John Russell was still in the land of the living. Seated at his breakfast of ostrich egg and sliced elephant trunk, he required no perusal of the *Times* to give zest to his daily meal; and if ever he sighed for the possession of controversial pamphlets, it must have been upon occasion when wadding was particularly scarce. In short, he went about his work in the best possible frame of mind, eschewing all distractions as unfavourable to the accuracy of his aim, and occupying himself entirely, as a hunter should, with his quarry.

It is just possible that some sceptical people, whose acquaintance with savage nature is derived solely from an occasional visit to a menagerie, may venture to insinuate that some of Mr Cumming's pictures bear the appearance of over-colouring. He need not be surprised at this. From the time of Bruce to that of Humboldt, such hints have been occasionally thrown out; and, indeed, we presume that every home sportsman has had experience of similar unbelievers. For our own part we grieve to say, that want of faith as well as reverence has been frequently testified by audiences during the detail of our own exploits. Should it happen that we have made a better bag, or killed a larger fish than usual, our simple statements of these facts, made in the most unvaunting and straight-forward manner, is too often accompanied by a running commentary of facetious winks and suppressed coughs, the import of which we divine, whilst we treat them with consummate scorn. Our comfort is, that such marks of incredulity invariably proceed from blockheads utterly unversed in the mysteries either of wood or water craft; for it seems to be a general rule, that men are most disposed to be critical upon those subjects of which, in reality, they know the least. More fortunate than many other travellers, Mr Cumming has his trophies to show; but, even were it otherwise, what right, we ask, has a Cockney to challenge the authenticity of the feats of a strong and adventurous young man, who for five long years was a wanderer in the African wilderness? That Mr Cumming acquired—for his narrative shows that it was so—greater firmness of nerve, coolness, and experience than he possessed before, in consequence of his numerous encounters with the most formidable of savage creatures, is nothing more than the result of practice when added to native intrepidity: and what he tells us in these volumes is another proof of the exaggeration which has long prevailed as to the courage, if not the ferocity, even of the king of beasts. That the tiger is at best a cowardly animal has often been asserted by the most skilful hunters of Hindostan. Mr Cumming does not stigmatise the

lion with want of absolute courage; but he shows that a well-armed man, properly equipped and supported, need not shrink from the contest, provided he has that firmness and self-possession which are indispensable for success in every kind of combat. We advise no one who is liable to sudden panics, or to impulses of the *sauve-qui-peut* description, to engage in this particular species of sport. A steady front is as indispensable as a steady aim; and woe betide the individual who, on such an occasion, betakes himself to his heels, and exposes his rear to the enemy! It is one thing to keep out of mischief, and another to bear yourself boldly when in for it. Here, as in other cases, it is the best policy to look danger broadly in the face. There may have been great rashness in some of Mr Cumming's exploits—though, in absence of all similar experience, we have not the presumption to say so—but we are bound to declare, that in no one instance can we perceive the slightest trace of exaggeration or undue colouring in his narrative.

True, his sport was of a kind most peculiar, and, so far as we know, never equalled in success. But then, where do we find an instance of another man devoting himself to that pursuit with so much ardour and energy, and with such excellent previous training, in a country similarly favoured? Accounts, indeed, have reached us from Ceylon of elephant shooting nearly as successful as that described by Mr Cumming; but that magnificent island does not afford the same variety in the chase which distinguishes Southern Africa. From the most ancient times, Africa has ranked pre-eminent for the marvellous abundance of its animals. From that country came the uncouth creatures, so strangely figured on antique coins, which adorned the consular and imperial shows of Rome; and throughout the Middle Ages, it was referred to as the nursery of monsters, long since extinct, to the imagination of all who have not received their education in the College of Heralds. Even yet there is ample scope for fancy. Such a vast tract of Central Africa lies unexplored, that we know not what wondrous stores of new physical

knowledge are still bound up, and concealed from the eye of science; nor is it altogether impossible that ancient fable may hereafter be recognised as truth. But with such speculations as these we have at present little concern. Deeply as Mr Cumming has penetrated into the southern wilds of that great and mysterious continent, he yet only occupies the margin of a field of new discovery. But, so far, he has done good service to the cause of natural history. What heretofore was obscure, he has made plain; and that not by cursory observation, but by great and assiduous labour, such as few men could have undertaken, even supposing that the energy and the will could have been found combined in these few. And, therefore, we think that these African sketches of his will possess a more lasting value than can be attached to most works professing to treat of the noble science of the chase. They differ altogether from the usual dry details of the naturalists, who, in nine cases out of ten, were compelled to give the legends which they heard from natives, instead of narrating the results of their own practical experience. Few naturalists are devoted and accomplished sportsmen. Mr Cumming may not be, in the strict academical sense of the word, an accomplished naturalist, but he has brought back material enough for a dozen zoologists to study.

Let us now take a moonlight picture. "Watching the water" in Africa, is somewhat different from the process of "burning the water" in Scotland; but it is a very deadly method of securing game. All night the desert is astir. The wild beasts rouse themselves from their lairs, and forsake their fastnesses to prowl about in search of prey, and afterwards to slake their thirst in the cool waters of the fountain. Near the margin of one of these Mr Cumming had excavated his ambuscade.

"On the afternoon of the 4th, I deepened my hole, and watched the water. As the sun went down, two graceful springboks and a herd of pallah came and drank, when I shot the best pallah in the troop. At night I watched the water with Kleinboy: very soon a cow black rhinoceros came and drank, and got off for the

present with two balls in her. A little afterwards, two black rhinoceroses and two white ones came to the water-side. We both fired together at the finest of the two black rhinoceroses; she ran three hundred yards and fell dead. Soon after this the other black rhinoceros came up again, and stood at the water-side; I gave her one ball upon the shoulder; she ran a hundred yards and fell dead. In half-an-hour a third old borel appeared, and, having inspected the two dead ones, he came up to the water-side. We fired together; he ran two hundred yards, and fell dead. I felt satisfied with our success, and gave it up for the night.

"By the following evening the natives had cleared away the greater part of two of the rhinoceroses which lay right in the way of the game approaching the water. I, however, enforced their leaving the third rhinoceros, which had fallen on the bare rising ground, almost opposite to my hiding-place, in the hope of attracting a lion, as I intended to watch the water at night. Soon after the twilight had died away, I went down to my hole with Kleinboy and two natives, who lay concealed in another hole, with Wolf and Boxer ready to slip, in the event of wounding a lion.

"On reaching the water, I looked towards the carcass of the rhinoceros, and, to my astonishment, I beheld the ground alive with large creatures, as though a troop of zebras were approaching the fountain to drink. Kleinboy remarked to me that a troop of zebras were standing on the height. I answered, "Yes;" but I knew very well that zebras would not be capering around the carcass of a rhinoceros. I quickly arranged my blankets, pillow, and guns in the hole, and then lay down to feast my eyes on the interesting sight before me. It was bright moonlight, as clear as I need wish, and within one night of being full moon. There were six large lions, about twelve or fifteen hyenas, and from twenty to thirty jackals, feasting on and around the carcasses of the three rhinoceroses. The lions feasted peacefully, but the hyenas and jackals fought over every mouthful, and chased one another round and round the carcasses, growling, laughing, screeching, chattering, and howling without any intermission. The hyenas did not seem afraid of the lions, although they always gave way before them; for I observed that they followed them in the most disrespectful manner, and stood laughing, one or two on either side, when any lions came after their comrades to examine pieces of skin or bones which they were dragging away.

I had lain watching this banquet for about three hours, in the strong hope that, when the lions had feasted, they would come and drink. Two black and two white rhinoceroses had made their appearance, but, scared by the smell of the blood, they had made off.

"At length the lions seemed satisfied. They all walked about with their heads up, and seemed to be thinking about the water; and, in two minutes, one of them turned his face towards me, and came on; he was immediately followed by a second lion, and in half a minute by the remaining four. It was a decided and general move; they were all coming to drink right bang in my face, within fifteen yards of me.

"I charged the unfortunate, pale, and panting Kleinboy to convert himself into a stone; and knowing, from old sport, exactly where they would drink, I cocked my left barrel, and placed myself and gun in position. The six lions came steadily on along the stony ridge, until within sixty yards of me, when they halted for a minute to reconnoitre. One of them stretched out his massive arms upon the rock, and lay down; the others then came on, and he rose and brought up the rear. They walked, as I had anticipated, to the old drinking-place, and three of them had put down their heads and were lapping the water loudly, when Kleinboy thought it necessary to shove up his ugly head. I turned my head slowly to rebuke him, and again turning to the lions I found myself discovered.

"An old lioness, who seemed to take the lead, had detected me, and with her head high, and her eyes fixed full upon me, she was coming slowly round the corner of the little vley, to cultivate further my acquaintance! This unfortunate coincidence put a stop at once to all further contemplation. I thought, in my haste, that it was perhaps most prudent to shoot this lioness, especially as none of the others had noticed me. I accordingly moved my arm, and covered her; she saw me move, and halted, exposing a full broadside. I fired; the ball entered one shoulder, and passed out behind the other. She bounded forward with repeated growls, and was followed by her five comrades, all enveloped in a cloud of dust; nor did they stop until they had reached the cover behind me, except one old gentleman, who halted and looked back for a few seconds, when I fired, but the ball went high. I listened anxiously for some sound to denote the approaching end of the lioness; nor listened in vain. I heard her growling and stationary, as if dying. In

one minute her comrade crossed the vley a little below me, and made towards the rhinoceros. I then slipped Wolf and Boxer on her scent, and, following them into the cover, I found her lying dead within twenty yards of where the old lion had lain two nights before. This was a fine old lioness, with perfect teeth, and was certainly a noble prize; but I felt dissatisfied at not having rather shot a lion, which I had most certainly done if my Hottentot had not destroyed my contemplation."

We have said that a strong, intrepid, and well-armed man may consider himself a match for the lion; but there are times when even the bravest may be taken at disadvantage. It is an undoubted fact that the lion, having once tasted human flesh, loses that instinctive awe of man which every savage creature seems to feel in a greater or less degree, and becomes ravenous for the horrid banquet. Of this Mr Cumming's narrative affords us a melancholy instance. On one occasion, when they were encamped near a Bakalabari village, a monstrous lion, who had watched his opportunity, sprang upon one of the Hottentots, whilst lying by the fire, in the midst of his comrades, dragged him into the neighbouring bush, and deliberately devoured him. Next day Mr Cumming avenged his follower; but the recollection of this appalling sight haunted him for a long time afterwards, and contributed, more than sickness, to shake his nerves, and depress his adventurous spirit. At another time, our author was in great danger of a similar fate, his position being not less perilous than when he was exposed to the view of the wounded lioness. He had been shooting buffalo from a cover, by the side of a remote stream:—

"In a few minutes all the other buffaloes made off, and the sound of teeth tearing at the flesh was heard immediately.

"I fancied it was the hyenas, and fired a shot to scare them from the flesh. All was still; and being anxious to inspect the heads of the buffaloes, I went boldly forward, taking the native who accompanied me along with me. We were within about five yards of the nearest buffalo, when I observed a yellow mass lying

alongside of him, and at the same instant a lion gave a deep growl. I thought it was all over with me. The native shouted 'Tao,' and, springing away, instantly commenced blowing shrilly through a charmed piece of bone which he wore on his necklace. I retreated to the native, and we knelt down. The lion continued his meal, tearing away at the buffalo, and growling at his wife and family, whom I found, next day, by the spoor, had accompanied him. Knowing that he would not molest me, I left him alone. I proposed to the native to go to our hole and lie down, but he would not hear of it, and entreated me to fire at the lion. I fired three different shots where I thought I saw him, but without any effect; he would not so much as for a moment cease munching my buffalo. I then proceeded to lie down, and was soon asleep, the native keeping watch over our destinies. Some time after midnight other lions were heard coming on from other airts, and my old friend commenced roaring so loudly, that the native thought it proper to awake me.

"The first old lion now wanted to drink, and held right away for the two unfortunate steeds, roaring terribly. I felt rather alarmed for their safety, but, trusting that the lion had flesh enough for one night, I lay still, and listened with an attentive ear. In a few minutes, to my utter horror, I heard him spring upon one of the steeds with an angry growl, and dash him to the earth: the steed gave a slight groan, and all was still. I listened to hear the sound of teeth, but all continued still. Soon after this 'Tao' was once more to be heard munching the buffalo. In a few minutes he came forward and stood on the bank close above us, and roared most terribly,—walking up and down, as if meditating some mischief. I now thought it high time to make a fire, and, quickly collecting some dry reeds and little sticks, in half a minute we had a cheerful blaze. The lion, which had not yet got our wind, came forward at once to find out what the deuce was up; but, not seeing to his entire satisfaction from the top of the bank, he was proceeding to descend by a game

path into the river-bed, within a few yards of us. I happened at the very moment to go to this spot to fetch some wood, and, being entirely concealed from the lion's view above, by the intervening high reeds, we actually met face to face!

"The first notice I got was his sudden spring to one side, accompanied by repeated angry growls, whilst I involuntarily made a convulsive spring backwards, at the same time giving a fearful shriek, such as I never before remember uttering. I fancied just as he growled that he was coming upon me. We now heaped on more wood, and kept up a very strong fire until the day dawned, the lions feasting beside us all the time, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the little native, who, with a true Bechuana spirit, lamenting the loss of so much good flesh, kept constantly shouting and pelting them with flaming brands."

"We must now take leave of our author, rather reluctantly; for, did our space permit, we would willingly follow him to the Limpopo, the rarest river in the world for the huge and unwieldy hippopotamus. But we think we have said and extracted enough to explain to the reader the true character of this remarkable record of enterprise. As a literary work it wants polish. Mr Cumming's hand is far more familiar with the rifle than the pen; and we also regret the absence of those minute and delicate descriptions of outward nature, and the almost poetical sketches, which lend such a peculiar charm to the volumes of Mr St John and the Stuarts. There is also somewhat too much of sameness and repetition. Even in a sporting volume it is expedient to select a few salient points for amplification and detail, and to deal more generally with the rest of the narrative. Nevertheless the book is a very remarkable one, and will entitle its author to be ranked as an explorer as well as a sportsman.

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MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK I.—INITIAL CHAPTER: SHOWING HOW MY NOVEL CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

SCENE, *The Hall in Uncle Roland's Tower* — TIME, *Night* — SEASON, *Winter*.

Mr Caxton is seated before a great geographical globe, which he is turning round leisurely, and "for his own recreation," as, according to Sir Thomas Browne, a philosopher should turn round the orb, of which that globe professes to be the representation and effigies. My mother having just adorned a very small frock with a very smart braid, is holding it out at arm's-length, the more to admire the effect. Blanche, though leaning both hands on my mother's shoulder, is not regarding the frock, but glances towards PISISTRATUS, who, seated near the fire, leaning back in his chair, and his head bent over his breast, seems in a very bad humour. Uncle Roland, who has become a great novel reader, is deep in the mysteries of some fascinating Third Volume. Mr Squills has brought *The Times* in his pocket for his own special profit and delectation, and is now bending his brows over "the state of the money market," in great doubt whether railway shares can possibly fall lower. For Mr Squills, happy man! has large savings, and does not know what to do with his money; or,

to use his own phrase, "how to buy in at the cheapest, in order to sell out at the dearest."

MR CAXTON, musingly.—"It must have been a monstrous long journey. It would be somewhere hercabouts, I take it, that they would split off."

My MOTHER, mechanically, and in order to show Austin that she paid him the compliment of attending to his remarks—"Who split off, my dear?"

"Bless me, Kitty," said my father, in great admiration, "you ask just the question which it is most difficult to answer. An ingenious speculator on races contends that the Danes, whose descendants make the chief part of our northern population, (and indeed, if his hypothesis could be correct, we must suppose all the ancient worshippers of Odin,) are of the same origin as the Etrurians. And why, Kitty—I just ask you, why?"

My mother shook her head thoughtfully, and turned the frock to the other side of the light.

"Because, forsooth," cried my father, exploding—"because the Etrurians called their gods 'the Æsar,' and the Scandinavians called theirs the Æsir, or Aser! And where do you think he puts their cradle?"

"Cradle!" said my mother, dreamily—"it must be in the nursery."

MR CAXTON.—"Exactly—in the nursery of the human race—just here," and my father pointed to the globe; "bounded, you see, by the River Halys, and in that region which, taking its name from Ees or As, (a word designating light or fire,) has been immemorially called *Asia*. Now, Kitty, from Ees or As our ethnological speculator would derive not only *Asia*, the land, but *Eesar* or *Aser*, its primitive inhabitants. Hence he supposes the origin of the Etrurians and the Scandinavians. But, if we give him so much, we must give him more, and deduce from the same origin the Es of the Celt and the Ized of the Persian, and—what will be of more use to him, I dare say, poor man, than all the rest put together—the Es of the Romans, that is, the God of Copper-Money—a very powerful household god he is to this day!"

My mother looked musingly at her flock, as if she were taking my father's proposition into serious consideration.

"So, perhaps," resumed my father, "and not unconformably with sacred records, from one great parent horde came all these various tribes, carrying with them the name of their beloved *Asia*; and whether they wandered north, south, or west, exalting their own emphatic designation of 'Children of the Land of Light' into the title of gods. And to think, (added Mr Caxton pathetically, gazing upon that speck in the globe on which his forefinger rested.)—to think how little they changed for the better when they got to the Don, or entangled their rafts amidst the icebergs of the Baltic—so comfortably off as they were here, if they could but have stayed quiet!"

"And why the deuce could not they?" asked Mr Squills.

"Pressure of population, and not enough to live upon, I suppose," said my father.

PISTRATUS, sulkily.—"More probably they did away with the Corn Laws, sir."

"Papa!" quoth my father, "that throws a new light on the subject."

PISTRATUS, full of his grievances, and not caring three straws about

the origin of the Scandinavians,—"I know that if we are to lose £500 every year on a farm which we hold rent-free, and which the best judges allow to be a perfect model for the whole county, we had better make haste and turn *Eesar* or *Aser*, or whatever you call them, and fix a settlement on the property of other nations, otherwise I suspect our probable settlement will be on the parish."

MR SQUILLS, who, it must be remembered, is an enthusiastic Free-trader.—"You have only got to put more capital on the land."

PISTRATUS.—"Well, Mr Squills, as you think so well of that investment, put *your* capital on it. I promise that you shall have every shilling of profit."

MR SQUILLS, hastily retreating behind *The Times*.—"I don't think the Great Western can fall any lower; though it is hazardous—I can but venture a few hundreds."

PISTRATUS.—"On our land, Squills? Thank you."

MR SQUILLS.—"No, no—anything but that—on the Great Western."

PISTRATUS relapses into gloom. *Blauche* steals up coaxingly, and gets snubbed for her pains.

A pause.

MR CAXTON.—"There are two golden rules of life: one relates to the mind, and the other to the pockets. The first is—*If our thoughts get into a low, nervous, selfish condition, we should make them change the air; the second is comprised in the proverb, 'it is good to have two strings to one's bow.'* Therefore, Pistratus, I tell you what you must do—Write a Book!"

PISTRATUS.—"Write a Book!—Against the abolition of the Corn Laws? Faith, sir, the mischief's done. It takes a much better pen than mine to write down an Act of Parliament."

MR CAXTON.—"I only said, 'Write a Book.' All the rest is the addition of your own headlong imagination."

PISTRATUS, with the recollection of *The Great Book* rising before him.—"Indeed, sir, I should think that that would just finish us!"

MR CAXTON, not seeming to heed

the interruption.—“A book that will sell! A book that will prop up the fall of prices! A book that will distract your mind from its dismal apprehensions, and restore your affection to your species, and your hopes in the ultimate triumph of sound principles—by the sight of a favourable balance at the end of the yearly accounts. It is astonishing what a difference that little circumstance makes in our views of things in general. I remember when the bank in which Squills had incautiously left £1000 broke, one remarkably healthy year, that he became a great alarmist, and said that the country was on the verge of ruin; whereas you see now, when, thanks to a long succession of sickly seasons, he has a surplus capital to risk in the Great Western—he is firmly persuaded that England was never in so prosperous a condition.”

MR. SQUILLS, rather sullenly.—“Pooh, pooh!”

MR. CAXTON.—“Write a book, my son—write a book. Need I tell you that Menes or Moneta, according to Hyginus, was the mother of the Muses? Write a book!”

BRANSON and my MECHANIC, in full chorus.—“Oh yes, Sixty—a book—a book! you must write a book!”

“I am sure,” quoth my Uncle Roland, slamming down the volume he had just concluded, “he could write a devilish deal better book than this, and how I come to read such trash, night after night, is more than I could possibly explain to the satisfaction of any intelligent jury, if I were put into a witness-box, and examined in the mildest manner by my own counsel.”

MR. CAXTON.—“You see that Roland tells us exactly what sort of a book it shall be.”

PISISTRATUS.—“Trash, sir?”

MR. CAXTON.—“No—that is not necessarily trash—but a book of that class which, whether trash or not, people can’t help reading. Novels have become a necessity of the age. You must write a novel.”

PISISTRATUS, flattered, but dubious.—“A novel! But every subject on which novels can be written is pre-occupied. There are novels on low life, novels of high life, military novels, naval novels, novels philosophi-

cal, novels religious, novels historical, novels descriptive of India, the Colonies, Ancient Rome, and the Egyptian Pyramids. From what bird, wild eagle, or barn-door fowl, can I

“Pluck one unwearied plume from Fancy’s wing?”

MR. CAXTON, after a little thought.—“You remember the story which Trevanion (I beg his pardon, Lord Ulswater) told us the other night. That gives you something of the romance of real life for your plot—puts you chiefly among scenes with which you are familiar, and furnishes you with characters which have been very sparingly dealt with since the time of Fielding. You can give us the country squire, as you remember him in your youth: it is a specimen of a race worth preserving—the old idiosyncrasies of which are rapidly dying off, as the railways bring Norfolk and Yorkshire within easy reach of the manners of London. You can give us the old-fashioned parson, as in all essentials he may yet be found—but before you had to drag him out of the great Puseyite sectarian bog; and, for the rest, I really think that while, as I am told, many popular writers are doing their best, especially in France, and perhaps a little in England, set class against class, and pick up every stone in the kennel to sly at a gentleman with a good coat on his back, something useful might be done by a few good-humoured sketches of those innocent criminals a little better off than their neighbours, whom, however we dislike them, I take it for granted we shall have to endure, in one shape or another, as long as civilisation exists: and they seem, on the whole, as good in their present shape as we are likely to get, shake the dice-box of society how we will.”

PISISTRATUS.—“Very well said, sir: but this rural country gentleman life is not so new as you think. There’s Washington Irving—”

MR. CAXTON.—“Charming—but rather the manners of the last century than this. You may as well cite Addison and Sir Roger de Coverley.

PISISTRATUS.—“*Trenaine and De Vere*.”

MR. CAXTON.—“Nothing can be more graceful, nor more unlike what I

mean. The Pales and Terminus I wish you to put up in the fields are familiar images, that you may cut out of an oak tree—not beautiful marble statues, on porphyry pedestals twenty feet high.”

PISISTRATUS.—“Miss Austin; Mrs Gore in her masterpiece of *Mrs Armistage*; Mrs Marsh, too; and then (for Scottish manners) Miss Ferrier!”

MR CAXTON, growing cross.—“Oh, if you cannot treat on bucolics but what you must hear some Virgil or other cry ‘Stop thief,’—you deserve to be tossed by one of your own ‘short-horns.’ (Still more contemptuously)—I am sure I don’t know why we spend so much money on sending our sons to school to learn Latin, when that Anachronism of yours, Mrs Caxton, can’t even construe a line and a half of Phædrus. Phædrus, Mrs Caxton—a book which is in Latin what Goody Two Shoes is in the vernacular!”

MRS CAXTON, alarmed and indignant.—“Fie, Austin! I am sure you can construe Phædrus, dear!”

Pisistratus prudently preserves silence.

MR CAXTON.—“Try him—

‘Sua cuique quæ sit animi cogitatio
Colorque propius.’

What does that mean?”

PISISTRATUS, smiling. — “That every man has some colouring matter within him, to give his own tinge to—”

“His own novel,” interrupted my father! “*Contentus peragis.*”

During the latter part of this dialogue, Blanche had sewn together three quires of the best Bath paper, and she now placed them on a little table before me, with her own ink-stand and steel pen.

My mother put her finger to her lip, and said, “Hush!” my father returned to the cradle of the Æsar; Captain Roland leant his cheek on his hand, and gazed abstractedly on the fire; Mr Squills fell into a placid doze; and, after three sighs that would have melted a heart of stone, I rushed into—MY NOVEL.

CHAPTER II.

“THERE has never been occasion to use them since I’ve been in the parish,” said Parson Dale.

“What does that prove?” quoth the Squire sharply, and looking the Parson full in the face.

“Prove!” repeated Mr Dale—with a smile of benign, yet too conscious superiority.—“What does experience prove?”

“That your forefathers were great blockheads, and that their descendant is not a whit the wiser.”

“Squire,” replied the Parson, “although that is a melancholy conclusion, yet if you mean it to apply universally, and not to the family of the Dales in particular, it is not one which my candour as a reasoner, and my humility as a mortal, will permit me to challenge.”

“I defy you,” said Mr Hazelden triumphantly. “But to stick to the subject, which it is monstrous hard to do when one talks with a parson, I only just ask you to look yonder, and tell me on your conscience—I don’t even say as a parson, but as a parishioner

—whether you ever saw a more disreputable spectacle?”

While he spoke, the Squire, leaning heavily on the Parson’s left shoulder, extended his cane in a line parallel with the right eye of that disputatious ecclesiastic, so that he might guide the organ of sight to the object he had thus unflatteringly described.

“I confess,” said the Parson, “that, regarded by the eye of the senses, it is a thing that in its best day had small pretensions to beauty, and is not elevated into the Picturesque even by neglect and decay. But, my friend, regarded by the eye of the inner man—of the rural philosopher and parochial legislator—I say it is by neglect and decay that it is rendered a very pleasing feature in what I may call ‘the moral topography of a parish.’”

The Squire looked at the Parson as if he could have beaten him; and, indeed, regarding the object in dispute not only with the eye of the outer man, but the eye of law and order, the eye of a country gentleman and a

justice of the peace, the spectacle *was* scandalously disreputable. It was moss-grown, it was worm-eaten; it was broken right in the middle; through its four socketless eyes, neighboured by the nettle, peered the thistle:—the thistle!—a forest of thistles!—and, to complete the degradation of the whole, those thistles had attracted the donkey of an itinerant tinker; and the irreverent animal was in the very act of taking his luncheon out of the eyes and jaws of—THE PARISH STOCKS.

The Squire looked as if he could have beaten the Parson; but as he was not without some slight command of temper, and a substitute was luckily at hand, he gulped down his resentment and made a rush—at the donkey!

Now the donkey was hampered by a rope to its forefeet, to the which was attached a billet of wood called technically “a clog,” so that it had no fair chance of escape from the assault its sacrilegious luncheon had justly provoked. But, the ass turning round with unaided nimbleness at the first stroke of the cane, the Squire caught his foot in the rope, and went head over heels among the thistles. The donkey gravely bent down, and thrice smelt or sniffed its prostrate foe; then, having convinced itself that it had nothing farther to apprehend for the present, and very willing to make the best of the reprieve, according to the poetical admonition, “Gather your rosebuds while you may,” it cropped a thistle in full bloom, close to the ear of the Squire; so close indeed, that the Parson thought the ear was gone; and with the more probability, inasmuch as the Squire, feeling the warm breath of the creature, bellowed out with all the force of lungs accustomed to give a View-hallo!

“Bless me, is it gone?” said the Parson, thrusting his person between the ass and the Squire.

“Zounds and the devil!” cried the Squire, rubbing himself as he rose to his feet.

“Hush,” said the Parson gently. “What a horrible oath!”

“Horrible oath! If you had my nankeens on,” said the Squire, still rubbing himself, “and had fallen

into a thicket of thistles with a donkey’s teeth within an inch of your ear!”

“It is not gone—then?” interrupted the Parson.

“No—that is, I think not,” said the Squire dubiously; and he clapped his hand to the organ in question. “No! it is not gone!”

“Thank heaven!” said the good clergyman kindly.

“Hum,” growled the Squire, who was now once more engaged in rubbing himself. “Thank heaven indeed, when I am as full of thorns as a porcupine! I should just like to know what use thistles are in the world.”

“For donkeys to eat, if you will let them, Squire,” answered the Parson.

“Ugh, you beast!” cried Mr Hazelden, all his wrath reawakened, whether by the reference to the donkey species, or his inability to reply to the Parson, or perhaps by some sudden prick too sharp for humanity—especially humanity in nankeens—to endure without kicking; “Ugh, you beast!” he exclaimed, shaking his cane at the donkey, who, at the interposition of the Parson, had respectfully recoiled a few paces, and now stood switching its thin tail, and trying vainly to lift one of its forelegs—for the flies teased it.

“Poor thing!” said the Parson pityingly. “See, it has a raw place on the shoulder, and the flies have found out the sore.”

“I am devilish glad to hear it,” said the Squire vindictively.

“Fie, fie!”

“It is very well to say ‘Fie, fie.’ It was not you who fell among the thistles.—What’s the man about now I wonder?”

The Parson had walked towards a chestnut tree that stood on the village green—he broke off a bough—returned to the donkey—whisked away the flies, and then tenderly placed the broad leaves over the sore, as a protection from the swarms. The donkey turned round its head, and looked at him with mild wonder.

“I would bet a shilling,” said the Parson, softly, “that this is the first act of kindness thou hast met with this many a day. And slight enough it is. Heaven knows.”

With that the Parson put his hand into his pocket, and drew out an apple. It was a fine large rose-cheeked apple; one of the last winter's store, from the celebrated tree in the parsonage garden, and he was taking it as a present to a little boy in the village who had notably distinguished himself in the Sunday school. "Nay, in common justice, Lenny Fairfield should have the preference," muttered the Parson. The ass pricked up one of its ears, and advanced its head timidly. "But Lenny Fairfield would be as much pleased with twopence; and what could twopence do to thee?" The ass's nose now touched the apple. "Take it in the name of Charity," quoth the Parson, "Justice is accustomed to be served last." And the ass took the apple. "How had you the heart?" said the Parson, pointing to the Squire's cane.

The ass stopped munching, and looked askant at the Squire.

"Pooh! eat on; he'll not beat thee now!"

"No," said the Squire apologetically. "But, after all, he is not an Ass of the Parish; he is a vagrant,

and he ought to be pounded. But the pound is in as bad a state as the stocks, thanks to your new-fashioned doctrines."

"New fashioned!" cried the Parson almost indignantly, for he had a great disdain of new fashions. "They are as old as Christianity; nay, as old as Paradise, which you will observe is derived from a Greek, or rather a Persian word, and means something more than "garden," corresponding (pursued the Parson rather pedantically) with the Latin *vicarium*—viz. grove or park full of innocent dumb creatures. Depend on it, donkeys were allowed to eat thistles there."

"Very possibly," said the Squire drily. "But Hazeldean, though a very pretty village, is not Paradise. The stocks shall be mended to-morrow—ay, and the pound too—and the next donkey found trespassing shall go into it, as sure as my name's Hazeldean."

"Then," said the Parson gravely, "I can only hope that the next parish may not follow your example; or that you and I may never be caught straying!"

CHAPTER III.

Parson Dale and Squire Hazeldean parted company; the latter to inspect his sheep, the former to visit some of his parishioners, including Lenny Fairfield, whom the donkey had defrauded of his apple.

Lenny Fairfield was sure to be in the way, for his mother rented a few acres of grass land from the Squire, and it was now hay-time. And Leonard, commonly called Lenny, was an only son, and his mother a widow. The cottage stood apart, and somewhat remote, in one of the many nooks of the long green village lane. And a thoroughly English cottage it was, — three centuries old at least; with walls of rubble let into oak frames, and duly whitewashed every summer; a thatched roof, small panes of glass, and an old doorway raised from the ground by two steps. There was about this little dwelling all the homely rustic elegance which peasant life admits of: a honeysuckle was trained over the door; a few

flower-pots were placed on the window-sills; the small plot of ground in front of the house was kept with great neatness, and even taste; some large rough stones on either side the little path having been formed into a sort of rock-work, with creepers that were now in flower; and the potato-ground was screened from the eye by sweet peas and lupine. Simple elegance all this, it is true; but how well it speaks for peasant and landlord, when you see that the peasant is fond of his home, and has some spare time and heart to bestow upon mere embellishment. Such a peasant is sure to be a bad customer to the ale-house, and a safe neighbour to the Squire's preserves. All honour and praise to him, except a small tax upon both, which is due to the landlord!

Such sights were as pleasant to the Parson as the most beautiful landscapes of Italy can be to the dilettante. He paused a moment at the wicket to look around him, and dis-

view before them was lovely, and both enjoyed it (though not equally) enough to be silent for some moments. On the other side the lane, seen between gaps in the old oaks and chestnuts that hung over the moss-grown pales of Hazeldene Park, rose gentle verdant slopes, dotted with sheep and herds of deer; a stately avenue stretched far away to the left, and ended at the right hand, within a few yards of a ha-ha that divided the park from a level sward of table-land gay with shrubs and flower-plots, relieved by the shade of two mighty cedars. And on this platform, only seen in part, stood the Squire's old-fashioned house, red brick, with stone mullions, gable-ends, and quaint chimney-pots. On this side the road, immediately facing the two gentlemen, cottage after cottage whitely emerged from the curves in the lane, while, beyond, the ground declining gave an extensive prospect of woods and corn-fields, spires and farms. Behind, from a belt of lilacs and evergreens, you caught a peep of the parsonage-house, backed by woodlands, and a little noisy rill running in front. The birds were still in the hedgerows, only, as if from the very heart of the most distant woods, there came now and then the mellow note of the cuckoo.

"Verily," said Mr Dale softly, "my lot has fallen on a goodly heritage."

CHAPTER VI.

The Tinker was a stout swarthy fellow, jovial and musical withal, for he was singing a stave as he flourished his staff, and at the end of each *refrain* down came the staff on the quarters of the donkey. The Tinker went behind and sung, the donkey went before and was thwacked.

"Yours is a droll country," quoth Dr Riccabocca; "in mine it is not the ass that walks first in the procession, who gets the blows."

The Parson jumped from the stile, and, looking over the hedge that divided the field from the road—"Gently, gently," said he; "the sound of the stick spoils the singing! O Mr Sprott, Mr Sprott! a good man is merciful to his beast."

The Italian twitched his cloak over him, and sighed almost inaudibly. Perhaps he thought of his own Summer Land, and felt that, amidst all that fresh verdure of the North, there was no heritage for the stranger.

However, before the Parson could notice the sigh, or conjecture the cause, Dr Riccabocca's thin lips took an expression almost malignant.

"*Per Bacco!*" said he; "in every country I find that the rooks settle where the trees are the finest. I am sure that, when Noah first landed on Ararat, he must have found some gentleman in black already settled in the pleasantest part of the mountain, and waiting for his tenth of the cattle as they came out of the Ark."

The Parson turned his meek eyes to the philosopher, and there was in them something so deprecating rather than reproachful, that Dr Riccabocca turned away his face, and refilled his pipe. Dr Riccabocca abhorred priests; but though Parson Dale was emphatically a parson, he seemed at that moment so little of what Dr Riccabocca understood by a priest, that the Italian's heart smote him for his irreverent jest on the cloth. Luckily at this moment there was a diversion to that untoward commencement of conversation, in the appearance of no less a personage than the donkey himself—I mean the donkey who ate the apple.

The donkey seemed to recognise the voice of its friend, for it stopped short, pricked one ear wistfully, and looked up.

The Tinker touched his hat, and looked up too. "Lord bless your reverence! he does not mind it, he likes it. I would not hurt thee; would I, Neddy?"

The donkey shook his head and shivered; perhaps a fly had settled on the sore, which the chestnut leaves no longer protected.

"I am sure you did not mean to hurt him, Sprott," said the Parson, more politely I fear than honestly—for he had seen enough of that cross-grained thing called the human heart, even in the little world of a country

parish, to know that it requires management, and coaxing, and flattering, to interfere successfully between a man and his own donkey—"I am sure you did not mean to hurt him; but he has already got a sore on his shoulder as big as my hand, poor thing!"

"Lord love 'nn! yes; that vas done a playing with the manger, the day I gav 'un oats!" said the Tinker.

Dr Riccabocca adjusted his spectacles, and surveyed the ass. The ass pricked up his other ear, and surveyed Dr Riccabocca. In that mutual survey of physical qualifications, each being regarded according to the average symmetry of its species, it may be doubted whether the advantage was on the side of the philosopher.

The Parson had a great notion of the wisdom of his friend, in all matters not immediately ecclesiastical:

"Say a good word for the donkey!" whispered he.

"Sir," said the Doctor, addressing Mr Sprott, with a respectful salutation, "there's a great kettle at my house—the Casino—which wants soldering: can you recommend me a tinker?"

"Why, that's all in my line," said Sprott, "and there ben't a tinker in the county that I vould recommend, like myself, thof I say it."

"You jest, good sir," said the Doctor, smiling pleasantly. "A man who can't mend a hole in his own donkey, can never demean himself by patching up my great kettle."

"Lord, sir!" said the Tinker, archly, "if I had known that poor Neddy had had two sitch friends in court, I'd have seen he vas a gintleman, and treated him as sitch."

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" quoth the Doctor, "though that jest's not new, I think the Tinker comes very well out of it."

"True; but the donkey!" said the Parson, "I've a great mind to buy it."

"Permit me to tell you an anecdote in point," said Dr Riccabocca.

"Well?" said the Parson, interrogatively.

"Once in a time," pursued Riccabocca, "the Emperor Adrian, going to the public baths, saw an old soldier, who had served under him, rubbing his back against the marble wall. The Emperor, who was a wise, and therefore a curious, inquisitive man, sent for the soldier, and asked him why he resorted to that sort of friction. 'Because,' answered the veteran, 'I am too poor to have slaves to rub me down.' The Emperor was touched, and gave him slaves and money. The next day, when Adrian went to the baths, all the old men in the city were to be seen rubbing themselves against the marble as hard as they could. The Emperor sent for them, and asked them the same question which he had put to the soldier: the cunning old rogues, of course, made the same answer. 'Friends,' said Adrian, 'since there are so many of you, you will just rub one another!' Mr Dale, if you don't want to have all the donkeys in the county with holes in their shoulders, you had better not buy the Tinker's!"

"It is the hardest thing in the world to do the least bit of good," groaned the Parson, as he broke a twig off the hedge nervously, snapped it in two, and flung the fragments on the road—one of them hit the donkey on the nose. If the ass could have spoken Latin, he would have said, "*Et tu, Brute!*" As it was, he hung down his ears, and walked on.

"Gee hnp," said the Tinker, and he followed the ass. Then stopping, he looked over his shoulder, and seeing that the Parson's eyes were gazing mournfully on his *protégé*, "Never fear, your reverence," cried the Tinker kindly: "I'll not spite 'un."

CHAPTER VII.

"Four o'clock," cried the Parson, looking at his watch: "half-an-hour after dinner-time, and Mrs Dale particularly begged me to be punctual, because of the fine trout the Squire sent us. Will you venture on what

our homely language calls 'pot luck,' Doctor?"

Now Riccabocca, like most wise men, especially if Italians, was by no means inclined to the credulous view of human nature. Indeed, he was in

the habit of detecting self-interest in the simplest actions of his fellow-creatures. And when the Parson thus invited him to pot luck, he smiled with a kind of lofty complacency; for Mrs Dale enjoyed the reputation of having what her friends styled "her little tempers." And, as well-bred ladies rarely indulge "little tempers" in the presence of a third person, not of the family, so Dr Riccabocca instantly concluded that he was invited to stand between the pot and the luck! Nevertheless—as he was fond of trout, and a much more good-natured man than he ought to have been according to his principles—he accepted the hospitality; but he did so with a sly look from over his spectacles, which brought a blush into the guilty cheeks of the Parson. Certainly Riccabocca had for once guessed right, in his estimate of human motives.

The two walked on, crossed a little bridge that spanned the mill, and entered the parsonage lawn. Two dogs, that seemed to have sate on watch for their master, sprung towards him barking; and the sound drew the notice of Mrs Dale, who, with parasol in hand, sallied out from the sash window which opened on the lawn. Now, O reader! I know that, in thy secret heart, thou art chuckling over the want of knowledge in the sacred arcana of the domestic hearth, betrayed by the author; thou art saying to thyself, "A pretty way to conciliate little tempers indeed, to add to the offence of spoiling the fish the crime of bringing an unexpected friend to eat it. Pot luck, quotha, when the pot's boiled over this half hour!"

But, to thy utter shame and confusion, O reader, learn that both the author and Parson Dale knew very well what they were about.

Dr Riccabocca was the special favourite of Mrs Dale, and the only person in the whole county who never put her out, by dropping in. In fact, strange though it may seem at first glance, Dr Riccabocca had that mysterious something about him which we of his own sex can so little comprehend, but which always propitiates the other. He owed this, in part, to his own profound but hypocritical policy; for he looked upon woman as

the natural enemy to man—against whom it was necessary to be always on the guard; whom it was prudent to disarm by every species of fawning servility and abject complaisance. He owed it also, in part, to the compassionate and heavenly nature of the angels whom his thoughts thus villainously traduced—for women like one whom they can pity without despising; and there was something in Signor Riccabocca's poverty, in his loneliness, in his exile, whether voluntary or compelled, that excited pity; while, despite the threadbare coat, the red umbrella, and the wild hair, he had, especially when addressing ladies, that air of gentleman and cavalier, which is or was more innate in an educated Italian, of whatever rank, than perhaps in the highest aristocracy of any other country in Europe. For, though I grant that nothing is more exquisite than the politeness of your French marquis of the old *régime*—nothing more frankly gracious than the cordial address of a highbred English gentleman—nothing more kindly prepossessing than the genial good-nature of some patriarchal German, who will condescend to forget his sixteen quarterings in the pleasure of doing you a favour—yet these specimens of the snavity of their several nations are rare; whereas blandness and polish are common attributes with your Italian. They seem to have been immemorially handed down to him, from ancestors emulating the urbanity of Caesar, and refined by the grace of Horace.

"Dr Riccabocca consents to dine with us," cried the Parson hastily.

"If Madame permit?" said the Italian, bowing over the hand extended to him, which however he forbore to take, seeing it was already full of the watch.

"I am only sorry that the trout must be quite spoiled," began Mrs Dale plaintively.

"It is not the trout one thinks of when one dines with Mrs Dale," said the infamous dissimulator. "

"But I see James coming to say that dinner is ready?" observed the Parson.

"He said that, three quarters of an hour ago, Charles dear," retorted Mrs Dale, taking the arm of Dr Riccabocca.

CHAPTER VIII.

While the Parson and his wife are entertaining their guest, I propose to regale the reader with a small treatise apropos of that "Charles dear," murmured by Mrs Dale;—a treatise expressly written for the benefit of THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

It is an old jest that there is not a word in the language that conveys so little endearment as the word "dear." But though the saying itself, like most truths, be trite and hackneyed, no little novelty remains to the search of the inquirer into the varieties of iniquitous import comprehended in that malign monosyllable. For instance, I submit to the experienced that the degree of hostility it betrays is in much proportioned to its collocation in the sentence. When, gliding indirectly through the rest of the period, it takes its stand at the close, as in that "Charles dear" of Mrs Dale—it has spilt so much of its natural bitterness by the way that it assumes even a smile, "amara lento temperet risu." Sometimes the smile is plaintive, sometimes arch. *Ex. gr.*

(*Plaintive.*)

"I know very well that whatever I do is wrong, Charles dear."

"Nay, I am only glad you amused yourself so much without me, Charles dear."

"Not quite so loud! If you had but my poor head, Charles dear." &c.

(*Arch.*)

"If you *could* spill the ink anywhere but on the best table-cloth, Charles dear!"

"But though you must always have your own way, you are not *quite* faultless, own, Charles dear," &c.

In this collocation occur many dears, parental as well as conjugal; as—"Hold up your head, and don't look quite so cross, dear."

"Be a good boy for once in your life—that's a dear," &c.

When the enemy stops in the middle of the sentence, its venom is naturally less exhausted. *Ex. gr.*

"Really I must say, Charles dear, that you are the most fidgetty person," &c.

"And if the house bills were so high last week, Charles dear, I should

just like to know whose fault it was—that's all."

"Do you think, Charles dear, that you could put your feet anywhere except upon the chintz sofa?"

"But you know, Charles dear, that you care no more for me and the children than," &c.

But if the fatal word spring up, in its primitive freshness, at the head of the sentence, bow your head to the storm. It then assumes the majesty of "my" before it; is generally more than simple oburgation—it prefaces a sermon. My candour obliges me to confess that this is the mode in which the hateful monosyllable is more usually employed by the marital part of the one flesh; and has something about it of the odious assumption of the Petrucean *pater-familias*—the head of the family—boding, not perhaps "peace, and love, and quiet life," but certainly "awful rule and right supremacy." *Ex. gr.*

"My dear Jane—I wish you would just put by that everlasting tent-stitch, and listen to me for a few moments," &c.

"My dear Jane—I wish you would understand me for once—don't think I am angry—no, but I am hurt. You must consider," &c.

"My dear Jane—I don't know if it is your intention to ruin me; but I only wish you would do as all other women do who care three straws for their husbands' property," &c.

"My dear Jane—I wish you to understand that I am the last person in the world to be jealous; but I'll be d—d if that puppy, Captain Prettyman," &c.

"Now, if that same "dear" could be thoroughly raked and hoed out of the connubial garden, I don't think that the remaining nettles would signify a button. But even as it was, Parson Dale, good man, would have prized his garden beyond all the bowers which Spenser and Tasso have sung so musically, though there had not been a single specimen of "dear," whether the dear *humilis*, or the dear *superba*; the dear *pallida*, *rubra*, or *nigra*; the dear *umbrosa*, *florens*, *spicata*; the dear *suavis*, or the dear

horrida;—no, not a single dear in the whole horticulture of matrimony which Mrs Dale had not brought to perfec-

tion. But this, fortunately, was far from being the case—the *dears* of Mrs Dale were only wild flowers after all!

CHAPTER IX.

In the cool of the evening, Dr Riccabocca walked home across the fields. Mr and Mrs Dale had accompanied him half way; and as they now turned back to the parsonage, they looked behind, to catch a glimpse of the tall, outlandish figure, winding slowly through the path amidst the waves of the green corn.

"Poor man!" said Mrs Dale, feelingly; "and the button was off his wristband! What a pity he has nobody to take care of him! He seems very domestic. Don't you think, Charles, it would be a great blessing if we could get him a good wife?"

"Um," said the Parson; "I doubt if he values the married state as he ought."

"What do you mean, Charles? I never saw a man more polite to ladies in my life."

"Yes, but—"

"But what? You are always so mysterious, Charles dear."

"Mysterious! No. Carry; but if you could hear what the Doctor says of the ladies sometimes."

"Ay, when you men get together, my dear. I know what that means—pretty things you say of us. But you are all alike; you know you are, love!"

"I am sure," said the Parson simply, "that I have good cause to speak well of the sex—when I think of you, and my poor mother."

Mrs Dale, who, with all her "temper," was an excellent woman, and loved her husband with the whole of her quick little heart, was touched. She pressed his hand, and did not call him *dear* all the way home.

Meanwhile the Italian passed the fields, and came upon the high-road about two miles from Hazeldean. On one side stood an old-fashioned solitary inn, such as English inns used to be before they became railway hotels—square, solid, old-fashioned, looking so hospitable and comfortable, with their great signs swinging from some elm-tree in front, and the long row of stables standing a little back, with a

chaise or two in the yard, and the jolly landlord talking of the crops to some stout farmer, who has stopped his rough pony at the well-known door. Opposite this inn, on the other side the road, stood the habitation of Dr Riccabocca.

A few years before the date of these annals, the stage-coach, on its way to London from a seaport town, stopped at the inn, as was its wont, for a good hour, that its passengers might dine like Christian Englishmen—not gulp down a basin of scalding soup, like everlasting heathen Yankees, with that cursed railway whistle shrieking like a fiend in their ears! It was the best dining-place on the whole road, for the gouts in the neighbouring ill were famous, and so was the mutton which came from Hazeldean Park.

From the outside of the coach had descended two passengers, who, alone insensible to the attractions of mutton and trout, refused to dine—two melancholy-looking foreigners, of whom one was Signor Riccabocca, much the same as we see him now, only that the black suit was less threadbare, the tall form less meagre, and he did not then wear spectacles; and the other was his servant. "They would walk about while the coach stopped." Now the Italian's eye had been caught by a mouldering dismantled house on the other side the road, which nevertheless was well situated; half-way up a green hill, with its aspect due south, a little cascade falling down artificial rock-work, and a terrace with a balustrade, and a few broken urns and statues before its Ionic portico; while on the roadside stood a board, with characters already half-effaced, implying that the house was to be "Let unfurnished, with or without land."

The abode that looked so cheerless, and which had so evidently hung long on hand, was the property of Squire Hazeldean. It had been built by his grandfather on the female side—a

country gentleman who had actually been in Italy, (a journey rare enough to boast of in those days,) and who, on his return home, had attempted a miniature imitation of an Italian villa. He left an only daughter and sole heiress, who married Squire Hazeldean's father; and since that time, the house, abandoned by its proprietors for the larger residence of the Hazeldeans, had been uninhabited and neglected. Several tenants, indeed, had offered themselves; but your squire is slow in admitting upon his own property a rival neighbour. Some wanted shooting. "That," said the Hazeldeans, who were great sportsmen and strict preservers, "was quite out of the question." Others were fine folks from London. "London servants," said the Hazeldeans, who were moral and prudent people, "would corrupt their own, and bring London prices." Others, again, were retired manufacturers, at whom the Hazeldeans turned up their agricultural noses. In short, some were too grand, and others too vulgar. Some were refused because they were known so well: "Friends are best at a distance," said the Hazeldeans. Others because they were not known at all: "No good comes of strangers," said the Hazeldeans. And finally, as the house fell more and more into decay, no one would take it unless it was put into thorough repair: "As if one was made of money!" said the Hazeldeans. In short, there stood the house unoccupied and ruinous; and there, on its terrace, stood the two forlorn Italians, surveying it with a smile at each other, as, for the first time since they set foot in England, they recognised, in dilapidated pilasters and broken statues, in a weed-grown terrace and the remains of an orangery, something that reminded them of the land they had left behind.

On returning to the inn, Dr Riccabocca took the occasion of learning from the innkeeper (who was indeed a tenant of the Squire's) such particulars as he could collect; and a few days afterwards Mr Hazeldean received a letter from a solicitor of repute in London, stating that a very respectable foreign gentleman had commissioned him to treat for Clump Lodge, otherwise called the "Casino;"

that the said gentleman did not shoot—lived in great seclusion—and, having no family, did not care about the repairs of the place, provided only it were made weather proof—if the omission of more expensive reparations could render the rent suitable to his finances, which were very limited. The offer came at a fortunate moment—when the steward had just been representing to the Squire the necessity of doing something to keep the Casino from falling into positive ruin, and the Squire was cursing the fates which had put the Casino into an entail—so that he could not pull it down for the building materials. Mr Hazeldean therefore caught at the proposal even as a fair lady, who has refused the best offers in the kingdom, catches at last at some battered old Captain on half-pay, and replied that, as for rent, if the solicitor's client was a quiet respectable man, he did not care for that. But that the gentleman might have it for the first year rent free, on condition of paying the taxes and putting the place a little in order. If they suited each other, they could then come to terms. Ten days subsequently to this gracious reply, Signor Riccabocca and his servant arrived; and, before the year's end, the Squire was so contented with his tenant that he gave him a running lease of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, at a rent nearly nominal, on condition that Signor Riccabocca would put and maintain the place in repair, barring the roof and fences, which the Squire generously renewed at his own expense. It was astonishing, by little and little, what a pretty place the Italian had made of it, and, what is more astonishing, how little it had cost him. He had indeed painted the walls of the hall, staircase, and the rooms appropriated to himself, with his own hands. His servant had done the greater part of the upholstery. The two between them had got the garden into order. The Italians seemed to have taken a joint love to the place, and to deck it as they would have done some favourite chapel to their Madonna.

It was long before the natives reconciled themselves to the odd ways of the foreign settlers—the first thing that offended them was the exceeding

smallness of the household bills. Three days out of the seven, indeed, both man and master dined on nothing else but the vegetables in the garden, and the fishes in the neighbouring rill; when no trout could be caught they fried the minnows, (and certainly, even in the best streams, minnows are more frequently caught than trouts.) The next thing which angered the natives quite as much, especially the female part of the neighbourhood, was the very sparing employment the two creatures gave to the sex usually deemed so indispensable in household matters. At first, indeed, they had no woman servant at all. But this created such horror that Parson Dale ventured a hint upon the matter, which Riccabocca took in very good part, and an old woman was forthwith engaged, after some bargaining—at three shillings a-week to wash and scrub as much as she liked during the day-time. She always returned to her own cottage to sleep. The man-servant, who was styled in the neighbourhood “Jackeymo,” did all else for his master—smoothed his room, dusted his papers, prepared his coffee, cooked his dinner, brushed his clothes, and cleaned his pipes, of which Riccabocca had a large collection. But, however close a man’s character, it generally creeps out in dribble; and on many little occasions the Italian had shown acts of kindness, and, on some more rare occasions, even of generosity, which had served to silence his calumniators, and by degrees he had established a very fair reputation—suspected, it is true, of being a little inclined to the Black Art, and of a strange inclination to starve Jackeymo and himself,—in other respects harmless enough.

Signior Riccabocca had become very intimate, as we have seen, at the Parsonage. But not so at the Hall. For though the Squire was inclined to be very friendly to all his neighbours—he was, like most country gentlemen, rather easily *huffed*. Riccabocca had, if with great politeness, still with great obstinacy, refused Mr Hazeldean’s earlier invitations to dinner, and when the Squire found, that the Italian rarely declined to dine at the Parsonage, he was offended in one of his weak points—viz., his regard for the honour

of the hospitality of Hazeldean Hall—and he ceased altogether invitations so churlishly rejected. Nevertheless, as it was impossible for the Squire, however huffed, to bear malice, he now and then reminded Riccabocca of his existence by presents of game, and would have called for him more often than he did, but that Riccabocca received him with such excessive politeness that the blunt country gentleman felt shy and put out, and used to say that “to call on Riccabocca was as bad as going to court.”

But I left Dr Riccabocca on the high-road. By this time he has ascended a narrow path that winds by the side of the cascade, he has passed a trellis-work covered with vines, from the which Jackeymo has positively succeeded in making what he calls *wine*—a liquid, indeed, that, if the cholera had been popularly known in those days, would have soured the mildest member of the Board of Health; for Squire Hazeldean, though a robust man who daily carried off his bottle of port with impunity, having once rashly tasted it, did not recover the effect till he had had a bill from the apothecary as long as his own arm. Passing this trellis, Dr Riccabocca entered upon the terrace, with its stone pavement smoothed and trim as hands could make it. Here, on neat stands, all his favourite flowers were arranged. Here four orange trees were in full blossom; here a kind of summerhouse or Belvidere, built by Jackeymo and himself, made his chosen morning room from May till October; and from this Belvidere there was as beautiful an expanse of prospect as if our English Nature had hospitably spread on her green board all that she had to offer as a banquet to the exile.

A man without his coat, which was thrown over the balustrade, was employed in watering the flowers; a man with movements so mechanical—with a face so rigidly grave in its tawny hues—that he seemed like an automaton made out of mahogany.

“Giacomo,” said Dr Riccabocca, softly.

The automaton stopped its hand, and turned its head.

“Put by the watering-pot, and come here,” continued Riccabocca in

Italian; and, moving towards the balustrade, he leaned over it. Mr Mitford, the historian, calls Jean Jacques "*John James*." Following that illustrious example, Giacomo shall be Anglified into Jackeymo. Jackeymo came to the balustrade also, and stood a little behind his master.

"Friend," said Riccabocca, "enterprises have not always succeeded with us. Don't you think, after all, it is tempting our evil star to rent those fields from the landlord?" Jackeymo crossed himself, and made some strange movement with a little coral charm which he wore set in a ring on his finger.

"If the Madonna send us luck, and we could hire a lad cheap?" said Jackeymo, doubtfully.

"*Piu vale un presente che due futuri*," said Riccabocca.—"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"*Chi non fa quando puo, non puo fare quando vuole*"—"He who will not when he may, when he will it shall have nay"—answered Jackeymo, as sententiously as his master. "And the Padrone should think in time that he must lay by for the dowry of the poor signorina"—(young lady.)

Riccabocca sighed, and made no reply.

"She must be *that* high now!" said Jackeymo, putting his hand on some imaginary line a little above the balustrade. Riccabocca's eyes, raised over the spectacles, followed the hand.

"If the Padrone could but see her here!"—

"I thought I did!" muttered the Italian.

"He would never let her go from his side till she went to a husband's," continued Jackeymo.

"But this climate—she could never stand it," said Riccabocca, drawing

his cloak round him, as a north wind took him in the rear.

"The orange trees blossom even here with care," said Jackeymo, turning back to draw down an awning where the orange trees faced the north. "See!" he added, as he returned with a sprig in full bud.

Dr Riccabocca bent over the blossom, and then placed it in his bosom.

"The *other* one should be there too," said Jackeymo.

"To die—as this does already!" answered Riccabocca. "Say no more."

Jackeymo shrugged his shoulders; and then, glancing at his master, drew his hand over his eyes.

There was a pause. Jackeymo was the first to break it.

"But, whether here or there, beauty without money is the orange tree without shelter.—If a lad could be got cheap, I would hire the land, and trust for the crop to the Madonna."

"I think I know of such a lad," said Riccabocca, recovering himself, and with his sardonic smile once more lurking about the corner of his mouth—"a lad made for us!"

"Diavolo!"

"No, not the Diavolo! Friend, I have this day seen a boy who—refused sixpence!"

"*Cosa stupendo!*"—(Stupendous thing!) exclaimed Jackeymo, opening his eyes, and letting fall the watering-pot.

"It is true, my friend."

"Take him, Padrone, in Heaven's name, and the fields will grow gold."

"I will think of it, for it must require management to catch such a boy," said Riccabocca. "Meanwhile, light a candle in the parlour, and bring from my bedroom—that great folio of Machiavelli."

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

THERE are two little specks or flaws in this very scientific age of ours which it would do well to get rid of. The one is a love of the marvellous, which, being partly expelled from religion, is reappearing amongst us under the mask of science. The other is the institution of elaborate experiment, and painstaking observation, where the nature of the subject is such that the experiment or the observation can yield no satisfactory result: so that, with great display of method and inductive process, there is in the end no stable truth arrived at. Animal magnetism and phrenology afford the chief arenas for the display of these propensities, though they may be also clearly detected elsewhere.

Let us at all events believe the fact, we hear it often exclaimed, although it may seem impossible to us, and quite inexplicable in the present imperfect condition of our knowledge. By all means. Let nothing impede the recognition of a fact, wherever it is to be found, and however it may derange our preconceptions. But we trace a disposition in certain quarters to believe *because* it is impossible—a disposition to admit, with surprising facility, as a fact, what contradicts the whole course of human experience. The rules of evidence are relaxed in favour of what astonishes and bewilders. It is forgotten that *old* facts, whilst they continue such, are quite as good as the new. Advance, by all means, from the known to the unknown; but do not throw away the known in your attempt to proceed. We have met with persons who, on what appears to us most inadequate grounds, have admitted it as a fact, that men in certain conditions see external objects without the aid of light, or the organ of vision. They seem to delight in the recognition of a fact which contradicts the general experience of mankind, who hitherto have always found that if you put a man's

eyes out he cannot see. They make little or no attempt to explain the curious phenomena they have observed, so as to bring them into harmony and consistency with our previous knowledge. Full of admiration and of wonder, they adopt *this* as their great fact. With this new torch in their hands, they go back and explore all the dark recesses of history, and find new facts in discarded fables. Historical evidence, based on a review of the general tendencies and predispositions of an age, is at once dismissed—dismissed *pro tanto*. Whatever we can now explain is fact. As if even a parallelism between the superstition of one age and the advanced science of another were sufficient to alter the nature of the former, and take it out of the category of false belief. We have somewhere seen it gravely stated that the Sybilline books were probably true prophecies—for has not a *clair-voyant* prophesied? And Livy's ox, that so often "spoke in the market-place," is he to be left behind in the land of fable? He was manifestly, you say, *in rapport* with the priests; and we only wait for an analogous case of the mesmeric influence to establish the credit of the ox.

This alacrity to give credence to a fact because it is marvellous, we venture to say, is not scientific. With regard to that other infirmity we have noticed—the sedulous observation, and the application of the inductive method of reasoning, upon materials which *can* give no satisfactory result—we would instance the whole scheme of phrenology as one glaring example.

To investigate the brain in its connection with thought—to scrutinise that organ which lies nearest to all the phenomena of mind, apparently their proximate cause or occasion, always acting upon our mental states, and being itself reacted on by our

mental condition and culture—this was seen to be one of the most worthy objects to which our experimental philosophers could devote themselves. They undertook to study *the brain* in correspondence with a study of the phenomena of thought. And how have they proceeded? They have fixed all their eyes upon *a bone*—on the elevations and depressions of the external skull, which they know well represent no corresponding divisions, and no corresponding elevations or depressions in the brain itself. Every tyro knows, that from the outward bone or case you can only judge of the general size and shape of the brain, which lies, with all its labyrinth of convolutions, within an inner case perfectly smooth. Nevertheless, they have persisted in studying these inequalities on the surface of the bone in connection, for the most part, with those inequalities of human character which are of so vague and indefinite a nature, that no two persons agree in the proportions to which they would assign them to any third person. What result can possibly be obtained from experimental philosophy conducted after this fashion?

But we could not get at the brain; and a science was to be constructed. Here is our bone. Before this we can sit down quite at our ease, ladies and gentlemen: we can map it out, and measure, and delicately manipulate; and here are human characters, with their developed, and undeveloped, and half-developed qualities, happily of most elastic material: these and our bone we can compare together with greatest facility. The cap always fits—always with a little stretching, which you see plainly time and other circumstances might so easily have given it. Confess that the brain, in its correspondence with the phenomena of thought, could not have been more agreeably studied. Confess that there was never so expeditious a mode of creating a science. A few years, and a row of plaster casts, and the brain and the mind have been, at once and for all time, fully investigated.—Such is the best account phrenologists could render of themselves and of their labours.

For conspicuous instances of conscientious and elaborate investigation,

where the materials cannot repay the labour bestowed on them, we ought, perhaps, to look amongst the Germans. At least, one such instance has just presented itself to our view in the *Researches* of Baron von Reichenbach, lately translated by Dr W. Gregory. It is impossible to read this book without having a thorough confidence in the good faith, the perfect integrity, and unwearied industry of the author; but we rise also from the work with the impression that the author has ceased to be master of his subject, for his subject has got the mastery over him. All his deductions are founded on certain vague indescribable sensations, in persons either morbidly sensitive or very peculiarly sensitive. He makes ingenious and countless experiments, and draws the boldest inferences from these quite singular sensations; and all the while it is open to question how far they may arise from causes within the patient herself,—from quite other causes than those which he is so skillfully arranging.

Most persons have heard something of the Baron's *oddy light*. Whoever is curious may here read the whole of his speculations, so far as he has yet published them. The work is far from being uninteresting or fatiguing. The Baron details his experiments in an historical manner,—that is, in the order in which he made them,—so that our prospect widens as we proceed, and we enter into the increasing zeal of the experimentalist. This, and the skilful manner in which Dr W. Gregory has performed his part of translator, conspire to render it a very readable book. But when we had concluded our perusal of it, and asked ourselves what substantial addition we could reckon upon having made to our knowledge, we were compelled to confess, that if we had closed the volume at the end of the first chapter, or treatise, we should have carried away all that we had obtained of that description from the whole of it. In addition to the *fact* that passes made with the magnet produce certain sensations upon persons of highly nervous temperament, the Baron discovered that, to the same class of persons, the magnet was *luminous*. In a very dark room, after removing

the armature from the magnet, beautiful flames were seen to spring up. This he has called the *odylic light*; the other class of sensations he calls *odylic sensations*; and the unknown cause itself he calls *odyle*.

While the experiments of the Baron relate to the *odylic light*, we seem to proceed with some degree of certainty. The sensation of light is very distinct from all others; it is one on which his patients could not be mistaken—of which they could give him an intelligible account and faithful testimony, and which, above all, they could distinctly trace to the external object submitted to them. Neither are they diseased or morbid persons alone whose testimony he has received for the presence of this light, which, in the course of his investigations, he found to be far from being confined to the magnet, but is seen flaming from a great variety of objects, and especially from *the human hand*. One of his most interesting witnesses is an artist of the name of Auschnetz, who is described as “a powerful man, thirty-two years of age, and formerly, as an officer, hardened by a thousand military labours and sufferings;—a man who was never seriously ill, of middle height, rather fair than dark, very muscular, distinguished in all athletic exercises, of lively and excitable, but susceptible and feeling temperament—in short, a true artist’s nature.” This gentleman, after being an hour in the dark chamber, saw all the *odylo-luminous* phenomena as clearly and distinctly as his patients had done.

“He is a painter,” continues the Baron, “and was therefore exactly the right person, not only to tell and describe to us what he saw, but also to do what no other had been able to accomplish—namely, to represent to us in form and colour what he had seen, to place before us an image of that which, for want of the perceptive power, we ourselves in vain long to behold. One morning, when I went to visit him, he surprised me by exhibiting a black picture, or rather tablet, on which, at first, from the angle of incidence of the light falling upon it, I saw nothing. But, as he turned it, a nebulous form, delicate and aerial, appeared on the background: it was the countenance of his beautiful wife, as dimly

seen in the depth of night by its own *odylic light*.”

But when we quit this of light for the other *odylic sensations*—(as of “a warm or cool *aura*,” a “dragging or pricking sensation,” and a variety of internal feelings, from the slightest and most evanescent to the most violent, terminating in convulsions)—and commence a series of elaborate experiments relating to these, and their production in morbid persons by the exhibition of different objects—we feel that we are treading upon air. How far the organisation of the patient herself mingles, as cause in these sensations, we do not know. In the healthiest person the blood is perpetually coursing through the veins, and, by its stoppage here, by its swift flowing there, creating internal sensations. Hold up your hand still for a moment, and attend to your sensations—you will feel a glow at the tips of your fingers, which you had never noticed perhaps before. Even in healthy persons, the *thinking* upon a sensation either calls it up, or calls up so vivid an idea that we mistake it for the sensation: as every one has experienced who has sat in a room when he fancied the door was open; he felt a current of air that he was sure was giving him cold; he has risen, and found the door was shut all the while. Whence came that current of cold air that he felt at the nape of his neck? Now, almost all the patients on whom Baron von Reichenbach makes these experiments, are afflicted with what is popularly called nervous maladies; and we need hardly suggest how much the probability is enhanced of their internal sensations arising, in many instances, from diseased organisation or morbid fancy.

One great object of the Baron is to connect these *odylic sensations* with terrestrial magnetism. His patients suffer much when they lie east and west; when north and south, “in the plane of a magnetic parallel,” they are at ease. After mentioning several cases of extraordinary relief, produced merely by a change of position, he continues—

“All these patients now recollected how painful it had always been to them to remain for any length of time in church. All Roman Catholic churches

are built from west to east, so that the members of the congregation find themselves, when opposite the altar, in the position from west to east; consequently, in that position which is, to sensitive persons, of all others the most intolerable. In fact, they often fainted in that position in church, and had to be carried out. At a later period, Mdle. Nowotny could not even bear to walk in the street, or in the garden, in the direction from west to east, if her walk lasted but for a short time."

"At a later period." Does not this seem to indicate what we have been suggesting, that these sensations may have been *cultivated* by brooding over them? As to the illness which a delicate person felt in church, we suppose this may be easily explained without the introduction of terrestrial magnetism.*

The rapidly increasing number of objects which he finds productive of these singular sensations is itself a rather suspicious circumstance. At first confined to a few substances, he finds at length that everything produces them. He puts one end of a long wire into the hand of his patient, and coils the other round plants—or he attaches it to a metal plate on which an animal is placed, or on which the sun or the moon shines—in all cases he produces his "warm or cool *aura*." Heat, in its odyllic action, produces the cool *aura*.

"When Mdle. Reichel approached a stove, heated by means of a fire within it, she felt it indeed warm, when very near it, because its actual heat overpowered, in its effects on her, the peculiar emanations above alluded to, especially when the stove was of iron. But only a few

paces further off, the stove caused a *vivid sensation of cold*, and that stronger as the fire burned more vigorously. In winter, when she suffered from frost, and tried to warm herself at earthenware stoves, it was only on approaching them that she felt thoroughly chilled; her fingers, already stiff, became rigid, and she was compelled to retire and seek to warm herself by walking up and down the room, and rubbing her hands."

The moon gives out an odyllic influence; and this, we need not say, is immediately seized upon to explain the effect of the full moon upon lunatics. But not only the moon, the stars also, and the planets, have this influence. We are not informed how it was that his patient could receive the impression from a planet separate from that of the stars, but it seems that she did, and could distinguish between them.

"When Mdle. Reichel was out in a clear night, she always pointed out the milky-way as decidedly cool; as also the Pleiades, the Great Bear, and others; and in general the starry expanse was felt cool, and only individual stars caused a sensation of warmth. These were invariably stars of the first magnitude; and when I examined them with the dialyte, I found them to be Saturn with his ring, Jupiter with his four satellites, Venus—in short, always a planet. It appeared, therefore, that stars shining with borrowed light appeared to the patient warm; and all others, shining with their own light, appeared cool. This coincided very beautifully with the previous observations, that the moon yielded warmth, the sun (and therefore the fixed stars) coolness."

The Baron admits, in several

* Our countryman, Dr Faraday, will be rather surprised to find himself gently reproached by the Baron for neglecting to mention these experiments in connexion with his own speculations on Dia-magnetism. We rather suspect that the experiments of the Baron are not such as our great chemist would have any confidence in; being accustomed to appeal, in the most delicate and evanescent of his own experiments, to the senses of all mankind, and not to the sensations of a few peculiar individuals. Besides, the Baron's patients (as he himself seems to be aware) ought to have placed themselves east and west, at right angles to the magnetic current, in order to have suggested or confirmed the phenomenon of Dia-magnetism; whereas they are prompted to lie north and south along and in the magnetic current. This gentle but unreasonable murmur of the Baron's speaks much to our mind—speaks of a certain over-sensitiveness of another description than that which his patients manifested, and betrays how utterly lost he has become to the peculiar and treacherous nature of his own materials.

places, that he does not find the same object create the same sensation in all his patients; but adds that each one of them continued consistent in her own statement.

"Mdlle. Sturmann found a bottle of oxygen gas, and a piece of sulphur, both hot; Mdlle. Reichel found them both cold; and Mdlle. Maix felt them both, when on the hand, hot, but diffusing in every direction a cool *aura*. They all agreed in this, that they perceived a variation from the temperature of the air; but in determining the degree of this, they gave me different accounts: three observers made three different statements; and all three continued at all times, and on every repetition, to be consistent each with herself."

The self-consistency is fortunate, but who is to decide between Mdlle. Sturmann and Mdlle. Reichel? Whether the stars are positively odylie, or negatively odylie, depends entirely upon them to decide.

Many of his experiments, as will be expected, relate to the odylie influence of the human frame, from which it very abundantly emanates.

"When I raised my hands toward Mdlle. Reichel, she felt, even at a distance, my left hand diffusing warmth; my right, coolness on her, like a distant magnet. Mdlle. Atzmansdorfer felt the same thing more strongly. When I approached Mdlle. Reichel, so that my right side was next to her, she felt me as soon as I entered the room, cool; but if my left side was next her, she felt me warm. Not only the hands, but the whole side of human being, are respectively positive and negative."

He then made experiments respecting the intensity of the odylie influence, and its variation in the courses of the day. Mdlle. Reichel examined his hand every hour, she found the influence diminishing before dinner, and increasing after. He extended these examinations to the hour of sleep.

"I succeeded in persuading Mdlle. Reichel, by explaining to her the scientific value of such an investigation, and the merit she would have in making it, to come, as she could not sleep, every hour during several nights, to my bedside, while I slept, to examine the state of my hand, and to note the result."

From these examinations, and others made on the back part of his head, and

on his forehead, he has been able to construct a new theory of sleep. It seems that the forehead is active while we are awake, and the hindhead while we are sleeping. There is no absolute rest during sleep, "only the seat of activity is changed." The vital force shifts from the anterior part of the brain to the posterior.

"In the same degree as vitality was active during the day in the forehead, it predominates during the night in the hindhead. Vitality is just as active during sleep as in the waking state; its direction only is changed. The phenomenon of sleep is governed by the posterior part of the brain, probably by the cerebellum, while the forehead ceases from its mental labour; and when the forehead again, under the influence of the solar rays, resumes its activity, the hindhead relinquishes its claims on the vital energies."

We have not undertaken to give anything approaching to a summary of the experiments or theories of the Baron von Reichenbach; and we shall probably be thought to have justified sufficiently the opinion we ventured to pass upon his scientific labours. We are convinced that no man can conscientiously examine any of the phenomena of nature, and not be led to the discovery of *some truth*, which shall be found sooner or later, and in connection with other discovered truths, to have its value. We are very far from saying that the investigations of the Baron are without utility or result; but we cannot help perceiving in him a striking instance of zeal not wisely directed. It is evident to us, that the basis he has chosen for his operations cannot possibly support the superstructure he has sought to rear upon it.

To revert to that love of the marvelous—which we have noticed as appearing amongst us in certain purlieus of the region of science—we do not know that we could find a more flagrant instance of it than Mrs Crowe affords us in her *Night Side of Nature*. This is a collection of ghost stories, tales of prophetic dreams, presentiments, wraiths, haunted houses, and the like, with explanations of them, founded on the hypothesis that they are *facts*—that the ghost is indeed an objective

reality. It is true that our authoress sometimes speaks doubtfully of the nature of her facts; but then *there are so many of them*. Out of all those rotten apples there must be some ripe medlars; and then have we not clairvoyance and German metaphysics, so that we can now understand what a ghost is—what is the very nature of the spirit of a man, when this husk of a body is thrown off?

Although our authoress speaks occasionally in a very modest strain of of her materials, and on one occasion goes so far as to say, (vol. i. p. 14.) "I freely admit that the facts I shall adduce, as they now stand, *can have no scientific value*: they cannot, in short, enter into the region of science at all, still less into that of philosophy;" yet, when fairly launched upon her subject, there is no story or fable whatever, of ancient or of modern times, which she does not receive as credible—none, certainly, which she rejects as false. There is no tale of wonder—from the transformation of the heathen gods into bulls and swans, to the mysterious breaking of crockery-ware by the *Stuckrell Ghost*—that she does not press into her service. As one story always throws a charming light upon another, the more absurdities you collect, the more credible do they become; they explain and countenance each other. Those transformations of Jupiter may not be altogether facts themselves, but still they confirm those other transformations which magicians practised by their arts, when they were in the habit of assuming any shape they pleased.

"The various transformations of the gods," says Mrs Crowe, "into eagles, bulls, and so forth, have been set down as mere mythological fables; but they appear to have been founded on an art, known in all quarters of the world, which enabled the magician to take on a form which was not his own, so as to deceive his nearest and dearest friends."—II. p. 7.

Mrs Crowe goes through her task with unflinching bravery. Nothing daunts her. "Impossible!"—she, like the great Frenchman, does not know the word. But, courageous and

credulous as she is, there are moments when she manifests a certain uneasiness, a certain misgiving. Suspecting that she is verging upon the ridiculous, she (as people generally do in that position) restores herself by becoming very angry with her opponents. She rates them for their shallowness, their presumption, and especially for their want of "humility." She scolds them in a manner which would be very unamiable in a lady, if there were not the ready explanation for it which we have given.

Very happily for us, we have not to enter into the old questions, so often mooted, with respect to apparitions, whether or not Providence has, in these later times, interposed to permit, or commission, a spirit to appear from the unseen world—to make itself visible in such a phantom, or aerial creation, as would be intelligible to human beings? This question, which partakes partly of a scientific, and partly of a theological character, we have not here to discuss. Such an interposition is in the nature of a miracle. It is to be explained only by an immediate appeal to the will and power of the Creator. Whether such a miracle has occurred in modern times—or *any* miracle since the promulgation of Christianity—we repeat, it is not here our province to decide. We contend only against the *scientific* ghost—the ghost which is confessedly not a miracle—which is to be explained by a knowledge of the laws and the nature of the human mind. We prefer the old psychological explanations, which saw in the apparition a mere coinage of the brain, to those explanations which later science or later metaphysics have given us, founded on the belief that it is an objective reality.

Our readers will be anxious at once to learn what conceptions our authoress has formed, or has gathered from her German teachers, of the nature of the human mind. We would not venture to act as interpreter; but here is a passage from which as much, we believe, may be collected on this subject as from any other.

"It is almost needless to observe that the Scriptures repeatedly speak of man

as a tripartite being, consisting of spirit, soul, and body; and that, according to St Paul, we have two bodies, a natural body, and a spiritual body; the former being designed as our means of communication with the external world—an instrument to be used and controlled by our nobler parts."

If so, we have *four* parts, a spirit, soul, and two bodies. But we proceed.

"Without entering into the subtle disputes of philosophers, with regard to the spirit, a subject in which there is a standing controversy betwixt the disciples of Hegel, and those of other teachers, [we rather suspect there are a good many standing controversies.] I need only observe that the Scriptures seem to indicate what some of the heathen sages taught, that the spirit that dwells within us is the spirit of God, incorporated in us for a period, for certain ends of His own, to be thereby wrought out. What these ends are, it does not belong to my present subject to consider. In this spirit, so imparted to us, dwells, says Eschenmayer, the conscience, *which keeps watch over the body and soul*, saying, 'Thus shalt thou do.' And it is to this Christ addresses him-self, when he bids his disciples become perfect, like their Father in heaven. The soul is subject to the spirit; and its functions are to *will*, or *choose*, to *think*, and to *feel*, and to become thereby cognisant of the true, the beautiful, and the good; comprehending the highest principle, the highest ideal, and the most perfect happiness. The *Ego*, or *I*, is the resultant of the three forces, Pneuma, Psyche, Soma—spirit, soul, and body.

"In the spirit or soul, or rather in both conjoined, dwells also the power of *spiritual seeing*, or *intuitive knowing*; for as there is a spiritual body, there is a spiritual eye, and a spiritual ear, and so forth; or, to speak more correctly, all these sensuous functions are comprised in *one universal sense*, which does not need the aid of the bodily organs; but, on the contrary, is most efficient when most freed from them."—I. p. 20.

The use of this spiritual body, with its universal sense, to those who have the *facts* of clairvoyance and ghosts to deal with, may easily be conceived. It may not be so easy to form any conception of the spiritual body itself. We can give our readers no help; and we are afraid that, if we should quote every fragment in Mrs Crowe's book, touching this

matter, we should only embroil them in greater confusion.

If no new evidence has been brought forward—and we have heard none—in favour of these unearthly visitants, it is not such metaphysics as these, or anything to be learnt in the mesmeric *science*, which will render the ghost more credible than heretofore. But how will you explain *this* story? we are repeatedly asked—how account for *that*?—how get over the unexceptionable testimony of Mr A and Mr B? Unfortunately we have not often Mr A or Mr B before us to examine. But you who advocate the ghost, have you ever sat before a conjurer, destroying things before your eyes, and bringing them to you again in all their pristine entirety, transporting his card, his handkerchief—whatever he pleases—to any spot he pleases? Surely the man must be a magician. And if you limited your reflections to the few events that were brought then and there before you, this must be your conclusion. But there are certain general facts which a wider experience has taught, and though you are sorely puzzled and bewildered, you are yet sure that if *you know all* there might be much curious matter to learn, but there would be no magician. In like manner, when we hear of authentic stories, touching these spiritual visitations, we, though sorely puzzled, are quite persuaded, that *if we know all* there would be many curious things to learn, but there would be no ghost.

Certain general facts had here long ago fortified the minds of most men against the startling effect of the individual fact, or what bore the appearance of such. For instance, the general fact that ghosts always comport themselves according to the notions and belief of the generation of mortal men whom they visit, affords of itself sufficient proof that they are, in fact, the creations of those mortal men. In classic times, the ghost returned to earth to obtain burial for his body; he could not pass the Styx till it had received the rites of sepulture. In Roman Catholic countries, the spirit of the departed returns to implore the prayers of the living to redeem it from Purgatory. Amongst

a Protestant people, where prayers for the dead are not deemed orthodox, no ghost ever returns to solicit them, nor does he show any remarkable anxiety about his body, though it may lie on the dissecting-table, or have been most scandalously treated by the sexton of the parish: here he returns to warn of approaching death, or to convert the profligate. That the disembodied spirit should, in each age, return to earth to teach the doctrine or superstition of that age, is surely proof enough that it is the living who have called up the phantom, who gave it the form it wore, who gave it the speech it uttered.

No one will say that a pagan ghost does find a river Styx; that the Roman Catholic ghost does go to Purgatory, whilst a Protestant ghost finds no such mid territory. No one will say that Odin and his followers are quaffing wine in the skulls of their enemies, or that the favoured Mahomedan is already with his harem in Paradise. Even Mrs Crowe does not go to this extent. With perfect impartiality she adopts the pagan ghost; but when the question occurs to her, how it comes to pass that it is so extremely solicitous about its unburied body, she contents herself with answering that "he died in this faith," and might remain in it for some time after. Remain in it! would he not go to see if there was a Styx or not? Remain in it! and with that "universal sense" of his, now freed from the "obstructions" of matter!

It seems to us, that, in order to make the ghost more intelligible, our ideas of the condition of the departed spirit are by no means elevated by Mrs Crowe. Our readers shall judge for themselves. It is thus she commences her work, striking, as it were, the key-note of the whole:—

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

"Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"—1 Cor. iii. 16.

"Most persons are aware that the Greeks and Romans entertained certain notions regarding the state of the soul, or the immortal part of man, after the death of the body, which have been generally held to be purely mythological.

Many of them, doubtless, are so; and of these I am not about to treat; but amongst their conceptions there are some, which, as they coincide with the opinion of many of the most enlightened persons of the present age, it may be desirable to consider more closely: I allude here particularly, to their belief in the tripartite kingdom of the dead. According to this system, there were the Elysian fields, a region in which a certain sort of happiness was enjoyed; and Tartarus, a place of punishment for the punishment for the wicked—each of which were, comparatively, but thinly inhabited. But there was also a mid region, peopled with innumerable hosts of wandering and mournful spirits, who, although undergoing no torments, are represented as incessantly bewailing their condition, pining for the life they once enjoyed in the body, longing after the things of the earth, and occupying themselves with the same pursuits and objects as had formerly constituted their business, or their pleasure. Old habits are still dear to them, and they cannot snap the link that binds them to the earth.

"Now, although we cannot believe in the existence of Charon the ferryman, Cerberus the three-headed dog, or Vletto the serpent haired fury, it may be worth while to consider whether the persuasion of the ancients with regard to that which concerns us all so nearly—namely, the destiny that awaits us when we have shaken off this mortal coil—may not have some foundation in truth: whether it might not be a remnant of a tradition transmitted from the earliest inhabitants of the earth, wrested by observation from nature, if not communicated from a higher source; and also whether circumstances of constant recurrence in all ages, and in all nations, frequently observed and recorded by persons utterly ignorant of classical lore, and unacquainted indeed with the dogmas of any creed but their own, do not, as well as various passages in the Scriptures, afford a striking confirmation of this theory of a future life; whilst it, on the other hand, offers a natural and convenient explanation of their mystery."

But we do not intend to be seduced into anything bearing the resemblance of a theological controversy. We leave the extract to speak for itself. We turn to a purely psychological view of the subject.

Much reference has been lately made to those "spectral illusions" which arise from the disordered brain; but we agree with Mrs Crowe in thinking that the class of cases of

supposed supernatural apparitions which these would explain is very small. Such spectral illusions generally stay some time with the patient; they are seen when other persons are present; and, if the patient himself does not recognise the deception, others see that he is deceived, and probably pronounce him to be mad, or partially mad. Such hallucinations sometimes share in the widely-used name of imagination, but not very correctly; they form quite a distinct class of phenomena from those generally understood by the term. In accounting for the spectre, we should generally have recourse to that old well-known play of imagination, which to the flying thief converts every bush into an officer. There is nothing more surprising, and yet nothing more universally recognised, than the operations of this tricky and potent faculty. He who wishes to make immediate, present trial of it, cannot do better than read Mrs Crowe's book just before he retires to bed. It will be strange if he have not some flitting fancy that will teach him how ghosts are propagated. For ourselves, we had been reading, on one such occasion, her terribly interesting chapter entitled "Doppelgangers and Self-Seeing," and although we have it not to report that we saw our own image seated in the arm-chair by the bed-side, yet the question, "What if we should?" started up most provokingly, just as we turned the handle of the door. If we have not said it already, we ought not to leave it any longer unsaid, that Mrs Crowe's work, viewed as a collection of stories of the supernatural, is excellent. Praise of this kind she will not probably condescend to accept. But in this subordinate view, as a repertory of marvellous matters, it is at once the best selected and the most varied that we have ever met with. Read it through to the end—if you have once taken it up, you absolutely must—although you may be in as ill a humour as the philosopher in *Faust* amongst the witches on the Blocksberg.

Mrs Crowe thinks that the phrase "remarkable coincidence" forms a far too convenient and facile an explanation. We think the phrase is

often objectionable on a very different ground; it is used in cases where there is a great deal more than a "coincidence," and where there is nothing "remarkable" in the mere concurrence, whatever there may be in the nature of the events. A person has a dream or a presentiment, with which the subsequent event coincides; but, in almost all cases, the antecedents of that event were the antecedents which governed and caused the dream or the presentiment. The circumstances of our external life are those which most frequently compose the materials of our dreams. From them the dream, from them the event. What marvel if these sometimes coincide?

We would observe that there is nothing inexplicable in the presentiment, in that anticipation of future disaster for which the person who feels it cannot assign a reasonable ground. It is in itself one of the simplest phenomena of the human mind. An idea occurs either of something which might happen to us, or something which we might do. If nothing calls off the attention, we brood on such an idea till, in the one case, it excites the most distressing feelings, and gives rise to strangest fancies; and, in the other, it impels us, at length, to perform some act which may be either a quite unmeaning, or a very important one. Such is the nature of a phenomenon which is perpetually occurring, and its nature is not altered because it occasionally happens that we have anticipated what really takes place, or have performed an action which proves to be of extreme importance.

The far most interesting topic connected with these so-called supernatural inquiries is the dream, with its neighbouring condition of somnambulism. Here there is much to be done in studying the phenomena themselves. We confess we have a strong impression that if the dream, and the various states which are included in the vague name of somnambulism, were accurately studied, we should be able to explain all that is true, or established fact, in the mesmeric trance, without being driven to the desperate conclusion that men only require to have an organisation

sufficiently impaired to become gods, or like to gods, in their attributes.

The train of thought in sleep has been viewed as more closely analogous to the waking train of thought than it really is. The dream is something more than a reverie in the dark, as some have described it; a mere train of imaginary thought, held together by capricious associations, and assuming the appearance of reality because the external world is not there to contradict it. To us it appears that the perceptive faculty is really operating in the dream. We do not *see* in sleep, but we project into space, and thus our ideas have the fixed reality of perception.

The most careful analysis of perception leaves us (as we think Reid and Stewart have successfully contended, in opposition to the French analysts) in possession of two elements—the sensitive and the perceptive power, which last operates as a consequence upon the sensation, but which cannot be resolved into it. Perception, in short, in man, as well as in the lower animals, takes the form of an instinct. It is true that, in some measure, *he learns to see*. The instinct is not so complete—does not do everything, and immediately for him, as for some animals—but he would never learn at all, if he did not share in this instinctive power. It is by a primary instinct that he projects an image into space. Well, this primary instinct, which is at the bidding of sensation while we are awake, is at the bidding and service of imagination when we are asleep. There is, therefore, a *dream-perception* which is not seeing, but which is very different from mere imagination. In the truest dreams, the most indifferent objects, mere household furniture and the like, wear the appearance of outward reality. No excitement, no emotion, no kindled imagination is necessary to produce the illusion. It is a quiet, unquestioned reality that is about us. *We think perceptively* in our dreams.

And now, when we advance from the ordinary dream to the state of somnambulism, what is it that encounters us? In combination with this dream-perception, a certain proportion (which varies greatly in different cases) of the waking powers of thought

and sensation is retained. The somnambulist has a world of his own—so had the dreamer—but *he moves about in it*. In order to do this, however, his dream-world must, to a certain extent, fit into, and coincide with, the actual external world. The necessity for this, at every moment of his action, *keeps* the two in harmony. His sense of touch, which is instantly excited, acts as a framework, keeping the picture perpetually within its proper compass and dimensions. Probably, also, some dim intimations of sight come to him either through the *nearly-closed* lid, or that open fixed eyeball, with which he is sometimes seen moving about.

But, as we remarked, the proportions in which the waking powers may be combined with this state of dream varies extremely. This, we apprehend, must form the great difficulty in the investigation. Some hear, and speak, and answer questions with more or less coherence in this state. In such persons it is very probable that their dream itself, and all their current of thought, may be much influenced by what a speaker suggests to them. Others seem wholly absorbed in their dream-world, and incapable of holding any other communication with the external world, except such as we have described as being necessary to keep the two in harmony; for though the somnambulist may dream the most familiar scenes, it is impossible that his dream-perception and the reality should so exactly tally as they do, unless the sense of touch were at all events present.

The mesmeric trance is, amongst other characteristics, distinguished from the more ordinary cases of somnambulism, by the new combinations it presents of the waking and sleeping powers. Now, studying the matter from this point of view, is it hopeless, or chimerical, to imagine that all the answers extorted from the mesmerised person may be explained, and yet the *clair-royant* remain the *somnambulist*?

Our readers will remember the very interesting series of letters which appeared in this Magazine, *On the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions*, and which Dr Mayo, their author, has since republished in a separate

form. In a celebrated case of somnambulism, therein referred to, a young ecclesiastic was accustomed to rise in his sleep, take pen and paper, and write a sermon. "To ascertain whether he used his eyes, the archbishop interposed a sheet of pasteboard between the writing and his face. The somnambulist took not the least notice, but went on writing as before." Here would be most conclusive evidence of *seeing without eyes*, if we were not aware that the youth does not see, but is occupied by his dream-perception. "Likewise, if they adroitly changed his papers when he was writing, he knew it if the sheet substituted was of a different size from the former, and he appeared embarrassed in that case. But if the fresh sheet of paper, which was substituted for that written on, was exactly of the same size with it, he appeared not to be aware of the change." In the first case, the harmony between his dream-world and the external world was deranged; in the second, it was not. "And he would continue to read off his composition from the blank sheet of paper as fluently as when the manuscript lay before him." Thus we see the somnambulist making use of his senses in subordination to his dream-perception: he holds communication with the external world, but merely to arrange and render possible that visionary world which he has substituted for it.

The appearance of those Letters we have alluded to in our pages would be sufficient to prove that we are not of that order of captious reasoners who would seek to stifle any scientific truth, however startling a character it may assume. We are only anxious for sober and searching investigation. On the wide field of mesmerism we cannot here enter. We believe the facts brought to light through its instrumentality are, many of them, highly curious, leading necessarily to novel views, and that all of them are well worthy of examination. But, with regard to what are denominated the higher developments of the mesmeric trance—far-seeing and the gift of prophecy, or whatever of this miraculous nature is embraced under the name of *clairvoyance*—we certainly do desiderate a far more strin-

gent evidence before we can admit them to the character of *facts*. As to the stories current in society, and which, from the reports of others than the observers themselves, find their way into print, they are worth nothing in the shape of scientific evidence. What appears to the narrator as a triivial circumstance, introduced perhaps unintentionally, or with the mere desire to make the narrative more intelligible, and somewhat more *artistically* complete, may alter the whole nature of the case, scientifically considered. Besides, without being at all morose or hypercritical, it must be said, and we must all confess it, that whosoever undertakes to tell a good story becomes interested in the success of it, and puts in practice, in some measure, his skill as an artist or an advocate. He likes to make you believe, though he may have doubts himself; he often ends his narrative with a far greater faith in it than he had commenced. Out of the pale of evidence, also, must at once be thrust all those public exhibitions got up for the sake of pecuniary profit. We have attended three or four of them. In all we traced evidence of trick and imposture—evidence that would have convicted the exhibitors before any jury in the country. In all of them we also witnessed what was most extraordinary and utterly inexplicable. But the lowest cunning is capable of practising the most complete deception. Faith in a scientific fact must not surely depend upon ability to detect imposture of this description. Scientific investigation is at an end the moment such a matter as this falls into the hands of the mere exhibitor.

Take away all second-hand reports, and all the marvels of the exhibition-room, and the facts that would remain would not, we suspect, be such as would require us to believe in a quite new order of powers in the human being. Dr W. Gregory, in his preface to the translation of Von Reichenbach's work, says of these cases of clairvoyance—"I do not profess to have seen *these*." He gives his testimony indeed to the credit of others who have been more fortunate; but it is remarkable that, just as in proportion as the observer is a man of

science is the *reality* with which such cases appear before him.

To return to Mrs Crowe and her prodigies. We have said that her book is highly entertaining as a repository of wonders of all kinds, yet by our own dry incubations we shall probably leave the reader under a very contrary impression. We must retrieve our error by making some quotations from the more captivating portion of her work. We have already alluded to her chapter on "Düppelganger." Here is a story which some German professor—the name is not given—said to have related in his class-room as a substitute for a lecture on theology. We are sure that the students must have thought it an admirable substitute; perhaps the professor also found it a convenient one.

"Not long since, a professor, I think of theology, at a college at Berlin, addressed his class, saying that, instead of his usual lecture, he should relate to them a circumstance which, the preceding evening, had occurred to himself, believing the effects would be no less salutary."

"He then told them that, as he was going home the last evening, he had seen his own image, or double, on the other side of the street. He looked away and tried to avoid it, but finding it still accompanied him, he took a short cut home, in hopes of getting rid of it, wherein he succeeded, till he came opposite his own house, when he saw it at the door."

"It rang, the maid opened: it entered; she handed it a candle, and as the professor stood in amazement on the other side of the street, he saw the light passing the windows, as it wound its way up to his own chamber. He then crossed over and rang; the servant was naturally dreadfully alarmed on seeing him, but without waiting to explain he ascended the stairs. Just as he reached his own chamber he heard a loud crash, and, on opening the door, they found no one there, but the ceiling had fallen in, and his life was thus saved. The servant corroborated this statement to the students; and a minister, now attached to one of the Scotch churches, was present when the professor told his tale. Without admitting the doctrine of protecting spirits, it is difficult to account for these latter circumstances."

In this case we see a protecting spirit is introduced; but the majority

of instances of the Düppelganger are explained by the supposition that the "spiritual body" escapes. But we had better give an example, for we feel ourselves quite unable to act as interpreter in this matter:—

"A case of what is called spectral illusion is mentioned by Dr Paterson, which appears to me to belong to the class of phenomena I am treating of. One Sunday evening Miss N. was left at home, the sole inmate of the house, not being permitted to accompany her family to church, on account of her delicate state of health. Her father was an infirm old man, who seldom went from home, and she was not aware whether, on this occasion, he had gone out with the rest or not. By and by there came on a severe storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, and Miss N. is described as becoming very uneasy about her father. Under the influence of this feeling, Dr Paterson says, she went into the back room, where he usually sat, and there saw him in his arm-chair. Not doubting but it was himself, she advanced and laid her hand upon his shoulder, but her hand encountered vacancy; and, alarmed, she retired. As she quitted the room, however, she looked back, and there still sat the figure. Not being a believer in what is called 'the supernatural,' Miss N. resolved to overcome her apprehensions and return into the room, which she did, and saw the figure as before. For the space of fully half an hour she went in and out of the room in this manner before it disappeared. She did not see it vanish, but the fifth time she returned it was gone. Dr Paterson vouches for the truth of this story, and no doubt of its being a mere illusion occurs to him, though the lady had never before or since, as she assured him, been troubled with the malady. *It seems to me much more likely* that, when the storm came on, the thoughts of the old man would be intensely drawn homewards—he would naturally wish himself in his comfortable arm-chair—and knowing his young daughter to be alone, he would inevitably feel some anxiety about her, too. There was a mutual projection of their spirits towards each other; and the one that was most easily freed from its bonds was seen where, in the spirit, it actually was; for, as I have said above, a spirit out of the flesh, to whom space is annihilated, must be where its thoughts and affections are, for its thoughts and affections are itself."

That last, by the way, is a very favourite idea of Mrs Crowe's; it was also a pet plaything of one David

Hume. He laboured to show, in his metaphysical speculations, that the train of sensation, thought, emotion, *was* all—that there was no proof of any such *entity* as mind or spirit. Can Mrs Crowe, who believes in four entities—spirit, soul, and two bodies—entertain the same metaphysical speculations? What *can* she mean? As the children say,—we give it up.

We observed how differently the ghost behaves in different ages of the world. But in the same age, we may remark, that he is quite a different creature according to the different society he moves in. Amongst the vulgar and illiterate he is often, to profane eyes, a most grotesque and absurd personage; in the presence of people of taste and refinement he becomes quite poetical. One would think that the very *nature* of those impostures which low, cunning, ignorant people devise for the terror of others, were sufficient to prove them to be impostures. We have a long story (vol. ii. p. 171) of a spirit haunting a old woman in a prison at Weinsberg. It matters not what officials have put their names to the report. It is manifest that they were imposed on by a low crafty woman. Her ghost is really a most filthy and disgusting ghost,—none but such as a most filthy and disgusting creature could have devised—a brutal spectre sucking at her mouth *for prayers*, and stinking horribly. Turn from such an odious account to the spectral visitation of a gentleman, and perhaps a poet, the Rev. H. A—, rector of Greystoke. The apparition here is quite beautiful. As this also appears to be one of the best attested stories in the book, we shall, in every respect, do well in quoting it. The proprietor of C— Castle appears to have furnished the materials himself to Mrs Crowe. To this castle—which, we must mention, had the reputation of being haunted, “unaccountable reports of apparitions, and extraordinary noises constantly” being bruited about—came the Rev. Henry A—, of Redburgh, and rector of Greystoke, and Mrs A—, his wife, with the intention of making a visit of some days. They slept there one night, and the next morning, before the breakfast was

over, their carriage had been ordered, and dashed up to the door in great haste. To the surprise of their host they took their departure immediately. It was not till some time afterwards that he learned the cause of their sudden flight. The relation is given in the words of the Rev. H. A— himself.

“Soon after we went to bed, we fell asleep: it might be between one or two in the morning when I woke. I observed that the fire was totally extinguished; but although that was the case, and we had no light, I saw a glimmer in the centre of the room, which suddenly increased to a bright flame. I looked out, apprehending that something had caught fire, when, to my amazement, I beheld a beautiful boy, clothed in white, with bright locks, resembling gold, standing by my bedside, in which position he remained some minute, fixing his eyes upon me with a mild and benevolent expression. He then glided gently away towards the side of the chimney, where it is obvious there is no possible egress, and entirely disappeared. I found myself again in total darkness, and all remained quiet, until the usual hour of rising. I declare this to be a true account of what I saw at C— Castle, upon my word as a clergyman.”

We have already observed, that Mrs Crowe does not confine herself to any one particular class of prodigies. Every kind of superstition, table, charm, and incantation—whatever, in short, contradicts the usual course of nature, receives from her a favourable reception. Of course, we must refer our readers to the book itself, if they would know half the wonders it contains—wonders both of fact and of theory. There is one little story, however, which, amidst this “reign of terror,” procured for us so hearty a laugh, from its most exquisite absurdity, that we must communicate it to them. Both story and comment are excellent—are unsurpassable. With this extract, therefore, we will close our notice of *The Night Side of Nature*.

“Dr Ennemoser mentions a curious instance of this *actio in distans*, or far-working. It appears that Van Helmont having asserted that it was possible for a man to extinguish the life of an animal by the eye alone, (*oculis intentis*), Rousseau, the naturalist, repeated the experi-

ment when in the East, and in this manner killed several toads; but on a subsequent occasion, whilst trying the same experiment at Lyons, the animal, on finding that it could not escape, fixed its eyes immovably on him, so that he fell into a fainting fit, and was thought to be dead. He was restored by means of theriacum and viper powder—a truly homœopathic remedy! However, we here probably see the origin of the universal popular persuasion, that there is some mysterious pro-

perty in the eye of a toad; and also of the so-called superstition of the *evil eye*."—II. 16.

The origin! Have there been many Rousseaus done to death by looking at a toad? One can form some glimmering notion of the professor's agitation, gazing himself into frenzy, as he looked upon the toad. One wonders what the toad thought of the professor as it looked on him.

THE PROPOSED EXHIBITION OF 1851.

If we have abstained, during the last few months, from direct reference to the proposed cosmopolitan Exhibition of the Products of Industry, regarding which so much has been written and said, it has been rather from the desire of avoiding the most distant imputation of hasty judgment, than from any indifference regarding a scheme, which cannot fail to have a powerful effect upon the industry of the British nation. We were desirous that a project, in which the Prince Consort had taken so lively an interest, should receive fair and deliberate consideration from all classes of the community; and that, though somewhat hastily broached, it should not be discountenanced, at all events, before its details and proposed conditions were distinctly laid before the public. We have adhered to our resolution of maintaining silence, notwithstanding the occurrence of various passages in the history of the projected show, which have appeared to us injudicious, if not equivocal, in their aspect. The system of itinerant lecturing and peripatetic persuasion which has been adopted, seems calculated to derogate from the dignity of a plan recommended by such distinguished patronage, and stated to be fraught with marvellous advantages to the artisans and manufacturers of the kingdom. If it were so, surely there would be no need to use such violent exertion for the raising of the sum required. A hundred and fifty thousand pounds, or even double that sum, is no enormous contribution from the moneyed and

manufacturing classes for the furtherance of a national object: and if the scheme really possessed that intrinsic merit which is claimed for it by its supporters, and was calculated to give new impulse and vitality to many of our most important branches of industry, it is absolutely incredible that the necessary funds should be withheld. The English are not a niggardly people, nor are they insensible to their own interest, especially in matters of this kind. Neither are they disinclined to adopt any view which has the implied sanction of Royalty and the concurrent testimony of rank. The name of her most gracious Majesty, attached to any scheme of charity or benevolence—and how often are such schemes so honourably recommended—is almost held to be a sure guarantee for its success. Thousands are ever ready to imitate so splendid an example, and to contribute, however humbly, to the completion of a work, which is not only praiseworthy in itself, but interesting to their beloved Queen. In the present instance all these motives should, and obviously would have resulted in most liberal donations, if the object proposed had been really as meritorious as its supporters have invariably assumed. But no such acknowledgment has been given on the part of the public. No enthusiasm has been manifested even by those classes of the community who might be assumed to be the most deeply interested in the success of the Exhibition; and even the wandering canvassers have been forced to admit, that, both in country

and in town, an unaccountable apathy prevails.

We have said that this method of despatching gentlemen, however curious and well qualified they may be, to expound the peculiar nature of the advantages which are to be derived from this gigantic Exhibition, appears to us inconsistent with the dignity of a great national undertaking. It is certainly a confession that there has been no spontaneous movement on the part of the British nation—no anxiety to contribute to a scheme, which either is or is not calculated to be of advantage to the general interests of the country. But there is even more than this. Unless a serious and even wicked calumny has been propagated, we are led to believe that cogent but unusual arguments have been employed, especially in London, to procure subscriptions from shopkeepers and tradesmen. We hope that this is not the case; and we are morally certain that the employment of such means would be indignantly reprobated by the illustrious personage whose name is identified with the scheme. We know, however, that there are always to be found, connected with every project, unscrupulous and injudicious persons who consider all means, short of downright dishonesty, justifiable for the attainment of their end, and who are silly enough to look upon their custom as a favour. Little short of patronage, in return for which they are entitled to expect that a certain degree of deference shall be yielded to their wishes when expressed. The annals of Whig electioneering afford many notable instances of this degrading theory being carried into practical effect; and we observe that repeated complaints have been made of similar concussion used in the present instance. In any case this is bad enough, but it is doubly obnoxious when the object is to secure support for a scheme which the tradesman in his heart believes must prove detrimental to the interests of the community. Notwithstanding this undue pressure, whatever may have been its amount or extent; notwithstanding all the lecturing, and canvassing, and placarding, which has been going on for several months; not-

withstanding the appeals to workmen for their pence, as well as to master manufacturers for their gold—the fact is evident, that the nation is not responding to the call; that it will not voluntarily contribute a sufficiency to defray the estimated expenses of the Exhibition, and that it considers the Exhibition itself, to use the very mildest term, in the light of an expensive toy.

Whether we are rich enough, under present circumstances, to indulge in such costly playthings, is a point which we apprehend more than the subscribers should consider. Viewing this merely as a private or joint-stock enterprise, we should have little right to do more than to test its utility by the objects which it proposes to accomplish. There is nothing in the world to prevent people from holding such an exhibition, or from throwing away their money upon any whim which they may magnify into a national object. But this undertaking is not fenced by the exclusiveness of private enterprise: it has been adopted by the Ministry and by the Legislature so far, that the Tariff is to be relaxed in favour of foreign articles intended for competition at the show. The customs-duties are on this occasion to be suspended; consequently every man in the nation has an interest, in respect of alteration of the revenue. So far it is a public concern; and we fear much, from the intrepidity, not to say recklessness, with which the scheme is pushed—notwithstanding the failure of voluntary contributions, that in the long run the whole of the deficit will be asked for from the public purse. This is no extravagant conjecture. It is the ordinary consequence of all such semi-official projects. Enough has been done to make the country so far participate in the scheme, that a Minister may hereafter find most plausible reasons for maintaining that it is the duty of the representatives of the people to consider themselves bound by an implied contract, and generously to make good the deficiency by including it in the public estimates.

Against any such attempt we are entitled emphatically to protest. This scheme has not originated with

Parliament, and no relaxation of customs-duties which may be made in furtherance of it, can be construed into an obligation to relieve its authors of their individual responsibility. Lord John Russell may rely upon it that he will not be held blameless if he has failed to intimate that in no event whatever will he give his consent to a vote of public money for any purpose of the kind. The tenor of recent conversations in the House of Commons, and the evasive tone of the Ministerial replies to all direct questions upon this point, are calculated to inspire very serious apprehensions as to the course which may be pursued in the next Session of Parliament. It is perfectly well known that the subscriptions hitherto intimated will not nearly cover the expense even of the building; and if the premiums are to be fixed on that large scale, and with that liberality, which is indispensable to secure the general transmission of foreign works of art, it will be difficult to calculate the whole amount of the cost. As to the probable returns of the show-money to be collected at the doors, the committee are wholly in the dark. They may possibly have consulted Mr Bannum, the most experienced modern authority in that line, as to the usual profits of exhibitions, but we apprehend that the present must be considered as rather an exceptional case. Private exhibitors, finding that the public are so slack and tardy in the appreciation of their scheme, would hardly be inclined to incur any large amount of responsibility. Assuming, as the committee do, that the object is a national one, they might with perfect good taste decline to proceed further than the mere initiative, without a positive assurance of national support, given in the tangible form of money sterling of the realm. They have, however, pursued, and are pursuing, an opposite course. Without waiting until their subscription-list is full—we ought rather to say, having just waited long enough to ascertain that it never will be filled—they are making actually preparations for the Exhibition; appropriating a site, deliberating upon estimates, and acting altogether as if they had received some assurance that, come what may, they shall be

relieved from all manner of responsibility. We do not say that any such assurance has been given; but, viewing the late conduct of the Commissioners in connection with the notorious want of funds, and with the ambiguous language of the occupants of the Treasury bench, we cannot conceal our suspicion that they are acting under the impression that the public will ultimately be the paymaster. To this we object in the strongest possible manner, and we are fully persuaded that the objection will be loudly and generally echoed. We have already been taxed far too much for the gratification of whims and crotchets. That there is an absolute necessity for the exercise of the strictest economy in every department, is now universally acknowledged; and that necessity will become more terribly apparent every year, so long as we persist in the egregious folly of depressing the value of produce, and consequently of labour, whilst we maintain the metallic standard. Be the cause what it may, all are agreed as to economy; salaries are being cut down on every hand, and expensive establishments reduced. It is more than questionable whether those reductions can be carried so far as to effect any sensible diminution in the burden of taxation; and on that point we entertain a very strong opinion indeed. We regard this unusual spirit of retrenchment as a distinct acknowledgment of the utter failure of the system of Free Trade, which has reduced incomes generally by at least a third, entirely altered the relation of debtor and creditor, public and private, throughout the kingdom, and brought down labour to its lowest ebb. The evil is so enormously great, that no system of economy devised by the wit of man can avail to neutralise it; still, economy must be practised in order to conform to the altered circumstances of the times. We cannot afford to deal with hundreds of thousands after the cavalier fashion of former days, and there is not a single vote of public money which is not narrowly and justly scrutinised. We ought therefore to guard ourselves against the semblance of anything which may be construed into a public recognition of

this cosmopolitan undertaking, or the substitution of a national responsibility for that which ought to rest exclusively with the propounders of the scheme. We say this in no narrow or illiberal spirit. Were it for the credit, or, what is more, for the good of the nation and the millions of industrious workmen which it contains, that this Exhibition should go forward, it ought to have been made essentially a national show, and the nation should have undertaken its expense, instead of leaving it for individual contribution. If otherwise, or if its tendency be only doubtful and unrecognised, the nation never can with justice be called on to make good the consequences of its failure.

This much we have said independent of the merits of the scheme. These have been broadly discussed, and we observe that no little controversy has arisen regarding them. We fairly confess that, after giving the subject our most dispassionate consideration, we cannot discover that there is much room for argument. It may be called a grand scheme—a stupendous project—a magnificent idea—a miraculous conception,—or any other epithet or term which the dexterous rhetorician can devise. We do not quarrel with such general and innocent eulogy. All shows, exhibitions, collections, and museums possess a certain degree of interest. From the child with his miniature Noah's ark of painted animals to the sage in the midst of the wondrous relics of Nineveh and Assyria, there is not one of us who does not derive pleasure from the contemplation of the aggregate products of nature, of imitative art, or of plastic ingenuity. Men flock to the Chinese Collection as readily as to the British Museum—to an exhibition of agricultural implements as well as to Mr Gordon Cumming's array of hunting spoils from the interior of Africa. Waxwork, needlework, models of the steam-engine, even surgical collections, have their attraction; and no one can gainsay their utility. Nor can there be any doubt that an exhibition comprising specimens of the whole industrial products of the globe, not only as perfected and completed, but through all the stages of advancement;

would constitute altogether as fine a show as the world possibly could contribute. There are, however, two preliminary difficulties which, we fear, have been overlooked. The space required for such an exhibition, supposing it to be perfect, would occupy not only the area of a small portion of Hyde Park, but the area of the whole of the parks in London, and possibly as much more vacant space as could be acquired in the suburbs. There is not a product of human industry which ought not to find a place in the catalogue—not a single invention which should not be represented by its appropriate model. It is, in fact, a blending together and conglomeration of all previous existing museums; and not of these only, but of the contents of every manufactory and workshop under the face of the sun. It should, and must, in order to be perfect, omit nothing. Undoubtedly this is a grand scheme—a stupendous project—a magnificent idea; but unfortunately it is utterly impossible of realisation. It must, from plain physical reasons, be limited; and if limited, there is an end of its integrity as a grand cosmopolitan scheme. Further, in order to carry out such a project, even to the limited extent of presenting to the eye a succession of the inventions and manufactures of the world, far more time would be requisite than is here allowed. Why exclude Turkey, Persia, China, or Japan, from their share in the world's production? If any useful lesson is to be drawn from this exhibition—if new hints are to be derived by our manufacturers from the show of foreign productions, these are clearly the countries to which we ought most eagerly to apply. The state of the arts throughout Europe is pretty well known to us. We have constant and close intercourse with our neighbours of France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Russia; and there is hardly a single specimen of their craft which remains as yet to be disclosed. There is an exhibition of European industry in almost every shop in London. Our relations with the East are different. China, for example, has manufactures and inventions peculiar to herself; and so, in a lesser degree, has Persia. But it is impossible, from the nature and

plans of the contemplated show, to exhibit the wealth of Asia. That would be the work of years; and after all, were that accomplished, and a complete collection made, would it not be an act of singular and unparalleled folly to break it up, and disperse within a few weeks or months the grand museum of the world? We very well understand *why* it must be broken up. To purchase it would be next to impossible—politically, it would be highly dangerous. These two difficulties we hold to be absolutely insuperable. The Exhibition must be a limited one, both on account of space and time; and it does not aim at permanency. We do not stop here to discuss the question of its popularity. If it is proposed that the working population—by which we mean the great body of the British artisans—should profit by it, a new difficulty arises. How are they to find their way to London on the occasion? Are men of that class so rich that they can afford to pay for their railway transit to and from the metropolis, deserting their homes and occupations in Glasgow, Birmingham, Sheffield, Bristol, Dundee, Paisley, or Leeds, and further, maintain themselves for at least a week while inspecting the productions of the foreigner? We have no hesitation in saying, that any such general migration of the working classes to London would be a most serious evil to themselves and to all concerned. This seems to be admitted, for we are told that the police force on that occasion is to be augmented, if necessary, by a couple of thousand. Strange preparations these for a grand Industrial Exhibition!

It is thus apparent at the outset, that this stupendous conception cannot possibly be carried into effect according to the expressed view of its originators. It ceases, therefore, to be a stupendous conception at all, and resolves itself into a very simple idea indeed—the notion of a European bazaar. Though simple, this is large enough; for a complete collection, even of the products of British industry, in all its branches, of British invention, British engineering, and British mechanics, would occupy more space by seven times than that which is pro-

posed to be allotted for the whole of this Exhibition. But we do not wish to start difficulties, though difficulties arise with each progressive step as we consider the scope of the project. We shall assume that it is not a complete European collection—only a partial one—and that it is intended solely to institute a fair comparison between our own industrial and inventive skill, and that of the other nations to whom we are bound by the somewhat equivocal tie of European fraternity. Let us view the subject in that limited light.

We presume that the Exhibition is recommended on some higher ground than that of mere gratification of curiosity. We have already remarked, that so far as the great bulk of the working classes are concerned, such curiosity cannot be gratified without great injury to themselves, by withdrawing them from their occupations, entailing expense, and subjecting them to unnecessary temptation. Socially, we believe that the Exhibition, if carried into effect, will do a vast deal of harm, and on that account alone we deprecate it. If only the wealthier classes throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and the working men in the neighbourhood of London, are to enjoy the spectacle, it is scarce worth having. Next, as to its real utility.

We presume that most thinking people are by this time tolerably sick of the republican cry of fraternity, which, for the last two years, has been kept up by the democrats of the Continent. We have seen its results, and can comprehend its true meaning; in massacre, murder, rape, pillage, barricades, and incendiarism—in revolt and war—in conflicts of races—in political aggression, and in general bankruptcy and ruin. These have been the first fruits of fraternity—the immediate results of the doctrine which inculcated the brotherhood of nations; and although, in our own instance, we have been preserved, by the aid of Almighty Providence, from the infection of such terrible disasters, we have nevertheless, in many ways, been tampering with the evident danger. Putting aside altogether our foreign active policy, can it be denied that our recent commercial legislation has proceeded mainly upon principles

adverse to the national independence? Right or wrong, of necessity or otherwise, we have abandoned our former position, removed the safeguard of restriction, and openly invited competition. The League orators eagerly gave in their adhesion to the doctrines of fraternity. Mr Cobden, up to the present hour, has not abandoned these views. He still talks of reciprocity, as enthusiasts talk of the Millennium, forgetful of or blind to the fact that no Government whatever has stepped forward frankly to ratify the bargain, and to contribute to the emancipation of trade. We have sacrificed customs-duties, but we have got no reciprocity. France is as protective as ever; Germany and America are engaged in heightening their tariffs. After all that has been said and done, it is clear that the old landmarks will still continue to stand; that the laws of nature are too strong to be overcome by human dexterity; that difference of blood and difference of tongue will keep the nations separate, as has been the case since the miraculous dispersion of Babel; and that the primary duty of every government and of every potentate is to look closely to the interests of the people committed to their charge. To act otherwise is to commit a grievous wrong—to sacrifice the children for the stranger.

If we are right in this view, it must follow that the merits of this Exhibition are to be tested in relation to the effects which it may produce upon our own internal industry. Few persons probably will maintain that it is desirable that it should act as a stimulus to foreign invention. If in any respect our skill and ingenuity are greater than those of foreigners, it is assuredly advisable that we should endeavour to retain that superiority. How far the proposed Exhibition is calculated to attain that end is worse than dubious. It is a parade to foreign nations of the extent and nature of our real riches; a senseless bravado or challenge to them to cope with and outstrip us if they can. In no way can it be imagined to serve any good national object: in many ways it may prove extremely hurtful and disastrous. It is generally acknowledged that the prosperity of Great Britain depends largely upon our maintaining the lead

in industrial pursuits; and although we do not coincide with those who claim for manufactures a superior importance to agriculture, we are well aware that, situated as England is now, she cannot afford to sacrifice one iota of the superiority she possesses in the former branch, without inflicting grievous and, it may be, irreparable injury on the State. In a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review* we find the following remarks:—

“To the inventive genius of her sons, England owes the foundation of her commercial greatness. We will not go the length of asserting her proud pre-eminence solely upon the condition of her keeping twenty years ahead of other nations in the practice of the mechanic arts; but there is no question that a fearful proportion of our fellow-subjects hold their prosperity upon no other tenure.”

If this be true—and it will brook no denial—what shall we say to a scheme which proposes to lay open to foreign nations, in the most plain and palpable manner, the results and the arcana of our invention? What advantage can possibly arise from such a divulgement of our industrial economy? What end can it answer, except to exhibit to our rivals our latent strength and weakness? We could easily cull from sacred and profane history instances which testify to the fatal effects of any such unwise disclosures. The example of King Hezekiah alone ought to be sufficient to expose the folly of opening our national treasure-house to the unrestricted inspection of strangers. Viewed in this light, the Exhibition has not a single argument to recommend it, but very many unequivocally to condemn it. It has nothing to do with the creation of national wealth, which strictly national shows undoubtedly tend to foster. It is hostile to such creation, because its direct tendency is to increase the taste for foreign productions at home, and to excite emulation abroad; by which means we shall undoubtedly arrive at results very hostile to the interests of British labour. If it is intended, however, that under the new commercial system, of which this Exhibition has been proclaimed as the worthy monument, national interests are altogether to be disre-

garded in favour of national communism, no better step could be taken for the realisation of such a project. The notion of such communism may be a chimera, but we have long since ceased to wonder at the substitution of chimeras for realities. Germany, in particular, breeds chimeras as fast and abundantly as maggots. The Germans have a very expressive word for this sort of extravagant idealism, which they denominate *Schwärmerei*; and we are sorry to think that the term is becoming naturalised amongst us. We repeat, that nothing can be more unwise than that part of the scheme which proposes to lay bare, with strict minuteness, the whole details of our manufacturing strength to our rivals, and to afford them an opportunity of devising the best means for overcoming our present superiority. If it should be replied, that in this respect all parties are equal, inasmuch as the British artisan will have the opportunity of inspecting the works of his rivals, and deriving benefit from that observation, we totally deny both the premises and the conclusion. In the first place, it is not only improbable, but altogether impossible, that foreign nations will send us specimens of their machinery. We may have the product indeed, but we shall gain no insight into the means and method of production, whilst the foreigner will be at once illuminated as to the source of our productive power. It is in machinery alone that we stand unrivalled. We have already sacrificed a good deal of our advantage in this important respect, by allowing a free export of machinery to other countries, but still we retain a decided and admitted superiority. We all know how jealously many of our manufacturers are in the habit of guarding against the intrusion of strangers, and what pains they take to ascertain the character and profession of visitors, lest they should happen unawares to give entrance to rivals in their trade. The precaution is a just one, and the policy which dictates it is deserving of high commendation. What applies to individuals applies also to nations; and we maintain that, while there is no possibility of the British artisan

deriving any practical lesson from the inspection of mere produce, which indeed he can command without the necessity of any show, there is great danger that we may teach to foreign nations the art of overcoming us with our own weapons. Even supposing that it were otherwise, and that some lesson would be gained, how are the parties equal? At present we stand confessedly at the head of the manufacturing world, and can have but little to learn from inferiors. On the other hand, foreign nations must derive some benefit from the inspection of our peculiar processes and economy; and we need hardly say, that whatever benefit they acquire is so much direct loss entailed upon ourselves.

We do not wonder that our manufacturers have shown themselves averse to come forward on the present occasion; they could not by possibility do anything more suicidal to their real interests. Their obvious duty and policy is to maintain their markets and husband their inventions, not to assist in encouraging and instructing their rivals. We entertain but few points of doctrine in common with the Free-traders, but we cordially agree with them in thinking that it is by no means our business to teach the Germans or the Americans any new lesson, considering the large strides that they have made of late. Yet that is precisely what this singular Exhibition is calculated to do, and it will be wise for those who are most directly interested to bestir themselves, before matters are allowed to go so far as to render the mischief inevitable. They may rely upon it, that their foreign rivals are fully aware of the advantage to be derived from a close examination of British invention and economy. For several years we have been rearing rivals on the national communist principle, and, as a necessary result, have been reducing ourselves, without regard to our enormous peculiar burdens, to the level of European prices, and also European emoluments. Now, it is proposed to give these rivals a further lesson; and we may be well assured that the teaching will not be thrown away. Foreigners do not scruple to say as much. They make no disguise of their antipa-

tions for the future; but we look in vain for any testimony of gratitude to manufacturing Britain, who, in her new-born zeal for universal enlightenment, has been kind enough to undertake the task of instructing other nations in the peculiar sources of her wealth, and of pointing out the evident means by which that wealth may be transferred from an insular to a continental position. We shall here insert the opinion of a recent American writer regarding our manufacturing status, and the advantages which other countries may derive from the hints which it is proposed to give them.

"A leading country is apt to become extremely conceited and arrogant, so that its whole industrial corps, from the undertaker and superintendent down to the rudest labourer, will consider their methods and processes perfect, and regard others as hardly worthy of attention; whereas the prejudices of the younger competitor are not likely to be so stiff; and if he adopts all the improvements of the leaders and adds some of his own besides, he will, in the end, himself become leader in his turn. He has the greater facility for the purpose, by reason of his not having immense investments in structures and apparatus, suited only to the accustomed methods."

Let us now consider another branch of the scheme, which involves the competition between British and foreign manufacturers and artisans in produce—the principal kinds of which we take to be textile fabrics, metallic implements and ornaments, works in porcelain and glass, and a variety of others connected with the staples of our industry. Here, if anywhere, surely some argument may be drawn for the Exhibition. It will not be easy to find a single valid one. If the result, in the aggregate, shall be favourable to Great Britain, we shall have gained little or nothing. It may, by a mixture of metaphor and conceit, be called a contest to which all the world is invited; and if we are victors, we may, if it should so please us, rejoice in a song of triumph; but, for all that, we shall not be allowed the credit of undeniable superiority.

It is at best but a local tournament, and no one can be forced into the lists. Foreigners cannot be compelled to exhibit, and we may confidently rely upon this, that they never will admit that on this occasion they have put forth the utmost of their power. Why should they? It would be the height of folly for them to make any such admission with so visible an excuse behind. Their best men may have good and sufficient reasons for declining to come forward; and this being a private challenge, cannot be decided according to the same rules which would regulate a public contest. So that, even if we gain, we can reap but little credit. If, on the other hand, we are beaten, and beaten on British ground, we shall lose the prestige of superiority which has cost us so much to maintain. Was there ever such a hazard so needlessly and presumptuously incurred? We are not sure that the loss of a pitched battle would be so great a calamity as a defeat of this kind—certain we are that, in the event of a defeat, much public opprobrium will be incurred by those who have rashly provoked it.

The balance of victory must incline to one side or to the other. This is not a friendly trial of skill among the nations—it is Great Britain matched against the world. Far be it from us to predict that we shall not conquer. If not in all things, there are many in which we are certain to show our superiority; but it is not wise for a country possessing so many branches of industry as ours, to afford an opportunity of having its weaker points tested and ascertained. No real advantage can be pointed out, beyond those that we already possess, which could accompany a victory. On the contrary, even a partial defeat will tend greatly to our detriment and discredit. So far, then, we regard the proposed Exhibition as a very uncalled-for and dangerous scheme, not brilliant in its general conception, and objectionable in most of its details. *

But if we must needs have an Exhibition of this sort, it will be apparent to

* *Propositions concerning Protection and Free Trade.* By WILLARD PHILLIPS. Boston, 1850.

every one that it is our interest that the British exhibition shall take the field on equal terms with the foreigner. We have already remarked that, on this occasion, the usual import duties are to be suspended in favour of foreign articles destined for the Exhibition; and it is worth considering what effect that relaxation may have upon home manufactures. There is at present a protective duty varying from 10 to 15 per cent upon most articles of foreign manufacture when *made up*; that is, when manual labour is applied beyond the mere loom or machine work. Silks, gauzes, velvets, and satins are charged 15 per cent; woolen shawls, linen damasks, and lawns 10. There are no doubt good reasons why that protective duty should continue; without it, we are well aware that the British manufacturer would be beaten out of the market; but it is now proposed that in this instance he shall compete with the foreigner without any counterbalancing duty. Now, we presume it will be admitted, that in every competition, price must be taken as an element of consideration; indeed, unless it is accepted as a criterion, there can be no means of forming a proper judgment, or arriving at a just conclusion regarding the merit of competing works. At this show, therefore, the British manufacturer will appear at a disadvantage of from 10 to 15 per cent compared with the usual rates. Let us take the instance of French silks or velvets. These will appear and be estimated at the Exhibition according to the price which they would fetch in France, not according to the price which they would bear in England if imported regularly for sale. It may, however, be said, that import duties, being artificial, ought to be suspended on an occasion of this kind, and that unless that is done, there is no fair play for the foreigner. We deny that proposition. Every burden which the manufacturer must bear, directly or indirectly, before he can bring his goods into the market, is artificial. It is imposed for some reason of policy or revenue, and it is, if not a check, at least a burden upon his industry. The British manufacturer who contributes to the Excise, is as much entitled to be freed from that burden

as the foreigner is to receive exemption of import duties. We are considering the question just now solely on the ground of fair competition; and we shall now lay before our readers one very remarkable instance of the injustice which it is proposed to inflict upon our own manufacturers. The correspondence from which it is taken has been published in the columns of the *Glasgow Daily Mail*.

Mr Robert Kerr, an eminent manufacturer in Paisley, and an intending exhibitor, thus sets forth his case for the consideration of the Lords of the Treasury:—

“ Thread Street, Paisley,
30th May, 1850.

“ My Lords,— The manufacturers of Paisley having been invited to prepare specimens of the Scottish and other shawl manufactures, as carried on in the town and neighbourhood, and to compete for the prizes to be awarded at the Exhibition of Industry of all Nations, to be held in London in 1851, I beg respectfully to intimate that I am desirous of complying with the invitation, and to engage in the competition with other shawl manufacturers, whether British or foreign. My object is to maintain the reputation of Paisley, as the principal seat of the manufacture of shawls in Great Britain.

“ Believing it to be the wish of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the other promoters of the Exhibition, that, in competing with foreigners, British manufacturers should have ‘fair play,’ there is one obstacle in the way which I feel it to be my duty to bring under the notice of your lordships, in the hope that you will authorize its removal.

“ Your lordships are aware that in the fitting up of designs, or patterns for Jacquard looms, large quantities of card paper are used, and that on such paper there is charged in this country a duty to Government of 1½d. per lb.

“ I find one of the designs I have in contemplation to prepare for the Exhibition would cost, before a single shawl could be produced, £470—of which the sum of £92, 15s. would be duty to Government, or a tax of not less than 20 per cent on the mere preparation and fitting up of the designs. In numerous instances such preparation of designs is entirely experimental, as the pattern may not take, and it would be unprofitable to proceed with it. In such cases the duty in question becomes a tax, not on gain but on actual loss sustained by the manufacturer in his business.

"The following are the particulars of the cost of the proposed pattern:—

424,000 cards, at 12s. 8d. inclusive of duty,	£260
Cutting, lacing, needling, and twines,	130
Drawing and designing,	80
	£470

Duty on 14,840 lb. card paper, at 1½d. per lb. } £92 15 0

"Now, in foreign countries, especially in France, where Jacquards are principally used, no such duty is imposed on the manufacture of shawls. On the contrary, it is the policy of the French Government to encourage the art of design; and one main cause of the excellence of the French shawl manufacture may be held to be the exemption of the trade from all such obnoxious imposts.

"It is not fair to require British manufacturers to engage in competition with foreigners on unequal terms. *But unless the duty complained of be removed*, foreigners will have a decided advantage over the manufacturers of this country. This advantage will be the greater, too, from the exemption of foreigners from all subscriptions or contributions to defray the expense of the Exhibition, whereas British manufacturers have been called on and are expected to contribute liberally for this purpose. Now, all this is contrary to the principles of taxation laid down in the Scriptures. *There we are taught that tribute money or custom should be taken from strangers, and that our own people should go free.* But in these politico-economical days, and of science falsely so called, it appears to be the favourite and prevailing policy, that strangers should go free, while our own people are laden with heavy burdens grievous to be borne.

"What I have, therefore, respectfully to solicit is, that your lordships will have the goodness to authorise a removal or drawback of the particular duty I have specified, and of all duties on card paper used in designs for the Exhibition of 1851 by the shawl manufacturers of Great Britain, so that we may be placed on a somewhat equal footing of competition with foreign manufacturers.

"It is right to mention that the shawl department takes precedence of all other branches of weaving; that improvements in its designs cannot but extend or be communicated to the subordinate branches; and therefore, that whatever obstructs improvement in this branch affects injuriously all other kinds of weaving. This, it is submitted, is a highly important consideration.

"I have the honour to be, my Lords, your Lordships' very obedient, humble servant, (Signed) ROBE. KERR."

Nothing can be fairer, nothing more reasonable than this. Mr Kerr objects going into battle with his hands tied; and demands that he, a British manufacturer, should be exempted from excise duties on articles exhibited, and thus be placed so far on an equal footing with the foreigner. Twenty per cent is a very serious tax on the preparation of a single design, and he does not see why he should be called upon to pay this, in a pure trial of skill, in which the credit of the country is deeply concerned. Without entering into revenue questions, we think that the impolicy of subjecting a British exhibitor to burdens from which his rival is free, must be obvious to every one; more especially when the Government has expressly absolved the other from the payment of import duties. But the policy or impolicy of a step does not always influence the actions of men in office. Mark the terms of the answer, in which no explanation is vouchsafed.

"Treasury Chambers, June 11, 1850.

"Sir—I am commanded by the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury to acknowledge the receipt of your memorial, praying the remission of the duty on card board employed in the manufacture of Paisley shawls, to enable you to compete at the forthcoming Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations; and I am to inform you that my lords must decline to comply with your request.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. G. HATTEY.

"Mr Robert Kerr,
Thread Street, Paisley."

This is anything but a trivial matter; and we do hope the consideration of it will bring some of our manufacturing friends to their senses. The Exhibition, conducted upon such principles, is eminently calculated to give them an excellent notion of Free Trade when carried to its full extent. We need not go into an examination of the many points in which the foreign manufacturer or artisan has the advantage of our own. He has cheaper labour at command, and less taxation; and these are undoubtedly elements which no statesman should throw aside when legislating for the commercial interests of his country. Mr

Kerr, however, does not rest his case upon these: he points to one distinct Government duty, which is a heavy impost on his trade, but from which the foreign competitor is exempt; and he asks that this shall be remitted, in order that he may be enabled to meet the other upon something like terms of equality. His request is refused without any special grounds being assigned for the refusal; an omission at which we are not surprised, since it would have required more than Mr Hayter's ingenuity to have explained the reasons of Government in a manner satisfactory to Mr Kerr, or indeed to any one else. We do not suppose that there is any deliberate intention of giving the foreigner an undue advantage: that cannot be. Yet here is an advantage so very palpable, that to gainsay it is impossible; and yet it is to be allowed to remain. Supposing that a visitor of the Exhibition of 1851 sees laid out before him two shawls, one of Paisley and the other of French manufacture; that the patterns of each are so exquisitely drawn, and the colours so well disposed—that the fabrics are so fine, and the whole so beautifully finished, as to render it doubtful to which he should give the preference: what extra element of consideration then arises to influence his judgment? Clearly the price. He is told that the French is thirty per cent cheaper than the Paisley one, and of course he prefers the former. But he is not told that upon one single article indispensable for the manufacture, the inhabitant of Paisley has paid a duty of Government equivalent to twenty per cent on the mere preparation of the design, and that the Frenchman, besides being free from that duty, has received a virtual drawback of 10 per cent, which he must have paid before his produce could be sold in the British market! It is all very well to say that the goods are not there for sale. That may be true, but they are there for exhibition; and if price is a criterion at all, the inference to be drawn will be clearly in favour of the foreigner. Is this a wise proceeding? Is it not calculated to convey an impression directly opposed to the real interests of our country, and to lessen the chances in favour of the home manufacturer?

We are glad that Mr Kerr has brought forward this remarkable subject in a public form. It is of infinite importance at the present moment that we should know what are the real sentiments of our manufacturers with regard to the proposed movement; and we trust that others who are similarly situated will not refrain from expressing their opinions. We shall allow Mr Kerr to speak for himself in the following extract from the letter addressed by him to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*:—

"The introduction of British shawls into France and Germany is *totally prohibited*; but French and German shawls are admitted into this country on payment of a duty of 10 per cent only. The English market is full of French and German goods. Within four weeks, from 1000 to 1500 weavers have been idle in Paisley. What connection there is betwixt these two facts I leave you and your readers to determine.

"British shawl manufacturers are invited and expected to compete with foreign manufacturers at the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations in 1851. To encourage foreign manufactures, it has been resolved that the import duty of 10 per cent shall be remitted *for the occasion in their favour*. I have shown in the correspondence that British manufacturers are specially burdened with a duty of not less than 20 per cent on the paper used in designs—a duty from which foreign manufacturers are wholly free. But on applying for remission of this duty for the occasion, on behalf of British manufacturers, the application has been refused!

"Now, I ask on what principle of fair play, or of national wisdom or policy, is it that foreigners are thus favoured? For my part, I see no equity or wisdom in it, but the reverse,—unless Free Trade is at same time Fair Trade, and competition with foreigners is to be carried on on equal terms. If foreigners are always to have legislative advantages conceded to them, then Free Trade, it is evident, must prove anything but a blessing or encouragement to the industrious or enterprising people of this country."

See, then, how the case stands in this particular instance: The markets of France and Germany are closed against the Paisley manufacturer; and his victory certainly will not contribute to open them. His defeat, on the contrary, will, to a certainty be followed by an increased demand for French and German shawls in this

country, and a consequent decline of employment in Paisley and its neighbourhood. The manufacturers know better than we do whether such a state of matters is desirable, and whether further importations of foreign manufactures will tend to stimulate trade. There can be no doubt that this Exhibition will give a mighty impetus to importation. Many thousands of persons will be invited to inspect; and as sure as they inspect, they will purchase. We shall have a new deluge of foreign articles brought in, and new tastes created, which cannot be catered for by our own countrymen. Foreigners, keeping their own market all the while to themselves, will be but too happy to avail themselves of our liberality, and to occupy the ground from which our rulers seem determined to drive the British artisan. It is time that those who really have the interests of the working population at heart, should decidedly set their faces against a system at once so unwise and dangerous. Some of our opponents, who advocate cheap food, have admitted that, in other respects, cheapness is anything but a blessing. They point to the miserable rate of the remuneration of labour in the towns, and cannot deny that, to a great extent, this is the result of unrestricted competition. Is the fostering of a foreign taste among the wealthier classes the best means of curing this grand social disorder? Is it likely to arrest the increase of pauperism, or to supersede the necessity of that stream of emigration which is never a wholesome sign of the internal industry of a country? It is impossible to maintain that it is. Full employment, and good remuneration for labour, are the highest social benefits which can be secured for any people; but instead of endeavouring to secure these, modern legislation, by the encouragement of foreign produce, does in effect curtail employment, and deprive labour of the wages which it otherwise would be certain to command.

An Exhibition of this sort might possibly have been useful, at all events it would have been less noxious, had it been regulated on principles of reciprocity. Had foreigners been denied the opportunity of competing with us in

any description of articles which, when of British manufacture, are prohibited at their custom-houses, or charged with an exorbitant rate of duty, some of the objections which we have just urged to the present most dangerous scheme would be removed. But no attempt of this kind has been made. In the eye of modern politicians, the opening of the ports of Britain, and the abolition, or, at all events, reduction of duties, is held to constitute Free Trade, without the least regard to the measures of the other trading party. If this gross and almost inconceivable blunder shall be persevered in, the effect upon our own industry must necessarily be disastrous. We have not yet set that industry free; nor can we do so, having regard to the annual amount of revenue to be raised; and yet, with fettered industry, we are calmly courting competition in the home market from the very parties who are obstinately resolved for ever to exclude us from theirs! Most of the positions of Free Trade are fallacious and absurd, but there is not one of them all more evidently detrimental than this.

Upon many grounds, therefore—none of them being of a trivial description—we object to the proposed Exhibition, and earnestly hope that, unsupported as it is by the public at large, it may be allowed quietly to drop into the limbo of exploded schemes. We cannot agree with those who have treated the subject contemptuously, as it were a mere Vanity Fair, or whimsical demonstration, rather to be laughed at than opposed. That a good deal of absurdity has been perpetrated in detail, we are well disposed to allow; and we can easily understand the possibility of extracting much merriment from the ridiculous airs of importance assumed by the persons who have acted as its local trumpeters. But we regard the subject altogether in another light. We regret exceedingly that the scheme was allowed to be brought forward so very hastily and inconsiderately, because we cannot conceal from ourselves the conviction that it has placed the Prince Consort in somewhat of a false position. It is not expedient that, in the present temper of the

public mind, he should identify himself, even in a remote degree, with measures which are open to a wide diversity of opinion. We fear that this point has not been sufficiently weighed and considered by those whose duty it was to have discouraged any step which might possibly be construed into an interference with the national policy; and, on that account alone, we should be glad to learn that the project is abandoned. But much more serious than this are the considerations which we have already expressed. On public and national grounds, it is advisable that it should be withdrawn. Most men, whatever may be their political opinions, will admit that it is not safe to tamper farther with the industry of the nation. The experiments already made have not succeeded. Every one who depends for existence upon his labour is ready to admit that; and although we may be told that the exports are increasing, and the public revenue coming in without any check, these things are only a minute part of the proof which must be considered before we can arrive at a sound conclusion as to the state of the nation's prosperity. The activity of the home-market, the profits of the employers, the wages of the employed, and the elasticity of the internal trade, are more important subjects for inquiry; and as to these the reports are anything but satisfactory. One thing is perfectly certain: Free Trade has failed to give us that increment of wealth and employment which was confidently promised by its professors; and we apprehend that there is not one of them who would venture to assert the contrary. To what other cause than great and general distress and privation, can we attribute that cry for retrenchment which of late has been so ominously heard, and which never arises except in times of singular pressure? If this be so, we ask if it is safe to persevere in a scheme, from whatever quarter it

may have originated, which may possibly have a most injurious effect upon the industry of the masses, whilst it offers, in no case, the show of a counterbalancing advantage? We look upon it with the more suspicion, because we think it is distinctly based upon the theory of national communism—a theory which several of our late economical writers would appear to favour. When we are told that it is our duty primarily to encourage “the greater increase of the aggregate produce of the world,” we are practically asked to disregard the condition of our own labourers, to reject all national considerations altogether, and to consider ourselves as members of a cosmopolitan league, in which character, as matters stand, we must sacrifice every advantage of our position, without receiving anything in return. Amiable as Prince Albert undoubtedly is, we have no implicit faith in the depth of his practical philosophy. Let him calmly reflect upon this,—that the general voice of the nation has not been raised in favour of his scheme; that it is an experiment quite uncalled for at the present time, and likely, in any event, to produce considerable heart-burning; that its success, even as a mere Show, seems more than problematical from the failure of the requisite funds, to supply which out of the public purse would give rise to a great outcry; that it is not popular with the middle classes, and not even calculated to fulfil its original professed object. We say nothing of the disputes and squabbles which have arisen regarding the site, though it may fairly be questioned whether any plan, involving an infringement of public vested rights, ought to be forced on in spite of local remonstrance. We look merely to the scheme as calculated to affect the general interests of the country, and we are compelled to record our deliberate opinion, that the sooner it is abandoned, the better.

THE GREEN HAND.

A "SHORT" YARN.

PART XII.

AFTER breakfast-time the breeze freshened again, and the ship had evidently perceived us, as well as the fact of our having hauled on a wind to make up with her course; for we could see her hoisting out one stunsail after another to the lee-side, and keeping off in order to give them full play. This was what I was afraid of, in fact, that our looking her way in the circumstances would make her show her heels; and being hull down, almost dead to windward of us, with her spread of sail to such a breeze as the present, it was like to be a troublesome matter ere we got within signalling distance; especially if she had kept hold of her wind a little more, instead of falling off before it as she did, which tended the schooner always steadily to weather upon her, the sharper we kept her nose to the sun in the spray. Indeed, the wind during the forenoon came gradually round more in our favour, till it stood south-east by east or so; by which time, however, we had dropped her topsails from the deck, then her to-gallantsails, to a white speck far down on the lee-bow. We weathered fast upon her, and I fancied I made out the yellow India patches in her canvass; when, on turning about, I caught Jones's glance at me, as if he couldn't understand my eagerness, or else had got curious what the schooner wanted with the ship at all. "She loses, I think, sir," said he, looking off to her again. "Little doubt of that, Mr Jones," said I. "I know that Indian-man's sailing to a tee,—but we shan't overhaul her at this rate an hour too soon, before she might have a chance of dropping us in the dark, or our running to leeward of her again." "Why, yes," said Jones carelessly, "if they knew how to do it, sir." "By George! Mr Collins," exclaimed Snelling, "I see her stern gallery sparkling in the run of the surges." In a little while we could notice her canvass darken slowly, from the

courses to the to-gallantsails, leaving the royals and studdingsails whiter than before: they were wetting her sails. "She must take us for something bad, Lieutenant Collins!" remarked Jones, as if the thing were at all doubtful. "A pirate, in fact," added the reefer, with a grin. "Why, sir," said he "these Company's men seem to think the sea swarms with pirates, though I'm blessed if we've been so lucky as to sight even the tail-feather of one—my eye! though, how the griffins must be skipping about just now!"

The truth was, the nearer we got, the more it struck me that, altered as the schooner was aloft, our red streak and lead-coloured sides were just as the first time I saw them; which wouldn't do much toward settling the Indian-man's doubts of us, for they couldn't fail to remember her the moment our hull came in sight; and as for my own character all along aboard the Seringapatam, why, neither first nor last did it seem to stand in good odour. "Mr Jones," said I, as we slipped quietly through the water, "have you got any old canvass at hand, sir?—be so good as have it ripped up in lengths, and fast clapped outside from stem to stern along that red streak of ours, up as far as the plank sheer, missing the ports—give her a good broad white stripe, sir, instead!" "Ay, ay, sir!" answered he, with a gleam in his eye as he turned off, half knowing, half in surprise. "And Mr Snelling," continued I, "hark ye, see all the hammocks stowed over the bulwarks in her waist—and run both those long-guns forward, chock in to the eyes of her, to bring her down by the head a little—keep the men on the fok'sle, too—she looks rather rakish at present, I must confess!" All this the young gentleman seemed to do with as rueful a look as if he were putting knee-breeches and gaiters, in place of white ducks, on his own

lower timbers; and presently he came aft to ask if he mightn't stick a shot into each of the guns. "What for?" said I. "Oh," said the midshipman, "won't she show fight at all, sir, then?" Just then the white range of the Indianman's heavy quarter-gallery came into view, then the bulge of her big bulking body half on to us, with a port-lid or two raised in the white band: we were to windward of her already, stealing up on her quarter. "My eye!" said Snelling, "she could blow us out of water, if she chose, Mr Collins, and only had pluck enough." "Why, that's all you know about it, Mr Snelling," said I, with a laugh, "since she don't carry long muzzles in her side, and in a light breeze like this we could—however, as we happen to be friends, that's of no moment," Mr Snelling. "After all, though," I added, "you may load once, and stand by to fire across her course, if required; but, for the life of you, Snelling," said I seriously, "in any case, if I give the word to fire, don't let anything in the shape of iron go near that ship's hull! By Jove! sir, I'd let her blow us out of the water first, or else show her our heels, myself!"

Well, about four in the afternoon, there we were coming down actually on the ship's quarter, from windward; when we took in our flying-kites, clued up gaff and fore-top sails, and to gallant sail, leaving St George's flag fluttering bright at the main-peak, and our long coach-whip streaming from the mast-head, while she kept gliding easily a-head under nothing but the two boom sails and large jib. Still the Indianman gave no other sign except showing the British ensign, then her striped Company's flag under it, at the mizen peak: she went jogging steadily on, as I was afraid she would, like a fellow giving you the go-by on the street. "Nothing else for it, after all, Mr Snelling," said I, walking forward as we got within long range. "The confounded fools!" I couldn't help saying, "do they think a piratical craft would give herself the trouble of hoisting all the flags in Christendom one after the other, and she, of course, with a long Tom on a pivot amidships!" "Mr Jones, oblige me by pitching

a shot right across her forefoot?" Jones stepped forward, had the gun sluiced, and blew the match. "Are you ready?" said I—"now mind your eye—fire!" and the ball went spinning from the top of one swell to another beyond the Indianman's bows, rather wide of the mark, as I thought: when, all at once, the smoke had scarce cleared away betwixt us ere I saw her jib-sheets fly, and the Indianman luffing up in the wind. Jones started, as almost next moment we could see the spritsail-yard hanging in two across the spars—I must say, rather to my own surprise, in spite of a good deal of old cruising practice. "A good aim, sir!" remarked he, turning round. "There goes her mainyard, now!" said Snelling; and she seemed to be heaving-to, when the mainsail filled again, and on she stood as before; then actually broached-to, all aback, and gathering stern-way with her bows fairly facing us; while the black figure-head under the bowsprit showed me his turban again once more, like a fellow leaning over a horse he couldn't manage. "What the mischief are the lubbers about!" I said, "can't they heave-to at once and be done with it, now that I fancy they see their mistake?"

Here Jones, who had got aft and stood up on the taffrail, jumped down again all at once, and met me at the capstan. "Lieutenant Collins," said he in a low voice, and looking me straight in the face with a very queer expression, "the ship has *struck*!" "Struck!" repeated I, starting; and he, Snelling, and I sprang to the taffrail together. There was the Indianman, in fact, at length heaving into the wind, about three quarters of a mile off our lee-beam, with her two ensigns hauled down, and something flying instead of them at the gaff-end, which I couldn't make out. Our helm was put up, and the schooner edged swiftly down to her, slipping along in sight of her stretch of bulwarks till we had hove-to abreast of her starboard bow.

"What ship is that?" hailed I from abaft, as we ran past in the shadow of her sails; and I saw my gentleman "first officer," Finch, standing up in her mizen-chains with the trumpet, more dashing than ever,

as he had poor Captain Williamson's uniform coat and hat on, apparently, and a sword by his side: her whole quarter-bulwark bristling with spy-glasses and gun-barrels turned upon the schooner, though not another head could be seen. "The Honourable East In—" began Finch; but that moment there was a perfect hubbub of cries and cheers, as a dozen faces I knew well showed themselves popping up from the quarter-deck: Old Rollock in a huge straw hat and his shirt sleeves, with a ship's musket in his fists; Ford, Winterton, and the cadets—the long-faced Scotch surgeon, and Macleod's screwed nose and red whiskers—every eye fixed on me, as I fancied, not to say three or four rusty barrels. Their confusion and bewilderment was rare to witness; and being forty hands of us—the Las-cars' outlandish physiognomies and all—why, the schooner must have looked rather respectable as she still slid ahead. In the mean time, the look of our smart Hebe's men, with the frigate's name shining in front of their regular-built hats, and everything about us, not to say the reefer's naval uniform and mine, seemed to have set the Indiaman's people more at their ease; till, when our gig's crew was ready to lower away, there was even a glimpse of ladies to be seen along toward her poop. Every moment I expected the sight of a certain face to flash on me from over the black rail, as the ship rolled and plunged in the heave of water opposite us, showing her broad white band, with the drips of rust across it from her chain-plates. "We made somewhat of an awkward mistake, sir!" hailed Finch, eyeing me queerly enough, and trying to appear at his ease. "So I supposed, sir," said I; "I shall send a boat aboard of you directly;" and I turned to the midshipman, who stood surveying the ship from stem to stern, with his nose turned away from her, and his hands in the tails of his coat, speaking all the time to Mr Jones, though the latter was apparently the least interested of the two, for he had his eye seaward.

"Mr Snelling," said I, "d'ye see that gentleman yonder near the main rigging, with the black hat on? You'll go aboard in the gig, sir, give your

commanding officer's compliments to the captain of the Indiaman, and mention to him that that gentleman is wanted here—Westwood his name is."

To tell you the truth, my head was in a perfect whirl at knowing that, if I chose, five minutes could set me within speaking distance of Violet—yet you'd scarce believe I actually almost made up my mind not to go on deck again till our sheets were hauled aft, and we leaving the ship astern. Bless your heart! I wasn't aware till that minute what I felt for her—everything about the voyage from Portsmouth came back so fresh on me, at sight of the different parts about the old Seringatam's bulwarks,—to the very odds-and-ends of ropes hanging alongside that blessed lumbering coach-house of hers, amidships, and the live-stock cackling and bleating in it between times! And there was I glancing aft into our little stern-cabins, which I fancied two or three days ago might serve for their passage. But now, be hanged! though I'd a pretty sharp guess these same cabins were meant originally for neither more nor less than an emperor himself, why, I saw the very notion was too ridiculous to mention! "Mr Jones," said I, speaking up the skylight, "as soon as you see that passenger is in the boat, have the head sheets hauled aft, sir, and the helm put up to make sail." "Ay, ay, sir," said he; but directly after, he added in a low voice, "I believe though, sir, we are not likely to part company from this ship so soon!" "How, sir!" exclaimed I sharply, and starting up off the chair to see him, for something in the cool, collected tone of his voice jarred on me the more on account of the state I was in myself—"what do you mean by that?" I had merely to catch sight of my mate's broad throat and hairy chin, however, as he stood with his full chest thrown back, and one hand in his waistcoat, looking aloft by the skylight, when, following his eye to our main-gaff, it was easy to know the last fanning of the wind; which, taken together with the schooner's jerking motion abaft, was sufficient to give you word of a calm. "We have lost the breeze for to-night, at any rate, sir," said Jones, letting his eyes suddenly fall upon me, and meeting the

flicker of pleasure I couldn't help showing on my face. "Confound the thing! you don't say so, Mr Jones!" rejoined I quickly. "Then as long as she has a foot's steerage-way, sir, let her slip off the Indianman's bow at once—else the two of us will be grinding together ere daylight like a couple of mill-stones without corn!"

On deck there were twenty things worth noticing, that struck one at the same time. The schooner's light spars and white canvass seen sharp against the wide glare of light in the west, as she settled round on the ship's other bow; while the light air high aloft in the Indianman's royals still kept steadying her with her lee side to the sunset, where it made a red trough along the horizon down through a golden ~~cloud~~ for two, that looked like bright, jagged things whirling off and about the sun. Our gig was holding off by the boat-hook from her lee-quarter, the oars up-ended, and two or three sailors with their heads shot out under a port-lid on the maindeck, talking to the boat's crew, while a few of the men hung over the high black topsides, peering aft at the gig; the rest being gathered in the ship's bows, with their eyes fixed on the schooner. The huge round of the sun went down astern like the mouth of a furnace, sending a broad stream of red light across the face of the water with every wet streak and wrinkle shown heaving in it, right up to the Indianman's white band and her pitch-black bulwarks. Her quarter-galleries lashed out, and you saw the passengers' heads aft through the red arch under the wide mainsail-foot, till every face shone crimson-bright out of the awning below; and I could see the midshipman's gold band glisten as he took his cap off to some ladies coming down the poop-stair, amidst a hubbub of cadets turning round to eye the schooner. For half a minute the smooth sea all astern of the ship seemed to wash to her water-line in a flood of light and blood almost, as if the horizon vanished; then the tip of the sun went down like a burning ruby, the blue heave of water sank away from the copper of the Indianman's bows, giving us an easy lift at the other side of the swell, and the whole compass of the sea

appeared to slide round cool and clear against the soft flush of all possible tints in the west; all the deep indigo hue of the calm spread melting off from both of us. What I gave most heed to was the knots of men's faces on the Springpaten's forecastle, as the golden gleam of light, and the red glare, struck across them with all sorts of queer touches, that brought back every one of them clearly to mind at once; and, stepping forward where Mr Jones's figure was to be seen dark against the pale glow in the west, I could really make out ugly Harry's big buffalo head; as he leapt his chin on his two hands, and surveyed us up and down, with his dirty tarpaulin on the back of his head as usual, and his shaggy black hair like thatch over his forehead, almost down to the meeting of his thick eye-brows. The moment I appeared, Mister Harry Foster shifted himself with a start, looked aloft to his own ship, and began to whistle as if for wind; the same moment Jones turned and noticed me, too, and the difference of the two men's faces struck me the more, that I couldn't help thinking extremes met. "That fellow there seems to like us so well, Mr Jones," said I, laughing, "that I've half a mind to bring him aboard, as I could!" "Who—*which*, sir?" said the mate, looking to every part of the Indianman but the right one. "Why, that misbegotten-like rascal you were looking at," said I. "I know a little of him, and a more thorough blackguard doesn't walk planks!" "There's the boat, though, Lieutenant Collins!" said Jones suddenly: the boat-hook struck our mizen-chains on the other side in the dusk, and next minute Tom Westwood swung himself on board, with the midshipman and Old Rollock the planter following in his wake; the last, to my surprise, carrying two hat-boxes and an umbrella.

"Why, Ned Collins!" broke out Westwood, "what is the meaning of all this—what wind has blown you here?" "My dear fellow!" shouted the planter, almost jumping on top of me, "I never in my life saw the like of you—the very same infernal schooner, too! Come, let's hear—have you taken 'em all then, head and tail—

have you?" "For heaven's sakes, Mr. Rollock," said I, sheering out of his way as well as I could, "come below, sir, if I must answer all these questions!" "So you are actually in command?" said Westwood; and hereupon I gave him the bearings of his own affair, with the fact of my falling in with Lord Frederick Bury, of course; and of all men in the world, I believe, the "Honourable Bury" was the one Westwood could feel comfortable under, as his face showed at the time. "Whether I see you or not to the Hoogly, Tom," said I, "I dare say you'll find yourself in the end about the Hebe, in some shape or other; and mean time I shall be glad of you here for a first mate." "Well, well," put in the planter again, impatiently, after having kept questioning me every now and then for the last ten minutes, which I answered without well knowing what he said,—"then you hung him, of course?" "Hung whom?" asked I, obliged to attend by Mr Rollock's perseverance. "Why, El Americano, to be sure—the Yankee—Snout!" said he, trying to lengthen his face for the news. "Hung him—no!" said I, laughing; "when I saw him on deck there, last, he was lively enough, and anxious to get those images of his out of the Seringapatam." The planter's rosy gills turned a shade or two paler, and he started off his seat. "God bless me!" said he in a low voice, and looking over his shoulder, "you don't mean to say you've brought the man back on me. I declare to you I lost a few pounds of my weight here before, by his actually conceiving a friendship for me!" Old Rollock's dismay was so comical that I could scarce find in my heart to ease his mind, as I did. "Why, my dear fellow," said Westwood with a smile, "I assure you that disappearance of yours took me by surprise. Indeed, I only guessed, from something Captain Finch let drop afterwards, how it came about; and till the very moment the brig-of-war got under way, I fancied you had some other plan in view, or else you never would have carried it out. The fact was, Ned, if your heart was bound for India, mine was ashore in Old England, and I'd rather have run the risk to go back!" Here Tom

caught my glance, and looked shyly into one waistcoat pocket, then into another, fidgeting on his chair, poor fellow! in a way that brought my sister Jane's gray eyes, and her demure little arch face, distinctly before me, thousands of miles as there were between us and Croydon. The thought of the Seringapatam being so near, on the other hand, somehow rubbed on me at the same time, and I felt wonderfully mild toward Tom. "Hang it! Tom," said I, "never mind thinking of it—mix your grog, man, and confound all care to the bottom of this sea. You're well off! For my part," said I, "I had no notion at all how that case stood, so I made a cursed mistake in the matter—but here's luck!"

"However," said he, "I saw your drift by that," and the young lady herself was in the fore-cabin when I told her father the whole story, not long after you went off. 'Twas no use with Sir Charles, though, to say you were only carrying out the joke to screech me, and amuse yourself at the same time—he was sure you were after some scheme; and all the while Miss Hyde sat sewing on the sofa behind us, as quiet and careless as if she didn't hear a word, or trouble herself about the matter. When I came upon your vanishing so suddenly in the brig, however, and said I was sure, by that time, you did so in order to let me clear off, I had my eye on the looking-glass opposite the young lady; and whatever you may make of it, Ned, I can tell you she started and glanced up at that point."—"Well, and what of that?" I asked. But Westwood went on—"It was all one to Sir Charles, nevertheless, whatever way I turned it. According to him, this was just of a piece with the rest of your doings, which showed the bad effects of the naval service. 'Twas no use my standing up for you, saying how fast you had risen, and would rise, if you had the right thing to do—for the old gentleman allowed everything, adding it was so much the worse for such fellows to be set loose. 'I tell you what, Mr Westwood,' said he, looking round sharply, as if he were speaking at somebody else, 'there is a soul of mischief in that young man that nothing will root out,

unfitting him for everything else, however admirably it may be suited to maritime pursuits or to savage warfare. In short," added the Judge, drawing himself up, "it is my conviction he will either be drowned or knocked on the head—" "The precious old curmudgeon!" Lrapped out, betwixt laughter and rage at the thought of her hearing all this pretty character of me. "And I must say, my young friend," said the Judge, "I felt much relieved at finding Councilor Westwood's nephew so different an individual—exceedingly relieved! Besides that you cannot, of course, continue in the navy!" Just at this moment," continued Westwood, "I saw the young lady gather up her work behind us with a sparkle in her eye, rise off the sofa, and walk straight aft through the cabin-door." "Was that all?" said I, "biting my lip. "All, you heathen!" answered Tom, laughing; "why, what would you have? I'll be bound the Judge didn't mean all that for my use, my dear fellow. But the worst of it was, that next day, when I met her with the Brigadier's lady on the poop, the young beauty passed me with as scornful an air as possible; and for a week or so, whenever the Judge happened to ask me into the roundhouse cabins, either she wasn't there, or took an opportunity of walking out—the most I got was a bow or a 'Good morning;' so you see the real Simon Pure didn't prosper half so well as the false one!" "Pooh!" said I gloomily, thinking of the little ground I had made, myself, "all contradiction—the fact is, you're too simple for women's ways, Westwood!" Westwood looked down and gave a queer smile—as much as to say, I suppose, the case stood just the contrary; and I must own it struck me he must be rather a knowing fellow that could fathom my sister, seeing that, for my part, I understood her no more than my mother's housemaid did, with her high-flown music and poetry, and all that sort of thing.

"However," said Westwood, "I contrived by degrees to get over all this, and for the last week or two we were as good acquaintances as before—in fact, the Judge was evidently bent on it. And I tell you what it is,

Ned, as charming a girl, in her way, as Violet Hyde I can't well fancy—but one more hopeless to deal with, for a fellow that hasn't got hold of her heart, I believe doesn't breathe! Why, young as she is, you'd feel her playing you round her pretty forefinger as a woman would, looking at you all the time under her soft eyelids with those bright eyes of hers, as if you could fancy her falling in love in a moment with some one else, but never with yourself!" "By Jove—yes!" said I, feeling as dismal as I daresay I looked. "Do you know," Westwood went on, "her figure and walk always remind me of a Hindoo girl's, all over English as her face and hair are, with a touch of the tropical, you can't say where, about it—owing to her being born in India, as I believe she was; and altogether, Ned, I'm glad to—" Here Westwood shrugged his shoulders, and I poured myself out another glass of grog in pure despair. "The truth is," said I, "I wish I had never seen that confounded Seringapatam! Didn't she say any—didn't you—in fact, Tom, what do you think of the matter, plump and plain, stem and stern?" said I manfully. "Why," said Tom in a thoughtful way, "not to set you at all wrong on either side, the thing that strikes me is, I don't think she ever once mentioned you, Ned, except in passing. But to my mind, in the circumstances, that's not so much against you. The young lady can say little when she pleases, I assure you; for only last night, in that fine moonlight, we happened to touch on that affair in the river—you know?" "Yes," I said, for it wasn't easy to forget. "Now I always thought that night a turning-point with you," Westwood said. "and it was the last night you were aboard; so I spoke of you a good deal, and never a word did Miss Violet utter, save 'Yes' and 'No,' while her face being in the shadow, I couldn't see it. Oh, by the bye, though," continued he, "she *did* say one thing!" "For heaven's sake, what was it, Westwood?" I broke out, eagerly. "Well then, Ned," answered he, leaning back on the two back-legs of his chair, and eyeing me with a comical air, which surprised me a little, "do you consider yourself good-

looking?" I started up. "D—n my eyes! what do you mean by that, Tom?" said I; but next moment I sat down again with a sulky "No, I'll be hanged if I do! so—" "No more does your lady-love, then," said Westwood; "for she made the remark very coolly, and even without my asking her—but don't be down-hearted at that, my dear Ned, for I think more of that little sentence, in the way it was said, than of all she did *not* say!" "The greater the difference between us, I suppose," said I savagely. "Why," replied Tom, "'tis my conviction you never hear a woman say the man she likes is handsome—and from a perverse young gipsy like—" "Well, by Jove! Westwood," said I, losing my temper altogether, and giving the table a slap with my fist that sent my glass crash to the deck, "you beat everything! I suppose if she'd called me a fool and a blessed lubber, you'd turn it to my favour! But the truth is, I don't understand your niceties—I want something broad and above-board, that a fellow can lay hold of—and the short and the long of it is—" With that I laid my face on my arms down in the spilt grog on the table, and fairly groaned. My head reeled till I scarce knew it was myself that was sitting there, as all of a sudden one thought after another crowded on me. Somehow I seemed for a single moment to be out and out in the open sea, the different faces I'd seen along the ship's bulwarks rushing past me, with Jones's face, and the look of the Indianman in the sunset; through all sorts of weather, too, in that confounded moment. Then, I can't say why, but my hair crept as I came back to the thought of the Indianman and the schooner in the calm at the time, and I almost fancied I heard a whisper at my ear. I looked up, and saw Tom Westwood sitting opposite me, with a musing air, and rather melancholy. The sight of my wild stare, with the grog I suppose trickling down my forehead, and dripping off my nose, appeared to startle him, and our eyes met queerly enough for half a minute—till all at once the notion seemed to strike both of us, of the absurdity of two fellows hobnobbing and lachdaisying away this fashion in a

hole of a schooner's cabin, thousands of miles from land; and I'm blessed if we didn't both burst at the same moment into a regular roar of laughter—first one broadside, then 'bout ship, as it were, to deliver the other, gun after gun. By George! though, I felt it do me good, as if something deadly went off with it. "Holloa!" sung out the planter, blocking up the moonlight that shone misty white down the steps of the companion, to a blue glimmer at the foot of them; "both surviving yet, I declare!" and we felt the scent of his cheroot in the hot calm as he walked aft again.

"Well, Ned," said Westwood, still laughing, "there's one thing more I *did* contrive to get out, and it is certainly broad enough to lay hold of, as you say. Do you know, from some hints the Judge let drop in course of the passage, after he got to know me, I have a rather sharp suspicion he has some one in view for his daughter already!" At this I gasped once more. "Whether she knows it herself or not, I'm not sure," added Tom; "but, very naturally, the gentleman I mean was often enough mentioned in Sir Charles's cabins—for who do you imagine, of all persons in the world, it is?" I made no trial at a guess, but sat eyeing Westwood in perfect silence, and he went on—"Who but—don't look so fierce, my dear fellow—just this—this said nabob of an uncle of mine, the Bengal Councillor! Why, you've no conception," said Westwood, "what presents of pearl necklaces, fans, Cashmere shawls, and China ivory work-boxes, and so on, the Councillor must have sent home to her at different times, for the Seringapatam to bring back again. I didn't see her wear any of them, but every now and then Sir Charles would point to something that lay about, telling me it came from my uncle! He is a bachelor, you know, not so old as Sir Charles himself, who isn't so old as he looks, and they seem to be sworn friends!" "Curse it, man!" said I, brightening a bit, "can't you see he wants to adopt her?" "So I should have imagined," answered Westwood; "but the fact is, two or three times, as I told you, Sir Charles Hyde hinted as much as that it was an idea of long standing between him-

self and his friend the Councillor, so—"The old villain!" I roared—"begging your pardon, Westwood—but I must say you are the pattern of a Job's comforter, and no mistake!" "Well," answered he, "if you had heard the way in which the young lady mentioned my uncle to me, you wouldn't be much afraid of your rival, Ned. Why, she said she thought she remembered him when she was a little girl, bringing her Indian sweetmeats from the bazaar in his carriage—she actually supposed he must be older than her father, when the Judge set her right eagerly enough—but you must know, he no more seems able to say a sharp word to her, than Jacobs yonder would. So what did she say next, after apparently thinking a little, but that, now she recollected, my uncle used to have gray hair and white whiskers, like Mr Rollock, which for my part I knew no more about than the table, when her father broke out describing him as warmly as possible; and suddenly Miss Hyde looked at him with a little turn of her pretty lip, and a twinkle in her eye, that set the old gentleman fiddling about his coffee-cup, and stopped him in a moment as if she had been a little witch!"

"What's to be done, Tom?" I faltered out, after a long stop. "I'm sure I don't know, Ned," said he gravely; "let's go on deck at any rate, for it's too hot here to sleep." The moment the sight of the calm burst upon us, however, with the two vessels together in the midst of it, in the hazy sort of moonlight, the same notion seemed to strike both of us in a different way. "I'll tell you what, Collins," said Westwood, half jokingly, half in earnest, "uncle though he be, if you can contrive to cut out the Councillor anyhow, why I'll forgive you, for one!" "How, though—how, by Jove!" replied I, "if they go to Bombay in the Indianman, by the time they reach Calcutta, I shall be in the Pacific!" "'Tis a difficult case," said Westwood, "no doubt. And even suppose you had the opportunity, 'twould be hard to manage an elopement ashore in India, travelling 'clank' in two palanquins. Seriously speaking, Ned, I see nothing for it but to wait till you come back from the Pacific."

I looked hopelessly round: the calm and the heat together gave one a helpless feeling, and every notion of an active sort appeared desperate. A perfect calm it was, too: there was some filmy scum of a haze aloft, that seemed to spread the moonlight all over, softening out the shape of the sky, and softening off the horizon; with the moon standing slant up in it, like a brighter spot, and a few stars low down in the east. But for the long wide tremble of the water, in fact, as it glanced up with a blue flicker, you'd have fancied we mightn't be far from land: while the big Indianman lay off the schooner's bow, without the least motion one could see; the moon shining edging round her spars and ropes from the other side, and her sails hanging shadowy against it, except below, under her brailed-up courses, where the masts, the thick of the rigging, and the tops of her deck-lumber, glistened as if they were newly wet. Half of her watch were on the bowsprit, sending out a "fished" spirit-sail-yard, the same we had set dangling about their ears that afternoon, and we could hear them speaking plain enough: every time they sung out at a haul, it went far away on all sides—ho-ho-ho-he-oh-ho-o, till you lost it in the dead calm, as if somebody had gone there. Now and then the Seringapatam made a slight plunge by the head, as the wide soft swell floated up with her; and the glossy black shadow, that seemingly gave her hull the height of a tower, came wavering in quicksilver circles to our very cutwater, while the lights from her after windows went twisting away round her heavy counter to the moon-shine, like yellow snakes; the schooner all the time lying as quiet as if she were on a pond, except that by little and little she kept shifting her bearings to the Indianman, and things were confoundedly like our both sticking together in course of the morning, if the calm held. I went forward on the fore-castle and desired Jones to get all hands down into the boats, and have her towed off to safe distance, seeing that the worst of it would be sure to fall to our share.

This was doing, and we drew slowly off the ship's bow, where her men coolly knocked off working, to watch

ours, and pass jokes on our gang of Lascars, as they handled the oars in awkward style: in fact, by the way the Indianman's watch carried on, most of them seemed to have passed the grog-can pretty freely, being Saturday night, which we could hear they were still keeping up below in the forecabin, when our quarter came abreast of her larboard bow. "Hurrah!" said one, waving his tarpaulin; and "Pull, you beggars!" roared another; when my old customer, ugly Harry, all at once leant out of her forechains, and sung out to Jones, who was next him in the stern-sheets of our gig—"I say, mate, so ye're clearing off, are ye? The better for that 'ere nutshell of a schooner o' yours, I reckon!" Jones made no answer, and the fellow added "Come aboard when you've got a safe berth, anyhow, and drink sweethearts and wives, will ye?" I saw Jones start, and turn his face fiercely into the shadow of the ship's main-course on the water, rising half up with one fist clenched, but he said nothing. "Oh, you're blasted proud!" Foster called out: "you forgets a man, blow me! D'ye think I don't know a fellow I got glorious with myself, in old Van Stinkoff's, at Cape Town? Sink me, mates," said he as loud as before, turning round on the rail of the bulwarks to the rest, "I picked him out o' the street-scuppers, under the sign of the Flying Dutchman, an' I'm blowed if I didn't think it beneath me at the time!" Here the end of our main-boom opened us in sight of the ugly ruffian, and he was slinking down inboard, when I hailed the Indianman's quarter-deck, where the Scotch mate was to be seen. "Ay, ay, the schooner ahoy," sung out he, coming to the gangway. "Did you hear that man's impertinence, sir," said I sternly, "to my officer on duty there? I expect you to see him punished, sir." The Scotchman said he'd inquire into it; but shortly after he came back, saying he "doubted" he couldn't be sure of the man; and, at any rate, he could have "meant no ill." The boats had towed us by this time almost out of fair hearing, but Harry Foster was to be seen coolly eyeing us from the midst of his watchmates, as he slung a couple of blocks over his shoulder;

when he turned away with as much indifference as if we had been a Thames collier, growling some two or three words or other that brought a loud laugh from the Indianman's forecabin to her bowsprit, where the men were turning lazily to their business again.

Being now clear off the ship, with the rake of her hull in our command if I chose, and free of her broadside at the same time, I hailed the boats to leave off towing and come aboard. As Jones came on deck, I saw that in his face to make me think he took the thing to heart, seeing he met my first look with his lips set together, and a steady gleam of his eyes. The truth was, I never in my life came across a man that struck me so much with the notion of his having a devil in him, seeking to get the better of what was good. "I think we shall do, Mr Jones?" I said. "Quite safe, sir," said he quietly; and at that moment, standing as we did out of earshot, with the setting moon in sight past the Indianman, shining in a rusty yellow glare to her hanging sails, 'twas strange how the odds of our different stations passed off. We were foot to foot, in fact: I was fully aware, if never before, what an enemy Jones would make—he had hell's daring and knowingness in him, and all on the wrong side of the hedge for me, at the time, seeing I had such a ticklish part to play with the Indianman. I caught myself, on the instant, measuring youth and activity, not to say regular breeding to the service, and a clear conscience besides, against him and his thews and sinews: but as for turning and twisting with the man before me, I saw it was the tack likely to throw him to windward of me. My voice changed, and I lowered it, as I said, "Mr Jones, I happened to sail half the voyage as a passenger in that ship, and I've no common reason to be anxious about her getting safe into port. There's one single being in her at this moment I'd willingly lose my life to save from anything like what one could fancy—ay, so help me God, suppose I'd no chance of ever setting eyes on her again!" Jones never stirred a feature, but looked past me into the gleam of the moon over my shoulder.

"Well, Mr Jones," I said, "I'll acknowledge to you frankly, as from

one seaman to another, the question is, are you for me—or not?" "We speak as man with man, it seems, Mr Collins!" said Jones quietly; "then I am—for you!" and he struck his hand all at once into mine: "here's a hand that never lied, whatever the tongue may have done—bad or good, I am for you, sir, and no more of it! I knew as well as if you'd told me, Mr Collins, by the looks of the passengers, that you had sailed aboard that ship in some way or other—and what's more, sir, I *saw*—" Here he stopped, looking at me with his back to the sinking gleam of light beyond the ship's hull, from the moon as she touched the water, and I saw nothing but the shape of his head under the straw hat, with a shadow blurring his face together; though I felt him eyeing me out of it all the time. —"What some would think more worth while than if you were a Spanish plate-ship," he went on; and he lowered his voice nearly to a whisper as he added, "I tell you what, Mr Collins, 'tis my conviction that, *if you chose*, you might do what you liked in the end with that Indianman and *all* aboard her!" I stepped back with a shiver through me, as the sudden setting of the moon blended everything black in with Jones's shoulders, leaving his head instead of her against a glimmer of light, till for a moment it seemed peering at me off the horizon, with the whole lump of shadow betwixt the two craft for a body; and I must say I thought of old stories about the Tempter in human form. "Devil!" said I, hoarsely, while the last gleam to westward went out, and it got so dark I could have fancied Jones had vanished from the bulwarks without stirring a foot; in fact, on my moving to the place, I touched the cool planks with my hand—he was actually gone! Nothing was visible beyond our own decks, save a slight glimmer such as one would make in sculling with a single oar; and I saw at once he had taken the small boat alongside to go aboard the Indianman! All the rest was that thick heavy darkness only to be found in a calm in the Indian Ocean, toward morning: you may not only say you see it, but could stir it, as it were, with a stick.

A horrid notion of Jones's purpose crept through my mind at first; but on second thoughts I easily saw this wasn't the occasion for him to choose, if he had really meant ill, and accordingly there was the more reason to trust him. Indeed, as I stood listening and watching, after Westwood and the planter went below, the Indianman's binnacle lamp seemed to go slowly out, while at the same time the sound of her watch speaking on the fore-castle apparently got distincter, till I could hear them clear of the ship's hull and rigging, like low voices muttering in the air betwixt her and us. 'Twas only her having sheered gradually bow- to the schooner again, however, as a calm near the equator has always something like a *pulse* in it—but it struck me there were men out on her jib-boom, which being of course the very privatest part of any in a ship, for talk—why, to find more than one going out there, of a dark night, and with no work to do, never looks otherwise than suspicious. Nothing of this kind surprised me at present in the Seringapatam, with the opinion I had of her; but the curious thing was, that the fellows must have supposed it the farthest point they could get out of sight of us, as well as from their own decks, she having had her beam to the schooner when the moon set. The desperate feelings that steal upon a man in such a case, and the fearful notions that breed in his head, with the quickness of his senses and the way he holds on by a single rope, you can scarcely conceive: though if a cry had come from the Indianman at that moment, I dare say I should have sprung in head foremost, to get to her—when all at once, from up in the air again, I thought I heard the smart click of a flint and steel, at any rate I saw the sparks showering from it in the midst of the black space before me—even the pair of fists as they knocked together, then a mouth blowing the match, till there was a light in a lantern between four heads leaning towards each other over the spar. Queer enough it would have been to see, in ordinary circumstances, but you'll readily fancy what a thing it looked all of a sudden, right out in the midst of the pitch-black

night, one didn't know how or where—in fact two of them faced each other in the stream of light from one side of the lantern, like the two edges of a rent in the dark, and another was like a sprawling blot in the centre—you just saw they were faces and heads, with a foot or two of the thick round boom slanting up betwixt them; but as for their bodies, they were all of a piece with the perfect blackness beyond. I could see one of them hold up the lantern and pass it round the three others' faces, bringing out their chins and noses, as if to be sure who they were—a piece of caution which served almost equally well for me, for I remembered each of them by head-mark amongst the crew, only I didn't see the said fellow himself,—even when he drew out some paper or other in one hand, seemingly unfolded it with the help of his teeth, and spread it over the jib-boom under the lantern: whereupon the whole four of the heads drew close together in a black lump round the light, peering down upon the paper, and muttering away as much at their ease, no doubt, as if they'd been in a tap-room. All I wished for was a good rifle-barrel in my hand at the time, to have knocked the light out from the midst of them, and sent the bullet by accident through the tarpaulin hat behind it—especially when a glaring red flipper was shoved out on the white paper, and the thumb planted steadily on a particular spot. All at once, however, the light was put out in the lantern, and I heard them going in board, as the noise of the morning watch being called, at four o'clock, got up round the fore-hatchway.

In about half an hour, the faint glimmer of Jones's oar in the water shined how hard it was to find the schooner again; however, he managed to get aboard at last, by which time I was walking carelessly past the binnacle in the dark, and as soon as he sought me out and began to speak, I saw it was all right. Mr Snelling came on deck to his watch, blowing up the men for letting out the only light aboard, as he didn't know fore-and-aft from thwart-ships, nor north from south. The cabin lamp under the skylight had gone out too for want of oil, without being noticed as long as

the moon shone, and not even the planter's clieroot was to be seen. From the snatches of their conversation he had time to gather, I agreed with Jones that, whatever the four fellows on the jib-boom might have intended beforehand, their present cue wasn't at all to try seizing the ship: in fact, the schooner's sudden appearance in this latitude, with what they knew of her before, had naturally enough brought out a number of the crew in different colours to what they'd stick to after getting a fright and finding their mistake—though by this time I had no doubt, in my own mind, that the villain who bent on his silk neckerchief to the signal halliards in that hurry, the afternoon before, actually meant it for the *black flag*—while the absurdity of an Indiaman *striking* at all to a cruiser that wanted her just to leave-to, was a sign how most of the crew's minds went, as long as they fancied us pirates. However, Jones had seen sufficient of the lantern affair on the boom to explain it to my great relief:—the ringleader of them, no other, as I was sure, than ugly Harry himself, seemed to scrub trousers ordinarily for one of the quarter-deck officers, and had got hold of an old chart in his berth that same evening, which the four had come out there to get a private overhaul of. All Jones could get room to see, was, that it was a chart of some islands, with a particular mark at one of them, on which the fellow with the lantern put his thumb, when another asked if there weren't any trees on it. "Trees, ay, trees enough to hang all the blasted lubbers afloat!" said the first, as Jones listened; "I'd as soon think of sailing in a craft without spars, as aboard a dazart ileyard without trees!" One was tired of the Indiaman, another sick of the world, and a third, with Jack down on the bowsprit, wanted to chase buffaloes and shoot birds. As for the rest, the head of the gang assured his mates there were plenty of other islands not far off, and natives in them; whereupon the light was put out, and in short they made it up amongst them to take one of the ship's boats quietly some night as soon as she got in the latitude of the Maldives, and steer for this said island;

although, in case of their being dogged about by the schooner, of which the chief scoundrel seemed by Jones's account to have a wholesome fear, it wouldn't be so easy a matter. Indeed the last words he was heard to say, as they crept inward down the boom, were to the effect that he thought there were *some aboard* as anxious to drop the cruiser as they were. "Faith, Mr Jones," said I, glad to find this was what they wanted, "if that's all, I shan't stand in their way—so as soon as the breeze springs up, we'd better clear off altogether. The smoothest way is to let them take themselves quietly off, and I've no fear of the ship—only, before fairly shaping our own course for Bengal, we must manage to have another sight of her under full sail for Bombay!"

Neither of us thought of turning in, for by the next half hour, in fact, the Indian's hull and canvass began to blacken out of the gloom on one side—the blue of the water spread round till it glittered against the ring of light kindling and kindling on the horizon, till it rose seemingly in a perfect fire at one spot in the rim of it, blazing up toward the cool blue aloft; then the sun was out. As long as we had to stick to your niceties and fine manners, in fact, I felt as much afraid of meeting Violet herself as a country booby would—I'll be hanged if I wasn't in doubt of her cutting me dead, suppose I met her, and I shouldn't have had a word to say—whereas with a spice of the rough work I thought of all night, or even a chance of something desperate behind, why, a fellow needn't to mind much how he went about it—seeing that in the midst of a hubbub the words come into your mouth of themselves, and you're not expected to stand upon ceremony.

The Scotch mate, being now first officer, had the side-ropes handed us civilly enough, having just seen the decks washed down in his own thorough manner, carronades, ropes, and all; but as the captain wasn't turned out yet, I went up on the poop, where a couple of boys were still awabbing up the wet. The moment I reached it, the sight of the only two passengers that were out so early, rather

took me aback, one of them being the last I cared to meet—namely, the Irish Brigadier's lady, who was walking the deck in patten, the boys evidently keeping clear of her with their swabs; and the stout red-faced Brigadier himself, buttoned up to the throat, while he stalked dismally fore-and-aft with her on his arm. At the first glimpse of me, General Brady stopped short and stared—I daresay he was doubtful whether to call me out or not. "Glad to say you again, sir!" said he. "Well now," said his lady, "you're the very man I wanted to see!" I still looked at her, unable to say the like of herself, but terrified to speak a wrong word, with the knowledge of her confounded temper. The Brigadier had planted himself betwixt me and the poop-stair, and never having fairly come across her since the affair about her dog and the shark, why, absurd as it was, I didn't know what the woman might make of my connection with the same craft that carried her off so soon after. "Yes, indeed, and 'twas foolish of me not to see it in ye at first!" she went on, shaking her parasol at me in a knowing way, and eyeing the schooner again. "However, I heard of you!" said she, with another look that set me all alive, "and a mighty bold sort of admirer you are." "Faith, sir," said the Brigadier, "if I'd commanded the bathery down there last night, I'd have waited till ye got nearer, and blown you out of the water." "'Tis only a lieutenant you are?" said his lady, speaking without scruple in the midst of his words, and frowning him quiet. "Nothing more, ma'am," I said. "Well, now, Mister Lieutenant," said the lady suddenly, "what d'ye mean to do? You didn't find us out here, I suppose, and actually take these cowardly ship-people of ours by *soyge*, like a bold fellow, for nothing?" After a few words more, Mrs Brady all of a sudden vanished down the little quarter-gallery stair near the ship's tailrail; though I had scarce missed her ere she appeared again, making me a signal. "Hush, now!" said she in a whisper out of the stair-way, "and step after me like a cat amongst broken bottles, for he's shaving yonder just now on the opposite side—I saw his Kitnagor taking

in the hot water." Next moment I had followed her into the small state-room in the larboard quarter, where she opened an inner door and left me. By Jove! I could have hugged that Irishwoman on the spot, vixen as she was—no matter though the very ship might be out of sight in a few hours, and I never set eyes on her again; I thought no more of it at the moment than I did of her skipper waiting for me—everything was lost in the notion of seeing Violet Hyde's face come out of that door. All the time there was a whispering, a rustling, and a confusion in the berth, as if she were taken by surprise, naturally enough—then I caught a word or two of the young lady's own, that made me think it was all up. The door-handle turned, and the door half opened, then it shut to again, and I heard Mrs Brady's voice in a coaxing sort of strain, till at last she opened the door wide and said, "Then you won't, my dear? So Mister Lieutenant what's-his-name," added she, "you may be off to your vessel, and"—suddenly I saw Violet's figure shrinking back, as it were, behind the Brigadier's lady, into the berth; but all at once she walked straight out to the state-room, half frowning and half laughing, with an angry kind of blush all over her face. Her hair was only looped up on the side, and braided on the other, as if it weren't rightly ship-shape yet for the day; while as for her dress, I remember nothing except its being some brown cloak or other wrapped so close about her that one couldn't even see her hands, like the picture of a nun. "Mrs Brady seems so astonished to see you here again, Mr Collins," said she, rather sharply, as I thought, "that she cannot rest without all the passengers meeting you, I suppose, before you go!" With that she looked back, but Mrs Brady had walked out, though I heard the young lady's waiting-girl moving about inside the berth yet. "'Twas all an accident, my happening to come on board just now, Miss Hyde," said I anxiously, "or, indeed, my having orders to speak the Indiaman at all!" "Ah!" she answered—"and it was so strange of Mrs Brady to—to persist!" The lovely girl had scarce condescended to look at me yet, but

here she glanced past me through the quarter-gallery window at the schooner, where there was nothing betwixt her and the gay little state-room save the blue heaving water and the light—then her eye seemed to pass from the epaulet on my one shoulder to the other that had none, till it lighted for the first time on my face, with a smile. "How beautiful your schooner looks just now, Mr Collins!" said she, turning hastily away again; "it is the—the same that—that we saw before?" Now there was something in those blue eyes of hers, with the dark lashes over them and under them, that made me lose sight at the moment of everything in the way of my success, fear and all—a sort of a flying glance it was, that I couldn't help turning to my favour. "For godsake, Miss Hyde," said I, "let me have something one way or other to know my fate by—it's no use telling my mind after all that's come and gone; but as I mayn't see you again—and the breeze will be up directly—why—" Violet stood all the while gazing down on the state-room carpet, making no answer: there was a dead stop, and I heard the first ripple of the breeze work against the ship's rudder below—by Jove! I could have hanged myself at that moment—when I saw her shoulder tremble as she looked down, her soft eyelids just lifted till I caught the blue of her eye, and the smile came over her lip. How I got hold of her hand—for that confounded cloak, or whatever it was, I really don't know; but so it was, and out I came with the words "Violet—I love you to the last drop of my blood, that's all!" I said, "and I only wish I had the chance of showing it!" Violet Hyde drew her hand gently out of mine, and looked me straight in the face for a moment with a merry sort of a quizzical air, as if I meant some other adventure—and "Oh no! I hope not!" added she, with a shudder, and then a blush, no doubt thinking of the African river. "But Violet, Violet!" said I eagerly, as she made a move toward the nearest door, "won't you say, then—something, for heaven-sake, to keep one in hope?" "Why, what would you have, sir?" said she quickly, still turning away—but bless me! I don't exactly

remember what followed, in the desperation I felt—nor how near she was to me when I heard her begging me to "go, go, if I really loved her!" "Dearest girl!" I said, "I shall be far enough off in a short time!" "Do you actually sail so soon, then?" said Violet, in a low voice. "Why, they're bracing round the ship's yards already, I hear," answered I; "but indeed I think the schooner might keep near for a few days, to—" "No—no!" said she anxiously, "go altogether, else my father will be still more set against—against—" "Perhaps," she added, "we may see you in Calcutta, when—you are"—and her eye glanced from one shoulder of my uniform to the other. "When I've got my epaulet shifted to the right shoulder?"* asked I eagerly; "then may I see you?" "See—yes," was the whisper I caught—and "Dearest, dearest Violet," said I, almost going down on the deck before her, "suppose I managed to ship them on both, in this confounded peace, will you—" "Hush!" said Violet, listening, and all in a flutter, "indeed you must go, else I must!" "For godsake, Violet," I went on, keeping hold of her hand as she tried to get away, "will you wait a year or two and give me the chance of a war in China—or up the Mediterranean—or—" But here the wild notions I had for a moment left me. Somehow or other at that instant a terrible glimpse, as it were, of Buonaparte standing up on the crag in St Helena flashed across me; and as the folly of the thing, let alone the impudence of it, struck me, I nigh-hand groaned, while Violet Hyde's fingers slipped out of mine. Just then she turned full round with a soft look of her eyes, and was going to say something, as I thought; but the handle of the aftermost door turned, and the Brigadier's lady hastened in. As I glanced round, something or other dropped lightly into the palm of my hand, and next moment Violet was gone. 'Twas only a little knot of white ribbon I'd got, though the scent and the warm touch of it together were enough to startle one—I almost thought she'd changed into it; and to

this day, ma'am, I'll be hanged if I know what *that* was the scent of—unless it was sandal-wood!

"Quick!" said Mrs Brady, in a hurry, "what d'ye stand staring there for, man alive? Sir Charles is up-stairs, and you can't go this way; so through the cabins with ye, lieutenant, and out on the quarter-deck!" Before I well knew what I was doing, accordingly, we were in the judge's main-cabin, where the ship's masts and the men gathering about the ropes could be seen through the roundhouse-doors as they stood open. "Mrs Brady," said I, suddenly stepping back to her. "you're an angel, ma'am, and—" "You unprincipled young villain!" said she, springing aft with her fingers spread, and beginning to raise her voice, "what would ye do! Brigadier!—D'ye think 'tis deaf I was in the stair yonder, you promiscuous young—" However, I gave her one bewildered look, and heard no more of it, bolting as I did through the nearest door right against the man coming to the wheel; while the midshipman was on the look-out for me everywhere to say that the captain of the Indiaman was waiting for me below in his cabin. Indeed she was moving slowly through the water already, as the light cat's-paws ruffled it here and there, and drew aloft into her royals; our own little craft beginning to slip gently along to leeward of the ship, with the dark Lascars' faces under the foot of her white foretopmast-staysail, giving her a doubtful enough air, I must own. I had nothing particular to say to Finch, in fact; but, captain as he was of the Indiaman for the time, 'twas the least I could do to see him; besides that somehow or other I had a sort of feeling as I came on board half-an-hour before, I couldn't exactly say why, that made one anxious for a near sight of him. If he suspected anything wrong amongst his crew, why at any rate he would have an opportunity of mentioning it ere we parted company; but, awkward as our meeting each other again was, of course, and both being on such different footing from before, while my own mind was naturally full of what had just

* At that period the distinguishing mark of a commander; as the epaulet on the left shoulder, of a lieutenant; and the epaulets on both, of a post-captain.

happened, it turned out much as might be expected. Finch was evidently not the same man he had been a few weeks before, except in his puppy fine-gentleman manners and way of dress, which were twice as high-flown; with his hair curled, a white handkerchief hanging half out of his breast-pocket, a regular East India uniform, and everything showing the tip-top skipper. The thing that set me less at my ease with him was, that I was sure, by one glance of his eye, he had a pretty fair guess of where I had been last, and saw it in my manner—which made me the more careful, as matters stood, to give no signs of more meddling with the Indianman. However, I threw in a hint or two, when Finch out and told me quite frankly, there *had* been a little disorderly conduct on board after they left the Cape, but he had thoroughly put it down, without letting the passengers know anything about it, as he said: only, the very day before, at the time when the schooner fired, there were a few of the men, he told me, that seemed inclined to disobey orders—fellows he wished he could get rid of.

"Now, Captain Finch," said I, as I looked over my shoulder at them from the capstan, "will you point out the men you spoke of, sir, that showed themselves mutinous?" Finch drew back at this, however, and hummed and hawed at the word. "Yes, *nauti-nous*," repeated I; "there's no use mincing the matter, I suppose. Just be so good as let me see the fellows, and I'll rid you of them at once!" Finch's glance followed mine as it lighted on Harry Foster's shaggy head watching us with the eye of a buffalo, past a knot of slouching, hulking, foremast-men of his own kidney. The moment I caught sight of Jacobs's broad hearty brown face, standing apart a bit with his friends, Tom, Bill, the red-haired Irish topman, and three other honest-like man-o'-war-men, I took my cue for the meantime. "My lads," said I, walking quietly forward, "I want a few hands for the Hebe frigate—you know her I daresay—and that's enough; for a model like the Hebe doesn't float the water—now, I can't press any of you!" Here a general laugh ran along both rows, and I

heard a growling chuckle from ugly Foster. "But," added I, laughing, too, "you can *volunteer*!" There was a dead silence, in the midst of which Tom, the fore-topman, the most dashing fellow in the ship, stepped aft with his hat in his hand—then Jacobs—then Bill, and my acquaintance the "Savage"—then the three others. In place of grumbling, in fact, there began to be a hurrah amongst the rest, except some of Foster's chums; a few more seemed inclined to follow, and as for my gentleman captain, he appeared not to know what to do. "Now, my man," said I, stepping straight up to ugly Harry, and eyeing him right in the face, as he stood, "you're a fine seaman-like fellow—true-blue, I'm sure—I've taken a particular fancy to ye—won't you ship for the Hebe—eh?" Foster didn't know where to look, twisting himself round, hitching up his trowsers, and altogether taken fairly aback; every eye was on him, and I'll be hanged if I don't think he turned it in his mind to agree. "Come, Foster," said I, in a low voice, "I know you, my man; but if you ship I'll look over the whole!" All at once Captain Finch walked up to me, saying, "If you persist in taking these men, sir, you'll have to answer for it. I can tell you!" "I know my own meaning, sir," said I firmly; "I am in the regular course, and answer for it I will! Say the word, my man, and ship?" said I again. "Be d—d if I do!" said Harry, turning on his heel with a glim scowl; "none o' yer frigates for me!" and he walked off. Jacobs and the others came on the gangway with their bags, however, and pitched them to the men in the boat, without any one offering to interfere; indeed, Finch had seemingly given it up sooner than I expected. "Now, Captain Finch," said I, before stepping over the side after Mr Snelling and the men, "I'd much rather we could have hit upon the right men; however, the more need for my keeping in sight of you to windward, as I shall do at least till we steer for the Bay of Bengal. I couldn't do less, you see," added I, on getting no answer, "than make myself strong enough to help you if needful!" "I shall report to the Admiral at Bombay, sir!" said he, .

fiercely. "You may do that, Captain Finch," I said, "as soon as possible; but, in the meantime, you can't be sure of what may turn up of a dark night, and a couple of lights at your main-yard-arm, or anywhere, will bring the schooner down in half-an-hour, or so, if there's a breeze. As for a calm," said I, turning round—but such a strange white look had come over Finch's face as he glanced after me, that, thinking he was beside himself with rage, I went down the side without another word. "Take your own way!" I fancied I heard him mutter betwixt his teeth: but next moment we were pulling off.

Well, the breeze ere this time was steady, though light, and we drew gradually to windward of the Indian-man, till by the afternoon the white band on her hull was just awash with the water, and there I kept her, with a little variety, pretty near the whole night, and most of the following day.

The next night came on almost as dark as it had been that night of the calm; but the breeze freshened again pretty strong, and accordingly I kept the schooner down to get nearer the ship, which we had seen in the first dog-watch dead to leeward. I was rather uneasy for a while at not being able to make out her lights, and we slipped fast through the water, when all at once both Jones and Westwood called out from forward that they saw them, and I walked to the bows. "All right," said I: "but no—by heaven! That's the signal I named to the captain! Set stunsails, Mr Jones, and make her walk, for god-sake!" Two lights it was, aloft in the gloom, right to leeward as before: there was something wrong, or else she wanted to speak us; so away we flew before the wind, under everything that could be set. I looked and looked, when a thought struck me; not another light was to be seen below, and they weren't high enough from the heave of the sea for even a ship's lower-mast.

"Yes, by George!" said I hurriedly to Westwood and Jones, "that's a trick! The fellow means to give us the slip. Clap the helm down, Mr Snelling, and haul aft the sheets there—luff, luff!" We were losing our weather-gage; in fact, the Indianman

must actually be to windward of us ere then, and if the breeze freshened we might lose them altogether. The thing that troubled me most was, that I couldn't believe the man had thought of such a plan himself; and if he once took a hint from any of the scoundrels I knew were aboard, why, there was no saying what might be the upshot in the end. Finch was a common enough character at bottom; but with such notions as I was sure were working in his head about Miss Hyde, one step might lead him on to another, till any chance occasion might make a desperate villain of him, especially if he suspected myself of aught like good fortune with the young lady. It wasn't much past midnight, the air was wonderfully heavy and sweltering, and the swell going down, when we heard a murmur amongst the men on the fore-castle, and saw a red fire-ball pass high over to northward for half a minute, leaving a trail in the dark sky beyond the head-sails. A queer ghastly sort of ruddy grey streak opened out in the black of the horizon, where some of them thought they made out the ship; but soon after we could hear a low hollow kind of a hum, rushing as it were from east to west, till it grew almost like the sound of waves on a beach; which made us begin to look to ourselves. There was a bright line of light directly in the opposite quarter, and the sea far away seemed getting on fire, with a noise and a hubbub coming along below, that nobody appeared to know the meaning of; while aloft it was as still as a church. For a moment I saw the Seringapatam quite plainly several miles off; but from the confusion, I never could say whether it was north or east; in fact, we kept watching the canvass, expecting to have a hurricane into it next minute. Suddenly the sea came gleam-gleaming and flickering on, as it were, with a washing bubble and a hissing smother of foam, till it splashed right against our larboard bulwarks, heaping up like perfect fire upon the schooner's side, and running past both stern and bows, away with a long rolling flash to the other horizon. All was pitch-dark again after that, and a whisper went about our decks and round the binnacle lamp, of

"The ripples!—It's the ripples!"* "Nothing more, sir!" said Jones, even he seeming taken by surprise at first. Twice again we had it, though each time fainter, right out of the midst of the gloom; after which it was as calm as before. "Thank God!" said I, breathing hard, "we'll have that Indiaman in the morning, at any rate!" "Why, sir," answered Jones thoughtfully, "after this we are likely to have the south-west monsoon upon us ere long—'tis just the place and the season for it."

And so it was. Instead of sighting the Seringapatam at daybreak, I had a strong suspicion she had gone to eastward; but of course the faster the schooner was, why if it were the wrong way, we should only get from her the farther, and miss her altogether, without ever knowing how matters went, even if she got quietly into port: so, being the best plan I could think of for the meantime, away we drove northwestward, sweeping the horizon with the glass every morning. We had run so far, indeed, without success, that I was sure she couldn't be ahead; when one day I asked Mr Jones to bring me up the chart for those parts, as we took the latitude. We were a long way to westward of our own course at the

time, and Jones's finger went along eastward till it stopped right upon the Maldive islands, while he looked up with a sudden sharp glance, "By heaven," said I, "yes!—I forgot that story altogether—be so good as send that man there, Jacobs, to me!" "Jacobs," said I, "which of the officers' clothes did that fellow Foster use to scrub lately, in the Indiaman?" Jacobs gave his hair a rub, recollected a moment, and answered, "Why, sir, the captain's own." "Oh!" I said, "well, that'll do, Jacobs"—and Jacobs walked forward again. "Mr Jones," said I, quickly, "*that* chart belonged to the captain!—I'll have a look at that said desert island, sir!" We found something answering to it on the chart; and in a few minutes the schooner was bowling before the dregs of the monsoon to eastward. "At all events," added I, "we'll see if these vagabonds mean to keep their word and turn hermits—either we catch them there, Mr Jones, or else we must find that Indiaman, though she were in sight of Colabah † lighthouse!" Jones's eye lighted, and he turned his nostrils to the monsoon as if he snuffed it in; in fact, he was that sort of man that needed somewhat out of the common way to keep him right."

* The 'Ripples'—a marine phenomenon peculiar, apparently, to the Indian Ocean.

† Outside the harbour of Bombay.

SKETCHES AND EPISODES OF A CAMPAIGN IN SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

It is almost unnecessary to remind the reader that, in the beginning of April 1848, some days after proclamation had been made of the independence of Schleswig and Holstein, but before Germany had time to inundate the duchies with her armies, a sharp action was fought at Bau, in which the malcontents were utterly defeated—their very severe loss falling especially upon the students from Kiel and other universities. It will also be remembered that this disaster, occurring simultaneously with the countenance given to the Schleswig-Holstein revolutionists by the timid and popularity-seeking sovereign of Prussia, caused a strong sensation in Germany, and led to the formation of numerous free corps, which forthwith hurried northwards, irregularly armed, totally undisciplined, belecked with tricolor, and yelling for Fatherland. Those were the insane days when Germany dreamed of a fleet, coveted a seaboard, and vowed that her limits should extend, in the words of Arndt's rhapsodical ditty—

“So weit die Deutsche Zunge klingt,”

forgetting that, if her boundary were thus to include every land in which her language is spoken, it must take in, not only a portion of Schleswig—which a gross abuse of brute force might certainly wrench from Denmark—but a considerable slice of northern France, whose acquisition would be rather less easy. But the revolutionary fever then raged in Europe, and such considerations were much too rational to be for a moment entertained by Germany's enthusiastic youth. We phlegmatic Islanders are quite incapable of appreciating the effect upon excitable Continentals of an old song and a new cockade. The word was passed through Germany for succour to their northern brethren, in arms for liberty and revenge; and the cry was responded to by three or four thousand desultory individuals, eager for adventure, thirsty for plun-

der, obnoxious to the police, or—but these, we suspect, constituted a very small minority—really zealous in the cause. In this last category, so he assures us, must be included a certain Mr William Hamm, who, as far as we can make out—for he is not very explicit as to his antecedents—was a jolly student at Leipzig university, when he had the misfortune to be infected with the prevalent malady, during one of whose paroxysms he quitted the academic groves, with their fountains of cool beer, for the field of danger and renown. In other words, he left his profitable and respectable studies to join one of the bands of freebooters then assembling upon German soil, for the purpose of an unjustifiable aggression upon Danish territory. For some time previously, it would appear from his own account, he had felt restless and uncomfortable. He was evidently sickening for the democratic fever; and he admits as much in a tirade of the metaphorical slang commonly affected by shallow-pated liberty-mongers of his class. “The revolutions of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin,” he says, “had implanted in every breast a combustible, which, impatiently heaving, waited but the spark to explode. Every man was eager to be doing: fists convulsively clenched themselves; even the weakest thought himself called upon to grasp with his own hand the spokes of the wheel of time.” We have no patience to translate more of such rhodomontade—the common drivel of Radical propagandists. Mr Hamm, whose weak brain has evidently not yet recovered from the excitement of his two months' campaign, declares himself to have felt as if he were walking over a mine, with momentary expectation of a blow-up. His condition seems to have been that which the American describes as *wolfish*. He was full of fight, or fancied himself so; he longed for a set-to with somebody, but could not make up his

mind upon whose devoted head he should discharge his superfluous electricity. His suspense was soon relieved. Suddenly came news of the battle of Bau, and of the dressing received by the insurgents. This was the spark required to kindle the inflammable Hamm. His "combustible" instantly blew up. He felt he should never enjoy peace of mind until he had offered his mite upon the altar of the holy German cause, and aided in the rescue of the "sea-surrounded" provinces of Schleswig from the tyranny of faithless Denmark. He published a summons to the youth of Leipzig to form a free corps, and march to help the duchies. On the 17th April, the band thus collected proceeded by railway to Altona. Although Hamm had officiously contributed to their coming together, he does not appear to have held higher rank amongst them than that of full private. Perhaps when he saw the regiment assembled, he felt little ambition to march at its head. Certain it is that, although he misses no opportunity of vaunting the virtues and utility of the free corps in general, and his own in particular, the account he gives of their composition inspires but little respect. Every state of Germany had its representatives in the motley cohorts, whose elements he thus describes:—

"Bearded hunters and game-keepers in greenwoodsmen's garb, and with capital rifles; black-red-gold students, with rusty muskets and enormous swords—amongst them young lads who had likely enough left home through distaste for the paternal rod; shopmen weary of the counter; fashionable journeyman barbers with self-bestowed diplomas of doctors of medicine; school-ushers out of place, who thought they could handle a cutlass as well as a ferula; mechanics and artisans of every sort; and not a few honest peasants, muscular figures, whose hard fists were certainly better adapted to the heavy musket-butt than to the light goad—in short, there was not a class unrepresented. . . . Many, particularly of the more educated and intelligent sort—and of these there were not a few—were assuredly impelled solely by enthusiasm for the endangered cause; others were stimu-

lated by the thirst for action natural to youth, and which the stirring times had awakened; the majority, however, came, it must honestly be admitted, from no other motive than a love of adventure, or because at home their account was closed with society and the laws."

Through the delicate phraseology of this report, it is easy to discern that the composition of the free corps was what might have been expected—namely, scamps, outcasts, and criminals, with a sprinkling of hair-brained boys and wrong-headed politicians. From such a mob, sent suddenly into the field, without previous drill or training, no very great feats of arms were to be anticipated; and, had they been unsupported, the Danes would soon have made examples of them. But, fighting under the shadow and protection of the regular Prussian troops, they got off with few hard knocks, but, we dare to say—notwithstanding Mr Hamm's energetic protestations—with a very handsome share of whatever plunder was going. Their chief occupation, as it appears to us, judging from the frequently-recurring gastronomic passages in the *Sketches and Episodes*, was looking after provender.

"The wild warriors," (what a very big word this sounds, applied to a set of ragamuffin recruits, whom Falstaff himself to judge from Hamm's own revelations, might have been ashamed to marshal)—"the wild warriors," their comrade ingeniously observes, "were always thirsty, and almost always hungry." We inferred as much before coming to this admission, from the constant mention made in Mr Hamm's volume of substantial breakfasts, savoury dinners, succulent suppers, and "exquisite grogs." Indeed, the state of the larder seems to have been the barometer by which these voracious liberators estimated the patriotism of the lucky natives upon whom they quartered themselves. Thus we find one Hagemann lauded as a "noble patriot," because he welcomes a German detachment with a good meal and racy wine; whilst an unfortunate farmer is stigmatised as an inhospitable and knavish peasant, because he declines opening his store-room to the assaults of some hundred ravenous volunteers. His refusal

exploited him little, for the door was broken open and an abundant stock of provisions discovered, whence the intruders helped themselves, giving in exchange an acknowledgment, which we may fairly presume is still unhonoured, and likely to continue so. In short, the German free corps, like many bad soldiers, seem to have been famous foragers, perfect heroes amongst hen-roosts, and with noses that led them direct to the brandy bottle, however secret the nook in which it might be bestowed. We can discover nothing, even in Mr Hamm's somewhat highly-coloured account of their proceedings, to induce us to believe that they were as formidable to the enemy as they must have been to the peasant. If we credit their chronicler's bare assertion, their undisciplined and impetuous valour was far more dreaded by the Danes than were the serried charges of the Prussian Guards; but none of the skirmishes he records (and which were mostly of a very unimportant description) seem to us to prove this statement; and various circumstances are strongly opposed to its probability. "There was no time for drill," he says; "the most part of them hardly knew how to form front, or the difference between 'right-face' and 'left-face'; it sufficed that we could fire our muskets, charge bayonets, and shout a lusty hurrah. With only that amount of instruction we managed to achieve many wonderful things, and the Danish red-coats feared our irregular, impetuous attacks far more than the batteries of the German artillery. '*Tudsh Friskar!*' (German free corps) was a cry of terror which made every Danish heart to quake." The heroic band of Dane-devourers which was so happy as to bear upon its muster-roll the name of William Hamm, dispensed with the luxury of trumpets—whose notes would certainly have conveyed small meaning to the ears of soldiers who could not even go through their facings—otherwise there can be no question that the man who now so modestly recounts their exploits would have been selected by association to sound the brazen instrument. He is a glorious fellow at a flourish, and a very fit historian of the band of deboshed students, bankrupt barbers, seedy patriots, and

escaped galley-slaves, who—be it spoken to the disgrace of the Government that permitted it—swarmed, in the spring of 1848, to assist in the spoliation of Denmark. He cannot expect, however, that we should take him exactly at his own price, or without obtaining a valuation from parties less interested. On a careful perusal of his volume, we have hit upon a passage which throws some light upon the estimation in which the German free corps in Schleswig-Holstein were held by the Prussian regular army and military authorities. There was the worst possible understanding, it appears, between the troops of the line and the bands of volunteers.

"The officers of the former, particularly those of the Guard, sneered at, despised and depreciated us, whenever and wherever they could and dared. We deserved this disgraceful treatment so much the less, that we always willingly and loudly recognised and proclaimed the valour of the Prussian Guard. But the foundation of their antipathy lay deeper; it dated from the days of March in Berlin. The Guards still fostered feelings of bitter exasperation, and classed all the free-corps men in the same category with the Berliners. Thence arose constant collisions, not unfrequently duels, in which the students' swords gallantly played their part. The men of the barricades always had to be quartered full six miles away from the Guards; for, at an interval of only three miles, it would have been impossible to keep them from rushing to measure themselves with their implacable foes. The fury of the volunteers was excited to the very highest pitch by the treatment some of them had to endure at Kolding. "The Guard lay there in garrison; not one of us was permitted to enter the town: those who had, and could prove that they had, indispensable business there, were disarmed and allowed to go in under close escort, like criminals. With reference to this revolting treatment, the free Corps sent from Hadersleben an energetic address and demand for satisfaction to General Wrangel, the commander-in-chief, who had the reputation of a severe but just man. No satisfaction, however, was obtained, nor even an answer."

The Prussian Guards ought certainly to have felt particularly gratified at the tribute conceded to their valour by such a squad of tailors. On the other hand, it is pretty evident that, from the general-in-chief down to the humblest subaltern, the Prussian officers had but one opinion—an exceedingly just one, we have no doubt—of the aggregate free corps. The men of the barricades referred to above, whom it was necessary to keep at a distance of six German miles from the Guards, lest they should fly at each other's throats, were a company of Berliners. The Prussian capital had sent forth two bodies of volunteers. "The first of these were the so-called 'fine Berliners.' They were, for the most part, men of good society, although, perhaps, a portion of them had somewhat sunk in the social scale through youthful pranks and dissolute living. As soldiers, they seemed to attach great importance to a smart exterior and a slender waist. They were particularly noted for carrying dress-coats and varnished boots in their knapsacks, and spending their pay in gloves. When they reached a garrison town, their first thought was to get up a ball for that same evening, or a serenade by torch-light. Diametrically opposed to these fine perfumed gentlemen was the second Berlin company, with which they were constantly at variance, and which looked down upon them with contempt. It consisted of about eighty men, who had all fought at the barricades in the March revolution, and prided themselves thereupon; who were all armed with capital muskets and formidable bayonets from the royal arsenal; and who for the most part were old soldiers, invaluable in war, but dangerous in peace, the battle's pride and the peasant's dread. They had their own Berlin sutler, and would sooner have lost their lives than the comfort she carried for them. Their officers had often great trouble with them, for they would scarcely acknowledge any authority." Mr Hamm made the journey to Altona in the same railway carriage with some of these desperadoes, whose amusement on the way consisted in the brisk circulation of huge brandy flasks, and in fighting over again their revolu-

tionary battles. Not one of them but told of exploits more or less heroic, and—as their travelling companion seems to intimate—sometimes rather apocryphal. They were sturdy, truculent-looking fellows, uniformly clad in green blouses. Their two officers, strange figures, (one of them a Jew,) attached themselves to the Leipzigers, and did their utmost, by fine promises, to gain recruits, but were unsuccessful. At Rendsburg, Mr Hamm and some of his companions joined the third company of Count Rantzau's free corps, with which they made their brief campaign under the command of the Bavarian captain Aldosser. This company was indebted for the honour and advantage of their preference to its having surprised, two days previously, an unlucky picket of Danish dragoons, who, deeming themselves safe in the village of Ascheffel, were comforting themselves in the wine-house, when the Rantzauers fell upon them "like a horde of Indians, with wild and joyous hurrah." Some of the dragoons jumped out of the windows, others ran to their horses, or stood to their arms; but any effectual defence was impossible. The unequal contest lasted scarcely a minute, and fourteen prisoners remained in the hands of the assailants. This was the first skirmish (if such it may be styled) since the defeat at Bau, and the exultation of the free corps gentlemen was quite disproportioned to the insignificance of the affair. Fascinated by the laurels of this notable exploit, Mr Hamm solicited admission amongst the captors of the careless picket, and in their company, two days later, he first smelt powder in the affair that occurred at Altenhof between a Danish detachment and a body of free corps. It is well known that then, as in most other occasions when they came in contact with the enemy, unsupported by troops of the line, the rashness and military inexperience of the volunteers entailed upon them discomfiture and heavy loss. Mr Hamm, however, takes a different view of the case, and tells wonderful stories of his friends' prowess and the foe's poltroonery.

"The Danes were particularly favoured by the presence of their gun-

boats, which, from the Gulf of Eckenforde, commanded the greater part of the battle-field. An entire company of the Hamburg free corps, which had imprudently advanced too far, were made prisoners, notwithstanding its brave resistance. We were much interested by what we were afterwards told respecting the Berlin barricade men. These bold fellows advanced, sixty in number at the most, against a whole Danish battalion. At a distance of a thousand paces, they fired off their long muskets, brought their bayonets to the charge, and rushed to the attack. Not one of them would have escaped with his life, had the Danes had but the courage to stand their ground and level their muskets—but they thought it wiser to go to the right-about. The battalion took to flight, and the guns of the ships prevented pursuit. An old fellow, a native of Cologne, who had served in Spain and Algiers, and was subsequently a sergeant in our company, shot down six Danish sharpshooters, one after the other. Not satisfied with this, he determined to bear away a memorial of each of them, even as a Cherokee takes the scalps of his victims. Running forward through a storm of bullets, he took from one his side-arms, from another his field-bag, from the coat of a third he cut off a uniform button, and finally returned to his comrades with all these trophies—unwounded; but with his clothes, hat, and haversack pierced through and through with balls. Various other remarkable incidents were related to us, of which one of the most striking was, that a yawl belonging to the Danish corvette, then cruising off Eckenforde, having approached the scene of action, her crew of twelve men were picked off by well-directed shots, and she drifted, masterless, from the shore."

A volley of musketry at a thousand paces, and a heading charge commencing at the same distance, would inevitably result in waste of cartridges and want of wind, and were exceedingly unlikely to make a Danish battalion take to their heels. The gentlemen of the barricades evidently played upon Hamm's credulity. Old soldiers often consider a raw recruit fair game for any sort of imposition.

The charges which the chronicler of the free corps elsewhere describes, as "truly Circassian" in their character, and as striking a panic terror into the enemy, were surely rather differently conducted from this memorable one of the Berliners. Hamm, however, must not be set down as a wilful fabulist, on account of this and other wonderful tales, scattered through his volume. He speaks more frequently of what he heard, than of what he saw; and his own proceedings are sometimes ludicrously inconsistent with his glowing accounts of the martial ardour and invincibility of the free corps. During the affair at Altenhof, (in which, it may be parenthetically mentioned, the Germans, according to the most credible accounts published at the time, were repulsed with severe loss,) his company was condemned, or rather condemned itself, to inglorious inaction, which Hamm deplures, but the motive of which he does not very clearly elucidate. "We, unfortunately," he says, "took no active share in the combat. For the space of an hour, we and the foe looked at each other, at about twice musket-shot distance; then he drew back, and we thought it advisable to do the same." After losing their way, rambling to and fro in ploughed fields and cross-roads, narrowly escaping walking into the arms of a Danish regiment, (a peril which greatly accelerated their speed,) and meeting with various other adventures, the retiring volunteers succeeded in joining the other Rantzauer companies, who, like themselves, had not fired a shot all day. "We consoled ourselves together over a frugal repast, and then stretched ourselves out in the sun; but too much fatigue repels sleep. After several hours' rest in Holtsee, the free corps marched back to Habye in open column. On the road a halt was ordered for a parade. Prince Frederick of Noer, accompanied by the Duke of Brunswick with a brilliant staff, rode along the line. In front of our company, which with sparkling eyes presented arms, they paused; the commander-in-chief expressed his thanks and praise of our exploit at Ascheffel; and the duke, with his own hand, presented our leader, Aldosser, with a

decoration. That was the only instance of a mark of distinction being bestowed by a sovereign upon the commander of a free corps."

Upon the following evening, sixty volunteers were required for a secret expedition, and Mr Hamm was so fortunate as to be included in the number. They started at sunset, in light marching order, without knapsacks, preceded at a short distance by three spies, (speculators, they preferred calling themselves,) one of whom came back breathless, at about ten o'clock, with information that they were close to a chain of Danish outposts. Through these they managed to pass unperceived, causing some peasants to drive their carts along the road, to drown the slight noise of their stealthy steps; and after marching all night, at daybreak they entered a village, where the Danes had quitted but an hour before. Another half hour brought them to Røgen, where they obtained refreshment, rested for a few minutes, and where carts, with powerful horses harnessed, were in readiness to take them on. At a gallop they dashed along through villages and fields, their peasant-drivers stimulated by fear of the Danes, who were in the immediate neighbourhood, and for whose pockets more than one red door-post was mistaken in the grey morning light. At four o'clock, they reached the house of a country gentleman, a partisan of the insurgents, and there they first learned the object and character of their forced march, which had been attended with considerable peril. They had passed through the middle of a Danish corps, seven thousand strong, often at no more than a hundred paces from the sentries. The double object of this expedition, according to Mr Hamm, was to facilitate the passage of the Schlei by the other free corps, and to raise the country between Schleswig and Flensburg, the fertile and prosperous district of Angeln. The Prussian troops had now come into play, and on this very day, (Easter Sunday, 23d April,) after an obstinate engagement of several hours' duration, the Danes were defeated, and General Wrangel entered the

town of Schleswig. It is not worth while, therefore, to follow Mr Hamm in his narrative of the petty operations of his free corps. But his account of their reception in Angeln is worth extracting, as an additional proof, were any wanted, of the very partial adhesion of the Schleswigers to the insurrectionary cause. The exaggerated statements made by German newspapers, and by interested parties, of the overwhelming preponderance of the German element in the population of the duchy of Schleswig, have, however, been long since pretty generally discredited.

Crossing the inlet of the Schlei, and landing at Lindor, the party of volunteers marched to the village of Suderbrarup. "Here, for the first time, we perceived that we were in the garden of Schleswig, the rich country of Angeln. Prosperity—even wealth—was plainly discernible in the appearance of the groups of curious and astonished peasants, as well as in that of the stately old Saxon houses, of the gardens and fields. And we received even better proofs of it: from all sides, out of every farm-house, trimly dressed maidens brought such an abundance of delicious food and drink, as even a free corps had difficulty in disposing of. We were overjoyed at our reception, which seemed to us a guarantee of the attainment of our chief object. But we deceived ourselves. When we afterwards marched through the villages, loudly and fervently singing the '*Schleswig-Holstein meer-umschlungen*;'* when we addressed animated harangues to the peasants grouped before their doors, and called upon them to arm themselves with scythes and pitchforks, and rise, as one man, for the expulsion of their hereditary foe, they certainly nodded to us approvingly, but not one of them stirred an inch in compliance with our summons. This was a strong voucher for the indifference of the rural population, even when it was the question of vindicating its holiest interests—a striking indication that enthusiasm for the cause of the Duchies is far less deeply rooted in the mass of the people than many have been disposed to assume. And :

* "*Schleswig-Holstein sea-surrounded*,"—the revolutionary song of the Duchies.

yet it were going too far to deny the patriotic disposition of the peasants of Angeln; and we subsequently had abundant and most pleasing proofs of their warm patriotism. They love their country—they wish to be and to continue Germans; but they also love their substance and property; and fear of material losses is more powerful with them than any patriotic impulses. To this is to be added their innate aversion to the soldier's trade. There, as everywhere, the peasant will rather support all the burdens of a war than share in it himself; even when the prospect is held out to him of its speedy termination by his co-operation. Naturally, this only applies as a general rule: we have beheld many illustrious exceptions. In this instance, however, we had completely failed in one of the objects of our march: we were unable to organise an armed insurrection of the people. Here and there a peasant brought out an old rifle or musket, and stood sentry over his own premises; but not one could be persuaded to march away with us. Some what humiliated, we returned to the parish of Boren."

Evidence given in this sense, by so enthusiastic a liberator as Mr Hamann, is assuredly to be accepted as trustworthy. And even were he a Danish partisan, instead of a fiery German patriot, we should be disposed to confide in his testimony on account of its great probability. So flourishing a people as the Angles have no business with revolutions; and one can easily conceive their reluctance to quit their well-stocked homesteads and comfortable houses for the disreputable trade of rebels. As to their gestures of approval when the members of the honourable free corps thundered out radical songs, and urged them to turn fork and scythe into lance and sabre, we can easily imagine our honest Anglian cousins being exceedingly gratified by the music and diverted by the recommendation, or even regarding the whole proceedings as a comical performance got up for their amusement, and which they applauded in hopes of its prolongation. Or, perhaps they had heard that a very stern countenance and small degree of favour were shown by the volun-

teers to such civilians as they considered 'Danish-disposed;' in which case a due regard for the safety of their goods, chattels, and pretty daughters, may have taught dissimulation even to these unsophisticated tillers of the soil. To console themselves for the lukewarmness of the peasantry, and to celebrate the passage of the Schlei by the whole of the various free corps, the Rantzauers set the bells ringing, and then moved forward. The Danes were now retiring. Some skirmishing ensued. Another cavalry picket was surprised, and communicated its panic to a Danish battalion, which incontinently fled. Their numbers trebled by union with a Hamburg free corps, the Rantzauers pressed twenty carts, and hurried in pursuit. But they were soon in a district of Schleswig where Danish sympathies prevailed, and the peasants they met bewildered them by false and conflicting intelligence. In such circumstances, the scanty military instinct of the German volunteers helped them but little. All they could be sure of was, that they were upon the trail of, and at no great distance from, a regiment of Danish riflemen. At last, at the village of Gross-Solt, a peasant from Angeln, returning homewards from the conveyance of Danish baggage, assured them that the enemy's stragglers were still in the furthest houses. Leaping from their carts, a vanguard hurried onwards and entered a tavern. "Here they found, seated at table, five men, whose blue cloaks covered uniforms that were apparently those of Holstein officers, and who seemed rather startled at the sudden entrance of the volunteers. One of them addressed the intruders in excellent German. 'What! comrades,' he said, 'already so far to the front? Doubtless you, like ourselves, are in pursuit of the enemy?' 'Certainly we are,' replied one of the volunteers, 'and we wonder to find you here, for we thought there were none ahead of us. Is the enemy far off?' 'No,' was the answer; 'hardly a quarter of an hour's march. If you make haste, you are sure to overtake them.' With this interesting intelligence, the volunteers hurried back to the main body. They met it close at hand. An honest peasant

had revealed to its commander that five Danish officers were at the tavern. Ashamed and furious at having been the dupes of so simple a stratagem, the vanguard hastened to repair its blunder; but the Danes had made the most of the brief interval, and were nowhere to be found."

Overmatched and hard pressed on all sides by the confederated troops, Hanoverians, Brunswickers, Mecklenburgers, and Prussians, the Danes retreated bravely fighting; and the free corps, hanging upon their rear, were able to indulge their passion for soldiering at very small risk. But on leaving southern Schleswig, they soon found a difference in their reception by the inhabitants. "The whole north-western portion of Schleswig," says Mr Hamm, "is thoroughly Danish in feeling. On all sides sullen countenances loomed upon us, and the Danish language alone was heard: so that we could hardly get on without an interpreter. Many dangers threatened us upon the march, for the peasantry were stirred up and excited by Danish emissaries: in almost every village, concealed stores of arms, especially pikes and halberts, were discovered. Let no one, therefore, believe that the population of all Schleswig is enthusiastic for the cause of the Duchies. *Only its smallest portion is so.* Another fraction, which, with this one, may represent a third of the whole, is German, and wishes to remain German. To the second third it is quite indifferent who has the upper hand, so long as there is peace in the land and a cessation of extraordinary imposts. Finally, the remaining third is decidedly Danish. Thence let it be judged whether it will ever be possible to incorporate the duchy of Schleswig, in its present form, with the German empire. The superiority in intellect and wealth of the German over the Danish population, must however be also taken into consideration."

Although Mr Hamm's military mania, and his magniloquent accounts of the prowess of the free corps, may excite a smile, his statements with respect to the condition of the

country, and temper and predilections of its inhabitants, may fairly claim all the consideration usually accorded to the observations of an intelligent traveller, in which capacity, as we gather from his preface, he had visited the Duchies previously to the war. The statements in the above extract are much less in accordance with those contained in the well-known pamphlet, published in the spring of 1848, under the auspices of Chevalier Buksen, than with those of the author of another pamphlet, which appeared in Paris about the same period,* which some of our readers may remember as having excited a good deal of attention at the time, and which the German propagandists are inclined to treat as partial and one-sided in its views. But the Leipzig volunteer goes even further than the Danish writer, in his estimate of the numerical proportion of the revolutionary party in Schleswig to that larger section of the people, who desire the *status quo* as it existed previously to the ill-advised and unjust aggression of Germany, upon the territory of an unoffending and comparatively feeble neighbour.

On the 2d May, Mr Hamm and his comrades entered Jutland for a few days' stay. He gives a lamentable account of the Jutlanders. "Is it possible?" he exclaims. "Can there be, close to the German frontier, such a land and such a people?" He here refers more particularly to the inland district, which he describes as thinly populated and ill cultivated; the peasants undersized, unintelligent, filthy in their dwellings, and afflicted with much vermin and disease. Matters mend upon the coast, where the people derive their subsistence from fishing and navigation, instead of agriculture. If not much cleaner, they are healthier, and stronger, and much better looking; and they live better, and drink Jamaica rum and French wine, instead of the thin sour beer and bad brandy which excited the disgust of the thirsty volunteers. Even the poor people in the interior, however, who have little to give besides buck-wheat porridge, milk, potatoes, and bacon,

have a most hospitable reputation. "Towards Germans, and particularly towards German soldiers, hospitable they are not; but this is perhaps excusable." As the first men of the free corps were crossing the little stream that separates Schleswig from Jutland, an old woman, attended by a strange-looking dog, issued from a hut in the northern bank, and, with her gray hair streaming wildly round her shrivelled countenance, waved her naked arms, and furiously apostrophised the intruders. Some of the Germans deemed her apparition to be of evil omen, and certainly it was no unfaithful indication of the reception they might expect in the country. Nevertheless, they passed a week pleasantly enough at the Nyberg Mill, although scowled upon by the neighbouring peasants, and with the unpleasant feeling that they were anything but welcome; and that only the awe inspired by their muskets and bayonets prevented their receiving hard knocks, instead of unwilling hospitality. Indeed, some suspicion arose of a plot to surprise them; but warning was given to a young sergeant by the miller's pretty daughter, and the invaders were on their guard. The hatred of the Jutlanders was plainly enough manifested in their treatment of a German Schleswiger, long settled in the province, and married to a Jutland woman. On suspicion of his having shown the free corps the way to the mill, which lay in a secluded and beautiful valley, the inhabitants of three or four villages attacked his house, beat him savagely, and would have exterminated his family, but for the timely interference of the volunteers. Jutland was no longer a safe residence for him, and he was glad to move southwards into Schleswig, whither Mr Hamm and his comrades marched a few days afterwards. A small detachment took up their quarters at the village of Aroesund, on the shore of the Little Belt, opposite to the island of Funen.

"The house in which we were quartered was the inn; and at the same time the post-house of Aroesund, whence, in time of peace, a mail was daily sent across the Little Belt to Funen. To us, the most at-

tractive object in the whole panorama spread out before us, was a small speck in the middle of the sea. At about three thousand paces from the pier a little vessel rode at anchor; it had but one mast, and its black hull rocked monotonously on the slight swell, without offering to the naked eye any point of particular interest. But seen through a good telescope, the tiny craft assumed quite a different aspect. As if traced with Indian ink on a blue ground, yards, spars, and cordage stood out against the horizon; the scrupulous neatness and cleanness of the deck — upon which, in the neighbourhood of the wheel, a solitary sailor lounged — were plainly to be discerned, as were also four port-holes, through which grinned the mouths of as many guns. This vessel was his majesty the King of Denmark's favourite cutter Neptune, formerly used for pleasure only, but now equipped for war. Its present duty was to observe the important position of Aroesund. We, the free-corpsmen, on the other hand, were commissioned secretly to observe the cutter; for our leader had taken it into his head to attempt a *coup de main* on the water, and to capture the little man-of-war. Therefore had we for some time past been armed with pistols and short cutlasses; and from Cappel and the German harbours, a number of daring sailors, under the gallant Captain Hulbe, had joined us; and boats well supplied with boarding axes, ladders, and so forth, were concealed near at hand. On the first dark night the great undertaking was to be carried out. We, nine chosen men, had been sent forward to act as coast guard, and keep an eye upon the foe."

"We lay concealed behind the seaward windows of the house, and passed the telescope from hand to hand. Nothing stirred on board the cutter, save the man on watch, and the sailors' shirts hung up to dry, and that fluttered in the morning breeze. Indoors it was lively enough. Our host and hostess, friendly people, and stanch German partisans, told us how glad they were of our arrival, for that the Danes had long contemplated visiting them, and taking away the master of the house as a hostage. They also

told us that every morning the customhouse boat from Assens, (a town in Funen,) after speaking the cutter, put in to the little harbour if it observed nothing suspicious. On hearing this we looked significantly at each other, and as soon as we were again alone, we put our rifles in readiness. The sentry with the telescope soon called our attention by a loud cry. The cutter had hoisted the Danish war flag, the white cross on the blood-red field; and from the opposite shore, swift as a sea-mew, a small white sail, with a similar bunting, flew towards the vessel. "The customs' boat! Get ready!" cried our leader; and each one of us, eager for the fray, hurried to his appointed post, and waited eagerly for the word "Forward!" In a subdued voice, but audible to most of us, the man who had the telescope announced the enemy's manoeuvres. "The boat is alongside the cutter—a man steps in—they push off again—they are going away! No, the boat puts about, it comes this way—it is close at hand. But what now? It brings to, not a hundred yards from the pier, as it doubtingly—again it puts about and quits the shore! The boat must have been warned from land!" And so it was. The sentry without saw a cloth, previously unnoticed, fluttering from the lighthouse. In a few seconds it disappeared. At that moment a white cloud pulled out of the cutter's broadside, and a ball ricocheted over the green waves of the Belt; the customhouse boat answered with its solitary little gun, and scudded away northward, as if seeking a safer anchorage, leaving us to gnash our teeth for fury at the failure of our plan. The customs' boat always brought important despatches for the Danish partisans in Hadersleben; perhaps even it had the notorious peasant agitator Lauritz Skau on board, who stirred up the country people against the Germans. Our vexation was indescribable."

The disappointed adventurers hurried off to the lighthouse, where they found "a gloomy, red-haired, squinting man, who could speak no German; and who, with axe in hand, seemed half-inclined to defend his domicile, but whom the cocking of a rifle

brought to his senses." They could prove nothing against this poor fellow, but locked him up for further examination. "In the north-east, as in the north-west of Schleswig, sympathy with the German cause is rarely found. Nor is this surprising. In language and manners, old customs and usages, the North-Schleswigers assimilate much more to the Danes than to the Germans. The people on the coast, especially, will have nothing to say to the latter. All the trade and intercourse is with the Danish islands, which for centuries past have afforded a sure market for the produce of the fertile mainland; and the great shipowners will sail their vessel under no other flag than the Danish, because it frees them from toll."

In the following night, Captain Aldosser arrived with half his free corps, the other moiety quartering itself in a neighbouring village. Next morning a large Danish war-steamer came smoking along, close to the shore and un-suspicious of danger. It was the *Hecla*, bearing the flag of Admiral Steen Bille. This was just the sort of chance delighted in by the "youthful heroes," as Mr Hamm, at page 159, modestly styles himself and his fellow freebooters. As the steamer passed, her decks thronged with men, she was saluted by a running fire of rifles, which Hamm deposes to have killed two men, and wounded the captain and many of the crew. The *Hecla* returned the greeting with grape and shell, but the volunteers, snugly ensconced behind banks and stone walls, received no injury. "For every house," General Wrangel had written to the Danish Admiral, "that you injure upon the Schleswig coast, a village shall burn in Jutland—and a Wrangel keeps his word!" "What then had we to fear?" exclaims the heroic Hamm, when relating that he and his comrades slept in a crazy tenement, which a single cannon-ball would have brought down about their ears. The Danes, however, could hardly be expected not to retaliate when thus treacherously and uselessly assaulted. Captain Aldosser, it appears, either reckoned largely on their forbearance, or was very indifferent to the fate of Arosund. He and

his men organised a regular system of annoyance to every Danish vessel that came within shot of the shore; and when they kept out of shot, the German warriors "fired their rifles from time to time, only in mockery, and shouted hurrah, and bellowed forth, with all their force, the 'Schleswig-Holstein sea-surrounded.'" On the 26th May the noisy band marched to Flensburg, but returned three weeks later, in company with the free corps of Colonel Von der Tann, (to whom Mr Hamm dedicates his book.) One dark night, this officer brought down two thirty-two pounders, and established them in the place of a wooden cannon, which Aldosser's men had made and mounted by way of a joke—and which, for an hour or two, had deceived and kept off the Danish vessels. At sunrise the next day a steamer was seen coming down. It was neither the Hecla nor another large steamer then cruising in the Belt, but the Iris, a small mail-boat used for carrying despatches. Von der Tann, however, was fain to take what he could get: in another hour or two the substitution of the real ordnance for the *quaker* would no longer be a secret. As the little Iris glided unsuspectingly past, ("Thank God!" piously ejaculates Hamm, "this time there was no traitor to give her warning.") a couple of shots, one of which smashed her engines, spun her round like a top, and presently she sank; her brave crew, who preserved their order and discipline even in that terrible moment, narrowly escaping in their boats, but without rag or stick of baggage. "The boundless joy," writes Mr Hamm, "which this brilliant feat occasioned amongst the free corps, is quite indescribable." The "feat" appears to us to be about as brilliant and gallant, and useful, as the exploit

of a man who should creep alone behind a hedge and pick off an unoffending sentinel. Undeterred by General Wrangel's bombastic menace, the Danes lost no time in revenging their sunk steamer. "The rejoicings of the coast-guard," Hamm ruefully confesses, "were not of long duration. The cutter and the gun-boat were for a moment mute—evidently the unexpected catastrophe had bewildered them, and they had to collect and prepare themselves. And prepare they did! Suddenly an eighty-pound shell rattled amongst the buildings of Aroesund, crashed through the roof of the barn, and exploded with devastating effect. The next moment the cutter threw in her broadside, and then the smart lively little craft put about in an instant, showed her other row of teeth, and made them *felt*. So it went on, the gun-boat occasionally varying the sport with a bushel of grape. In short, the cannonade was frightful; and with our two guns we were unable to reply to it. The Danes took a terrible revenge, and Aroesund was soon a heap of ruins."

This was the last exploit which Mr Hamm shared in or witnessed. After a brief interval, occupied chiefly by a triumphant march of the free corps through Angeln, hostilities, which had temporarily ceased, were about to break out again, whereupon a portion of Aldosser's band took their discharge and returned home. Mr Hamm was amongst the number. Six weeks' soldiering had satisfied him. Perhaps, although he does not confess it, he was a little ashamed of his Quixotism, and disgusted with his company. As far as we can discover from his book, its publication has been the sole result, in the slightest degree useful or valuable, of his "campaign in Schleswig-Holstein."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A NATION such as England, possessing extensive colonies, wound up with vast interests, and involved in complicated transactions in every part of the globe, can never be too cautious in the administration of its Foreign Affairs. An extensive empire, and variety of interests, necessarily bring it into contact with a great number of foreign nations in different parts of the world; and unless the utmost moderation and temperance of judgment exist at headquarters, and regulate its external relations, it is inevitable that causes of irritation will, in the course of time, arise; and that it may find itself involved in hostilities, possibly with several powers at once, under circumstances where its material interests will certainly suffer in the struggle, and the public resources may be far from equal to its maintenance. Most of all is this cautious course alike expedient and honourable with an old and powerful empire, whose deeds have resounded through the world, and whose possessions have come to embrace a large part of its surface: for antiquity of existence in nations, not less than individuals, is invariably more or less accompanied by weakness; and the renown of former times removes the necessity of perilous enterprises being engaged in for the acquisition of character.

All old and powerful empires, accordingly, have, in the advanced periods of their existence, felt the necessity of embracing this prudent and cautious policy. Their magnitude imposed it on them, their glory rendered it honourable. Augustus, it is well known, bequeathed it as his last injunction to his successors, never to extend the frontiers of the empire. Succeeding emperors, at different times, did more—they contracted them. They became aware that their internal resources were not equal to the waging of successful hostilities over so vast a surface, or maintaining the forces requisite for their prosecution, at the same time, in many different parts of the world. The haughty maxim of the Republic—

"Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos,"

was speedily abandoned, when the empire had brought its multiplied cares and expenses on the Imperial government. Venice did the same. The Queen of the Adriatic descended from her lofty pedestal, when her dominions were far extended, and she was brought in contact at once with the Turk, the Hungarian, and the Austrian; and for centuries her sagacious government concealed the weakness of age under the guise of a cautious and equitable neutrality. There is no disgrace in the adoption of such a course of policy; it is rendered unavoidable by circumstances and length of existence, just as prudence and abstinence from excess is imposed on those advanced in years by the maladies and weakness incident to old age.

There are nations, however, who, even in the most advanced periods of national existence, have adopted an opposite policy—who have been aggressive to the last, and at times incurred the most imminent hazard, at others achieved the greatest successes, by efforts made in what may, without impropriety, be called their national old age. France, in 1792, was an example of it in modern times; Athens, in the time of Alcibiades, in ancient. The expedition to Syracuse, which, Grote has distinctly shown, was the ruin of that celebrated republic, was the counterpart of the vehement aggression which Republican France commenced on all the adjoining states, on the principle of regenerating all mankind. In our own days, the republican spirit has led to the same aggressive system: America has squatted down in Texas, successfully claimed the half of Maine, gained two-thirds of Oregon, conquered half of Mexico and the whole of California; and the long peace which followed the battle of Waterloo in Europe was first interrupted by the fierce onslaught of newborn European democracy on all the adjoining states. The Prussian republicans invaded Holstein, the Piedmontese Lombardy; all Italy was in a flame, and the conflagration burst forth with such fury in Austria, that it threatened entire

destruction to that noble monarchy, and was not extinguished till the Muscovite battalions appeared in irresistible strength on the plains of Hungary.

The two great parties into which the world is divided, view these opposite systems with very different eyes. The young, the ardent, the enthusiastic, those who feel bitterly the fetters of power, and anticipate the entire regeneration of mankind from their removal, will, of course, vehemently support the aggressive system, and consider it as the first duty and plainest interest of every state, which has won for itself the blessings of constitutional freedom, to extend it to every adjoining state. The old, the cautious, the experienced, those who have felt the vanity of human wishes, and been taught the emptiness of human delusions, will as certainly range themselves on the other side. They will consider the preservation of peace as the best means both of securing human felicity and advancing human progress; they will trust little to institutions adopted from the example of foreign states, or forced upon them by the influence of foreign power; and deem those the worst enemies of real freedom who endanger its advance by precipitating its march, or defend it from the crimes committed, in the lasting opinion of mankind, in its name.

Without pretending to determine which of these opinions is the better founded, and leaving the different classes of our readers to form their judgment on them, according to their preconceived opinions, there are two points upon which it is conceived all must be agreed, and on which the warmest supporter of revolutionary propagandism or aggression must concur with the staunchest advocate of pacific measures and a conservative system of policy.

The first of these is, that revolutionary propagandism, if admissible at all, should be confined to those states which are capable of profiting by the change, and not be extended to such as, by original character, antiquity of years, or the indelible influences of habit and circumstances, *are incapable of doing so*, and can only

suffer from it. In laying down this position, we are not disputing, at present, the propriety of a free state adopting a propagandist policy, and endeavouring to assimilate the institutions of other countries to its own. We are assuming, for argument's sake, that it is both just and expedient so to do. We only contend that the Liberal state, trying to surround itself with other Liberal powers, should direct its efforts to those on which it is really possible to ingraft free institutions, and not waste its efforts in the vain endeavour to force them on nations adverse to them from inclination, or disqualified for their enjoyment by circumstances. Experience has abundantly proved what *a priori* might readily have been anticipated, that *all* nations are not equally susceptible of free institutions—that some races of men readily embrace and speedily flourish under them; and others as certainly reject, or, if compelled to adopt, inevitably suffer under them.

Perhaps the greatest, the most acute, and the most widespread suffering recorded in history, has arisen from the attempts made by enthusiastic and well-meaning, but unwise and inexperienced men, to force upon all nations, either by party efforts at home, or external force from abroad, institutions of a Liberal character, for which by nature, habits, or circumstances, they are disqualified. Witness the murtherable misery brought upon France and Europe, by the attempt, made sixty years ago, to ingraft on the Gaulish race Anglo-Saxon institutions, now admitted by all parties to have proved an entire failure; the experienced impossibility of spreading anything but misery in Ireland, after the efforts of centuries, by the extension to its semi barbarous Celtic peasantry of the institutions which work so well among their Anglo-Saxon brethren in England; and the frightful devastation produced in the whole of South America, by the establishment among its ignorant priest-ridden Spanish inhabitants of those republican institutions which have hitherto worked so well among the Anglo-Saxons of North America. In contending for attention, on the part of a Liberal govern-

ment which is desirous of surrounding itself with others of a similar structure, to the disposition and tendency of the people among whom the efforts are made, we are not impugning the principle of propagandism in the abstract; we are only pointing out the necessity of directing it in such a manner, and to such quarters, as may render it either beneficial or creditable to the propagandist state, or instrumental, if it ever can be so, to the general happiness of mankind.

The second principle on which we claim the concurrence of every sensible man, of whatever party or shade of opinion, in the three kingdoms, is, that the nation which adopts in its policy the system of either pacific propagandism, or open aggression, should be prepared, at all times, to support its pretensions with the sword: and should be prepared, at a moment's warning, to resist the retaliatory measures which may be adopted by the despotic governments who are endangered, or think themselves endangered, by it. In contending for attention to this principle, we assume, for argument's sake, that the propagandist principle is both just and expedient; we desire only to see it exercised in such a way, and with such precautions, as may not endanger the state which is thus making efforts for the emancipation of mankind. Unless this is done, the risk is extreme to the aggressive state: because it perpetually runs the risk of retaliatory hostile measures, without any preparation to withstand them. It resembles a man who goes to a theatre, determined to pick a quarrel with some person or other, and is unprepared to maintain it when commenced.

That the danger to despotic governments, from the spread of revolutionary principles in their dominions, is extreme, is obvious to every capacity. The examples of the French monarchy, twice overturned by an urban tumult within the last twenty years—of Prussia, convulsed with passions which half a century will not appease—of the Pope, a fugitive from his dominions—of the kingdom of Naples, wellnigh partitioned in the struggles—of Austria, all but destroyed, and forced to call

in the aid of its hereditary enemy, to avoid instant ruin, are sufficient to bring conviction to the most obdurate understanding—to appal the stoutest heart. In truth, it is the great danger of dangers—the one thing, above all others, against which monarchical governments behave to be on their guard in the present day. So far all are agreed. But it is not equally apparent, although not less true, that as the risk to arbitrary monarchs is thus obvious and pressing, so the measures to which they will be driven, in their own defence, to counteract it, will be of an equally stringent and decisive nature. There will be no previous negotiations—probably no declaration of war—before the decisive step is taken. We have shown them how the thing may be done, and furnished precedents which may be turned with decisive effect against ourselves in the future imitation of our own measures.

We sent twenty ships of the line, and thirty thousand men, against Copenhagen, in 1807, because we knew that, by a secret article of the treaty of Tilsit, the Danish fleet was to be employed against Great Britain; and we suddenly sent Admiral Parker with the Mediterranean fleet, in 1849, to the Dardanelles, to support Turkey in resisting the demand of Russia for the extradition of the Hungarian and Polish refugees. On both occasions we succeeded, because we took our opponents unexpectedly, and were in great strength on the theatre of action, before they were aware of what was coming, or had made any preparations to resist it. But our success on these occasions should only make us the more beware, lest our sudden aggressive system is one day turned against ourselves. The maxim, "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri*," is well understood, both at St Petersburg and Paris. Every summer a Russian fleet of twenty-five sail of the line, with thirty thousand troops on board, makes pacific parades in the Baltic; and fifty thousand French soldiers, with fifteen sail of the line, could in three days be assembled within thirty hours' sail of Brighton. We do not say, Stop your propagandist or aggressive system. By all means

go on with it, if you think it either just or expedient—if it will add to the stability of the British monarchy, or augment our weight with foreign powers, or extend the market for our industry in foreign states. We only say, Be prepared for the consequences. Expect that the despotic powers will act against the revolutionary, as promptly and decidedly as the revolutionary have acted against them; and do not, when the danger arrives, expose the national independence to extreme peril, because, when you were endangering every other state around you, you have thought that danger could not reach your own.

Without entering at present into the abstract question, whether a nation living under one form of government is justified in stirring up civil dissension in foreign states, and supporting its own side in the civil warfare which it has induced, for the sake of surrounding itself with governments of a structure similar to its own: admitting, for argument's sake, that we were justified in altering the order of succession in Spain and Portugal, and establishing revolutionary queens on both the thrones of the Peninsula, and, as a necessary consequence, that the Emperor of Russia would be justified in raising up a rival to Queen Victoria in the British dominions, and establishing a king on the throne of these realms, whose government might be more in harmony with the prevailing ideas of St Petersburg: admitting, for argument's sake, all this, we rest our main charge against the foreign policy of our present rulers upon two grounds, wholly independent of these disputable topics. The first is, that our propagandist efforts, since the change in our constitution by the Reform Bill, have been mainly directed to establish Liberal institutions in countries utterly unfitted for them, and from their failure in which, nothing but discredit and ruin to the cause of freedom throughout the world is to be anticipated. And secondly, that, having engaged in the propagandist crusade, either by pacific persuasion or open hostility, we have made no sort of preparation to meet the dangers with which it is attended, but, on the contrary, exposed ourselves unpre-

pared to the blows of enemies equally capable and powerful, whom we took every opportunity to endanger or provoke.

The first occasions on which this new system—in all points diametrically the reverse of the ancient policy of Great Britain—was adopted, were on occasion of the disputed succession to the thrones of Spain and Portugal, soon after the passing of the Reform Bill. And that we may avoid all risk of misconstruing or ascribing other motives than the true one to our policy on these occasions, we shall adopt the account given of both by Lord Palmerston, in his late able defence of the foreign policy of Government, in the debate on the Greek question:—

"Now, a question arose in Portugal between the rival claims of Donna Maria, represented by her father, Don Pedro, and of Don Miguel. Did it much signify to England, in the abstract, whether this young queen was to be sovereign of Portugal, or whether Don Miguel, who was actually in possession, should remain upon the throne? We looked upon the question, not as a simple choice between one sovereign and the other, but as it was in reality—as a question between absolute government on the one hand, and constitutional government on the other. (Hear, hear.) And what interest, you will say, had we in that? Why, we might have had a selfish interest in favour of despotism, because it is manifest that, if you want to exercise influence over a country, you are more likely to have it where the government rests in a court and cabinet, than where it rests in an assembly representing the nation. But we scorned that sort of influence in Portugal. (Hear, hear.) We knew, in espousing the cause of a constitution, that that particular influence would cease; but we felt that we should reap other advantages, which would more than counterbalance any disadvantage arising from that source. We know that the prosperity of Portugal was concerned, (hear, hear;) that the best chance for the cessation of the manifold abuses, administrative and others, which had so long prevailed to keep down Portugal in the scale of nations—the best chance for applying a remedy to those evils, and giving full development to the resources and prosperity of Portugal, would consist in securing it the inestimable advantages of a free constitution, (hear, hear;) and, therefore, thinking as we did that right

was on the side of that party with whom waved the constitutional banner, we, and the Right Honourable Baronet with us, espoused that cause; and we concluded a treaty between England, France, Spain, and Portugal, by means of which, through the exertion of force, Donna Maria was to be seated upon the throne of Portugal. (Hear, hear.) I think that course was wise — was perfectly defensible; and I think the Right Honourable Baronet is entitled to share with me (laughter) in the merit of having been above all narrow-minded prejudices (renewed laughter,) and having concurred in that act of forcible interference for the purpose of giving Portugal the blessings of representative government.”—*Times*, June 26th, 1850.

Of the intervention in favour of Queen Christina in Spain, which led to the terrible civil war in the Basque provinces and Catalonia that for four years drenched the Peninsula with blood, the same noble Lord gives the following account.—

“Don Carlos having been expelled from the Peninsula under the treaty of 1834, came to London for a time, and then returned to Spain. Hostilities were resumed, and the additional articles of 1835 were then concluded, for the purpose of giving to the Queen of Spain assistance to enable her to retain the Crown, and to expel Don Carlos from Spain. This is a case exactly similar to that in Portugal. (Hear, hear.) We had no particular interest in determining whether the Sovereign of Spain should be an infant princess, as Isabella then was, or a full-grown prince; the mere abstract question between Isabella and Carlos was one in which we had nothing at stake, and which the then government of England would not have thought it proper or useful to interfere with. Questions of succession to the Crown have, indeed, at all times been matters with which foreign powers have concerned themselves; but it has only been when some distinct interest has made it worth their while to do so. But in Spain, as in Portugal, the question was between arbitrary rule and constitutional and parliamentary government (hear, hear); and in relation to Spain, as to Portugal, we thought that the interests of England, in every point of view, commercial and political, would be benefited by the establishment of constitutional government. (Hear, hear.) If England has any interest more than another with reference to Spain, it is that

Spain should be independent, (hear hear,) that Spain should be Spanish. Let Spain be for Spain, is the maxim upon which we proceed in our policy with regard to Spain. (Hear, hear.) Much evil must ever come to this country from Spain being under the dictation of other powers; it is eminently for our interest that, when we have the misfortune to be in dispute or at war with any other power, we should not on that account, and without any offence to or from Spain herself, be at war with Spain also. (Hear, hear.) It is to our advantage that, so long as we have no offence towards Spain, and she none towards us, differences with other powers should not involve us with her (hear, hear); and we considered that the independence of Spain was more likely to be secured by a government controlled by a representative and national assembly, than by a government purely arbitrary and consisting merely of the members who formed the administration. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, on grounds of strict policy, independently of the general sympathy which animated the people as well as the Government of this country towards Spain at that time, we thought it our interest to take part with Isabella, and against the pretensions of Don Carlos. That policy was successful—the Carlist cause failed, the cause of the Constitution prevailed.”—*Times*, June 26th, 1850.

Here the new principle of British policy is openly announced. It is that “the interests of England in every point of view, commercial and political, would be benefited by the establishment of Constitutional Government in the Peninsular kingdoms.” Nothing was said or thought of the faith of treaties, or the honour of England; nothing of the Treaty of Utrecht, by which, as the fruits of a long and bloody war, the throne of Spain was entailed upon the MALE line, to the perpetual exclusion of the female—and we ourselves, with all the other powers in Europe, guaranteed that succession: nothing of the fact that Don Miguel was both *de facto* and *de jure* the king of Portugal, and that when we leagued with France to dethrone him, and settle the crown upon Donna Maria and the female line, we violated alike our national obligations and the declared will of the Portuguese people. All these considerations were set at naught for the supposed advantages, “commercial and

political," of establishing Liberal governments in the Peninsula.

But is it then for the advantage of England, in a "commercial" point of view, to support the cause of revolution in the adjoining countries? Is it during the tumults, the panics, and the confiscations of revolutions, and the widespread horrors of civil war, that our exports progressively augment to the scenes of bloodshed, massacre, and woe? Is the government finally established by the successful party in civil conflict so very stable, credit so quickly re-established, and security so widely diffused, that the wants of men and their increasing opulence lead to an extended commerce with this country? What was the excuse constantly set up for the great defalcation of our exports in 1818 and 1849, when they sank from £60,000,000 to £53,000,000, but that it was owing to the European revolutions in the first of those years? Strange, that when the Chancellor of the Exchequer uniformly tells us, and tells us justly, that the interests of British commerce invariably suffer from the breaking out of civil dissensions in the European states, the Foreign Secretary should as uniformly tell us, and act upon the principle, that the commercial interests of England require the support, on the part of her Government, of those very revolutions!

But suppose the civil war terminated, the revolution successful, and a Liberal government forced upon the adjoining states by the arms and the influence of England and France—are the "interests" of British commerce likely to be benefited by the immediate sway of *urban and manufacturing* influence in the newly organised Liberal states? and are not those interests precisely the ones which immediately become predominant in such communities? Is not the triumph of democracy invariably followed by harsh measures, or an augmented tariff against British manufactures? Let the augmented tariff of Prussia, Portugal, and Belgium, our pet Liberal governments in Europe, immediately consequent on the triumph of democratic principles among them, give the answer. Was not the revolution of 1848 immediately followed

by the expulsion of all the English labourers and mechanics from the land of liberty, equality, and fraternity? Who increased the tariff on English manufactures and iron goods in America, and have in contemplation a still farther and more alarming increase? Who promulgated, from the seat of government in Washington, the doctrine that protection to native industry is the true principle of free governments; and that, for this purpose, that of the United States had it in contemplation to put an export duty on the export of raw produce from the American shores, and an import duty on the introduction of British manufactures? It was the democratic party, in these different countries, who did all these things; and yet we are told by Lord Palmerston, that British "commercial interests" require the establishment of democratic institutions in all the adjoining states. Let us not deceive ourselves: it is not British commercial interests which require this, but *Liberal political ambition*; and Lord Palmerston mistakes its interested whispers for the loud voice of national desire, or the sober dictates of national wisdom.

Are the "political" interests of Great Britain likely to be benefited by the placing, in defiance of the Treaty of Utrecht, a QUEEN on the Spanish throne? For what did Marlborough triumph, and Peterborough toil? for what was the War of the Succession waged, and a hundred millions added to our national debt? Was it not to guard against the very danger which Lord Palmerston has now again voluntarily incurred? Why was the female line excluded, by the Treaty of Utrecht, from the Spanish throne, and why was this insisted on, equally by the most opposite parties, during the reign of Queen Anne—alike by Marlborough and Bolingbroke, by Godolphin and Harley? Simply because it was well known that the heiress-presumptive to the Spanish throne would infallibly fall a prey to the arts of French diplomacy, or the fascinations of French gallantry; and that a prince of France, in leading a Spanish princess to the altar, would lay the foundation of a union of the two crowns on the same head, or in close alliance

under a family compact, of which hostility to this country would be the secret bond. Who is now the heiress-presumptive to the Spanish crown? The Duchess of Montpensier. And who violated the Treaty of Utrecht, purchased by the victories of Marlborough, to open the succession to her? Lord Palmerston. And yet Lord Palmerston told us, in his late speech, "*much evil must ever come to this country from Spain being under the dictation of foreign power; it is eminently for our interest, that, when we have the misfortune to be in dispute, or at war with any other power, we should not, on that account, and without any offence to or from Spain herself, be at war with Spain also.*" And is there any man bold enough to affirm, that the French nation is so enamoured of the best of all republics, or of their quasi-emperor, in the person of Louis Napoleon, that the prospective dangers of the Spanish alliance are in any sensible degree abated by the recent revolution at Paris; or that the time may not arrive, even in our own lifetime, when the two branches of the house of Bourbon, united by the family compact which Lord Palmerston has had the kindness to prepare for them, may direct, as they often did during the last century, a preponderating and overwhelming naval force against the independence of this country?

If neither the commercial nor political interests of Great Britain have profited by the establishment of the Liberal governments which, in conjunction with France, were forced upon the two nations of the Peninsula, have their own inhabitants been benefited by the change? and has the fair form of constitutional freedom at length emerged from the fierce and sanguinary contests which, in both countries, preceded the establishment of revolutionary queens on the thrones of the Peninsula? Alas! the prospect is here still more disheartening; and of the many political offences for which the people of Great Britain in recent times have to answer, perhaps those of the deepest die are the unutterable miseries of the frightful war which they for so long nourished in Spain, the destruction they effected of the ancient liberties of the Basque

provinces, and the subjection of the whole Peninsula to a democratic tyranny so corrupt, and so galling, that, but for the guarantee and intervention of France and England, it would long since have been swept away by the aroused indignation of nine-tenths of the people of the Peninsula. We have not room to enter on the momentous topic, however strongly we may feel inclined to do so. Fortunately it is not necessary—for in Lord Palmerston's secret despatch of 19th July 1846, to Sir Henry Bulwer, his own minister at Madrid, he thus expressed himself:—

"It was certainly not for the purpose of subjecting the Spanish nation to a grinding tyranny that Great Britain entered into the engagements of the Quadruple Alliance in 1855, and gave, in pursuance of the stipulations of the treaty, that active assistance which contributed so materially to the expulsion of Don Carlos from Spain. But Her Majesty's Government are so sensible of the inconvenience of interfering, even by friendly advice, in the internal affairs of independent states, that I have to abstain from giving you instructions to make any representations whatever to the Spanish Ministers on these matters. But, though you will, of course, take care to express on no occasion, on these subjects, sentiments different from those which I have thus explained to you; and although you will be careful not to express those sentiments in any manner, or upon any occasion, so as to be likely to create, increase, or encourage discontent, yet you need not conceal from any of those persons who may have the power of remedying the existing evils, the fact that such opinions are entertained by the British Government." — *Times*, June 26th, 1850.

So that, ten years after the termination of the civil war in Spain, and the establishment, by the "active assistance" of Great Britain, of a Liberal government and revolutionary queen at Madrid, it is discovered that it was only a "GRINDING TYRANNY" which has thus been imposed upon the Spanish nation; and so notorious had that become, that Lord Palmerston not only styled it as such, in his secret despatch to his minister at Madrid, but enjoined him not to conceal the fact that such was the opinion of the British Cabinet from any of the persons in power at Madrid, and

actually quoted that very passage himself in his speech in Parliament on the Greek question. To crown the whole, his pet revolutionary government at Madrid turned against him, dismissed in the most summary manner the British ambassador from that capital, and for nearly two years suspended all direct diplomatic intercourse with this country. Such is the influence of England with its new democratic allies.

Again, as to the late revolutions in Italy, which led to such portentous results, and wellnigh overturned every monarchy in western Europe, Lord Palmerston thus expressed himself:—

"Lord Minto went to Rome on the invitation of the Pope, conveyed through his nuncio at Paris, and also by channels of private communication. Lord Minto, whether at Turin, Florence, or Rome, *advised nothing but administrative reforms*; and if nothing had happened in Italy but what his lordship had advised, that country would have derived great advantage from his mission. When Lord Minto was at Rome, civil war broke out between Sicily and the King of Naples; and the King of Naples expressed a wish that his lordship should go to him. Lord Minto had received supplementary instructions to go to Naples, if he were requested to do so. He went to Naples, accordingly, and was then asked to go to Sicily, and interpose his good offices between Sicily and the government of Naples. His lordship said he would go with all his heart; but that, knowing something of Sicily, he was sure that, unless such and such terms were offered to the people, his going would be of no avail. Lord Minto spent from five in the afternoon till one o'clock in the morning, in council with the king, discussing the arrangement which was to be proposed to the Sicilians. This was our uncalculated interference in Sicily. (Hear, hear.) Oh! but it was said Lord Minto went, not to do service to the King of Naples, but secretly and substantially to encourage Sicily to separate itself from the crown of Naples. What happened? Contrary to Lord Minto's wish, who desired to be the first to bear to Sicily the terms proposed by the King of Naples, he found, on his arrival, that those terms had been communicated by the king to his friend, and that both parties condemned them. Then the news of the French revolution reached Sicily, and those who were before willing to remain under the crown of Naples were now resolved that Sicily

should become an independent state. Lord Minto was told that it was the intention of the Sicilians to receive him with great honour, as the representative of a power that was going to support them in an independent position. Lord Minto, however, said that he came on the part of the King of Naples, and, unless he were received by his subjects, he would go back to Naples. In deference to his lordship's wishes, the Sicilians consented to discuss an arrangement based on the principle of security to their liberties, combined with allegiance to the King of Naples. Was that a revolutionary proceeding? (Hear, hear.) Negotiations followed. The Sicilians unfortunately would not accept the good terms offered them by the King of Naples. Upon this statement of facts, was not Lord Napier justified in stating, in July, that the English government was acting a friendly part towards the King of Naples? (Hear, hear.) Then it was made a matter of complaint, that the English government had made known to the King of Sardinia, that if the Duke of Genoa were chosen King of Sicily, and in actual possession of the crown, not if it were merely offered to him, as had been represented, (hear, hear,) we would acknowledge him. It was at that time the opinion, not of England alone, but of the King of Naples himself, that he had no chance of recovering possession of Sicily. The Neapolitan minister in this country even expressed a hope that the English government would not prematurely acknowledge the Duke of Genoa as King of Sicily. Now, would it have been wise and right on our part to acknowledge the Duke of Genoa as King of Sicily? On that point he expected to have the approval of honourable gentlemen opposite. Events proved the opinion to be incorrect; but it was then generally supposed that the King of Naples had no chance of re-establishing his authority in Sicily. The choice then lay between a monarchical and a republican form of government for Sicily. Looking merely to the interest of the King of Naples, it was desirable he should not have a republic established in his immediate neighbourhood, and the King of Naples was not insensible to that consideration. The offer, however, made to the Sardinian government, to recognise the Duke of Genoa as King of Sicily, led to no result.

It is here admitted by Lord Palmerston that he sent Lord Minto to Italy at a time when the Pope had commenced the course of reform at Rome, which afterwards terminated

so disastrously for himself, "to advise administrative reforms;" that he took an active part in the negotiations between the court of Naples and its Sicilian rebels; and that, when they refused the terms proposed to them by their government, *we offered to acknowledge the Duke of Genoa, of the house of Sardinia, King of Sicily!* This, be it recollected, is the noble lord's own account of the matter. He thinks it quite reasonable and proper, where a country is distracted by rebellion in one of its provinces, to send a nobleman to arrange terms between the rebels and the government; and if they cannot agree, to *acknowledge a foreign prince* as the sovereign of the revolted district!!! He would deem it perfectly natural, honourable, and proper for Russia to have sent a foreign nobleman to negotiate between England and its Irish rebels, when the rebellion which terminated in the cabbage-garden was in progress; and if they could not agree, to have *acknowledged a brother of the King of Denmark* king of Ireland! There would have been nothing revolutionary in that. Quite the reverse. It was nothing but what prudence, wisdom, and a sound regard for the interests of England itself required! And this is Lord Palmerston's own account of our Italian intervention.

But there is more in the case than Lord Palmerston admits in his speech. He says, and says truly, that when the crown of Sicily was offered to the Duke of Genoa, the cause of Naples was deemed hopeless in Sicily. So it was at that time; but why was it so? Simply because England and France intervened and arrested the siege of Palermo, when it was on the point of being brought to a successful issue by the first Neapolitan expedition: and because Admiral Parker for long stopped the sailing of the royal fleet, having nineteen thousand troops on board, forming the second for the Sicilian shores. Meanwhile it was discovered that the Sicilian insurgents, "by some unaccountable accident," were in part armed with muskets having the Tower mark. It is no wonder that, in these circumstances, the Neapolitan government, for the time, deemed the cause of Naples hopeless in Sicily. But that it was not so in reality, and

that it was propped up solely by foreign intervention, is proved by the facility with which the rebellion was suppressed when the English and French fleets permitted the royal armament to sail from the Bay of Naples, and a clear stage and no favour at length became the principle really acted upon by this country.

With regard to the disgraceful and spoliating invasion of Lombardy by the King of Sardinia, Lord Palmerston says, and says justly, that he remonstrated against that irruption, and is not responsible for the consequences. But that he was in reality as favourable as ever to the cause of revolution, and tried to prop it up in the Italian, as he had done in the Spanish Peninsula, is proved by his subsequent conduct, when the Piedmontese, aided by the Milanese rebels, had expelled the Austrian troops from Milan, and Radetzky was driven to take a defensive position behind the Mincio. Here again, to avoid misconception, we shall quote the noble Lord's own account of the matter:—

"Then, with respect to the war in Lombardy, it is said that we ought to have prevented Sardinia from making an attack on Austria. A perusal of these blue books will show that we did not apply those arguments which we thought most likely to have force with the Sardinian government, and induce it not to take up arms against Austria; and it was not until after the revolution had broken out in Milan, and when the Austrians were for a time defeated and expelled from Lombardy in a manner which was only the result of a first panic—it was only after that event, and when the King of Sardinia was invited by the people, who having at that time freed their territory from the Austrian troops, that he moved and went to their assistance. I do not mean to say that there is any justification, either by treaties or by international rights, for the invasion of the territory of a neighbouring sovereign. In point of right he was entirely wrong, and there is nothing to be said for it. But, at the same time, there are feelings and considerations which may at least explain conduct which one cannot justify, but which one must condemn. He was applied to by his Italian neighbours; the spirit of his own country was up; and he said, and not without some foundation, that, if he had resisted that impulse, it might have been sufficient to overthrow

his own throne. That was not a consideration which ought to weigh against the consequences of invading the territory of a neighbour. Nevertheless, man is man, and we ought not altogether to throw out of consideration the circumstances. The Austrian government asked our mediation between them and the people of Lombardy, and in the course of the communications a proposal was authorised to be made on the part of Austria, as the basis of an arrangement, that Austria should relinquish all right and title to Lombardy. Now, if Austria contemplated that result, were we to be run down for thinking that such an arrangement might be conducive to the well understood interest of all parties concerned? We, however, thought that at that time those terms would not be accepted, judging from the prevailing feeling in Italy. We thought that this arrangement would not be accepted, *which did not exclude the abandonment of some portion of the Venetian territory.* Our opinion was borne out by what happened; for, when the proposition was made, being confined to Lombardy alone, it was rejected by the people of Milan, who thought their chance better than it turned out to be. So much for the outrage we have committed on our old and faithful ally."—*Times*, June 26.

So that, when our old and faithfully Austria applied to us in the extremity of her disaster—when Italy was in fierce revolt, Bohemia in rebellion, Hungary in arms, and Vienna in the hands of a bloodthirsty revolutionary faction—to interpose our good offices to save her from the ruin which seemed inevitable, and was even willing to sacrifice Lombardy to purchase it, we not only gave her no assistance, but insisted on her abandoning *part of the Venetian territory also.* This part of Venice included the *line of the Mincio*, the entire possession of which insures the command of the Peninsula. Lord Palmerston thought the new-born revolutionary kingdom in the north of Italy would be too weak, unless, in addition to all Lombardy, it got *part of the Venetian territory also!* It is the same thing as if the Emperor of Russia, when called on to mediate between England and its Irish rebels, had said: "It is all very well to give up Ireland; but that is not enough; *you must give up a part of Wales also*, and Devonshire, with

Plymouth harbour." This is what Lord Palmerston calls defending, in the moment of its utmost need, an old and faithful ally.

Then what did we do when the Austrians, in their turn, became victorious, and Radetzky, after the glorious victory of Novarra, threatened Turin? Did we say to the Piedmontese government, as, in similar circumstances, we had so recently before said to the Austrian, "It is all very well giving up Piedmont, to purchase peace, but it is not enough; *you must give up part of the territory of Genoa also!*" Quite the reverse. We put a bridle in the mouth of the victorious Imperialists; we interposed in an effectual manner, in conjunction with France, in favour of the defeated Piedmontese revolutionists, and, by the sheer weight of diplomacy, compelled Radetzky to halt in the middle of his victorious career, to sheathe his sword when within sight of Turin; and obtained terms for defeated and aggressive Piedmont, which resembled rather the issue of a doubtful, or successful, than a ruinous and disastrous war. We secured a peace for the defeated Piedmontese without the cession of a single foot of territory, and the imposition only of a pecuniary burden, to defray the expenses of the war; although, to the defeated Austrians, we had only a few months before urged the necessity of giving up, not merely the whole of Lombardy, but a part of the Venetian territory also—that is, the fortress of Mantua and the line of the Mincio, the most important military positions in Italy, and which in every age have secured to their possessors the entire command of the Peninsula.

In like manner, in regard to Holstein, and the insipidous revolutionary aggression commenced by the German democratic states on Schleswig, did we, when Denmark in the first instance was overwhelmed for a time by the revolutionary tempest, interpose to restrain the invasion of the Prussian force, and secure, by mediation and intervention, Denmark from being partitioned and destroyed by the German revolutionists? Quite the reverse—we did none of these things. We let Denmark stand alone and unaided the whole burst of the revolutionary

tempest. She withstood it indeed, and saved the north of Germany from being involved in a desperate conflagration; but no thanks to us that she did so. She owed her preservation entirely to the patriotic and courageous spirit of her inhabitants, the noble stand they made in defence of their country, and the known countenance, and perhaps covert support, of Russia. No sooner, however, did the tide turn, than we hastened to throw our shield over the distressed German revolutionists. When the Danish troops had gained the battle of Fredericia, and were on the point of regaining the whole Schleswig territory, we immediately interposed, forced the victorious royalists to halt in the midst of their successful career, and gave the Schleswig rebels time to reunite their scattered forces, and make head in such a manner that a second and most sanguinary contest—the battle of Istedt—and the open aid of Russia, were required six months afterwards to reduce them to reason, and preserve the Danish territories from dismemberment. It was not till the eleventh hour, till the contests in Europe were for the time over, and it was important not to add to the already numerous causes of Russian irritation, that Lord Palmerston at length, in August 1850, signed a protocol in London for the guarantee, with the northern powers, of the integrity of the Danish monarchy. What should we have said if, after the victory of Vinegar Hill, or the more bloodless triumph in the cabbage-garden, the Russians had interposed, and compelled us to consent to an armistice, which gave the Irish rebels time to recruit their forces, and again make head in open warfare against this country? And yet that is precisely what we did to Denmark in the Schleswig war.

Again, as to Austria, did we act a *bonâ fide* impartial part, in regard to the terrible crisis which occurred in that monarchy—when the Hungarian revolution broke out, and it seemed on the point of dismemberment between the Bohemian insurgents on one side, the Italian invasion and

Venetian revolt on another, the Hungarian insurrection on a third, and the triumph of a bloodthirsty revolutionary faction at Vienna in the heart of the empire? *Our interest*, both “political and commercial,” clearly was to have done so; for Austria is a state so essential to the balance of power in the east of Europe—as the only barrier against either France or Russia—that it was said by Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, who bore so noble a part in the death-struggle of his country, “*Si l’Autriche n’existait pas, il faudrait l’inventer.*”^{*} And the inspection of our exports to Austria, during the last twenty years, will demonstrate that there is no state with whom we maintain a more rising and gainful traffic, or whose industry is more completely removed from all rivalry or interference with that of this country. But when Austria was shaken to its centre, and its provinces were all rising in rebellion against it, we neither interposed actively, or by the weight of our mediation, to tie up the hands of the victorious Magyars, and save the barrier of Europe against Muscovite ambition from the destruction which threatened it. *We left that to Muscovy itself.* We forced Austria to throw itself into the arms of Russia, and, by so doing, we virtually destroyed the barrier. We converted the outwork of Europe against Russia into the outwork of Russia against Europe. We converted the jealous opponent of the Czar into his obsequious ally, and paved the way for the placing of the Russian Eagle on the dome of St Sophia, by rendering Muscovite influence predominant with the great power which lay on its flank, and was alone capable of impeding its advance.

No sooner, however, was a demand made by Russia for the extradition of the Hungarian and Polish refugees in Turkey, than the radical partiality of our Government for the cause of Revolution appeared. The Czar insisted they should be given up, and threatened the Porte with instant war in case of refusal. The Divan applied to England and France, and they counselled resistance, and sent

^{*} Alluding to the celebrated expression of Voltaire, adopted by Robespierre, “*Si Dieu n’existait pas il faudrait l’inventer.*”

their fleets to the mouth of the Dardanelles to support the advice. Admiral Parker took the lead, and actually, for some time, anchored in a bay within the straits, as the anchorage was unsafe on the outside. The demonstration was effectual. Russia receded, and the Hungarian rebels, instead of being delivered up to the Czar, were shipped off for a much better destination—America. Do we censure this measure, perilous as it was, and ill prepared as we were to have waged the very serious war in which it so nearly involved us? Quite the contrary: we cordially approve of it—not because the cause of the Hungarian rebels was that of revolution, but because the demand of the Russian emperor was ill-founded in itself, and inconsistent with the independence of Turkey. The subsisting treaties between Russia and the Porte gave them, mutually, right to demand the delivery of political refugees from their respective territories, but no right to demand the giving up of Hungarian refugees. The Cabinet of St Petersburg, in making this demand, therefore, were overstepping their rights, as fixed either by the common law of nations or by express treaty; and they subsequently showed their wisdom, as well as moderation, in receding from it. England acted rightly in sending Sir W. Parker to the Dardanelles, for, if she had done otherwise, her influence at Constantinople was at an end, and the independence of Turkey was reduced to an empty name. Ministers deserve the thanks of the country for having in so spirited a manner, on this important occasion, asserted the national honour, and stood forth so prominently to prevent the Ottoman power from being entirely swallowed up in the ceaseless progress of Russian aggrandisement, which their unhappy policy in regard to Hungary had done so much to increase. Their conduct on this occasion, however, proves that, if they did not previously interpose on behalf of Naples, Austria, or Denmark, when threatened with destruction, it was neither from want of power or inclination to engage in a quarrel, but from a fixed determination to draw the sword in behalf of revolution only; and to let established monarchies go to

ruin around them in every direction, without making any attempt to extricate them from their distresses.

Very different, however, was the conduct of Ministers on the Greek question, which has been made the subject of such interesting and important debates in both Houses of Parliament. The facts here are few and well known. Returning from the Dardanelles, the fleet of Admiral Parker appeared off the Piræus, demanded reparation for damage alleged to have been done by a Greek mob to the house and property of a Portuguese Jew naturalised in Britain, and a fair price for a garden belonging to Mr Finlay, which had been taken to form part of the royal pleasure-grounds by King Otho; and as these demands, amounting to a few thousand pounds, were not complied with, declared the harbour of Athens in a state of blockade, and ended by extorting the sums demanded from the Greek government. Here again, to avoid misconception, we shall quote Lord Palmerston's own words on the subject:—

“ In the middle of the town of Athens, in a house which I must be allowed to say is not a wretched hovel, as some people have described it—but it does not matter what it is, whether it be a palace or a cabin, if it has a right to be there safe from injury in a house which is not a wretched hovel, but which in the early days of King Otho was the residence of the Count Arenberg, the Chief of the Regency—it is a house as good as those which were in Athens before the sovereign ascended the throne—but M. Pacifico, living in this house, in the midst of Athens, within forty yards of the great street, within a couple of yards of a guardhouse, where soldiers were stationed, had his house attacked by a mob. Fearing injury, he sent an intimation to the guardhouse; he informed the authorities. Application was made to the Greek government for protection. No protection was afforded. The mob, in which were soldiers and gendarmes, who, even if not led by officers, ought, from a sense of duty, to have interfered and prevented plunder—that mob, headed by the sons of the Minister of War (loud cries of hear, hear.)—not children of eight or ten years old, but young men of eighteen or twenty—that mob, for nearly two hours, employed themselves in gutting the house of an unoffending man; destroying, carrying

away every single thing the house contained, and leaving it a perfect wreck. (Hear.) Is that a case in which a man is entitled to redress from somebody? I humbly think yes. (Cheers.) I think that there is no civilised country where a man subjected to that grievous wrong, not to speak of insults and injuries to the members of his family, would not expect redress from some quarter or other. Where was he to apply for redress at Athens? The Greek government neglected its duty, did not pursue judicial inquiries, and institute the legal prosecutions which it might have done, for the purpose of finding out and punishing some of the culprits. The sons of the Minister of War were pointed out. The Greek government were told, 'There is a house; you will find part of M. Pacifico's jewels locked up there.' But it is said M. Pacifico should have applied to a court of law for redress. What was he to do? To prosecute a mob of five hundred persons? Was he to prosecute them criminally, or to make them pay back his loss? Why, he and his family were hiding or flying, to avoid the outrages with which they were threatened. He states, on his oath, that his life was saved by an English friend. It was impossible, if he could have found the leaders, to have instituted proceedings. But what satisfaction would it have been to M. Pacifico to have prosecuted criminally even the ringleaders of that assault? Would that have restored his property? He wanted redress. A criminal prosecution was out of the question, to say nothing of the chances under a government where the tribunals are at the mercy of the advisers of the Crown, the judges being liable to be removed, and practically being removed on occasions, upon grounds arising from personal feeling. M. Pacifico did not want revenge; he wanted redress. Was he to prosecute for damages? His action would have lain against individuals. Suppose he had been able to prove that one particular man had carried off one particular thing, or destroyed one particular article of furniture, what redress could he anticipate after a lawsuit which, as his law advisers told him, it would be in vain for him to undertake? M. Pacifico might say, 'If a man is rich, he is sure to be acquitted; if he is poor, he has nothing by which to afford me compensation.' The Greek government having neglected to give the protection they were bound to give, and having literally abstained from taking means to afford redress, this was a case in which you might call on the Greek government for the losses, whatever those might be,

which M. Pacifico sustained. I think that claim was founded in justice. The amount we did not pretend to fix."—*Times*, 26th June 1850.

Admiral Parker claimed compensation for these damages, and for Mr Finlay's garden; and, as the demand was not acceded to by the Greek government, made reprisals and proclaimed a blockade. The French Minister offered his mediation, which was accepted; but, without awaiting the issue of the negotiations which ensued between the cabinets of London and Paris, Admiral Parker renewed his demands, with the threat of immediate hostilities in case of refusal, and the Greek government was forced to submit. As a natural consequence, the French ambassador was recalled from London, and we were on the verge of a war both with France and Russia, without the slightest preparation to maintain either the one or the other.

Two objections—either, singly, of insuperable weight—arise to this extraordinary proceeding.

In the first place, the principle thus openly announced and acted upon, of making *private* claims against individuals in a foreign state, or its government, the ground of a hostile attack by the armaments of a foreign power, is a principle which, though sometimes asserted by arrogant and imperious governments, especially against weak and defenceless states, is one which has no foundation in the Law of Nations: and, if once admitted and generally acted upon, would render hostilities between different powers *interminable*, and convert every private litigation into a cause of public warfare. Lord Palmerston says he had no confidence in the Greek tribunals, because the judges in them are removable at pleasure, and the government of the country is despotic. Observe how that argument may be turned against ourselves, and see how it sounds when it is so. A Russian subject has, or thinks he has, a claim against a British subject, or body of subjects, for whom he thinks the British government is responsible. "It is in vain," says the Czar, "to apply to the British tribunals for redress; the government

is little better than a democracy; no redress need be expected against the sovereign people; juries are merely their judicial committee; the chancellor who names all the judges is in their appointment, and hold office at their pleasure.. I will therefore send thirty ships of the line, and thirty thousand men, to the mouth of the Thames: blockade London; and, if the demand is not acceded to in twenty-four hours, lay it in ashes."

What would the English people say to such a demand, from such a potentate? Nevertheless that was precisely what we said to the Greek government, and it was to support such a demand that we were on the verge of a war with France and Russia united.

In the next place, even if such a demand were admissible in the ordinary case, there are several reasons which rendered it, in a peculiar manner, unwise and ungenerous to enforce it against the Greek government. That government ruled an infant state, but recently raised up by ourselves, in conjunction with France and Russia, out of the chaos of Ottoman oppression, and in which it was at the utmost moment to maintain our political influence. The new state was under the express guarantee of the *three powers* which called it into existence, and each was bound to maintain its independence against all the world. Was not the demand of Admiral Parker, supported by the whole Mediterranean fleet of England, an attack on its independence? Could England, or any other state, be called independent after undergoing and submitting to a similar indignity? Were not France and Russia, therefore, imperatively called upon to interfere, to protect the infant protected state, placed under their special guarantee, from so violent an aggression on the part of Great Britain alone? If we had no confidence in the Greek tribunals, and were on that account justified in making Mr Finlay's and Don Pacifico's claims the ground of a public quarrel, was it not incumbent on us, in the first instance at least, to have made them the subject of a pacific reference to the *three powers* who had guaranteed the integrity of Greece? What right had we, a single power, to

proceed in a hostile manner against a state which they had *all* concurred in guaranteeing? And if such a proceeding had been justifiable, could any circumstances be figured in which it was more inexpedient than when adopted?—at the very moment when Russia was smarting under the recollection of the gauntlet thrown down to her at the mouth of the Dardanelles; when a large party in Greece, since wofully diminished by our dictatorial aggression, were anxious to range themselves on our side from the dread, so generally felt over the East, of Russian power; and when, by embracing such a course, we at once laid asleep the rivalry of France and Russia, and brought the cabinets of St Petersburg and the Tuileries, for the first time during half a century, into cordial amity, from a sense of common indignation at the conduct of Great Britain?

And the extreme imprudence, and unnecessary as well as enormous risk of the whole proceeding, is clearly evinced by the result. We have got out of the scrape for the time at least, and the immediate danger of a French and Russian war has blown over. But how have we got out of it? Not by persisting in our demands, but receding from them; not by upholding our pretensions, but by *abandoning them*. All that France ever demanded was, that the reference to her should be followed up, and that measures of hostile aggression should be abstained from while it was in dependence. In the first instance, Lord Palmerston refused to do so, and we were on the eve of a rupture in consequence. But when matters became serious, he was forced to yield: and on the very morning when the debate on the subject began in the House of Commons, and after the majority of 37 against Ministers in the House of Lords, the columns of the *Times* (June 23) announced the conclusion of a convention between *France and England*, by which the Greek question was settled! Thus, after having had the imprudence to bring the country to the very verge of a war with the two most powerful states in Europe, from the arrogant pretensions which he advanced, when no sort of preparation had been made to maintain them, Lord Palmerston was

obliged to end by succumbing, and doing the very thing which France had from the outset contended for, and the breaking off from which had so nearly induced so serious a rupture!

As matters stand, the foreign policy of Great Britain has been such during the last thirty years—for which time we have been, under different administrations, under Liberal government—that there is no possible outrage or injury which, in a moment of distress or danger, foreign nations can inflict upon us, for which they will not find a precedent precisely applicable in our conduct towards other nations, in similar moments of national disaster. Are we threatened with the loss of our West Indian or North American colonies, in consequence of the increasing discontent of those noble establishments? Our conduct to Spain in 1823 furnishes a precedent precisely in point; and America or France may follow our example, in first covertly aiding the insurgents with men and money, and then openly acknowledging their independence, and “calling a new world into existence, to restore the balance of the old.” Is Ireland rising in open rebellion against this country, and are we hard pressed to maintain the war against the rebels? Russia may point to 1832 and 1848, and remind us that we interposed in the first of these years, with France, to hinder the King of the Netherlands from regaining Brussels, and the command of the revolted Belgian provinces, and thus, when he was in the full career of victory, rendered irrevocable the partition of our ancient ally; and in the last all but effected the severance of Sicily from Naples, by preventing the royal troops from prosecuting their successes against the Sicilian rebels. Are we distracted with civil war, and have the rebellious party set up a rival to the throne of Queen Victoria, in order to perpetuate the distraction, or establish opposite principles of government, by the triumph of the rival candidate for the throne? Russia may point to 1834, and the intervention of England, contrary to the solemn national guarantee of the male line by the treaty of Utrecht, to establish revolutionary queens on the throne of the Peninsula; and conclude a Quadruple Alliance to

place a prince on the throne of this realm, whose principles of government it may be for the interests of Russia to have acted upon by Great Britain, instead of the popular ones which have so long directed its councils. Is the nation hard pressed, and on the verge of partition, by foreign powers? Austria may retaliate on us the injuries of 1848, and not only intervene to arrest our arms when victorious over our Irish rebels, but insist, as a condition of pacification, that we shall not only abandon Ireland, but give up Devonshire and Cornwall, with Plymouth, to the Liberman Republic. Are public causes of discord, or pretences for aggression, wanting to justify the interference, in moments of distress, of foreign powers? The claims of private individuals on English subjects, or on the English Government, as held responsible for them, may be laid hold of, and a Russian fleet of thirty ships of the line, with thirty thousand troops on board, may follow the example set by Lord Palmerston, and anchor off the Nore, to blockade London, if the English government does not forthwith settle the demands, however exorbitant, of some Muscovite citizen or some Don Pacifico, on some persons in Great Britain, or its Government. Such are the precedents which England, during the days of its Liberal government, has furnished to other nations on international law and practice; and, rely upon it, the time will come when they will be quoted and applied against herself.

And having thus thrown down the gauntlet, in a manner, to the whole world, and injured every allied state beyond the hope of forgiveness during our long-continued Liberal crusade, what preparations have we made to meet the dangers with which, sooner or later, such a system of universal aggression must be attended? Have we armed at all points, and established taxes, raised troops, and equipped fleets, adequate to meet the crisis we have done so much to induce? Have we 100,000 troops in the British islands, and a fleet of fifty sail of the line in our harbours to assert our pretensions and guard our shores, when the irritation of mankind has become no longer bearable, and the injuries we have so long heaped on others are

retaliated upon ourselves? Alas, we have done none of these things! We have made no preparation whatever against foreign warfare: we have not only noways augmented our armaments, but we have sedulously reduced them; and, while carrying on a course of Liberal aggression on the greatest European States, and actually arriving on the verge of a war with Russia and France, *twice in three months*, we have been incessantly engaged in the reduction of our forces by sea and land, and the surrender of any surplus revenue, the moment it appears, to some clamorous urban interest in the community. We act abroad as if we were bent on lighting up a universal and interminable war; we reduce at home, as if we were certain of universal and interminable peace. We bully foreign nations, as if we were actuated by the aggressive spirit of the Roman senate; we crouch to Mr Cobden and the Economists at home, as if we were actuated by the temporising spirit of the Venetian oligarchy. We conclude with the admirable observations of Lord Ellenborough, whose precautionary measures, amidst a similar combination of external aggression and internal reduction, righted the disasters of Afghanistan, and prepared the triumphs of Sobraon:—

“ This country had not improved, as compared with other countries, in a military point of view; and if the new principles of foreign policy recently promulgated were to be acted upon, it behoved them to be prepared for the contingency of hostilities. The principles themselves, as enunciated, were certainly trite and common-place enough; but the classical allusion to the Roman citizen, whom the British citizen was hereafter to resemble, showed that something more was meant. Undoubtedly, it would be very agreeable for Englishmen to stalk over the Continent as though they were some superior beings, and affect to be released from all obligations of obedience to the laws of the country in which they might happen to be, and rely on the protection of the strong arm of this country. But their lordships must recollect that if the British citizen was to enjoy the immunities of the Roman citizen, he must be content to take them on the same conditions, and an army must be maintained to preserve these immunities. But nothing could be more absurd than to institute a compari-

son between the two nations. The government of Rome was essentially military, with arms its chief study, war its prime object, and conquest its desire. The desire of this country was, not to make war, but to make money. (Hear, hear, and a laugh.) But it would be most irrational to suppose, and lead to great calamities if they indulged in the delusion, that British subjects would be respected as Roman citizens were respected, if they did not provide the same means of protecting them. But it had been said we must not suppose, when angry words were used, that blows were always to follow. That might be true when nations were of equal strength; but where one State insisted on remaining, like this country, in a state of persevering weakness—determined to take no means whatever for its protection, resolved to be defenceless—it was not for us to incur the anger of armed states desirous of war, and anxious to wreak on us the vengeance which they had treasured for ages. It was very well to talk of sympathy with governments co-operating with their subjects in the advancement of constitutional principles; but if they waited for this concurrence in the pursuit of freedom—if they waited for the concurrence of the King of Naples with the people of Sicily, or the Emperor of Austria with the Milanese or the Venetian States—he did not think they would at a very early period be called on for the exhibition of their sympathy. This word sympathy was of a somewhat questionable and dangerous character, for, if we mistook not, the United States’ borderers who invaded the territory of Canada not long ago assumed the peaceful name of sympathisers. If they were prepared to persevere in having a very small peace establishment, in keeping our coasts perfectly defenceless, it was absolutely necessary to make our language abroad conform to our weakness at home. It might be very well for us to do as we have done if we had forty sail of the line, 100,000 soldiers at our disposal, and £10,000,000 in our Treasury. But, with no larger fleet than that possessed by France, and with no more disposable ships than would equal one-third of the force which Russia in a few weeks might bring full of troops to the mouth of the Thames—with not a corporal’s guard disposable, and not a single spare florin in the treasury—it would be a sheer absurdity to indulge in such aspirations. He therefore hoped that our Government, under these circumstances, would at least abstain from giving offence to nations with arms in their hands, and who were both ready and desirous to use them to our disadvantage.”

THE MYSTERIES OF HISTORY.

FREDERICK BÜLAU, Professor of Practical Philosophy at the University of Leipzig, and editor, since the year 1843, of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, is one of those learned and indefatigable men of letters whom Germany produces in greater number perhaps than any other country—slaves of the lamp, whose whole lives are devoted to the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge, and whose very recreation consists apparently in that which, by most men, would be considered toil. Born in 1805, educated at Freiberg and Leipzig, at the age of twenty-three he was a lecturer in the latter city, at whose University, five years later, he was called to a professor's chair. During the last twenty years, besides fulfilling his academical duties, and displaying extraordinary fertility and activity as a journalist and encyclopedist, he has produced numerous political and historical works. An annotated translation of the *Germania* of Tacitus, executed in conjunction with his friend Julius Weiske—who since then has also filled a chair at Leipzig University—was his earliest production; a history of Saxony, published at the end of 1849, was his latest, we believe, until the appearance of the curious and amusing volume whose attractive title is at the foot of this page, and whose preface explains its nature and object. Professor Bülau there informs us that, whilst especially devoting himself, in his historical researches and writings, to the exposition of important events, and to the development of great political laws, he has always taken a lively interest in those minor details which illustrate the men and manners of the times, and especially in mysterious or inexplicable incidents, and in individuals of ambiguous or enigmatical character. Concurrently with his more serious labours, he has collected copious materials for a work of which the present volume is the commencement. Whilst collating innumerable

dusty tomes, long unopened save by the antiquary or historian, whilst wading through masses of old journals, biographies, and memoirs, he has stumbled upon many things which, in their day, excited the strongest interest, and which he deems still calculated so to do, if rescued from long oblivion and again placed before the world. Other remarkable and mysterious events, originally known to few persons, and which have been distorted or slurred over by memoir writers, claim a careful and impartial investigation of their circumstances. Valuable connections and fortunate accidents, Mr Bülau informs us, have placed at his disposal much that has hitherto been hidden. "In this volume," he proceeds to say—

"I am so fortunate as to bring forward some important contributions to history, which hitherto have lain dormant in the portfolios of veteran statesmen. Others, equally valuable and novel, are in my hands for publication in future volumes. And I cherish the hope of being favoured, from similar sources, with other buried treasures of the same kind, whose possessors may be willing to communicate them, when assured of their being used with care and discretion. With this pledge, I here invite friendly communications."

The invitation is by no means a bad idea; and whilst the learned professor's ability and reputation may well induce the confidence he desires, they offer, on the other hand, a guarantee to his readers that what he puts forth as trustworthy and authentic, may safely be received as such, even though he be not at liberty to name the source whence it is derived.

Mr Bülau's first volume contains twenty-two sections, including great variety and contrast of subject. Of some of the events recorded, time has cleared up much of the mystery which enveloped them at the period of their occurrence. Others still are, and probably will ever remain, inexplicable. In more than one instance new light

is thrown on important historical episodes. Where little is added to facts already generally known, Mr Bulan enriches his subject with acute deductions and conjectures. Although he wanders to many parts of Europe, most of the persons and incidents he touches upon appertain to the annals of France and Germany. Russian history furnishes two long and interesting chapters. A memoir of Lord Lovat fills a third. With the renegade Count Bonneval we are taken to Turkey; and with the singular imposter Cagliostro we wander to and fro, and are never at rest. Court intrigues, military adventures, remarkable conspiracies, strange superstitious, religious fanatics, alchemists, ghost-seers, prophets and conjurors, constitute the leading topics of the volume. At the head of the index stand the Russian revolutions of 1762 and 1801; the dethronement and death of the Czars Peter III. and Paul I. "For these two memoirs," says the professor—

"I am indebted to an honoured hand. The first, however, was incomplete, and I supplied the deficiencies from other sources. But I certainly do not err in estimating the memoir of the death of the Emperor Paul to be a most valuable historical document, elucidating that remarkable event to the utmost possible extent."

It would be more satisfactory were Mr Bulan at liberty to name the *valuable hand* from whom he obtained the document. But although he does not do this, he gives, at the commencement of Section II. certain particulars in corroboration of its authenticity, and which might even afford, to persons still alive in Russia and Germany, indications whereby to trace its origin.

"The memoir of the revolution of 12-24 March, 1801, which we are here allowed to publish, was drawn up in December 1804, by a state-man who, during a more than three years' residence at the Russian court, collected the most trustworthy information that could be procured concerning the event. The memoir had remained for a long time in his desk, when a fortunate chance supplied him with fresh materials, enabling him to enrich, extend, and corroborate his statements. These

materials consisted, first, of the copy of a report made in June 1801, to his government, by the representative in Russia of a great foreign power, and which was chiefly based upon communications made to the said ambassador by General Benningsen. Secondly, of certain notes which a person had committed to paper, after confidential conversations with Benningsen towards the close of the life of that general, who, more than twenty years after the occurrence, was living in Germany, and there ended his days. The author of the memoir had the satisfaction of finding, that in not one essential point were these two papers at variance with his own sketch. We here give the memoir itself, translated from the French of the original."

Besides comprising many new details and curious anecdotes, this memoir is highly interesting by reason of certain points of difference from the generally received account of the plot in question. The author begins by declaring, that, if he cannot flatter himself with having got together every detail worthy of note, on the other hand he can vouch for the correctness of all those that he has set down.

"The catastrophe," he says, "which put an end to the reign and life of the Emperor Paul I., was accompanied by so many extraordinary circumstances, and so many persons, still (1801) high in office, were implicated in it, that a certain repugnance to busy one's self with the details of an apparent crime, and the apprehension of collision with powerful men, have hitherto prevented any but meagre and unconnected particulars of the affair from passing the Russian frontier."

He proceeds to sketch the character of Paul, and to glance at the causes of the mental disease that manifested itself towards the end of his life—his singular fickleness of character, and the general mistrust and suspicion of all around him which arose in great part from the system of *espionage* adopted towards him by his mother, the empress Catherine, whose interference in all his affairs—even to the education of his children—galled and chafed him, and rendered him extraordinarily irritable and violent. "Constantly surrounded by his mother's agents, the Grand-duke had sought friends, and found only informers; till at last he conceived the most profound contempt for the nation he was

destined to rule.* The same extraordinary capriciousness, which, in less than four years and a half, caused him alternately to conclude treaties and declare war with almost every European power, and in the same period to change his minister of foreign affairs four times, and his minister of the interior five times, governed him also in his choice of confidants and favourites. Of these the change was constant, and only two, Prince Kurakin and Count Kutaizow, preserved his confidence for any length of time, and were faithful to him until death. Kutaizow, whose real name was Paul Petrovitsch, had been the emperor's barber, but became his master of the horse, and received the blue ribbon. He and Alexander Narischkin, according to this memoir, were purveyors of Paul's pleasures, and were thought to have increased his mental malady by stimulating him to abuse of his physical powers.

Count Rostopschin, best known in connection with the burning of Moscow in 1812, was at the head of foreign affairs when Count Pahlen first acquired influence at court. Pahlen did this so skilfully and unobtrusively that he had captivated Paul's confidence before the jealousy of the other favourites was in the least awakened.

"This able man," says the memoir, "who concealed a most subtle genius under an appearance of boisterous candour, knew how to render himself useful

and even necessary without exciting the mistrust of rivals. The sensual egotists then at the head of Russian affairs, needed the aid of an active and decided man. When Rostopschin had set aside Count Panin (nephew of the Count Panin who superintended Paul's education,) Pahlen became a member of the department of foreign affairs, whose chief guidance he assumed when Rostopschin soon afterwards fell into disgrace. With that important charge he combined those of postmaster-general, governor and military inspector of St Petersburg, and governor-general of Ingermanland and Livonia. Never had a Russian subject legitimately exercised greater powers than those enjoyed by Pahlen during the few months preceding the outbreak of the plot whose chief he was.

"Born of a noble and ancient Livonian family, at a very early age Pahlen entered the Russian Guards as a cadet,† and was thence transferred, with rank of major, into a cavalry regiment of the line. During the two wars with the Turks he rose to be major-general. He passed for a brave, active, and resolute officer, but a great spendthrift. His passion for play, and his large winnings, subsequently gave rise to suspicions of his probity. Pahlen would never have thought of aiding in a change of government, had not Paul's fickleness been too often proved to allow the minister to doubt that he himself would sooner or later have a fall the more fatal for the great elevation he had attained; and if he had not also had opportunities of observing (better than any else) that the Czar was subject to such fits of fury as left no doubt of his occasional

* At Venice, in the year 1782, in conversation with the Countess of Rosenberg, whom he honoured with his friendship, he addressed to her these remarkable words :—"I know not whether I shall come to the throne; but if fate decrees that I shall, wonder not at what you will then see me do. You know my heart, but you do not know these people, (meaning the Russians,) and I know how they must be managed." *Böhlav. Geheime Geschichten, &c., p. 61.*

† From these cadets of the Guard, the strongest and steadiest were selected to act as couriers, and the poorer nobility looked upon such journeys as a means of seeing foreign countries at the expense of the state. During Count Ostermann's embassy to Sweden, Pahlen was one day sent for to go as courier to Stockholm with important despatches, and the money for his travelling expenses was given to him. Pahlen gambled the whole night, lost the entire sum, exhausted his small credit, and looked upon himself as a ruined man. He was wandering along the quays, musing over the consequences of his folly, when he met the master of a ship with whom he had some acquaintance, and told him of his desperate plight. As it happened, the ship was on the point of sailing for Sweden. Pahlen took his passage by her, taking his chance whether the voyage would last four days, or a whole month. As it happened he reached Stockholm in so short a time that Count Ostermann thought there must be a mistake in the date of the despatches. The rapidity of his journey was attributed to his extreme zeal and activity, and contributed to his favour with the empress and ministry. This was the first extraordinary piece of luck that fell to his share.—*Böhlav, p. 66.*

insanity. It may be positively stated that he, Admiral Riva, Count Panin, (nephew of the old minister, and then vice-chancellor of the empire,) and Lieut.-General Talizin, commander of the Preobrazhenskoy Guards, had formed, in the autumn of 1800, a plan to dethrone the emperor, and to replace him by his son Alexander. It was essential to obtain the Grand-duke's concurrence in the project. We believe ourselves in a position positively to declare that Count Panin was intrusted with this negotiation, and brought it to a successful issue.

"The character of the young prince and of the minister, (Panin,) are sufficient assurance that there was never any question of taking Paul's life. Count Panin was actuated in the undertaking by pure and unselfish patriotism, which apprehended the ruin of Russia as a consequence of the prolongation of Paul's reign, and foresaw the happiness of the empire under the rule of Alexander. It was only to crown the son, that he agreed to the father's dethronement."

The memoir-writer proceeds with farther arguments, to show that Alexander had never contemplated his father's death. The pious and amiable character, and many virtues of Paul's successor, render such arguments almost superfluous. The writer also exonerates Benningsen, and the majority of the conspirators, from any pre-conceived intention of depriving the Czar of life. But more of this appears when we reach the scene of the murder. The first conspiracy was in a measure broken up by the banishment from court of Count Panin, who had fallen into disgrace. The author of the memoir merely adverts to it, he says, to settle the important question whether or not Alexander was privy to the plots against Paul. He adds the following curious note:—

"At this time, (the month of November 1800,) Count Panin had numerous secret interviews with the Grand-duke Alexander. In order effectually to conceal these, they met at night in the connecting galleries of the vaults of the winter palace. One evening, as Count Panin left his hotel alone and on foot, he thought he saw a spy observing and following him. To escape him, he walked to and fro through several streets, and at last slipped into

one of the entrances to the above-mentioned vaults. With uncertain steps he was hastening to the place of rendezvous, which was dimly lighted by lamps, when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder. He made no doubt but that he was in the power of the police, when suddenly he recognised the Grand-duke Alexander, who had been some time waiting for him. These details were related to the author of this memoir by Count Panin himself, who died at the beginning of 1837."

At the end of the year 1800, the emperor published a sort of amnesty, permitting the return to St Petersburg of dismissed and banished officials, both civil and military. The three brothers Zoubow, favourites of Catherine, but harshly treated by Paul, were thus enabled to reappear in the capital. Count Valerian Zoubow, a brave and enterprising officer, who had lost a leg in Poland, and who was in the full tide of a successful campaign against Persia when Paul's accession was followed by the recall of his victorious army,* was the very man to replace Panin. The Zoubows threw themselves readily into the conspiracy; and their sister, Madame Scherebzw, obtaining permission to travel abroad, betook herself to Berlin with a large amount of money and jewels, to provide a refuge and resource for her brothers in case the conspiracy should miscarry, and they should succeed in escaping. Finally, the Brunswicker Benningsen, who had passed from the Hanoverian to the Russian service, bringing with him strong recommendations to Count Panin, and who had commanded a division in Persia under Valerian Zoubow, was summoned to St Petersburg by his old friend and comrade Pahlen—from a provincial command (a virtual exile) to which he had been condemned by Paul, on suspicion of his being in the interests of England—and was easily prevailed upon to join the conspiracy. It was arranged that he should command the detachment intended to penetrate into the interior of the palace—a command which Pahlen was to have assumed, but which he willingly

* The army was recalled immediately on Catherine's death, by orders sent, not to the general-in-chief, (to whom no communication was made on the subject,) but directly to the commanders of regiments—a strong indication that hatred to Zoubow was amongst the motives of its recall.

resigned to a man of Benningsen's acknowledged courage, coolness, and capacity, himself taking charge of a strong body of infantry, which was to surround the palace, with the double view of preventing Paul's escape, and of checking any demonstration in his favour on the part of the regiment of horse-guards, which, for the most part, had resisted all attempts to seduce them from their duty. Benningsen concealed himself until the day for action should arrive. He and Pahlen, General Talizin, and the three Zoubows, were now the chiefs of the plot. Admiral Rivas had died a few weeks before. Each one of the six leaders recruited accomplices amongst his friends, and especially amongst the officers of the Guards and of the *corps d'élite*. Amongst the persons thus enlisted, the memoir names Tatarinow and Tschitscherin, two dismissed generals; Mansurow, colonel of the regiment of Ismailow (guards); the artillery colonel Yeschwel; Talbanow, who commanded a battalion of the Preobrazhensky guard; and a lieutenant of the same corps, named Marin. There were about fifty persons altogether concerned, but the above-named were the most active and prominent. Alexander (we continue to give the essence of the memoir, neglecting, for brevity's sake, literal translation) was informed of the plot. Plato and Valerian Zoubow had replaced Panin as his confidants. Matters, however, were not yet fully organised, nor was the outbreak close at hand, when this was accelerated by Paul's own acts. His mistrust of all around him daily increased. His dreams were of plots against his life. His slightest suspicions entailed exile or a dungeon on their objects. But Alexander still wavered, and without his concurrence the conspirators dared not stir. To bring him to a decision, Pahlen had recourse to a stratagem. He stimulated the suspicions which the Emperor entertained of his sons to such a height that Paul gave him, as military governor, a written authorisation to arrest the Grand-duke, for the safety of his sacred person. Pahlen showed this order to Alexander, and thereby obtained his consent.

It has been said that the emperor also projected the imprisonment of the empress, and intended to declare the grand-duke Nicholas his successor, and to superintend his education himself.

Everything combined to accelerate a catastrophe. The emperor exhibited, in his dealings with foreign powers, the same violence and impetuosity that he showed in his domestic government. He was at war with England; hostile manifestoes were to be hurled at Prussia and Denmark, and his ambassadors had orders to quit Berlin and Copenhagen. The Russian empire, with its credit rapidly sinking, and its commerce destroyed, (consequences of its breach with England,) was to plunge into war with peaceful neighbours, without possessing one single ally in Europe; for although, against England, France was a sharer in the strife—with Prussia and Denmark France was at peace. There was no motive, no pretext for war, and the Emperor himself could have given no reasonable account of what had led to it. According to all human calculations, the ruin of the empire must quickly have ensued, had not a seemingly accidental circumstance hastened a crisis.

At a former period of his reign, the emperor had appointed a general of artillery, named Araktschejew, Governor-general of St Petersburg, but had afterwards dismissed him on account of his great severity of character. It now occurred to him that this man was well suited to serve his views; and whether it be, as some suppose, that he suspected Pahlen, or, as others have thought, that he deemed Araktschejew the best possible person to carry out those harsh measures he contemplated towards his own family, he sent a courier to recall him to the capital. Pahlen detained the courier, and did not let him go till he was quite sure that, with very little acceleration of the plot, Araktschejew would arrive too late. Then only did he communicate to the chief conspirators the certainty he had obtained that the Emperor was about to remove him from his post of governor-general of St Petersburg. He represented to them that

his dismissal would not only upset their scheme, but probably lead to its discovery. Finally, he made it clear to them that the coming of Araktschew left them neither the alternative of giving up their plan, nor that of postponing its execution: and the night from the 23:11 to the 24:12 of March was then definitively fixed upon for carrying it out.

Before coming to the catastrophe which the critical state of Russia, and the dangerous monomania or insanity of Paul were now rapidly accelerating, the memoir gives an interesting account of the building and configuration of the palace in which it occurred: accompanying it with a plan—copied from one of those published in 1800 by Brunn, the architect—of the suite of apartments in which the Czar met his death.

“In the first months of his reign Paul had begun to build a new palace, intended for his residence. Whether it was that he desired to sanctify the building by linking a religious motive with its erection, or that he really believed in the vision which one of the sentries in the vicinity of the garden declared himself to have beheld in the summer of 1797, certain it is that the emperor immediately gave orders for the foundation, upon that very spot, of a chapel dedicated to St Michael, and that he connected with it the plan of a castle, to be known as St Michael’s palace. In the background of the summer garden, on the right bank of the Fontaucka canal, and on the site of the old summer palace, which the Empress Elizabeth had inhabited, this gigantic building was completed in less than three years and a half. A scarped ditch, and some slight fortifications, armed with cannon, were impediments to approach; but the winter, by covering the ditch with ice, destroyed the defensive value of the drawbridges over which ran the chief approaches to the palace.

The façade of St Michael’s palace was of the light red tint of the gloves which the emperor’s mistress, the Princess Gagarin, wore upon the day when the colour was decided upon. The interior was exceedingly rich, and surpassed, in its lavish abundance of marble and bronze, all the architectural splendour previously known in Russia. Thus had this eccentric prince united in his palace the sacred and profane, devoting it to a saint whilst it bore the colours of his mistress. And whilst the exterior

had the aspect of a fortress, the interior displayed all the luxury and magnificence of an imperial abode.

“Towards the end of the year 1800, Paul I. went to reside in this palace with his whole family. The monarch manifested the greatest eagerness to inhabit the building which was to be his grave, and which posterity will view as his mausoleum, and as a monument of his extravagant reign and tragical death.

“On the evening of the 23/11 March the conspirators supped at the houses of some of their chiefs, where there was no lack of strong drinks to revive the courage of any whose hearts might be failing them. Subsequently they all assembled at the quarters of Lieutenant General Talizin, where Pahlen at last appeared, and addressed to his accomplices a few energetic words. Then they again separated, to act according to the plan agreed upon.

“General Talizin repaired to the barracks of the Preobratzschensky guards, and, under pretext of disturbances in the city, ordered one of Talbanow’s battalions to take arms. The battalion moved silently along the north side of the *Champ de Mars*, and over the bridge opposite the hotel Rivas, into the summer garden, through which it marched to surround the palace of St Michael. Here there was an instance how the most trivial circumstances may at times influence the fate of empires. The old linden trees of the summer garden serve during the night as an asylum for thousands of crows. On the approach of troops at this unusual hour, the ill-omened birds roused themselves and filled the air with their croakings. The noise was so great that the officers, who led the battalion, were in great uneasiness lest it should awaken the emperor. Had it done so, and he had taken alarm, the plot might have completely failed, and the crows of the summer garden would have been as historically famous as the geese of the Capitol. Meanwhile Pahlen had completed his arrangements with respect to the avenues to the palace on the side of the Perspective, marching thither cavalry detachments, which now united themselves with the battalion of the Preobratzschensky guards. *He himself did not enter the palace until all was over.* The other conspirators afterwards taxed him with having profitfully lingered, with the intention of profiting by the plot if it succeeded, but of appearing as Paul’s deliverer, if it failed.

“The palace guard that day consisted of a battalion of the Seemenowsky

guards, which furnished the main guard, and took charge of the exterior portions of the buildings; whilst the care of the interior, and of the person of his majesty, was confided to a detachment of the Preobratzschenskoy, under command of that Lieutenant Marin who was one of the conspirators. When Talbanow had brought his battalion within sight of the palace, he addressed his men, and asked them if they would accompany him on a dangerous expedition, which he undertook for the salvation of the empire and the nation. They unhesitatingly replied in the affirmative. The frozen ditch was then crossed upon the ice, the outpost sentries of the Semenow-koy battalion were unresistingly disarmed, and that detachment of the conspirators whose destination was the emperor's chamber, approached his apartments by a small winding staircase leading from that facade of the palace which overlooked what is termed the third garden. This detachment consisted of the three brothers Zoubow, General Benningsen, General Tchutschern, and of a number of unknown men, such as Man-now, Tatarinow, Yeschwel. So, in the course of that terrible night, made themselves conspicuous by their fury."

Without subjoining Brenna's plan, it is scarcely possible, except by a very long and tedious explanation of the locality, to follow step by step all the movements of the actors in this bloody drama, as given in the *Memoir*. This, however, is scarcely essential to the general comprehension of what occurred. An antechamber intervened between the head of the stairs and the emperor's bedroom. There had been a door of communication between the latter chamber and the empress's apartments, but Paul, estranged from and suspicious of his wife, had had it walled up, and had even put Brenna under arrest for having delayed the execution of his order to that effect. Adjoining the inner apartments of the emperor (three rooms, of which the bed-chamber was the centre one) was a small kitchen.

"For several months past," says a note to the memoir, "Paul had lived in fear of poison, and he had, therefore, applied to a merchant, long established in St Petersburg, to procure him a good English family cook. This woman was preparing him his dinner in the little kitchen; she was terrified by the noise the conspirators made, escaped in the

confusion, and reached the house of her former master in the middle of the night, alone and on foot."

There is something very striking to the imagination in the idea of this woman making her escape through the hedge of soldiers, and across the frozen moat, through the cold and darkness of a Russian winter night, and startling the merchant's peaceful family with intelligence that armed men had forced their way into the palace, and that there were sounds of strife and clash of swords in the innermost recesses of the Czar's apartments. But we remember no historical episode of the kind that more abounds in strange and dramatic incidents. The following is not amongst the least interesting:—

"At the entrance of the bed-room, on the very threshold of the door, slept a hussar belonging to the emperor's household. This faithful servant opposed the entrance of the conspirators, but had to yield to superior force, and fled, after receiving a few contusions, to summon help."

This hussar, continues a note to the *Memoir*,

"Had been attached by the empress-mother to her own person. When, with his head all bloody, he rushed into the hall where stood Marin's detachment of the Preobratzschenskoy guards, and called for help to rescue the emperor, the detachment had already been alarmed by a love-hunter, who had made a similar report, but whom Marin had treated as a fool and drunkard, and had sent about his business. On the confirmation of the alarm, however, the excitement of the troops became strong and general, and a soldier demanded, in the name of all, to be led to the emperor. Marin put his sword's point to the man's breast, threatened him with instant death if he uttered another word, and ordered the detachment to stand at attention, a military posture which in Russia obliges the most profound silence. The men obeyed, and remained in that attitude until all was over. Then they were informed that Paul had gone mad and was deposed, and with one voice they recognised Alexander as their emperor. This anecdote strikingly illustrates Marin's rare presence of mind, and the extraordinary discipline of Russian soldiers."

We revert to the proceedings of the main body of the conspirators—

"An aide-de-camp of the Emperor's," says the *Memoir*, "whose name we do not know, served as guide to the intruders, and followed them into the bed-room. Prince Zoubow and General Benningsen were in full uniform, with hat on head and sword in hand. They stood before the emperor's bed, and said to him, 'Sire, you were prisoner.' The emperor sat up, greatly amazed, and asked what they wanted, whereupon they repeated their words, and declared that he must resign the crown, enjoining him at the same time to keep himself quiet. Prince Zoubow and the aide-de-camp went to the door to call in the other conspirators, and Benningsen was a while alone with the emperor, who kept silence, and alternately flushed and grew pale with anger. Benningsen said to him, 'Sire, your life is at stake; you must submit to sign an act of resignation.' At that moment, several officers pressed into the room. Benningsen bade them keep an eye upon the emperor, and turned towards the door to shut it. Paul profited by the opportunity, and jumped out of bed. One of the officers seized him by the throat; the emperor broke from his grasp, sprang behind a great fire-screen, and fell. For the last time Benningsen called out, 'Sire, do nothing; your life is at stake.' But the emperor got up and turned towards a table, upon which he had several loaded pistols.

"At the moment when the mass of the conspirators rushed upon him, a noise was heard at the door. It was an officer with a detachment, who came to take Benningsen's orders, and received directions from him to guard the entrance. Meanwhile the emperor was thrown upon the ground by the conspirators, who ventured to lay their ruthless hands upon their sovereign. It is affirmed positively that a certain Yeschwe, by birth a Tartar, was the first who seized the monarch in his regal arms. After a tolerably powerful resistance, Paul was thrown down and trampled with the military sash of an officer of the Semenow-koy guard, named Scariatin, which had been originally intended, it is said, to bind the emperor's feet.

"During the brief contest, which lasted barely ten minutes, the emperor was heard to ask what they wanted of him. An officer answered, that 'they ought to have settled matters with him long before.' Most of the conspirators were in-

toxicated with wine. It seems beyond a doubt that the master of the horse, Nicholas Zoubow, strangled the emperor with his own hands. He was a tall man, with rather fine features, but of a wild expression. He died rather young, still holding office; and it must be assumed that neither the Emperor Alexander nor the Empress Mother ever knew what an immediate share Count Nicholas had in the murder. In the ambassador's report, already several times referred to, is the following:—"It is only too certain that this last act of barbarity was committed by a person (Nicholas Zoubow) who on that very evening had supped in the same room with the emperor."

"It is difficult," continues the *Memoir*, "to give with certainty the names of all the murderers, and so to denounce to the execration of future centuries the memory of all those who dipped their reckless hands in their sovereign's blood. The number of the conspirators was large; and it must be stated, to the scandal of the times, that so great was the hatred of Paul and the inveteracy of his foes, that in the year 1801 a host of officers were to be found who boasted of having taken part in the murder, without their having in reality had anything to do with it. The names of Nicholas Zoubow and General Tschitschew, and those of Mansurow, Tatarinow, and Yeschwe, are handed down as those of the chief actors in the tragedy. It may be positively stated that Count Pahlen, Prince Zoubow, Count Valerian Zoubow, and Generals Benningsen and Tshiziu had no personal share in it; and perhaps it is now due to the memory of the late Count Valerian Zoubow (deceased in 1801) to say that his tears of regret at the tragical and unexpected issue of the affair were mingled with those of the son of Paul I.

"Shut up in his apartment, Alexander awaited the result of the undertaking. General Uwarow* and Colonel Nicholas Borodin remained with him, to defend him in case of need, and to share with him the dangers of possible failure. Count Valerian Zoubow now went to him, and had some difficulty in obtaining admission. He found him dressed in uniform, and lying on a sofa, and informed him of his father's deposition, of the continuance of his own reign, and, finally, of Paul's death. It is well known that this last news plunged him into the most terrible

* This circumstance was told to the author by Colonel Nicholas Borodin himself, then imperial aide-de-camp, and who died a lieutenant-general. It is somewhat contradictory with what has been stated above, that Uwarow was with Pahlen at the head of a battalion of the guards. The two statements may perhaps be reconciled by assuming that Uwarow left Alexander for a time.

despair.* . . . The Empress Mary had heard a noise in the palace, and had been informed that a movement was taking place against the emperor, her husband. She endeavoured to go to him, but sentries had been placed in all the avenues leading to his apartments, with orders to prevent her passage. An officer, to whom the empress applied, sent to General Benningsen for further orders. Benningsen charged him, on his life, not to let her leave her apartment. An attempt she made in another direction to reach the Grand-dukes Alexander and Constantine was equally fruitless.

"After Alexander had been recognised as emperor by the acclamations of the Guards, the Zoubov and General Fahlen left the palace, to repair to their posts in the city. Benningsen remained at the palace of St Michael, in charge of it and of the imperial family. He was commissioned (probably by the Emperor Alexander) to go to the empress, and to beg her to tranquillise herself. When he appeared before her, she asked him if she was yet at liberty. The general replied in the negative, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Thereupon the empress commanded him to open it again, and to give orders that she should have free passage whithersoever she chose to go. He answered that he was not empowered so to do, and added, 'The Emperor Alexander—' when the empress interrupted him, raised her hands to heaven, and exclaimed, 'Alexander! who has made him emperor?' 'The nation, madam; the Guards have proclaimed him.' 'But who has formed the conspiracy?' 'All classes were concerned in it, military, civilians, and courtiers.' 'Let me go to the Emperor Alexander.' 'No, madam; I am forbidden to do so. You cannot leave these apartments.' 'Ah! general,' replied the empress, 'I will make you repent this.' She continued to insist upon going to her sons, until Benningsen at last said, 'I will agree to it on two conditions: that you will not pause upon the way, and that you will speak to nobody.' 'I promise you that,' answered the empress. Benningsen then placed sentries, with strict injunctions to

let no one approach or answer her. In this manner she reached the Emperor Alexander, who advanced to meet and embrace her, and with whom she found a number of the chief conspirators. She did not see her husband till they had dressed him in his uniform, and laid him out upon a camp-bed in the room in which he died. A glance sufficed to remove all doubt as to the manner of his death, and her affliction was so violent, that it was only by force she could be removed from the apartment."

We might multiply extracts from this remarkable Memoir and its interesting notes, but other sections of M. Bülow's volume have claims upon attention, equally novel and curious, although perhaps of less historical importance. The celebrated Princess des Ursins, the conspiracy of Cellamare, the secret diplomacy of Louis XV. and the Chevalier d'Eon, occupy the three next sections. No. VI. treats of Colonel Agdolo, a Saxon officer, who, on the 16th September 1776, was arrested at his residence in Dresden, under very mysterious and extraordinary circumstances, and was sent the next day to the fortress of the Königstein, where he remained, with the exception of a short period passed at Pirna, until the day of his death. During the first years of his captivity, he was most strictly guarded. His temporary removal to Pirna was for his health's sake, the bleak air of the mountain fortress having affected his chest. The orders for his arrest and imprisonment, and for whatever concerned him, emanated directly from his sovereign, Frederick Augustus, Elector (afterwards King) of Saxony, who never confided, even to his most trusted ministers, the reasons of Agdolo's detention. It has been said—but M. Bülow declares himself unable to trace the origin of the tradition—that papers containing an explanation of this mysterious

* In the diplomatic report already mentioned, it is said that "the two brothers (Alexander and Constantine) were together, and, as may easily be supposed, were horror-struck and deeply affected. But the new sovereign, who saw the necessity of complying with what was demanded of him, and to whom they had naturally said nothing of the violent means that had terminated the emperor's life, was at last induced to sanction a proclamation, which declared the emperor to have died of apoplexy in the night. Early on the morning of the 24th March this news was announced, with beat of drum, in the streets of St Petersburg; and in the course of the forenoon, Alexander, who had gone over to the winter palace, received the oath of allegiance of the senate, nobility, garrison, &c."—BÜLOW, p. 87-88.

affair were kept in a cabinet, in the King of Saxony's own room, and were destroyed after his death. The whole affair attracted great attention at the time, and for some years afterwards, and various writers attempted to explain it; amongst others Mirabeau, who, in his work *De la Monarchie Prussienne*, repeated the current and popular version of the story. This was, that Agdolo had served as instrument to the Dowager-electress in an intrigue having for object her son's dethronement. Upon this were embroidered a variety of additional and unfounded particulars, in which the Pope, Frederick of Prussia, and other personages of mark, were made to play a part. It was, however, evident that, besides the Elector and Agdolo himself, the chief person mixed up in the matter was the widowed Electress. Professor Billau, in the course of his researches into Saxon history, has done his utmost to clear up the affair, and has been assisted by communications from well-informed sources. He has gone some way towards proving that it did not hinge on a political conspiracy, and has altogether thrown a good deal of light upon the subject; but he admits that he has been unable completely to clear it up—that the *fin mot* of the enigma is yet wanting, and that the story of Agdolo must still be classed as a *Geheimniss-Geschichte*. Notwithstanding this, and although the reader is disappointed at the absence of a final and satisfactory elucidation of the conflicting circumstances of the affair, the chapter is amongst the most interesting in this volume—curiously illustrating the manners and morals of the Saxon court eighty years since. Agdolo, who, although a Saxon subject and of German parentage, held an Italian marquise, served in the cavalry during the Seven Years' War, and, having been wounded, went to get cured at Dresden. During his stay in that city—

“There appeared an anonymous lampoon against the most illustrious ladies of the court and city. It affords a notion of the sort of reputation Agdolo enjoyed, that suspicion of its authorship fell upon him. In the lampoon, the Countess Amelia Louisa Rutowska was particularly ill-treated. She was so persuaded

he had written it, that she is said to have declared, if Agdolo presented himself before her, she would have him thrown down stairs by her servants. This was repeated to Agdolo. ‘She shall pay dearly for that,’ was his remark. And pay for it she did; for, after her husband's death, she gave Agdolo her hand, although the marriage was kept private, probably because she would not give up her rank at court. The ceremony took place, however, in the Electress-dowager's chapel, and with her sanction.”

Agdolo proved but a faithless husband. He was notorious for his intrigues. Possessed of ready wit and great assurance, he pushed his way into the highest circles, and was an adept in that sort of smooth but dangerous scandal which was the bane of the society of the time. During the carnival of 1776, he was reported to be one of a cabal whose object was the downfall of the cabinet ministers, Von Ende and Count Sacken. Agdolo, who had many reasons for desiring the good opinion of those statesmen, sought out the author of the rumour, and having, as he thought, detected him in Count Joseph Bolza, (whose father was a Milanese Jew,) took up the matter very fiercely, talking of nothing less than of bateoning his slanderer, or cutting off his ears. Bolza declared his innocence, and the matter was made up—partly by the intervention of Count Sacken. These circumstances have no bearing on the catastrophe of Agdolo's fate, but serve to show the character of the man, and justify the presumption that he was not in very good odour with the Elector and the more discreet members of his court and council. This premised, we come to the events that immediately preceded, and in some way (which has never with certainty been explained) led to the arrest and long captivity of Agdolo.

The Electress-dowager, although richly provided for by her husband's will and her son's generosity, contrived, by her sumptuous habits, patronage of art, and general liberality, to get into pecuniary embarrassments. Her wish to increase her income, already very considerable, led her into speculations, which proved unfortunate; and these, combined with

extravagant living, not only cost her a half million of dollars, paid to her in hard cash on her husband's death, but also compelled her to pawn her very valuable diamonds. Anxious to release the jewels, which were in the hands of a Roman money-lender, and harassed by her creditors, whom her son refused to satisfy, she employed Agdolo in a negotiation which he conducted with zeal, and brought to a successful issue. By an arrangement, concluded during her absence from Dresden, it was stipulated that she should renounce, in favour of the Elector, her reversionary claim on the allodial heritage of the electoral house of Bavaria, of which the direct male line was on the point of extinction.* The amount of compensation for this renunciation was to be matter of subsequent arbitration; but, on her adhesion to the transaction, her son was at once to advance eight hundred thousand dollars for the release of her diamonds and the payment of her debts, in consideration of which the diamonds were to become his property. Agdolo displayed extraordinary activity in the affair: the money was paid down, Count Sacken and Baron Ende received each a diamond snuff box, and Ferber, the privy-councillor, a gold one, full of louis-d'ors, from the dowager—well-pleased to be released from her difficulties—and the transaction was apparently concluded to the satisfaction of all parties, and in perfect good faith. But the mysterious part of the business was yet to come. We will give it in Professor Bulau's words:—

"In the first days of September 1776, the Electress-dowager (then at Munich, where her married daughter, the Duchess of Zweibrücken, resided) is said to have written to the Elector of Saxony, requesting him to send her a trusty person to take charge of the diamonds, which she had received back from Rome. Whether at her request or not, however, the Elector sent Privy-councillor Baron

Zehmen to Munich. The following account is given of this mission. On the very instant of his arrival in Munich, Zehmen waited upon the Electress, who received him in a very friendly manner, and said to him, that he doubtless was anxious to get speedily back to Dresden, and would therefore like to arrange his business at once with her secretary, Hewald. She rang the bell. One of her women entered and received orders to call Hewald immediately. The woman smiled; and, on being asked the reason by the Electress, she replied, that her Highness probably forgot that Hewald had been for some days absent. 'That is true,' replied the Electress; 'I quite forgot he had leave of absence; but, as it is so, you must go to his apartments, and, if the door is locked, break it open.' Zehmen instantly executed the order; but the diamonds had disappeared. Thereupon the Electress fell into a violent passion with Hewald, whom she designated as the thief, and also with Agdolo, as being assuredly mixed up in the affair. Zehmen was instantly to hurry back to Dresden and prevail upon the Elector to have Agdolo arrested, and to send her the papers that should be found in his possession, so that the whole affair might be cleared up. From this it seems evident the Electress had not to fear that Agdolo would say any thing to compromise her. On the 7th September, Zehmen got back to Dresden, and at the same time the Elector arrived there from Pillnitz, for a day's stay. By his orders, Agdolo, without being immediately arrested, was informed of the affair, with respect to which he sent to the Elector, on the 15th, a letter intended as his vindication. It is stated that Zehmen urgently dissuaded him from sending this paper—which Zehmen must therefore have read—and only at Agdolo's repeated and pressing instance did he at last consent to hand it to the Elector. On the 15th, the Elector was again in Dresden; but, in the evening, after receiving the document, he returned to Pillnitz. The next evening, at seven o'clock, Privy-councillor Baron Zehmen and Major-general and aide-de-camp Von Schiebell were sent from Pillnitz to Dresden, with orders to arrest Agdolo, to seize and seal

* The claims of the Electress were subsequently estimated at forty-seven millions of dollars. They in part gave rise, in 1778, (on the death of her brother, Maximilian Joseph, Elector of Bavaria, and the last male of his line,) to the short war between Austria on the one hand, and Prussia and Saxony on the other, known as the Bavarian war of succession, but which, by the Saxons and others engaged in it, was nicknamed the potato war (*kartoffel krieg*) or the Bavarian lawsuit, out of contempt for its trivial character. It consisted entirely of skirmishes, marches, and countermarches, did not include a single general action, and was quickly terminated by the intervention of France and Russia.

up all his papers, and to bring them to the Elector so soon as the prisoner was in safe custody."

Agdolo was one of a card-party at Councillor Ferber's, when he received a message from Zehmen, desiring to speak to him. On reaching Zehmen's house, he was at once informed of his arrest, given in charge to the town-major, and escorted to his own dwelling, which was already occupied by an officer and eight soldiers. The two commissioners sealed up his papers, and took them to Pillnitz; and although it was nearly midnight when they arrived there, the Elector received them in person. Professor Bülow speculates as to the contents of these papers, and of the memorial previously addressed to the Elector, and supposes the probability of their containing matter personally offensive to that prince, whose refusal to satisfy the unreasonable expectations of the Dowager's *coterie*, was possibly treated as stingy and unfilial, and made the subject of insolent comments. Or, they may have thrown light on Agdolo's share in the disorder and extravagance prevailing in the Electress's household, or may have contained advice how to extract more money from her son.

"Whether the diamonds," says the Professor, "or the sum intended for their redemption, were purloined by Hewald, (whom the chief authority for this memoir holds to have been unconcerned in the business), by Agdolo, or by some other agent of the Electress—whether, perchance, Agdolo wished to keep back the money for the projected emigration of his patroness to Italy—what, in short became of the jewels or the gold, we know not. But on the following day, (the 17th,) at ten in the evening, Agdolo, strongly escorted, was sent to the Königstein. A few days later, Zehmen and Schiebell arrived there, with a commission to the prisoner, which, however, consisted only in the delivery to him of a sealed letter from the Elector, and in the receipt of a sealed reply from Agdolo."

The Electress-mother remained at Munich. Her expected arrival at Dresden was repeatedly announced, and as often deferred, until none believed she would come. At last she did arrive—on the 21st December, more than three months after Agdolo's arrest. It was said that her son's threats to withhold her jointure, and

his assurances that she had nothing to apprehend at Dresden, were required to induce her to visit that capital. Countess Kutowska, who was certainly likely to represent her husband as a victim, declared that she herself had read a letter addressed to Agdolo by the Electress, in which that princess said, "she hoped her house in Padua would soon be ready, and then she would bid adieu for ever to Saxony, which she detested, and to her son, whom she did not love."

Hewald was arrested at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and sent to the Königstein. His wife also was imprisoned for some weeks, and was allowed to speak to no one, but was then released. Professor Bülow has been unable to find any account of her husband's fate, nor does his arrest appear to have drawn attention at the time.

It has already been mentioned that the Elector kept his reasons for Agdolo's imprisonment a secret, even from his principal ministers. Von Ende did not allow this reserve or mistrust greatly to affect him, but Sacken was much annoyed, and lost no opportunity of expressing his vexation. At his own table, in presence of twenty-four guests, he is said to have declared that Agdolo was his friend, and that he should always so consider him. He ventured remonstrances in the highest quarter, and the Elector was said to have promised him an explanation; but this never came. Then he attacked members of the privy-council, endeavouring to interest them in the matter, but without success: one of them, Von Wurmb, telling him there was nothing irregular in the proceeding—that Agdolo, as a military man, was not subject to civil authorities—and that, as the cabinet ministers had often decided on matters without consulting the privy-council, so it appeared perfectly fair that the Elector should, for once, come to a decision without the knowledge of the cabinet.

"Before Agdolo, after his brief abode at Pirna, was again conducted to the Königstein, the Elector is understood to have submitted the whole affair (withholding the name and under the strictest injunctions to secrecy) to a foreign legal authority. We have reason to believe that Pütter of Göttingen was the referee. The opinion given was, that the prisoner

had merited death. Only after this was Agdolo brought to the fortress for perpetual imprisonment, (21st April 1777,) whilst the Elector declared that he could answer to his conscience for this punishment. At Königstein he was treated, however, with indulgence; and before his death, which did not occur for twenty-three years, (27th August, 1800,) he distinctly declared himself grateful to the Elector."

The complications and contradictions of this strange affair give it a very strong interest, and peculiarly recommend it to the notice of the historical romance-writer, for whose purpose it is further adapted by several minor marvels and coincidences, to which we have not referred in our condensation of Professor Bulau's narrative. For instance, the Baron Zehmen, who was sent to Munich to the Electress, and who afterwards was deputed to arrest Agdolo, had received his appointment as privy-councillor at the same time that Agdolo got his as lieutenant-colonel, and, it would appear, had been on terms of intimacy or friendship with the man to whose punishment he was afterwards compelled to be instrumental. His fellow-commissioner in the affair, General von Schiebell, had commanded, as colonel, the regiment in which Agdolo served during the Seven Years' War. Such coincidences, when invented by the novelist, are often set down as strained and unnatural.

The story of Agdolo is followed by scenes in Saxony in the year 1790, when the peasantry, whose condition was but one degree removed from serfdom, and who were often grievously oppressed and ill-treated, gave ear to the echoes of French revolution, and made some feeble, ill-directed, and speedily-suppressed attempts at revolt. The chapter is characteristic and interesting. Still more curious, perhaps, is a sort of postscript to it, telling of a disturbance occasioned by the oppressive German game-laws on the manor of Hohenstein, in the district known as Saxon Switzerland. This also was in 1790. A peasant had fenced round a field, to protect it from the game. To do this he had a perfect right; but the law said that the fence must not be of pointed stakes, or that, if it were, it must be of a stipulated height. The object of these singular

regulations was to deter the game from leaping, or to allow them to leap without risk of impaling themselves. Perhaps the peasant had not conformed to these rules, perhaps he had some private foe—but the fact was, that one morning he found his fence torn up and his field ravaged by the game. He laid the blame on the foresters, and so excited his neighbours by the bitterness of his complaints, that the inhabitants of fourteen villages on the manor of Hohenstein combined to drive, in one day, all the game from their fields. From every house a man was deputed, and, in spite of the exhortations of the authorities and forest-officers, the thing was done as planned. Several foresters were ill-treated. The conspirators did not kill the game, but merely expelled it from their land. Those into whose fields it was driven, naturally thought themselves justified in driving it away in their turn; and so the contagion spread from one district to another, until at last extermination began to be substituted for expulsion. The affair made a great sensation. Many persons were for the complete destruction of the game; others demanded strict observance of the game-laws, and the punishment of all who should infringe them. The Elector of Saxony had the complaints of the peasants investigated; and finding that, although much exaggerated, they were not entirely unfounded, he immediately ordered great hunting-parties and battues, where all game was to be indiscriminately shot down. These took place long before the usual commencement of the hunting season, and the country people were summoned to assist, which they did with great zeal. The foresters were strictly enjoined to give no cause for complaint. Nevertheless, as there was at first some quarrelling between them and the peasantry, a detachment of cavalry subsequently accompanied every hunting-party. Not nearly so much game was found as had been expected. The Elector pardoned past transgressions of the game-laws, and no one was punished.

To English readers the sections of Professor Bulau's volume, illustrative of the manners, customs, and history of Germany, will probably be the most novel and interesting. These

are seven or eight in number, chiefly referring to the eighteenth century. In some of them the Professor, a most indefatigable bookworm and conscientious investigator of dates, deals rather too largely in details of persons who enjoyed, perhaps, some celebrity in their generation, and whose names may still be possibly found in German biographical dictionaries, but who are forgotten by the world, and scarce worth rescuing from oblivion. Even in the least interesting of Mr Bulau's chapters, however, we stumble upon curious bits. In his rather dry account of a certain Karl Gottlob von Nüssler, which he styles "a contribution to the history of German court and official life and manners," we meet with an example of this kind. Nüssler, a restless adventurer, who ran away from his family when only ten or twelve years old, and whose life was a tissue of strange changes and chances, became, at the age of twenty-five, a member of the court of a petty German princess, the widowed Duchess von Sachsen Weissenfels Dalme. The composition of this miniature court was rather curious. It included the Duchess's companion, a certain Countess of Rindsmaul, (literally Ox-jaw ;) her steward or governor of the palace ; a gentleman of the bedchamber ; two ladies in waiting ; two courtiers, of whom Nüssler was one ; a chaplain ; and a female court-jester, Katherine-Lisa. This last, says Professor Bulau—who further favours us with the names of all the persons above enumerated—appears to have been the most influential member of the Duchess's establishment. Besides his ornamental duties as a courtier, Nüssler, who had studied law at Jena and Wittenberg, advised and assisted the Duchess in her lawsuits.

"One of these was with Lieutenant-Colonel Flemming, the author of two books, *The Soldier* and *The Hunter*, and who was a very odd fish. Of his five servants, one played a bagpipe made in the likeness of a wolf with glass eyes, the other four played violins and French horns. With the band thus composed he gave the Duchess concerts, and furnished music for the court to dance to. He had his thirty peasants armed and uniformed, had daily parades, and posted sentries. In his outhouse stood ten cannon ; he had also thirty blunderbusses, a hundred muskets, and some drums. A retired

lieutenant officiated as captain. It came to pass that one of the Duchess's huntsmen shot a deer in a certain thicket, which Flemming asserted to belong to him, and demanded delivery of the deer and punishment of the huntsman. The Duchess maintained the contrary, and, to prove her right of possession, ordered several trees to be felled in the thicket, and brought to her *château*. Thereupon Flemming marched forth with his troops and with two guns, occupied all the avenues, and declared her bailiff, Schulz, his prisoner. At first the bailiff took it all for a joke, but was soon undeceived, and surly enough, when Flemming had him put in irons, taken to the guard-room, tried by court-martial, and condemned to ride the wooden horse three days running—a sentence which was duly carried out."

The Duchess took legal proceedings, and Flemming was bound over to keep the peace, under penalty of fifty golden marks ; but this did not content her Serenity, who carried her complaints to Dresden. Presently Field-marshal von Flemming came through on his way to Poland, called at his eccentric cousin's, had the army of thirty men paraded, drafted six into his own regiment, forbade the others to play at soldiers any longer, took away the guns, reprimanded the lieutenant, and sent word to the Duchess, who had sent Nüssler to compliment him, that he had given her all satisfaction, and that he trusted she would forgive his kinsman. The vindictive lady, however, refused to do this, until at last, Flemming having made amends to the bailiff for his ride on the acorn-failed colt, and Nüssler having interceded for him, he obtained audience of her, in presence of a number of the neighbouring nobles, and made humble apology. "Your Serenity will forgive the mad Flemming," he said : "he will do the like no more." Whereat she replied — "Ay, mad indeed ; but all is forgiven, the field-marshal has made things right again." And Katherine-Lisa having been presented with a fat sheep, as a peace-offering, matters were finally made up.

The Field-marshal Flemming here referred to, was the minister of Augustus II. Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and is introduced in another chapter of M. Bulau's work, relating to the Countess Cosel—one of several chapters illustrating the

superstitions of the eighteenth century, at whose commencement that celebrated beauty flourished. Daughter of a Holstein nobleman, she married, at the age of nineteen, a Count Adolphus von Hoym, who, as the tale goes, at first kept her secluded on his estates, and resolved not to expose her to the snares and temptations of the Elector's dissipated court. He could not, however, abstain from boasting of her beauty and amiable qualities; and Prince Egon of Fürstenberg managed to entice him into a bet, which could be decided only by the presence of the Countess at court. She made her appearance there—Fürstenberg paid his thousand ducats; but Hoym lost his wife, who forthwith became the object of the most urgent solicitations on the part of the Elector and King. Augustus failed to touch her heart, but he appealed more successfully to her ambition. The conditions on which she became his mistress were exorbitant. He settled on her a pension of a hundred thousand dollars, obtained her divorce from her husband, and bound himself by an autograph document to marry her in the event of the Queen's decease. A palace was built for her—she received the title of the Countess of Cosel, and ruled the King with an authority such as none of his previous or subsequent mistresses ever attained to. But although she seemed to have fettered the fancy of the inconstant monarch, she fell a sacrifice to political and court intrigues, chiefly instigated by the cabinet ministers, Flemming and Vitzthum. The consequence of these manoeuvres (which are linked, as narrated by Professor Bulau, with many vicissitudes and striking incidents) was her disgrace and ultimate imprisonment in the castle of Stolpen, where she passed the latter half of her life, first as a captive, and afterwards of her own free will. Here she had handsome apartments in a tower, which still bears her name, and her income was also suitable and sufficient. At first she was furious against her royal lover; then her heart softened towards him, and she made efforts, innumerable but fruitless, to bring about a reconciliation. Then she seemed to fall in love with her solitude, abjured the world, and addicted herself to alchymy and other

mysterious sciences. She is said, by some writers, to have become a convert to Judaism; but M. Bulau discredits this, whilst admitting and proving, by a curious extract from a recently-published work, that she busied herself with Jewish theology. After the King's death, she was offered her liberty, but refused it, and expressed her wish to be buried near the tower she had for sixteen years inhabited. She appears, however, to have made occasional journeys, some of which were connected with mysteriously-conducted researches in rabbinical literature. For many years after her death, which occurred on the 31st March 1761, strange stories were current at Stolpen of her odd ways, and of the treasures she was said to have buried in the subterranean passages of the now ruinous fortress.

Chapter XXII.—*Tales of Apparitions at the Electoral Court of Treves*—contains several capital German ghost-stories, some of which Professor Bulau endeavours to explain by natural causes, whilst others he leaves for the reader to marvel and shudder at.

"So lately as in the eighteenth century," he says, "the residence of Ehrenbreitstein was repeatedly said to be visited by apparitions. Often, for example, when the Elector and Bishop, John Philip, engrossed with his breviary, paced the apartments late of an evening, and at last reached the outer antechamber, the guardsman on sentry saw, through the glass-door, a figure in a gray coat, and of grave aspect, walking at the Elector's side, and taking most offensive liberties with that prince. Once the guardsman saw the suspicious stranger keeping a few paces behind the Elector, and making faces and snapping his fingers at him. The honest soldier could not stand this, but pulled open the door to seize the insolent jester. He stood open-mouthed, and petrified with astonishment, when he found the Elector quite alone, and the prince, turning round, inquired the cause of his boisterous and unmannerly entrance. 'I was so alarmed about your Electoral Highness,' stammered the guardsman, 'the insolent graycoat.'—Oh, has he been here again? He is an old acquaintance," replied the Elector, and sent the soldier back to his post."

We are not informed what the appearance of this impertinent gray demon portended. Other apparitions, of which an account is given, preceded the death of an Elector, and

of the Emperor Francis, whose approaching decease was indicated by a phantom coronation, witnessed by a page—or fabricated by him. But the most numerous and remarkable traditions were connected with the Silver Chamber, in the northern wing of the castle. There, assemblages of supernatural beings were seen; strange figures passed in and out, singly or in procession; awful sounds were heard; the windows lighted themselves up; doors that had been left locked were found open—in short, all manner of extraordinary events occurred. In right of a former occupant, the apartment was naturally the favourite haunt of evil spirits. For in the year 1631 and 1632 it had been inhabited by a certain Hungarian named Felix Wendrownikius, whose ostensible profession was that of an alchemist, but whom many suspected to be an agent of that Bethlen Gabor, prince of Siebenburgen, who figured in the Thirty Years' War. Gabor died in 1629, however, which invalidates the supposition of Wendrownikius being in his pay two years later; whilst other circumstances concur to make it rather improbable even during that leader's life. Nevertheless it was made a ground of prejudice against him by the courtiers, who disapproved the Elector Philip Christopher's practices with the French and their allies; and Wendrownikius' particular foe was the privy chamberlain, Michael Wiedmann, whose influence over the Elector was very great. The legend related by Professor Bulau, and which he appears to have chiefly derived from the very curious account of Ehrenbreitstein, contained in the second volume of the *Rheinische Antiquarius*, (Coblenz, 1843.) is remarkable for its mixture of politics with superstition. On a certain June evening the Elector remained unusually long at supper, and when at last he rose from table, he bade his chamberlain accompany him to the Hungarian's apartment, whom he was curious to see at work.

"The Hungarian expected them. In the middle of the room was a large table, upon which stood a dish, and upon the dish a goblet. A hot fire burned in the stove. They admired the beautiful workmanship of the dish and goblet, in which latter 'Heathens' heads,' pro-

bably ancient coins, were insaid. The Elector demanded that the work should be proceeded with. The Hungarian went upon his knees and implored compassion on his weakness, but rose when the Elector angrily insisted, and declared that fear should not hinder him from doing his Grace's bidding. But as the work involved the most imminent danger to both his soul and body, he was compelled to prescribe a few rules of conduct. He made the Elector sit down in an old-fashioned arm-chair, from which he strongly enjoined him not to rise, under any circumstance whatsoever. Neither must he utter a single word. Failing the observance of these conditions, the Hungarian declared his own death certain. The chamberlain was posted behind the chair, and warned neither to stir nor speak. Then the Hungarian fixed a wire round the goblet with the heathens' heads. The other end of the wire was fastened to the stove. Three circles were described round the strangers, and from the outer circle a straight line was drawn to the stove. The Hungarian placed lights in the form of a triangle upon the dish, accompanying all these preparations with low muttered prayers. He knelt down by the stove, throwing into it from time to time something which he took out of a box, whereupon the fire glowed again, and there was a noise and commotion in the stove. When these ceremonies had lasted for about an hour, the wire that connected the goblet with the stove was red-hot, and large drops stood upon the goblet, within which the most beautiful colours flashed and played. Suddenly Wiedmann (the chamberlain, from whom the tale was derived) observed the goblet expand and grow taller, whilst the strange faces that surrounded it also visibly grew and increased in dimensions. Faster and faster prayed the Hungarian, and higher rose the goblet, until its brim almost struck against the ceiling. Then came a loud explosion, and out sprang the heathens' heads, in the likeness of men with beards and long mantles, a ghastly crew to look upon. They formed a circle round the Elector, and the last fell upon its knee, pointed at the prince, and said: 'That is he who would fain deliver up the Roman Empire to the Gauls.' Thereupon they all put their heads together, as though taking counsel; and when their conference was over, one of them drew forth a broad-bladed sword from under his mantle. 'This,' said the figure, 'the law sends to the traitor.' And he strode forward, as though he would have cut at the Elector; who in deadly terror, and with stifled voice, called to his cham-

berlain for succour. On the instant, everything vanished. The Elector had swooned away; the Hungarian lay upon the ground, seemingly lifeless. With great difficulty the chamberlain restored his master to consciousness; and when he had done so the Hungarian arose, pale as ashes, and assisted in carrying the Elector to his bedchamber."

If this was a scene got up for the purpose of intimidating the Elector, the natural inference would be that the Hungarian was a partisan of the empire, not a tool of its enemies, and that his aim was to deter Philip Christopher from his contemplated surrender of Ehrenbreitstein. The unlucky Wendrownikins, according to the legend, paid dearly for his practices. For whilst the Elector lay upon his bed, and received from the chamberlain's hands his customary medicament—crab's eyes stirred in water—a tremendous clap of thunder was heard, and an alarm of fire was given. The conflagration was in the Hungarian's laboratory, whither the chamberlain hurried. The doors were broken open, and he was amongst the first who entered the room. Its unfortunate occupant was found with his head between the bars of the window, his face black and blue, and twisted round to his nape, his tongue protruding from his mouth. On hearing the chamberlain's report of this terrible event, the Elector betrayed so much emotion that Wiedmann ventured to entreat him to take warning from it, and to abstain from his dangerous intercourse with unknown persons. "*Jaeta est alea*" was the reply, and a week later the French were admitted into the fortress.

"They came as allies of the Elector; but nevertheless it soon became unpleasant to him to dwell under the same roof with Bussy Lameth, the French governor, and he went to inhabit the castle of St Peter at Treves. Here it happened, upon the 12th March 1635, when all in the palace had gone to rest, and the chamberlain was reading to the Elector the fifth chapter of the gospel of St Matthew, that on a sudden a loud clatter of hoofs was heard on the stairs. This was quickly succeeded by the pacing of a horse in the ante-chamber, the well-barred folding doors flew open, and a horseman, in whom the Elector immediately recognised the Hungarian, rode his steed up to the very chair in which

the prince sat. 'Give heed,' said the apparition in a hoarse voice, 'to the warning I am sent to give thee. Thine enemies have conspired against thee, and the hour of their triumph is at hand. They will lead thee into captivity in a foreign land—a captivity which will be the least of thy calamities—if thou dost not resolve instantly to follow me. For I have the power to conduct thee to a place of safety.' With unusual promptitude the Elector rose from his seat, made the sign of the cross, and called upon the name of the Redeemer, whereupon the Hungarian and his infernal steed disappeared up the chimney."

Professor Bulau suggests the possibility of a plot, in which the chamberlain himself might be concerned, having for object to deliver the Elector by stratagem into the power of those enemies into whose hands he afterwards fell by more violent means. Wiedmann disapproved his prince's politics as much as he was attached to his person: and the Elector, subsequently, although with tears in his eyes, was fain to dismiss him, because he found him too staunch an Imperialist. But of this Elector's political acts and career the professor proposes to speak in a future volume.

Most of the chapters having reference to French history and persons, deal more or less with strange visions and prophecies, and border on the supernatural, although matter of a more positive description frequently intervenes. In these papers M. Bulau has availed himself, to a considerable extent, of Baron Gleichen's Memoirs, a work of which only a hundred copies were printed, whilst not more than fifty of these passed through the booksellers' hands. A portion of what they contain may be found in other memoirs, more widely known. Gleichen seems to have been a rather credulous person, easy in his acceptance of startling tales, which M. Bulau translates with an occasional sly comment. We are told of Madame de la Croix, who was skilled in driving devils out of possessed persons, and who had the honour of operating upon no less a person than Marshal Richelieu—also upon a certain French consul, whose occupant fiend, upon ejection, was so obliging as to take the form of a Chinese idol, all gold and flame colour, and to make faces at the company from behind a

green baize curtain. From trivial gossip of this sort, M. Bulau glides off to the philosophy of visions, and gives various well-authenticated instances, explicable for the most part by the physical condition of the persons seeing them. Gleichen relates, that once, in company at Madame Necker's, that lady produced a letter from Buffon, in which he spoke of certain apparitions then infesting the province of Burgundy, and which took the form of old women. Several men of letters, indisposed towards Buffon, because he was too religious for them, made themselves witty over his propensity to believe in the incredible. Then said Count Schomberg, who was present,—"You know me well enough, gentlemen, to be sure that I do not believe in ghosts: nevertheless, for a long time past, and almost every week, I am visited by the figures of three old women, who rise at the foot of my bed, bow towards me, and make horrible grimaces."

"In like manner, a certain Tieman, a friend of Gleichen's—and who was certainly infected with the passion for the so-called secret sciences, but who, at the same time, was a man of strict veracity, and constantly on his guard against deceptions of all kinds—beheld, almost in any place on which he steadfastly fixed his gaze for the space of a few minutes, a head, whose eyes and features were so expressive that they seemed to live. On the bloodstain which is shown in the chamber of the palace at Edinburgh, where David Rizzio was murdered, he insisted that he had seen a countenance horribly distorted by the agonies of death. He repeatedly returned to the place, and the head always re-appeared, each time more frightful. The thing is not difficult to account for by the working of imagination, combined perhaps with some peculiarity in the constitution of the eye, and the constant recurrence of the image, once conceived, is by no means astonishing."

Nearly every chapter of the book before us invites to extract or comment. We can here speak but of one more, a short and lively sketch, entitled *Condamine and the Convulsionnaires*. The latter, we need hardly remind the reader, were a fanatical sect of Jansenists, whose religious ceremonies included self-inflicted tortures, who dealt in prophecies and

ecstasies, and whose mad proceedings (which some imagined to be the result of physical disease) completely discredited the doctrine of Jansenism. Concerning these lunatics or enthusiasts, M. Bulau derives various details from Baron Gleichen's work, and gives them in combination with amusing anecdotes of the French *sarant*, Charles Marie de la Condamine. This person—born at Paris in 1701, and chiefly remembered for his extensive travels in Africa, America, and the East, and for his scientific researches with respect to the small-pox—was afflicted with an unbounded and irrepressible curiosity, in whose indulgence he was sadly thwarted by his deafness.

"When he saw two persons conversing confidentially together, he not only approached them in the most discreet manner, but would actually take out his hearing-trumpet, the better to listen to their discourse. If he found a letter upon the table, he could not help opening and reading it. When M. de Choiseul was ambassador at Rome, he one day found Condamine, with whom he lived on terms of great intimacy, seated in his closet, turning over and perusing his papers. With grave countenance, and in a most tragical tone, M. de Choiseul informed him that it was his painful duty to have him arrested and sent to the Bastille, inasmuch as an important state secret was just then under discussion, and that the mere probability of his having got an inkling of it sufficed to make his imprisonment necessary, until such time as it might be safely divulged. In vain were Condamine's protestations that he had read nothing, and knew nothing: the guard was sent for, a post-chaise was got ready, and his terrors were worked upon to the great amusement of all present. It is related of Condamine that, at Constantinople, he committed a small theft, on purpose to receive the bastinado on the soles of the feet, and to be able to judge of the sensation produced by this punishment. When Damien, the assassin of Louis XV., was executed, Condamine, impelled by his curiosity, made his way not only through the crowd of spectators, and the ranks of the troops on guard, but into the circle formed round the scaffold by the executioners from the environs of Paris, who had been allured to the capital by a spectacle to them so interesting. He owed his admission into this honourable assemblage to Charlot, the Paris executioner, who recognised him, and called out to his brother pro-

fessors—"Gentlemaff, make room for M. de la Condamine: he is an amateur." Another anecdote is told of him, to the effect that, upon a journey through Italy, he came to a village on the sea-shore, in whose church a wax taper was kept constantly burning, and learned, upon inquiry, that the popular belief was, that upon its extinction the village would be swept away by the waves. Thereupon, he immediately snatched the taper and put it out; and was then with difficulty rescued from the hands of the enraged villagers."

In so inquisitive a person the mystic rites of the *Convulsionnaires* naturally awakened extreme curiosity. He took the most extraordinary amount of trouble to obtain admission to their ceremonies, then much impeded by the police. On his solemn promise of secrecy, and by representing himself as a proselyte anxious to be convinced, he was allowed to witness the strange rites of these fanatics. But on beholding a young girl fastened to the cross, he made some remarks, which so scandalised the assembly that he was roughly and ignominiously turned out; and, notwithstanding all his entreaties, was never again tolerated in their temples. Finding them inexorable, he had recourse to strata-gem.

"One day in Passion-week, Gleichen found himself in a company where the conversation turned on a very remarkable exhibition which was to take place on Good Friday, in a certain assembly of *Convulsionnaires*. A young person was to be crucified with the head downwards. On his expressing a wish to be present, a lady gave him a letter to a lawyer, a friend of hers, who was connected with the *Convulsionnaires*, and whom she requested to take Gleichen with him. On the eve of Good Friday, Gleichen met Condamine at a house, where the same subject was broached. Condamine bitterly lamented his exclusion from the strange scene, and Gleichen could not refrain from showing him his letter of introduction, and making merry at his disappointment. But as soon as Condamine learned that the baron was personally unknown to the lawyer to whom he was recommended, it occurred to him to personate Gleichen, and enter in his stead. To this end, he implored the baron to give him up the letter--promising to behave discreetly, and vowing eternal gratitude. Gleichen at last yielded to his importunity, and Condamine forthwith

called upon the lawyer, and had himself announced under Gleichen's name. He was most cordially received: the lawyer took him into his library, showed him the works of several learned Germans, and made inquiries of him concerning them. Condamine answered as well as he could--said he had studied law under one, philosophy under another, and played the part of a tolerably well-informed German traveller so naturally, that the lawyer never doubted he was the man he pretended to be. On their way to the meeting-house, he instructed the foreigner as to the discreetness of deportment, and the air of pious conviction, it was essential he should assume. But, as ill-luck would have it, the house to which they went was the very same from which Condamine had already been disgracefully expelled. The appearance of the Evil One himself could not have occasioned greater consternation than that of Condamine. The entire congregation thronged around him, and overwhelmed the lawyer with reproaches, for bringing amongst them the reckless scouter who had insulted and profaned their mysteries! The poor lawyer, utterly bewildered, repeated again and again that they were mistaken, and that the gentleman was a distinguished German, who had been strongly recommended to him. When at last convinced that the supposed foreigner was no other than Condamine, he joined in the chorus of invectives, and the intruder had no choice but hastily to retreat."

A very extraordinary piece of biography--included, under the title of *Aventur erleben*, in the miscellany of anecdotes and sketches terminating the volume--is too long for extraction. "At the unsuccessful siege of Coblenz by the French, in 1688, it was discovered that the shots of the best gunner in Ehrenbreitstein passed harmlessly over the French camp. The man was arrested, and an understanding with the enemy was detected." The gunner's confession comprised the history of his whole life, and a host of crimes and adventures, some too strange to have been invented, others connected with supernatural circumstances, and manifestly embellished by the imagination or superstition of the narrator. But we have done enough to show the very interesting nature of Professor Bülow's work, and we shall look with curiosity for the appearance of his second volume.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

"On doit des égards aux vivans : aux morts rien que la vérité"

THE death of Sir Robert Peel was an event so sudden, so unexpected, and so distressing, that it excited a universal feeling of sympathy in the British heart, and stilled for a season every voice but that of melancholy among the immense multitudes to whom his public career had made him known. It stifled, during the first paroxysm of grief, even the loud wail of national distress : it obliterated the deep lines of party distinction : it caused to be forgotten the more painful feelings of extinguished confidence. All classes hastened to pay tribute to the eminent statesman who lay extended on the bed of premature death. His early companions, his noonday friends, his evening admirers, were alike found at his gate. The bitter words, the averted gaze, the withheld hand, which had so painfully marked the estrangement of recent years, were forgotten. Such were the crowds which surrounded his dwelling that the aid of the police was required to prevent the anxious multitude from disturbing the last moments of the dying statesman. In the list of those who formed part of the throng were to be found the highest and noblest in the land, of all parties and shades of opinion ; from the Prince Consort, who shared in the profound grief of royalty, and the Duke of Wellington, over whose aged cheeks tears rolled, to the humblest citizen of the metropolis, who felt that a social, almost a domestic loss was impending over all. It is well that it was so. We shared in the general emotion, and felt proud of our country at seeing that, in such a moment, the divisions of time were forgotten ; that the universal feeling was with the widowed consort, the mourning relatives ; and that even the strongest passions which can agitate the human breast were stilled at the approach of the Angel of Death.

But there is a time for all things. There is a time for sorrow, and there is a time for justice. There is a season for sympathy with the agonised

hearts of mourning relatives, and there is a season for calm reflection on the acts of public men. Death at once renders them the province of history. The power of the dead over passing events is at an end. No more will their voice be heard in admiring senates ; no more will their decisions be looked to by expectant nations. But to history they will never be lost. Their deeds for good or for evil are imperishable : they are transmitted as an inheritance, not only to their family, but to their country. By their country they are and must be judged. History sums up the evidence, but the verdict is in the end given by the nation, and theirs is the voice of ages. The more illustrious public men have been, the more shining their path, the more unbounded their power, the more indelible their acts, the more essential is it that a just verdict should be returned on their conduct ; and their career held up as an example to be followed, or a beacon to be avoided, by future ages.

Never did a statesman leave this earthly scene, whose actions have been the subject at once of more unbounded eulogium and of more impassioned invective, than he whose premature end the nation has recently deplored. And what is still more remarkable, and is in a manner peculiar to his case, the eulogium has come from those who, down to within a few years of the close of his career, were his political opponents, the invective from those who till the same period were his admirers and friends. It is too well known to what this strange, and at first sight inexplicable, mutation in the language of parties has been owing : the mutation in the statesman himself has done the whole. He changed sides, and the parties mutually shifted their language accordingly. But that very circumstance, joined to the recent period in which the change, with all its momentous consequences, has taken place, may well inspire distrust as to opinions

expressed on either side in the first burst of gratitude for unanticipated support, or indignation for unexpected desertion; and inspire ourselves with a deeper sense of the responsibility under which we approach so delicate a subject, and endeavour honestly, and under a strong sense of public duty, to steer betwixt the two extremes of flattery and reprobation.

Sir Robert Peel, says the one party, is the most illustrious example that ever appeared of the sacrifice of self to the public good—of the voluntary incurring an estrangement of all others the most painful to a statesman who had long been looked to as the head of a powerful party, from an overwhelming sense of patriotic duty. He has done this on more than one occasion: he has twice incurred this penalty, it forms the leading characteristic of his career, it embittered his life, but it should immortalise his memory. At first bred in the strictest principles of the school of Perceval and Eldon, albeit returned for the University of Oxford specially to defend the cause of Protestant Supremacy, he did not hesitate to sever these connections, and join with the Duke of Wellington in supporting Catholic Emancipation, when it had become evident that the old system could no longer be maintained, and that the interests of the empire imperatively required the abolition of all restrictions founded on difference of belief. Albeit bound to the Conservative party by the strongest bonds which can attach public men to each other—the bond of a long contest, gallantly maintained for years together against the Reform Bill—he did not scruple to sever these ties, and coalesce with the Liberal party in the great measure of emancipating the chief articles of human subsistence from the tax hitherto levied upon them for the behoof of a single and limited portion of the community. In these sacrifices, which alone have occasioned the divisions of opinion regarding him, there was more than the sacrifice of life for the good of his country, there was the sacrifice of that which chiefly renders life dear—the esteem of friends, the bonds of party, what the world calls the feelings of honour. The greater

therefore was the merit of the statesman, who gallantly threw himself into the breach when danger was at its height, from a deep sense of public duty; and the obloquy with which he was assailed at the time by the party whose principles, when no longer tenable, he abandoned, should be the measure of the gratitude with which he ought to be regarded by every subsequent age of his country.

The Protectionists argue after a different manner, and even the least intemperate amongst them are actuated by the following views—Public men in a Constitutional Monarchy are not returned to Parliament, or placed in power, merely in order that they may adopt their own views of public measures, or veer about with the changes in their own ideas of what is for the public good. They are placed in the Senate, they are elevated to power, because their opinions upon the whole coincide with those of the constituents whom they represent, and whose interests are intrusted to their defence. Without going the length of affirming that they are bound on every question to consult the wishes of these constituents—admitting that they are representatives, not delegates—it may yet safely be affirmed, that, on the great and leading questions which were at issue in their election, and for espousing a particular side in which they were selected by the majority of the constituency, no compromise or abandonment of principle is admissible. Great latitude of conduct is allowed to a general placed at the head of a national army; but it was never supposed that any considerations of expediency, how urgent soever, could authorise him to go over to the enemy. The unanimous opinion of men has stamped with reprobation two of the most illustrious generals of modern times, Marlborough and Ney, who successively, in a crisis of their countries' fate, abandoned their colours without surrendering their power. What honour demands in such circumstances is quite plain—resign your appointments, retire into private life. You thus become again a free agent; and if you then espouse the opposite side, you abandon no trust,

you violate no duty; and you may rise again to supreme power without any loss of public or private character, whatever imputations may be cast on your consistency. If ever there were cases in which duty and honour alike called for a strict adherence to these principles, they were the two on which Sir Robert Peel successively changed sides—for the one related to a matter of conscientious religious conviction, on which his opinion, in unison with that of his constituents, had been decidedly pronounced from his earliest years; and the other to a matter of life or death to a great and important class in the community, who had not merely returned him to Parliament, but elevated him to the Premiership, to uphold their principles and maintain their interests. He abandoned both, and he did so on both occasions without surrendering his power, or divesting himself of his trust. On the contrary, he made use of that very power to betray that very trust.

It would be easy to draw a portrait of Sir Robert Peel in conformity with one or other of these views—to present him either as an heroic patriot, or as a treacherous leader, to a numerous and assenting class of readers; and the annalists of these times, according as they incline to the Free Trade or Protection side of the question, will probably adopt one or other of them. But all such pictures are onesided, and *therefore fallacious*. Men are neither such angels as those who have, or suppose themselves to have, been benefited by them, represent, nor such devils as those whom they have injured, or who think themselves injured, suppose. Characters of imperfect goodness are much more frequent than is generally imagined. Secondary and adoptive minds much oftener work out great changes for good or for evil than original and creative ones. The reason is, that they embrace the opinions of others, when the change these have effected in public opinion has been rendered so considerable that it has become possible to reduce them to practice; and thus they are considered as their authors, or at least obtain the praise or blame due to such. They are not the discoverers of the steam-engine, but

the persons who apply it on the greatest scale to machinery; not the Watts, but the Cromptons or Arkwrights of political science. The unbounded praise from one party, the unmeasured obloquy from another, which they incur, are equally removed from the just decision of impartial judgment. These belong to the warm feelings of party conflict, the ulcerated wounds of individual injury; not the dispassionate survey of political justice. Fully aware of the difficulty of the task, not pretending to be able entirely to eradicate from our minds the memory of a conflict in which we have borne a part, we shall yet make the attempt to speak of an illustrious opponent, now no more, with equity, and characterise the dead in the spirit which befits those who have so recently been reminded of the changes of mortality.

As we must, in the course of this survey, come upon ground in which there will be great division of opinion, we have great pleasure in commencing with some points in which all are agreed: and we do this with the more satisfaction, that in praise of Sir Robert Peel we have to direct public attention to many points of excellence in his earlier career, which have been almost forgotten in the vehemence of party laudation of the great changes by which its close was marked.

It may now appear an inconsiderable, but it is in truth no small merit, in a statesman to have first introduced the system of POLICE into the British islands. We have become of late years so familiar with this useful and necessary arm of government, that we are apt to forget both the difficulty with which its first introduction was attended, and the obligation we owe to the statesman who first braved the obloquy consequent on the attempt. Self-government has long been the boast of the Anglo-Saxon race; it is interwoven with their habits, their traditions, their affections: it used to be their boast, which was repeated from one end of the world to the other, that the parish constable's baton could effect that, in England, for which a regiment of dragoons would scarcely suffice on the Continent. The unpaid magis-

tracy, the citizen constable, were in every month. However safe and effective the system once was in the rural districts of England, none need be told how entirely inapplicable it had for long become to the huge masses of discontented people who soon came to be assembled in our great towns and chief manufacturing districts, and still more in the neighbouring island, where all attempts at self-government have been rendered nugatory by the fierce passions and recklessness of blood characterising the Celtic race. New social circumstances had arisen, which imperatively called for new institutions; but they could not be introduced without doing violence to ancient ideas, and shocking respectable though antiquated feelings. Sir Robert Peel, early in his career as a practical statesman, had both the merit to have discerned the necessity of, a change, and the courage to face the obloquy consequent on its introduction. He introduced that admirable force the Irish police, which for long bore the significant sobriquet of "Peelers;" and he organised and set on foot the London Metropolitan Police force. Immense was the dissatisfaction which these changes excited, especially among the half-rutlian classes whose violence they were to coerce in both islands. More than one bloody affray in Ireland, and a desperate pitched battle with the Metropolitan blackguards in London, were required to show their necessity, and demonstrate their efficiency. Now, however, the utility of these changes is generally recognised; they have gradually been adopted in all the great cities and most of the populous districts in Great Britain; they are universally established by Government authority in the neighbouring island; collision with the military has been indeed comparatively rare; and to the efficiency of the powerful aid thus furnished to the civil magistrate, the safe passage of the nation through the perilous and trying times which have since occurred, is in no inconsiderable degree to be ascribed.

The great changes in our CRIMINAL LAW which have distinguished our times cannot be ascribed, in the first instance, to Sir Robert Peel: their introduction belongs to Sir Samuel

Romilly, Sir James Mackintosh, and Lord Brougham. But Sir Robert had the merit, and, situated as he was, it was a very great one, of apprehending the necessity, from the increasing humanity of the age, of embracing their principles, and of carrying them into practice in a safe and cautious manner. He introduced acts of parliament, during almost every session while he was Home Secretary, which successively took away the punishment of death in the cases where the severity of that terrible penalty was most complained of. So largely has the new system been since carried into execution, that it is the boast of the present Government, that since 1841 no person has been executed in the British islands but for deliberate and cold-blooded murder. This change is immense—it is in unison with the best feelings of our nature—and Sir Robert Peel is justly entitled to the praise of being the first statesman who carried the principles of humanity in the administration of criminal law into practice. It is unhappily too well known—the records of Parliament too clearly attest it—that this new system, so far from having been followed by the promised reductions of crime, has been attended by a great and most alarming increase. Nay, what is still more disheartening, the increase has been greatest in those offences, such as robbery and forgery, in which the capital punishment in former times was most frequently enforced; and it has been greater in the educated than the uneducated classes of the community. But it is not therefore to be supposed that the whole system is erroneous, and that Sir Robert Peel does not deserve the lasting thanks of his country for having introduced it into practice. Its failure to check crime hitherto has arisen from the extreme difficulty of providing proper secondary punishments; from the vast increase of suffering and destitution among the labouring classes, which the new Monetary and Free-Trade systems have occasioned, and the temporary stoppage of transportation among male offenders, from the inexplicable neglect of Government in sending out, at the public expense, an adequate number of untainted emigrants of

both sexes, to neutralise and retain within proper bounds the stream of depravity conducted away from the parent state.

As HOME SECRETARY, during the many years he held that important office, Sir Robert Peel's merits were of a very high order. Patient and laborious, he was constantly to be found at his post; conscientious and scrupulous, he devoted the powers of an active and vigorous mind to the discharge of its momentous duties; indefatigable in investigation, he often took upon himself the duties both of council and judge in the melancholy cases then much more frequent than at present, when the life of a criminal was referred to the mercy of the crown and the consideration of the Home Secretary. He had not the decision and moral courage by which Lord Sidmouth was so honourably distinguished in that responsible office; but no man ever exceeded him in the conscientious and faithful discharge of its momentous duties, or the activity with which he prosecuted any feasible plans of amelioration which were suggested in its numerous departments.

The time has now arrived when a still higher meed of praise may be awarded to Sir Robert Peel for the able, unflinching, and uncompromising resistance which he offered to the Reform Bill. There is no part of his career upon which his biographer will dwell with such unmixed satisfaction as this, because there is none on which all parties are now so entirely agreed. In making this observation, we do not mean to affirm that all parties are agreed that the Reform Act has proved an evil. We know that many regard it as the greatest possible improvement, and think that, but for it, the British constitution would infallibly have been overturned during the moral earthquakes in Europe which followed the French revolution of 1848. But even those who think so will, if they have a particle of candour in their breasts, be the first to admit that Sir Robert Peel's conduct in resisting the measure, holding the opinions that he did regarding it, was a model of firmness, ability, and patriotic devotion. The party of

which he was the head, once so numerous and powerful, had been cast down; by the elections of June 1831, to an hundred members. Public excitement was at its height; the press, with one or two honourable exceptions, was unanimous on the popular side; the brickbat and the bludgeon were generally called in to the aid of argument; and whoever ventured to oppose the torrent was not only universally stigmatised as a public enemy, but ran no small personal risk if brought in public into contact with the populace. In these circumstances, which to an ordinary observer appeared all but desperate, and were generally considered in the country as such, he gallantly maintained the contest at the head of his small but devoted band of adherents; and, for a year and a half, protracted the discussion of the measure which, in so vital a particular, was to change the constitution. Much was gained by this intrepid and skilfully conducted stand: the £50 tenant clause, by which alone a semblance of equality was preserved between the agricultural and commercial classes in the Reformed Parliament, was due to his exertions. But, above all, that was gained which, in revolutionary contests, is of paramount importance—TIME. During the year and a half, from 1st March 1831 to 21st September 1832, that the contest lasted, the nation had leisure in some degree to regain its senses. The daily discussions which went on regarding it, during that long period, opened the eyes of many, but above all of its promoters in the cabinet, to its dangerous tendency. Incalculable were the effects of this delay. Had it not been for the breathing-time gained—had it not been for the cooling season afforded to an overheated nation—the consequences could not have been other than fatal to Great Britain. Had the Reform Bill been driven through both houses of parliament and become law in three months, as the new constitution was in France by the Constituent Assembly, not all the efforts of the Whig Ministry could have prevented the country from being completely revolutionised. The six points of the Charter would have become law ere 1831 had closed, as certainly

as the Rights of Man did in France, in August 1789. Long ere this we should have been crushed under a military despotism of democratic creation, and the very name of freedom have perished in the empire, from the effect of the passions which its partisans had excited. Let it never be forgot, that, if the nation has enjoyed the inestimable blessing of protected free discussion since that period, it is mainly to be ascribed to the time gained by Sir Robert Peel and the Conservative minority during the discussions on the Reform Bill; and that we owe to their exertions the liberty we have ourselves enjoyed in discussing his later measures.

On more than one occasion, Sir Robert Peel evinced great moral courage, which strangely and painfully contrasts with his vacillation of opinion on other subjects. His return from Rome and ready assumption of the helm in December 1834, when the eyes of William IV. were first opened to the effects of the measure, which he had exerted the whole power of the Crown to force through the House of Peers, was an eminent example of this quality, of all others the most important in a statesman. To say that his efforts were unavailing, that his Ministry was of short duration, and that he was soon defeated and forced to resign by the Lichfield House compact, is no detracton from his merits on this occasion. On the contrary, it constitutes their highest panegyric; for it demonstrates what was the strength of the Liberal coalition to which the Reform Bill had given a majority of the House of Commons, and affords, therefore, the measure of the moral resolution which prompted Sir Robert Peel to undertake the task of governing the country in its face. His subsequent career, at the head of a now greatly increased body of supporters, down to 1841, when he was restored to power by the general coalition of the great interests in the nation, against the Free-Trade measures of the Whig Ministry, was distinguished by the same perseverance, caution, and patriotic devotion. To his efforts during that period we are mainly indebted for the preservation of the greater part of the property of the Irish church, and the whole of that of

England, from the spoliation with which it was menaced; and his efforts on behalf of both establishments form one of the most honourable parts of his career.

Still more creditable to him was the resolution which he displayed in 1842, when the intelligence was received of the fearful disaster in the Coord Cabul Pass, and the entire expulsion of our troops from Afghanistan. This calamity, unparalleled in Indian warfare, and which alone in modern times recalls the destruction of Varus's legions, was not, it is well known, in any degree to be imputed to Sir Robert Peel. He neither refused the subsidy of £50,000 a-year to Dost Mahommed, which would have converted him into a willing ally; nor plunged without adequate regard to his communications into the Afghanistan expedition; nor was implicated in the unhappy appointment of military chiefs, whose inefficiency and want of foresight were the immediate cause of the disaster. He inherited these seeds of evil from his predecessors: he merely came into power in time to reap the harvest of ruin which their measures had prepared. But when the catastrophe did arrive, he met it in a noble spirit. There was neither timidity nor vacillation in his measures. Though our Indian empire was at the time, and had been for two years, involved in hostilities with China, as well as in the heart of Asia, he boldly fronted the difficulties which the double strain, so imprudently incurred, on its resources had rendered unavoidable. The Income Tax was reimposed, and how objectionable soever as a peace impost, and a part of our ordinary finance system, no one can doubt that, at that juncture—involved in a double war in Asia, and with our Indian empire menaced with destruction—such a measure was both wise and necessary. The land and sea forces of the empire, which had been reduced to a pitiable degree of weakness by the Reform clamour, and the want of resolution in the preceding Administrations, were considerably augmented; a new spirit was infused into our generals by the conviction that they would be supported if they did their duty; and with noble magnanimity an expedition was a second

time attempted against the scene of our former disasters in Cabul, at the very time that hostilities on an enlarged scale, and a much improved plan of operations, were undertaken against the Celestial Empire. The consequences are well known, and form, if the era of Wellington in Europe is excepted, the brightest chapter in the military history of Great Britain. Both expeditions were successful: the Kyber Pass was forced, Ghuznee taken, Cabul captured, at the very time that Nankin was threatened, and the formidable Tartar force destroyed on the great river of China—and the prodigy was exhibited to an astonished world of a single *Delhi Gazette* announcing the capture of Cabul in the heart, and the submission of the Chinese empire in the farthest extremity of Asia.

The foreign policy of Sir R. Peel, when at the head of affairs from 1842 to 1846, was eminently pacific, and marked by the caution and deliberation by which, in that important branch of the public service, the Conservative party have long been distinguished. We may estimate the importance of such a system by the continual turmoil in which we have been kept, and the narrow escapes from serious dangers we have made, under Lord Palmerston's direction. With the exception of the wars in China and Afghanistan—for which he was no ways responsible, as they were bequeathed to him in a most untoward state by his predecessors—he maintained peace with all the world. He did more—he never even endangered it. He entirely abandoned the system of bullying small powers, and sowing the seeds of revolution in great ones, which had so long been pursued by his Whig predecessors. He never brought the country to the verge of a European war, on account of inconsiderable *private* claims by British subjects on foreign potentates; nor did he induce a general convulsion over the whole civilised world, by stretching the right hand of amity to Continental Liberals, when engaged in projects of insurrection against their respective governments. "Live and let live" was his principle in foreign policy. He took care of Great Britain,

and let foreign nations take care of themselves. He did not think that the stability of his Administration depended upon spreading the seeds of discontent and disturbance in all the adjoining states. He sent no noblemen to the Continent on roving commissions, to promote reform by *moral* force in agitated countries, where their inhabitants were dreaming only of physical convulsion. He was not the O'Connell of European revolution. When a war with the United States was threatened, by the claims which the American Government advanced to the Maine territory, he avoided the difficulty, and yet upheld the honour of his country, by a compromise which, although less favourable to Great Britain than it is now known it should have been, was perhaps the best which, in the circumstances, could have been adopted. The honour of England was never impaired in his hands in any transactions with foreign powers; and, at the same time, by simply abstaining from interference with foreign states, and letting them manage their internal affairs in their own way, he entirely regained the confidence of the European cabinets.

We have dwelt thus long, and with unmixed satisfaction, on the bright parts of the portrait, because we have colours of a very different hue to mingle with them. In doing so, we shall endeavour to preserve that equanimity in censure which his present eulogists are far from doing in praise; and strive, whenever it is possible, to ascribe the errors we must point out, to the force of external circumstances, or causes incidental to the period in which Sir R. Peel lived, rather than to faults directly imputable to himself.

The first grand error into which he fell—and which we consider as by far the greatest of his whole life, because it was the parent of all the others—was the report of the committee, in 1819, on monetary affairs, on which the famous bill, compelling the Bank to resume cash payments, was founded. It is remarkable that this, like all the other errors of Sir R. Peel's life, arose from his yielding to the persuasion of his political opponents, and was in direct opposition to the whole principles in which he himself had been

bred. His father, the first Sir Robert, it is well known, was a staunch supporter of the credit system; and it is not surprising he was so, for under it he had amassed a fortune of a million sterling. Mr Peel was placed by Lord Liverpool in the chair of the committee, of which Government had the appointment, in order that he might be a check on Mr Huskisson and the ballionists, who were indefatigable in their endeavours to win over converts to their side; and, ever since 1810, had never ceased to urge the immediate resumption of cash payments. But young Peel speedily fell a victim to their fascination; and he not only kept no check upon them, but became their strongest supporter. As chairman he drew, or at least concurred in, the famous report—the foundation of the bill of 1819, ordering the resumption of cash payments, and which has formed the basis of his whole subsequent career in domestic legislation.

If we are to credit the *Times* newspaper—perhaps the ablest of the journals which now support that side—this measure has doubled the value of money, for it has made one sovereign worth two sovereigns. Without going so great a length in our estimate of its effects, it may at least with safety be affirmed, that it has added fifty per cent to its value. A comparison of the prices of grain for twenty years before, and twenty years after the change, leaves not a shadow of doubt on that point. Combined with Free Trade, it has now lowered prices, on an average of years, a half—in other words, doubled the weight of debt, and halved the remuneration of industry, on an average of years, over the whole country. It has rendered the public debt of £800,000,000 in reality £1,600,000,000: it has swelled the thousand millions of private debt into two thousand millions. It has rendered our taxation of fifty millions annually, equal in weight to one hundred millions at the old prices. In a country engaged in such extensive undertakings, and so dependent on that most sensitive of created things, credit, for its support, as Great Britain, it may be doubted whether human ingenuity could have devised anything so well calculated to spread ruin and desola-

tion so generally through the people as this fatal step.

Its effect in doubling the weight of debt, public and private, and halving—when taken in conjunction with Free Trade—the remuneration of industry, at least to rural labourers, great and serious as it has been, has proved the least of the many evils which are distinctly traceable to it. By lowering prices in every department over the whole country, it rendered the indirect taxes unproductive, and induced that constant clamour, on the part of persons engaged in particular trades, to get the taxes removed which pressed on them, which has involved the nation ever since in financial difficulties, extinguished the sinking fund—which, had it been let alone, would have paid off the whole public debt by the year 1845—and, by the admission of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has added £27,000,000 to the National Debt, over and above all in that time paid off during the last twenty years of unbroken peace. It has spread embarrassment and bankruptcy so far through all those dependent on the land, that two-thirds of our landed proprietors are notoriously insolvent; and the nation, when blessed with a fine harvest, has come to import from a fourth to a fifth of its annual subsistence from foreign states, although, fifteen years ago, it was self-supporting. It has reduced the price of food a half, but it has lowered the wages of labour in a still greater degree, by reason of the numerous bankruptcies among the employers, and the diminished work for the employed. It has induced that terrible instability in mercantile transactions, and those ruinous monetary crises which have now become of periodic occurrence, though unknown before the resumption of cash payments, and which never occur without destroying from a third to a half of the whole commercial capital in the empire. It engendered that overwhelming influence of the moneyed aristocracy, and general suffering of the industrious classes, which issued in the Reform Bill, by inspiring the money power with the desire, and giving them the means, of obtaining the government of the state, and by filling the industrious classes with that restless desire of change, which never

fails to accompany long-continued and general suffering. By vesting power in the moneyed and mercantile classes, through the Reform Act, it brought on that series of class legislative measures, which have gone so far to endanger the colonial empire, and destroy the national independence of Great Britain. All the evils under which we are now labouring may, by a demonstrable series of causes and effects, be traced back to that one fatal deviation from Mr Pitt's protective policy, under which the nation had so marvellously prospered during the war.

Although not entertaining a shadow of a doubt that all these evils have arisen from Sir Robert Peel's monetary policy, we disclaim all intention of ascribing interested motives to him in adopting it. There is nothing in his conduct or life which argues a selfish character, in the ordinary sense of the word. He was ambitious, but it was of great and public objects only. Possessed of immense wealth, he made a noble use of it. Covetous of renown, he was altogether superior to the vulgar appetite for money. He never made a shilling in the public service; he spent far more in office than he ever received from it. His relations were provided for; but it was for the most part from the facilities which his own fortune afforded, not by quartering them in brigades on the public service. In the distribution of patronage he was not only liberal, but ultra-liberal: the principal fault to be found with it was, that he gave far too much to his opponents, and reserved too little for his own supporters. It is impossible to suppose that a man who acted thus, and whose conduct was so much the reverse of interested, was influenced by selfish motives in the course which he adopted in monetary matters and free trade. And we adhere to this opinion, even although the effect of those measures undoubtedly was to increase his own fortune from one million to two millions.

But although we sincerely and gladly absolve Sir Robert Peel from all selfish or unworthy motives in the monetary measures which he introduced, we cannot absolve him from the imputation of being swayed by the influence of gold in the abstract, and in the

estimate which he formed of others. Personally disinterested, and actuated only by a desire for the public good, he was not the less a devoted worshipper of mammon. He thought that the public good would be best pursued by supporting its gains. He disdained lucre himself, but he never overlooked its importance in his estimate of those around him. Petitions and arguments came with surprising weight to him, when they were urged by persons who had two hundred thousand pounds of realised capital in their pockets. He thought he never could go wrong in pursuing a policy which they recommended. He regarded them as the fountains of public prosperity—the sheet-anchor of the state, which alone could be relied on to save it in the many vicissitudes incident to widely-extended commercial transactions. He measured the public strength by the number of sovereigns stored in the vaults of the Bank—private wealth, in a great degree, by the magnitude of balances at bankers. He owed his greatness to commercial industry, supported by a protective policy, and an enlarged system of paper credit. But he soon forgot his origin, and was influenced in manhood in his ideas, as most men are, by his *present* position. He had no sympathy with wealth in the process of formation; but the greatest possible with it when completely formed. He was the heir of immense realised commercial riches, and he became its representative. He never forgot its interests—not because they were his own, but because he never could divest himself of the idea that they were those of the nation at large. In gold he saw the only solid representative of wealth; his great object was to get as much of it as possible stored in that imperishable form. He desired no more than he had for himself, but he worshipped it in the abstract with a fervour never felt by any of the professed adorers of Baal. He never could believe the nation was other than prosperous, if the Bank had fifteen millions' worth of gold in its coffers. He was honest, honourable, and patriotic, but not chivalrous or high-minded; he loved his country, but he thought every attempt to serve it delusive which was not based upon the interests of its moneyed capital;

and deemed every measure expedient which went to augment the solid metallic treasures of the nation. To that unhappy conviction the most fatal errors of his career may directly be traced.

One important step in his life, however, was not owing to this peculiarity in his mental conformation, and requires a separate consideration. It was his sudden change on the CATHOLIC CLAIMS which first opened the eyes of the nation to the mutability of his opinions. The prior and far more momentous conversion on the monetary system had passed unnoticed, partly because his original opinions on it were not known, and partly because its importance was not generally understood. Time has brought its wonted illumination on this subject. Experience has dispelled the illusions so generally entertained regarding Roman Catholic Emancipation. It is well known that this measure, which excited such violent heats and animosities at the time, has entirely failed. It has brought none of the advantages promised by its supporters in its train. In its practical results it has outstripped the gloomiest predictions of its worst enemies. We were told that, by this great healing measure, Ireland was to be pacified, discontent turned into loyalty, O'Connell converted into a *nisi prius* lawyer. When the fatal legislative distinctions which alone obstructed its prosperity were swept away, industry would revive, disturbance cease, English capital flow into its peopled fields, pauperism be dried up, and its vast agricultural resources, stimulated by the vigour and industry of the Celtic race, would render it as great a support, and source of strength, as it had hitherto been of weakness to the neighbouring island. For twenty long years, from 1809 to 1829, the empire rang with these predictions. Whoever ventured to doubt them was set down by the whole Liberal party as an ignorant bigot, alike inaccessible to the force of reason, and behind the lights of the age.

Time has enabled us to appreciate these predictions at their real value, and to measure with justice the wisdom and knowledge of mankind of the party who uttered them. Like all the

other great changes of our times, Catholic Emancipation was carried by a party in the House of Commons forcing themselves into the Cabinet, and turning the prerogative of the Crown into an engine for changing the constitution. By a union of the Administration with the Opposition, the anti-Catholic party, which beyond all question had a majority of the constituencies at the time on its side, was defeated, and the great healing measure, despite the known and undisguised repugnance of the sovereign, forced upon the nation. What have been its results? Have the promised effects taken place? Was O'Connell extinguished, agrarian outrage suppressed, treason extirpated, Popish agitation ended, industry revived, pauperism exterminated, universal happiness diffused by the great measure which was to terminate the reign of bigotry, and which the Cabinet, with Sir Robert Peel virtually at its head, forced upon the Crown? We need not give the answer; it has been returned by the event, and stands recorded in the pages of history. O'Connell was converted into a sort of king, agrarian outrage multiplied tenfold. It soon became so excessive that the Whigs themselves were compelled to introduce a Coercion Act of surpassing stringency to restrain it; industry, turned aside into monster meetings, everywhere declined; pauperism increased with the enlarged concession of political power, till it absorbed a *fourth* of the whole inhabitants of the Emerald Isle. Sedition, long connived at by conceding Administrations, gradually ripened into treason; it was nursed in Conciliation Hall, and brought to a climax in the cabbage-garden. Capital more than ever shunned the scene of murder, arson, and outrage; and general poverty, increased by the lawless habits which a weak executive permitted and a bigotted priesthood encouraged, at length became so excessive that the whole subsistence of the people was derived from one root; a failure in it brought on a famine; some hundred thousand persons died of want in a single year, and the annual emigration from its peopled and starving shores has come to exceed two hundred thousand souls!

Strong reasons, however, may

he advanced in favour of Sir Robert Peel's conversion from the anti-Catholic to the Catholic side of the question, but no excuse can be found for the *mode* in which it was done. He had been long looked to in the country as the head of the Protestant party; he had risen to eminence by its support; he had spoken times out of number on its side; he had filled the office of Secretary for Ireland, and been elected member for Oxford for that very reason. When a statesman, thus deeply and irrevocably pledged in his public measures to resistance to the Romish claims, suddenly expressed his conversion to the opposite side, and *used the power given to resist them to their furtherance and support*, he did in reality what Marlborough had done in 1688, and Ney in 1815. His course, in consistency alike with the dictates of honour and the conclusions of reason, was quite plain. It was to resign his office, surrender his seat in Parliament, and come in again on the side of a new party, and as the representative of fresh constituents. Whatever might in such a case be said of the *consistency* of an individual who thus suddenly abandoned the opinions of a whole lifetime, and, like the Sicambre on his conversion to Christianity, "burned that which he had adored, adored that which he had burned," nothing could have been said against the *mode* of its expression. He resigned his seat for Oxford, but he remained Home Secretary. Thus when the power was not surrendered, the office *not* resigned; and when the anti-Catholic Secretary of State and leader of the House of Commons used the whole weight of Government to force that change of opinion upon Parliament which he had adopted for himself, his former supporters with reason exclaimed that they were betrayed, and that the leader had become unworthy of the direction of a conscientious party in the state.

The reasons assigned by Sir Robert Peel's friends for this extraordinary change,—viz., that he had become convinced that a crisis had arisen; that the exclusion of the Catholics could no longer be maintained; that at all hazards it was indispensable to have the question settled; that, without his adhering to the Administra-

tion, that settlement could not have been effected; and that it was a personal request of the sovereign that he would remain and assist him through his difficulties—though not without weight, by no means justify this extraordinary defection. Sir Robert Peel was too well informed not to know, that in all free communities, but in England in particular, the reputation of *consistency* is the sheet-anchor of public men; and that no strength, but only weakness, is brought to a side by the adhesion of a statesman, who joins it with such a blot on his escutcheon as the charge of desertion of principle. The result in that particular instance too clearly proved that this is the case; for among the many evils which Catholic Emancipation has induced upon the country, perhaps the greatest has arisen from the ruinous schism in the Conservative ranks which was produced by his joining the Catholic party in 1829. It is well known that it was to punish that defection that the ultra-Tories joined the Whigs on Sir Henry Parnell's motion in November 1830, and threw out the Duke of Wellington's Administration. The Reform Bill, with all the incalculable evils, which few now deny it has brought upon the state, is thus immediately to be ascribed to Sir Robert Peel's change; for if Catholic emancipation had been carried when he was in Opposition, and siding with his old friends, the feelings of the Tories would not have been outraged, and the constitution would not have been surrendered to its assailants by the dissension of its defenders.

The last great change of policy on the part of Sir Robert Peel, which has been so momentous in its consequences that it will form the chief feature of his character to future ages, was that which related to Free Trade. We regard this, however, as not nearly so inexplicable as his change on the Catholic claims; for it flowed naturally from the fatal step of contracting the currency in 1819, and may in truth be regarded as the complement and necessary sequence of that measure. It is the more indispensable to insist on this view of the subject, because it is far from being generally understood; and

unless the majority of the constituencies embrace the correct views regarding it, all attempts to restore remuneration to industry will prove ineffectual.

The population of the empire in 1819 was somewhat above 20,000,000: it is now little below 30,000,000. Its exports, imports, shipping, and transactions have tripled in amount since that time. Has anything been done to render the currency which carried on these transactions, and gave bread to these increased numbers, commensurate to their wants and necessities? Quite the reverse: everything has been done, and done in the most decisive way, to *contract* the currency in the direct proportion of the necessity for its increase. The notes issued in England alone in 1814 were £48,500,000; in the two islands they were above £60,000,000. By the bill of 1819, followed up by those of 1826 prohibiting small notes, and of 1844 and 1845 regarding the currency, the notes issued have been lowered *a half*: they have sunk from £60,000,000 to £32,000,000. No lasting reliance can be placed on the gold, how great soever its amount in the country, because it is liable to be drained away any day by a bad harvest, a war abroad, or the usual and periodical mutations of commerce. In the last thirty years the people have increased nearly by a half, their transactions have been tripled, and the money they can rely on keeping has been HALVED.

Sir Robert Peel was too sagacious not to see the necessary effect of this prodigious change. He was deeply affected, as he often said himself, with the long-protracted public distress, which, consequent on the great importation of grain and exportation of sovereigns during the bad harvests of 1838 and 1839, continued without intermission till 1842. It was to relieve this distress that he gave such encouragement to the railway mania, which began in 1843, and raged with such violence till 1846, both by lowering the deposit money from ten to five per cent, and expressing, individually and in Parliament, the greatest approbation of its wildest undertakings. But a difficulty soon arose. Under the influence of the vast tem-

porary stimulus, which the formation of so many railways at the same time gave to most branches of industry, and other concurring causes of prosperity—in particular, the glorious termination of our Eastern war—wages for the time ran to an excessive height; a height altogether inconsistent with the diminished resources of employers and purchasers, owing to the general fall of prices consequent on the contraction of the currency. This state of things evidently could not go on; a collapse was inevitable, when the artificial and temporary stimulus arising from the formation of the railways came to an end; and that it would soon come to an end was certain, as no currency was permitted to exist adequate to the extended transactions in which the nation was engaged.

It was apparently to meet this state of things, inevitable on the contraction of the currency, that all Sir Robert Peel's measures, after he came into power in the end of 1841, were directed. The reduced tariff of 1842, the establishment of Free Trade in July 1846, were part of the same system, rendered unavoidable by the currency measures of 1819, 1844, and 1845. The object of both was the same—viz. to support labour, and conceal the effects of the contraction of the currency, first, by a great stimulus to industry, next, by lowering the cost of production in proportion to the diminution already effected by the contraction of the currency in its remuneration. Unless this was done, he clearly saw the industrious classes would be destroyed. As prices in every branch of industry had fallen since 1819 at least fifty per cent from the halving of the currency, there appeared no resource but to give as great a stimulus as possible to labour in the mean time, and effect, when that was drawing to its close, a permanent reduction in the price of the food by which it was to be supported. The first was done by the railway mania, which kept industry afloat and in perilous prosperity in 1844 and 1845; the last by the general introduction of the Free Trade system in 1846. This affords the evident key to his whole conduct since he became Prime Minister. He often said that he was not to be blamed for introducing Free

Trade in 1846, for that it had become a matter of necessity. He only forgot to add, that if such necessity existed, it was entirely of his own creation, by his prior monetary system. It is not surprising that, having halved the price of the produce of labour, he felt the necessity of halving the cost of the subsistence by which it was to be maintained.

When the railway mania began, one of two courses was open to Sir Robert Peel, and one or other was unavoidable. Either he required to go back upon the bill of 1819, and give the nation an extended *paper* currency, adequate to sustain its now vastly increased undertakings, or to go forward with fresh measures, and lower the wages of labour in proportion to the effected fall in the price of its produce. He had not magnanimity enough to do the first, for that would have been an admission that he had been wrong, and would have shaken the confidence of the capitalists in his Government. He resolved, therefore, to do the last. Hence his Free-Trade measures, and all the incalculable misery they have brought upon the country. The determination to carry out an erroneous system did the whole.

But this expedient, like all others which are not based on right principle, speedily induced other evils even greater than those it was intended to remove. In his anxiety to lower the price of the subsistence of labour in proportion to the reduction he had effected in its remuneration, Sir Robert Peel forgot that that subsistence itself was for the most part raised by the hands of the people, and that if you lowered the cost at which food was to be bought by the labouring classes generally, you gained this advantage solely at the expense, in the first instance, of that particular branch of the people who were engaged directly or indirectly in the production of food, and in the last, of all the other classes who supplied them with manufactured articles. Eighteen millions of individuals, directly or indirectly engaged in the production of food, were involved in distress to cheapen it to ten millions who were supported by urban industry. At the same time he overlooked, in his anxiety to relieve

the labour market by the general spread of the railway system, the fact that that system itself could neither be executed nor rendered prosperous when finished, when the nation was starved by the general failure in the remuneration of all sorts of industry, by the contraction of the currency to a half of its former amount, at the very time when the population had increased fifty, the national transactions three hundred per cent. Thence the fearful collapse of 1847, followed by such intense and universal suffering in 1848, from the effects of which the nation is only beginning to recover. A temporary respite from suffering was obtained for the commercial classes; but this advantage was gained only by rolling it over upon the agricultural, and in the end depriving themselves of the best market for their industry.

As matters now stand, under our Monetary and Free-Trade system, general distress is *inherent and permanent*, either in the urban or rural population, or among both. If the harvest is fine, the agricultural interest finds itself deprived of all remuneration for its industry, by the competition of a great domestic produce with the ceaseless introduction of foreign supplies: if it is deficient, the commercial classes are immediately involved in universal difficulties, by the sudden contraction of credit consequent on an extended foreign importation of food and exportation of sovereigns. So great is the devastation produced by the ceaseless alternation of these evils, that it exceeds anything recorded from domestic legislation in history. Sir Robert Peel saved our Eastern empire by his magnanimous constancy in disaster, after the Afghanistân catastrophe, and he preserved the state from immediate revolution by his protracted resistance to the Reform Bill; and, for these vast benefits, he is entitled to the lasting gratitude of his country. But time will show whether, by his Monetary and Free-Trade measures, he has not induced other dangers of a less pressing, but far more serious kind; and whether he has not saved us from the paroxysm of a brain fever, only to consign us to death by a lingering consumption.

If the sudden conversion of Sir Robert Peel on the Catholic claims was open to animadversion, from its being the betrayal of a trust reposed in him by a party, much more is his extraordinary change on the Corn Laws subject to reprehension on the same grounds. The trust had in the latter case been reposed in him not by a party but by the country. A dissolution had taken place in 1841, on Lord John Russell's famous Free Trade budget. Every hustings had resounded with declamations for or against Free Trade. In the foremost rank of the battle stood Sir Robert Peel; his voice, loud above all others, resounded over the field on the Protection side. His side proved victorious. The nation spoke out. Seven hundred thousand electors out of a million recorded their votes in favour of Protection. A majority of ninety-one in the House of Commons appeared on the first party division on that side. The Ministry was changed in consequence; and Sir Robert Peel was installed by his Sovereign as Prime Minister, with an overwhelming majority to support him in both Houses, precisely because he *was* the Protection leader.

In the interval between that and 1846, nothing occurred to shake, but everything to confirm, the principles on which he then took office. The tariff of 1842 had materially lowered the import duties, especially on foreign grain: general prosperity prevailed from the effects of fine seasons and the beginning of the railway mania; and the inhabitants of towns enjoyed the advantages of an enhanced demand for labour, with diminished prices of provisions. The Irish potato rot had not appeared in any degree greater than it had done for some years back. It first assumed a malignant form in August and September 1846: even if it had appeared earlier, that might have been a good reason for repealing *pro tempore* the import duties while it lasted; but it was none for introducing Free Trade as a general and *lasting* measure. When, therefore, Sir Robert Peel in May 1846 brought forward his Free-Trade measures, he did so without any plea of necessity, or even expediency, save that which he had himself occasioned

by his own monetary measures in 1819, 1844, and 1845. He abandoned the cause intrusted to him by his Queen and his country, and exerted the strength of a Government constructed to defend Protection, to destroy it, without the shadow of an excuse, except a predetermination to sacrifice, in opposition to all his former principles and professions, the interests of production to those of consumption.

Incalculable was the evil which resulted from this second flagrant dereliction of principle in the same statesman. His influence had now become so great, that the effect of his measure for good or for evil was immeasurably increased. He rent the Conservative party asunder by his defection. He subverted the whole balance of the Constitution by his change of principles. A considerable part of the Protectionists went over with Sir Robert Peel to the Free-Trade side. The remainder, who adhered with Lord Stanley and Mr Disraeli to their principles, were so exasperated, that, to punish the defection, they took the earliest opportunity of coalescing with the Radicals to throw out the Ministry. They selected the Irish Arms Bill for this purpose: a question upon which, considered in itself, subsequent events have shown they were as clearly in the wrong, as, on the merits of the general question as to Protection, they were in the right. The result was a change of Ministry, and the formation of a new Parliament got up under this Free-Trade influence, and in which, by the combined operation of Government, popular outcry, and Conservative defection, a majority, since reduced to twenty or thirty on vital questions, on the Free-Trade side was obtained. The result is well known. Free-Trade principles have been carried out in every department: the West Indies, the Shipping Interest, have been successively sacrificed.

But, disastrous as these results have proved, a still more serious evil has arisen from the general shake which the character of public men has received from the sudden and inexplicable conversions. Steadiness of purpose and consistency of principle

have long been the qualities which the people of England admire most in their political leaders. When, therefore, such strange and inconceivable defections appeared among those from whom the most entire consistency was expected, the opinion spread generally that virtue in affairs of state had become extinct among public men—that consistency was no longer to be looked for in statesmen—and that the longest and loudest professions of a particular set of opinions, accompanied with the most unexceptionable private character, afforded no security against a sudden abandonment of all these principles, without the surrender of the power conferred to support them. It is needless to say what serious evil this impression on the public mind has produced. It has done more than disunite a party, and render it for a season almost powerless in combating its opponents—it has shaken the foundations of Government itself, by inspiring distrust in all the parties by whom it must be carried on.

As a Parliamentary orator, Sir Robert Peel is entitled to a high, but by no means to the highest place. His speeches were always full of matter; his command of figures and statistics was prodigious; and the correctness of his statement of facts was such, that we do not recollect a single instance in which it was ever, in any material article, successfully impugned. His industry was unbounded, his power of application unwearied and extraordinary. He had an immense acquaintance with the whole particulars attending all the principal branches of our trade and manufactures, and was often able to correct statements or inform the ignorance of the very persons who were engaged in the line of business which was under discussion. He was a very skilful debater; but it was so after the manner of the House, rather than the true and fair rules of logical discussion. He scarcely ever met an argument fairly, especially if it was a strong one, but tried to elude its force by ridicule of its author, or well-timed home-thrusts at his inconsistency with prior expressed opinions; and as his opinions were in general in unison with those of the majority of the House, he seldom

failed to have the laugh on his side. He almost constantly misrepresented the arguments of his opponents: he seldom tried to refute, often to ridicule them. In this he had a peculiar dexterity. Hansard was thoroughly familiar to him; and great was the success with which he used it. Like all men of a capacious and powerful mind, he had a singularly retentive memory, and could bring out at will figures and details on subjects which for long had not been under discussion, to the no small annoyance of his opponents, who were rarely gitted with the same power of commanding details and bringing them forth on the proper occasion. The only rival during the last thirty years to his powers in this respect was Mr Huskisson. This faculty—for it is so rare that it may really be styled such—would not have secured pre-eminence in the old House of Commons, composed of the representatives of all classes and interests, and in which the landed proprietors, or the young men of a refined education who got seats through the close boroughs, formed a majority of the whole members. But it was an invaluable quality in the Reformed House, where the majority was composed of working men returned by the enlarged constituencies now intrusted with the franchise, and who were less liable to be influenced by bursts of eloquence or the flowers of rhetoric, than by a simple business-like statement of facts connected with, or material to, the leading interests which their constituents expected them to support.

But his style of speaking, however well adapted to the majority of his auditors in the House of Commons, rarely reached a lofty pitch of oratory. It was well said of him by an accomplished Parliamentary opponent, that he drove an excellent pair, but never put on four horses. He was an accomplished scholar; and was first brought into notice by taking the highest degrees both in classics and mathematics at Oxford. But though he retained through life a strong partiality for the studies of his youth, and often made a very happy use of them in his speeches in Parliament, his mind was not sufficiently ardent, his genius not sufficiently piercing, to inspire him with

the vehement feelings which are the soul of the highest style of eloquence.

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"

were to him in general unknown. He had no original ideas, although of opinions adopted from other men he was often extremely tenacious; and he never failed to bring them out with great address and ability. He had none of the eloquence which springs from strong internal conviction; still less of that, the source of the highest of all, which flows from originality or fire of conception. He brought everything out at second-hand: he was a great pleader; but he required to have a good brief put into his hand, or prepared by himself from the labours of others. Mr Disraeli said that his mind was "a huge Appropriation Clause," so largely did he borrow, on the most important occasions, from the arguments and opinions of other men: and though the observation, at first sight, seems to savour rather of the sarcasm of the orator than the judgment of the statesman, a dispassionate survey of his career must demonstrate that it was in a great degree well-founded. At the same time it must be admitted that in selecting from others he in general chose well, so far as ability apart from truth went; and that, when he had once chosen his side, no man made a better use of his topics, or brought out his arguments with more effect, or a more consummate knowledge of the audience to whom they were addressed.

He borrowed all his general ideas on every subject on which he spoke from other men; but he supported and illustrated them by a vast variety of facts, for which he was indebted only to his own untiring industry and

vast powers of research. His arguments against the Catholics were taken from Mr Perceval and Lord Eldon; those for them from Mr Canning and Mr Plunkett. In advocating the contraction of the currency, he merely worked out the principles of Mr Horner and Mr Huskisson, and the Bullion Committee of 1819; in supporting the Corn Laws he adopted the views of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool. In introducing Free Trade he embraced the views of Mr Cobden and the Anti-Corn-Law League. We are not aware of a single instance in which an original idea or expression can be traced to Sir Robert Peel, though no man has more frequently introduced, or more ably supported, novel measures in legislation. Even the celebrated expression, so long the watchword of the Conservative party—"It is in the Registration Courts that the battle of the Constitution is to be fought and won," was not his own. It appeared in capital letters in this Magazine, which Sir Robert Peel regularly read, on May 1, 1835, before he ever introduced it into a speech.* His mind was adoptive, not creative. He was the mirror of the age, not its director.

At the same time, in justice to Sir Robert Peel, it must be observed that, as matters now stand, a statesman, if he means to remain in power, must in general work out the ideas of others. If he is original, and tries to introduce his own into practice, he will often be shipwrecked. Truth, reason, expedience, will in vain exist on his side: in a popular Constitution, unless in addition to these he has the support of the majority, he will be wholly unable to carry on the Government. But the

* "A considerable proportion of the present voters are utterly inaccessible to reason or argument, and therefore the ready and certain prey of the demagogues, whom such a state of things necessarily and continually keeps in activity. These men can never be convinced. From their occupation and habits, they are necessarily democratical, and will ever continue so. They must be *outraged*, or the Constitution is lost. The mode in which this is to be done is obvious; and it is here that the persevering efforts of property can best overcome the prodigious ascendancy which the Reform Bill in the outset gave to the reckless and destitute classes of the community. It is in the REGISTRATION COURTS that the BATTLE OF THE CONSTITUTION IS TO BE FOUGHT AND WON. It is by a continued, persevering, and skilful exertion there that education, worth, and property, may regain their ascendancy over anarchy, vice, and democracy. By a proper organisation in this way, it is astonishing what may be done. It is thus, and thus only, that the balance of society can be restored in these islands."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, May 1835, vol. xxxvii. 813.

opinions of the majority, on social questions, are invariably founded on the ideas of the really great and original half a century or more back; it takes that time for new theories to flow down from the elevated summits of original thought to this wide inferior substratum of ordinary intellects. Witness Free Trade itself, which, originally promulgated by Quesnay and the Economists in the boudoir of Madame Pompadour in 1754, was subsequently embraced by Adam Smith in the solitude of Kirkcaldy in 1775, and became the basis of Sir Robert Peel's great social changes in 1846, nearly a century after its first appearance in the world. So slightly informed are the great majority of persons in every rank of life, that they embrace, with scarcely any examination, any opinions in which they happen to be bred up; and a new generation must in general arise before any considerable change in domestic policy can be introduced in any community where general thought has a real bearing upon the measures of Government. Great and protracted suffering is in general necessary, in addition to long time, before, in a free community, a general change of opinion can be introduced. It took the Whigs fifty years to prepare the nation, by incessant abuse of the Government, for Parliamentary Reform; and all their efforts would have been unavailing, had it not been for the ten years of almost uninterrupted suffering which followed the contraction of the currency in 1819. The cause of Free Trade would have been shipwrecked, but for the panic produced, and artfully fostered, by the potato disease in 1846: witness its fate in 1841, when Parliament was dissolved on the Free-Trade budget. Originality of thought is of inestimable importance in philosophers and historians; for they form general thought in a generation or two after their own decease. But it is to the last degree perilous in a free country, if attempted to be introduced by practical statesmen, for they cannot work but by the support of the majority, whose opinions are formed by the great of preceding ages. Sir Robert Peel's mind was essentially adoptive; but, had it been otherwise, he would probably have

been driven to a system of adoption as the only one practicable in the free and popular community in which it was his destiny to act.

But although this consideration sufficiently explains how it happened that Sir Robert Peel was moulded by the age, and did not mould it, yet it does not explain the peculiar character of the impress which he received from the opinions of others. It does not show how it happened that he so readily embraced the opinions of his opponents, and with so little difficulty abandoned on every subject his own. This propensity appeared not only in the great public conversions of his life, but in the less obtrusive though equally characteristic course of his parliamentary career. He was always coquetting with the Opposition; and the stronger and abler it was, the more did he coquet. His compliments were very often to the ability and eloquence of the "honourable gentleman opposite," very seldom to his honourable friend near him. He promoted to judicial situations more frequently an enemy than a friend. This peculiarity was so frequently evinced, that it came to exercise no small influence on his party, and cooled in a most sensible degree the ardour of his supporters. He was not regarded with the enthusiastic devotion with which his party worshipped Fox: he did not share the steady confidence with which his followers regarded Pitt: he inspired none of the cordial and heartfelt attachment given to Canning. That he was looked upon by both sides of the House with the utmost respect was evident from the extraordinary sway which he so long possessed over it, and the universal sorrow which his premature death called forth. But that influence was founded on respect—it did not flow from love. He never enjoyed the disinterested attachment, of all others the most grateful to a generous mind, of those who are fascinated by personal qualities, and desire no other return for support but the gratification with which it is attended. His private character was admirable; and with a few intimate friends his conversational talents expanded, and he made a most agreeable companion; but he had not the

abandon, the self-forgetfulness, the overflow of the generous feelings necessary to form the much-loved political leader.

Here too, however, it will be found that the circumstances in which Sir Robert Peel was placed exercised an important influence on his character and habits. From his first introduction to public life, he looked to the House of Commons as the scene both of his glory and his usefulness—the theatre of his ambition—the dispenser of his reputation. Sprung from the industrious classes, without the lustre of patrician descent—a fact which he had the wisdom never to attempt to conceal—he early felt that he would both meet with more cordial sympathy, and find a greater number of material interests which he could conscientiously support, in the Lower House than the Upper. Thence his constant and steady refusal of a peerage, not only for himself but for his family. The man of the people, he aspired to sway the assembly in which the people were represented, and through it the state. This disposition, sufficiently strong from the outset, was rendered paramount by the Reform Act, which practically vested the government of the country in the House of Commons. From that moment he saw in that assembly the real depository of power: in the sway of its majority the means of obtaining resistless authority. Like Pericles, he aimed at “interrupting the aristocracy of orators by the monarchy of a single orator.” Thence his constant endeavours to disunite his opponents by family concessions or well-applied praises; thence his uniform effort to conciliate and win over the party against whom he was acting. He was the Venetian senate buying off the successive members of the League of Cambray; or Napoleon, by well-timed flattery, seducing Alexander at Tilsit from the English alliance. Great designs, a vast ambition, prompted his perpetual appeals to the gentlemen opposite. His frequent eulogy of their abilities sprang from the desire to marshal them under his banners. Thence he came to regard the House of Commons as in fact the state, and to disregard the popular voice, however loud or powerful, if

not expressed in the significant form of a hostile majority in its divisions. This habit explains his career; but it also illustrates its dangers; for however safe it might be to look only to the votes of an assembly which was the real exponent of the general mind, what can be so perilous as to look to it alone, when it is the representative only of a partial interest in the state actuated by an adverse interest to the remainder?

To conclude. Sir Robert Peel was undoubtedly a first-rate man of his class; he could not have accomplished what he did if he had not been so. But he was a first-rate man of a second class only. He was not one of the master spirits of mankind. His mind was neither creative, which moulds the thoughts of man by its conceptions; nor heroic, which wins their affections by its magnanimity. He was essentially adoptive and practical; and, what is singular, has achieved such mighty things precisely because he was so. He fell in on every occasion with the spirit of the age, or rather he had sagacity enough to see whither that spirit was tending; and by early adopting, he often seemed to lead, when, in fact, he was only following it. He constantly made himself the representative of what he deemed the weightiest interest in the state; his rule always was to embrace the opinions of what he thought likely to prove its most influential party. He had no fixed principle in his own mind. He often resisted long and ably, but there was a certain point of pressure where his conversion was certain. He never put himself in the alternative of victory or ruin. He always had a retreat prepared. He was resolved that of him it never should be said in Lucan's words—

“*Victrix causa Deo placuit, sed victa Catoni.*”

The immense social changes which he effected in the British empire were mainly owing to this turn of mind; for by never opposing the stream too violently, he avoided shipwreck in the outset, and, by skilful management, he seldom failed to obtain its direction in the end. He long and gallantly struggled against Reform; but he adopted the change when it had become unavoidable, and ere long, by

embracing the views of the majority, obtained the almost entire direction of the Reformed House of Commons. Unfortunately, he did this equally whether these views were right or wrong; whether the nation was securely running in the right direction, or drifting headlong and blindly upon the breakers. He seldom attempted to correct public opinion, but often to wield its power; his principle was to study and anticipate what he thought were its wishes. Thence his great present power, and the frightful ultimate consequences of his measures. He humoured the prevailing party in the House of Commons till they became omnipotent, and he himself, as their leader, wellnigh a dictator. Thus the power of Government was, to all practical purposes, annihilated. By his monetary measures he induced such distress among the people as brought on the Revolution of 1832. He altered the Constitution from an aristocracy of all interests to an oligarchy of one. He made the moneyed power all in all. Time will show whether the nation, and in particular its industrial classes, have

benefited by the change. He nearly doubled the value of money, but, by so doing, he as nearly doubled the weight of debt, and halved the remuneration of industry. His deeds, for good or for evil, will never be forgotten; for he twice saved the British empire from destruction, and ended by planting the seeds of death in its bosom. He stood between us and the destroyer in Afghanistan, and in the debates on Reform; but he opened our gates to an unseen but deadly foe by his Free-Trade measures. He has already, by his monetary system, occasioned a greater destruction of property in the British empire than was effected in France by the confiscations of the Convention; by the reduction he has effected in the remuneration of industry, extinguished all hopes of reducing the National Debt; and, by his Free-Trade system, rendered us dependent for a fourth of our annual subsistence on foreign states. Time will show whether these measures have not endangered our independence more than ever was done by the ambition of Louis XIV., or the genius of Napoleon.

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VOL. LXVIII.

MODERN STATE TRIALS.

PART I.

THE idea of this work is happily conceived, and carried into effect, in the two volumes before us, with no little judgment and ability. The subject is one interesting, useful, and important; and the author was in many respects well qualified to deal with it by his talents, his accomplishments, his professional acquirements, and his experienced observation. It will be seen that we speak of the author, and of his work, in different tenses; and there is a melancholy significance in the distinction. Within a very few days of his sending to us these two volumes, he died, unexpectedly, in the flower of his age, and just as he had attained an honour which he had long coveted—that of being raised to the rank of Queen's Counsel. On the first day of last Easter term, he presented himself in each of the courts at Westminster, in his “silk” gown, exchanging the customary obeisances with the Judges, the Queen's Counsel, and the great body of his brethren behind the bar, on being formally called by the Lord Chief Justice “to take his seat within the bar, Her Majesty having been pleased to appoint him one of Her Majesty's Counsel.” He looked measurably excited:

alas, how little anticipating that the last day of that same term would see him stripped of his long-coveted insignia, and clothed in the dismal vesture of the grave! For on that day he died, after a brief but very severe illness, in his forty-sixth year. A serious attack of rheumatic fever, several years before, had permanently impaired his physical energies, though not to such an extent as to prevent the exercise of his profession. His practice, till latterly, had been chiefly at the Cheshire and Manchester sessions, from which he gradually rose into considerable business, both civil and criminal, on the North Wales circuit. On being raised to his briefly-held rank, the prospect of a successful career opened before him; for he knew his profession well, as those were aware who were able and disposed to push him forward. During Easter term he was engaged before a committee of the House of Commons, to conduct a case of some importance. This was a lucrative branch of practice, which he was naturally eager to cultivate. Fatigue, anxiety, and excitement induced the return of an old complaint, accompanied by new and somewhat startling symptoms; but

Modern State Trials: Revised and Illustrated, with Essays and Notes. By WILLIAM C. TOWNSEND, Esq., M.A., Q.C., Recorder of Macclesfield. In 2 vols. 8vo. Longman & Co. 1850.

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though utterly unfit for business, he could not be restrained from attending the committee room, though it was necessary to carry him in a chair up the long flight of steps leading to the corridor in the new House. He was soon, however, obliged to return as he had gone. The palsying hand of Death had touched the aspiring lawyer! After much suffering, he expired on the 8th of May, the last day of Easter term, and on the 13th was buried in the vaults of Lincoln's Inn, of which he had only a few days previously been elected a Bench^r. He was a member of Queen's College, Oxford, where he graduated (we believe with honours) in 1824; was called to the bar in 1828; and elected Recorder of Macclesfield in 1833.—As a speaker he was correct and fluent, though not forcible; as an advocate, judicious and successful. He was a man of classical tastes, extensively read in literature, and exceedingly familiar with political history and constitutional law. What he knew he could use readily and effectively, both as a writer and a speaker. He was very industrious with his pen during every interval between his professional engagements; and has left behind him, independently of his contributions to periodical literature, three works—the *History of the House of Commons from 1688 to 1832*; the *Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges*, and the work now before us. The first of these was published in 1843-4, in two volumes octavo. The author's professed object was to present "a popular history of the House of Commons, with biographical notices of those members who have been most distinguished in its annals; and describing the changes in its internal economy, powers, and privileges," during the space of a hundred and forty-four years elapsing between two memorable periods—the "noble introduction" to Parliamentary Records, "afforded by the Convention Parliament of 1688," and the "event-

ful close" witnessed in the second Parliament of William IV., which passed "the Reform Bill." This space he subdivided into three distinguishing eras:—

"The first includes a space of thirty-nine years—from the abdication of James to the death of George I. in 1727—characterised by master spirits, critical events, and stirring debate. The second era—a sort of mezzo-termi^{no}—comprehends the reign of George II., when men in office were corrupt, and public morals low, and the general topics of discourse resembled parish vestry discussions, but still a prosperous reign—the sound common-sense of Walpole promoting, even by *unpopular* acts, the national welfare, and Chatham's genius rescuing the age from mediocrity.

"The regular publication of the debates, and troubles in America, usher in the *last* ~~most~~ most glorious epoch,—the days of North and Burke—of Pitt and Fox—of Windham and Canning—of Tierney, and Brougham, and Peel,—illustrated by oratory enduring as the language, and with memories of statesmen that can never die."

Mr Townsend's second work was published about four years afterwards—viz., in 1848—also in two volumes, and entitled *Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges of the East and Present Century*. These were—Lord Alvanley, Mr Justice Buller, Lord Eldon, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Erskine, Sir Vicary Gibbs, Sir William Grant, Lord Kenyon, Lord Loughborough, Lord Redesdale, Lord Stowell, and Lord Tenterden. This work consisted of memoirs, which the author had previously published in the *Law Magazine*, where they had attracted considerable attention from the profession; as they contained many interesting and entertaining anecdotes, and information not easily attainable elsewhere.* Both of these works are of an entertaining character. They are written in an easy, flowing style—occasionally, however, somewhat loose and gossiping. It must be owned that the author's forte does not lie in the delineation

* Lord Campbell has made considerable use of Mr Townsend's collection, and publicly acknowledged his obligations, in his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Lord Chief-Justices*. It is not impossible that we may, before long, present our readers with an extended examination of these two important works of the new Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench.

of character, either moral or intellectual. If he really possessed a quick and searching insight into it, he would seem to have felt a greater pleasure in grouping about each individual who was the subject of his pencil the general incidents of his position, than in penetrating his idiosyncrasy, and detecting the operation of those incidents upon it. He does not conceive distinctly of *his man*, keeping his eye steadily upon him, with a view to the development and exhibition of character; but is apt, if we may be allowed so to speak, to lose him in his life. Still the work is decidedly an acquisition to popular and professional literature, and, equally with its predecessor, evidences the mild and candid temper and character of the author. Thus much we thought it only fair to premise, in justice to the memory of an amiable and accomplished member of the English bar, and a man of letters; one, too, who in his political opinions was a staunch and consistent upholder of those to which Maca has ever been devoted. In no instance, however—in neither of the two works at which we have been thus glancing in passing, nor in that now lying before us—did Mr Townsend suffer his political opinions to bias his judgment, or betray him into the faintest semblance of partiality or injustice.

It is time now to direct attention to the last work of Mr Townsend—which he barely lived to see published—his *Modern State Trials*, spread over two goodly octavo volumes, containing nearly eleven hundred pages, and these, too, pretty closely printed. Upon this work much thought and labour have evidently been bestowed in the collection of his materials, and dealing with them, as in the volumes before us, in such a manner as to render the product at once interesting and instructive to both general and professional readers.

It is no slight matter to make one's-self thoroughly master of a great case, in all its bearings; to seize its true governing characteristics; to select, condense, and arrange facts and incidents; to assign to every actor, whether judge, jury, witness, or counsel, his proper proportion and position; and all this with a view to interesting

and instructing widely different classes of readers—and those, again, general and professional. To do all this effectually, requires powerful talents, much knowledge of life and character, practical acquaintance with the law of the country, a sound judgment, and a vivid imagination. There is scarcely any point of view in which a great trial will not appear deeply interesting to a competent observer, watching how each individual plays his part in the agitating drama. Whether the judge holds the sacred scales even; whether he sees clearly and acts promptly, calmly, resolutely, in detecting fallacy, in order to shield an unsophisticated jury from its subtle and deleterious agency; whether, for this purpose, his intellect and his knowledge are superior, equal, or inferior to those of the advocates pleading before him. How those advocates conduct themselves, intellectually and morally; whether they be clear-headed, acute, ready, learned—or cloudy, phutse, superficial, and ignorant; whether evenly or over matched: whether they play the gentleman or the scoundrel; whether they will, however difficult the task, nobly recognise the obligations of truth and honour, or villainously disregard them, to secure a paltry triumph in defeating justice! How the witnesses discharge their momentous duties; whether constantly mindful of their oath, or forgetful of it, or wilfully disregarding it, from hostility or partiality to the prisoner, or any other wicked motive. Whether the judge, or the advocates, are equal to the discomfiture of a wicked witness. How the jury are conducting themselves—whether with watchful intelligence, or stolid listlessness. How the prisoner, standing in the midst of all these—with life, with honour, character, liberty, everything at stake—and depending on the word which one of that jury will utter—how he is demeaning himself, knowing, as he does, the truth or falsehood of the charge on which he is being tried; what he is thinking of the exertions of his counsel, of the temper and spirit of the witnesses, of the jury, of the judge; whether he adverts at all to the spectators around him, and the feelings by which they are animated towards him; whether he is aware of,

or appreciates, the true strain and pressure of the case—the sudden chances and perils occurring in its progress.

How striking and instructive to observe the abstract rules of justice brought to bear, with equal readiness and precision, upon ordinary and extraordinary combinations of circumstances!—to witness the dead letter of the law become animated with potent vitality for the regulation of human affairs!

Again, it has often occurred to us that there is another point of view from which important trials—nay, almost any trial—may be contemplated with lively interest by a logical observer, with reference to the *use made of facts* by judicial and forensic intellect. How little even the acutest layman could have anticipated such dealing with facts as that which he here beholds; how he must appreciate the practised, watchful art with which the slightest circumstance is seized hold of, and in due time so combined with others with which it seemed to have no conceivable connexion, as to justify conclusions exactly the reverse of those which had till then seemed inevitable! What totally different aspects the same facts may be made to wear by different dealers with them, having different objects in view! By their different arrangement and combination, what *unexpected* inferences may be drawn from the self-same facts, and even when similarly arranged and combined! How exciting to see a defence constructed by experienced astuteness and eloquence out of the slightest materials—out of a hopeless case—in the teeth of one overpowering for the prosecution! The desperate determination, the exquisite subtlety, the consummate judgment, often exhibited on such occasions by eminent advocates—struggling, too, at once with their own sense of right and wrong, and the desire to do their utmost for one who has intrusted his all to them—conscious, too, that though a jury of twelve plain common-sense people may be unable to see through the fallacies which are presented to them, it will doubtless be very far otherwise with one who has to follow, who has the last word! and with that last word may at once lay bare

the sophistries of forensic effrontery, and perhaps rebuke him who attempted to trifle with and mislead the understandings of those so solemnly sworn to give a just and true verdict according to the evidence. “But what is one to do?” exclaims the anxious advocate. “How am I to defend you—er trembling being who has selected me to stand between him and—the scaffold, it may be—if I am to play the judge, and not the advocate; to yield pusillanimously to an array of fearfully plain facts, and make no attempt to square them with the hypothesis of my client’s innocence, or persuade a jury that they are—whatever my own secret opinion—pregnant with too much doubt to warrant a verdict of guilty?” Only one who has been placed in the situation can conceive the faintest idea of what is endured on such occasions by the sensitive and conscientious advocate, who is called upon in desperate emergencies—in moments of intense eagerness and anxiety—the spasms, as it were, of which are *publicly* exhibited, and before gifted and critical rivals and merciless public censors, to see and *observe* the delicate but decisive line of right—of duty; to maintain at once the character of the zealous, effective advocate, and the Christian gentleman. If sufficient allowances were made for persons placed in such circumstances of serious embarrassment and responsibility, less uncharitable judgments would be passed on the manner in which advocates exercise their functions than are sometimes seen: judgments formed and pronounced, too, in the closet—by those speaking after the event—calm and undisturbed by anxieties and agitation, which have probably *never been personally experienced*. This topic, however, we shall hereafter treat more at large, in giving to the volumes before us that extended examination which is at present contemplated. They contain a series of trials of undoubted public interest and importance. They have been selected upon the whole judiciously, with a view to the end which the author had proposed to himself; though the propriety of the title which he has chosen—*i. e.* “Modern State Trials”—is not at

first sight apparent. The idea conveyed by these words is, trials directly affecting the state, political prosecutions in respect of political offences. It is difficult to bring trials for murder, duelling, forgery, abduction, libel, blasphemy, and conspiracy, under this category; and this Mr Townsend felt. Such, nevertheless, constitute a large proportion of the trials contained in these volumes, and are, in our opinion, also those of most popular interest, and worthiest of being dealt with, as it was Mr Townsend's expressed intention to deal with them.

The "trials" contained in the volumes before us are fifteen in number, of which only four, or at most five, (Mr Townsend seems to have thought ix.) have any pretensions to be designated "*State trials*." These five are—John Frost, Edward Oxford, and Smith O'Brien for high treason; Daniel O'Connell, and eight others, for a treasonable conspiracy; and Charles Pinney, for alleged neglect of his duty as mayor of Bristol, during the fiery and bloody "Reform Riots," as they were called, in that place, in October 1831. The remaining ten trials consist of two for duelling—the late James Stuart for killing Sir Alexander Boswell, and the Earl of Cardigan for shooting Captain Tucket; three for murder, (in addition to James Stuart, who was tried for the murder of Sir Alexander Boswell)—viz. Convoisier, for the murder of Lord William Russell; McNaughton for the murder of Mr Drummond; Hunter and others for conspiracy and the murder of John Smith, the Glasgow cotton-spinner, in 1837; Alexander Alexander (the titular Earl of Stirling) for forgery; Lord Cochrane, and seven others, for a conspiracy to raise the funds; the Wakefields for conspiracy, and abduction of an heiress; John Ambrose Williams for a libel on the Durham clergy; and Mr John Moxon, for blasphemy, in publishing the poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley. It will be observed that all these are *criminal trials*, and occurred in England, Scotland, and Ireland; affording thus a favourable opportunity for comparing the different methods of proceeding in their respective courts, and the characteristics of their respective judges and advocates.

The English trials are ten, the Scottish three, and the Irish two in number: and whether they are precisely those which could have been most advantageously selected, it were needless, for present purposes, to inquire. Mr Townsend made his choice, and thus generally states his objects and intentions:—

"The present edition of *Modern State Trials* is meant to include those of the most general interest and importance which have occurred during the last thirty years. None are inserted in these volumes which have been previously comprised in any collection; but the editor regrets want of space, which compels him to omit several not uninteresting. In making a selection, he has endeavoured to present a faithful, but abridged, report of such legal proceedings as would be most likely to command the attention of all members of the community, and to be read by them with pleasure and profit. This appears to be the popular description of the term "*State Trials*," in which Mr Evelyn and Mr Hargreave acquiesced, or they would not have included convictions for witchcraft, and the prosecution of Elizabeth Canning for perjury, in their collection. Were the definition restricted to political offences merely, the work, however logically correct, would be wanting in spirit and variety."—(Intro. vol. i. p. 5.)

After stating that no technical objection can be raised to those of the above trials which immediately affect the State, he observes, that, "for the propriety of inserting the rest under the same title, a just apology may be made." The trial of the Earl of Cardigan, before the House of Lords, is represented as interesting, from the rank of the accused and from the rarity of the trial, as being the first time that duelling was attempted to be brought within a recent statute, (1 Vict. c. 85.) enacting that the shooting at a person, not with premeditated malice, but deliberately, and causing a bodily injury dangerous to life, should be a capital offence; and that whoever should shoot any person with intent to commit murder, or to do some grievous bodily harm, should, though no bodily harm were inflicted, be guilty of *feloony*, and liable to transportation or imprisonment. The social position of the titular Earl of Stirling, and the extra-

ordinary nature of the evidence, are said to justify the insertion of *his* trial; while, "in the records of criminal jurisprudence, there occur few proceedings of more deep and painful interest than the prosecution of Lord Cochrane, for Conspiracy to commit a fraud on the Stock Exchange." The two cases of Courvoisier and McNaughton respectively "involve topics of absorbing interest at the period of the occurrence, and of enduring interest to all time: in the one being involved the rights and duties, the privileges and immunities of counsel for prisoners: in the other, the fearful question of responsibility for crime—how far moral insanity alone may exonerate the alleged subject of it from the temporal consequences of his guilt." This latter topic is also involved in Oxford's case. The trials of Mr Stuart for killing Sir Alexander Boswell, and of Mr Moxon for blasphemy, are inserted for one and the same reason—namely, "a desire to enshrine the very beautiful speeches of Lord Cockburn, Lord Jeffrey, and Mr Justice Talfourd." As to the trial of Ambrose Williams, it is inserted on account of the celebrated speech in defence by Lord Brougham—"one of the most vivid specimens extant, in either ancient or modern literature, of keen irony, bitter sarcasm, and vehement vituperation." The prosecution of the Wakefields for conspiracy, and the abduction of Miss Turner, "forms a singular chapter in legal history; interesting not less to the student of human nature, on account of its characters and incidents, than to the lawyer, for the elaborate discussions on the Scottish law of marriages, and the right of the wife, even should there have been a legal marriage, to appear as a witness against the offending husband—matters argued with profuse learning and ability."

"In setting forth, under a condensed form," says Mr Townsend, "this and the other most interesting trials of our time, it has been the object of the editor to free the work from dry severity by introducing the '*loci latiores*' of the advocates, the salient parts of cross-examination—those little passages of arms

between the rival combatants which diversified the arena, the painting of the forensic scene, the poetry of action of these legal dramas. He has sought to give the expressed spirit of eloquence and law, upon occasions which peculiarly called them forth; pruning what was redundant, rejecting superfluities, weeding out irrelevant matter, but omitting no incident or episode that an intelligent witness would have been disappointed at not hearing."

We present the ensuing paragraph, which immediately follows the preceding, because it will afford us an opportunity of making a remark which is applicable to the entire structure of the work before us.

"In the extracts here given from some of the most celebrated speeches of modern days, the editor has also had the great advantage of the last corrections of the speakers themselves, and has thus been enabled to preserve the *ipsissima verba*, by which minds were captivated and verdicts won; those treasures of oratory which would have gladdened the old age of Erskine, could he have seen how his talisman had been passed from hand to hand, and the mantle of his inspiration caught. The vivid appeals of Whiteside, the magnificent defence of Cockburn, the persuasive imagery of Talfourd, will exist as *στυγαία ἑς αἶα* trophies of forensic eloquence, beacon lights: it may be, in the midst of that prosaic mists which has begun to creep around our courts."

The remark to which we have alluded is this: that the work before us is pervaded by a tone of uniform, excessive, and undistinguishing eulogy, which, however creditable to the amiable and generous dispenser of it, is calculated to lower our estimate of his critical judgment, and even—unless one should be on one's guard—to provoke a harsh and disparaging spirit towards the subjects of such undue eulogy, and a suspicion that here "praise undeserved," and the remark is applicable equally to praise "excessive, is censure in disguise!" No judge, no counsel, can say or do *anything*, in the course of any of the trials here brought under our notice, without speaking and acting in such a way as to merit applause for exhibiting the highest qualities of mind and character. Let it not be supposed,

that, in making these observations, we wish to apply them to the particular instances cited by Mr Townsend of Messrs Whiteside, Cockburn, and Talfourd—all of whom are distinguished, accomplished, able, and eloquent advocates; but we believe that each would, in spite of the fondest self-love, in his own mind, somewhat mistrust his title to the *amount* of applause here bestowed upon him. What more than he has said of them, could he have said of the greatest orators and advocates whom the world has produced? In a corresponding strain, Mr Townsend speaks of every one—senior and junior counsel—and every writer, great and small, whom he has occasion to mention. Those who knew the late Mr Townsend, and appreciated his simple and manly character, will refer the defect which we have felt compelled thus to point out to its true cause—the kindness of his heart; and we believe that, had he lived to see these observations, his candour would have caused him promptly to recognise their justice.

Each of the trials is preceded and followed by "Introductory Essays" and "Notes."

"The Essays, chiefly historical, have been introduced in order to familiarise the reader with the subject, and prevent the monotony which, but for these occasional dissertations, might pervade so many recurring trials. The notes are added with a similar object."* We may say generally, that these "Essays" and "Notes" always display judgment, and the writer's complete knowledge of his subject. No reader should enter on the trial, without carefully perusing the "Essay" which ushers it in, shedding light upon all its details, and the circumstances attending the committing of these offences—and indicating with distinctness the leading features of interest and importance. In the report of the trial itself, great pains have evidently been taken, and successfully, to observe rigid impartiality, and secure accuracy of statement; and the conflicts of counsel with each other and with witnesses—the temperate, and timely interpositions of the judges, and their satisfac-

tory summings-up to the jury—are presented to the reader with no little vividness. The fault of Mr Townsend's style is, diffuseness, a tendency to colloquiality, and a deficiency of vigour. With these little exceptions, added to that above noticed, we have no hesitation in commending these volumes as an acquisition to popular and professional literature, reflecting credit on the author's memory, and the bar to which he belonged.

Having thus briefly indicated the general character of this work, and given the author's own account of it, we propose in the present, and one, or perhaps two, following articles, to take our own view of some of the leading "Trials" thus collected by Mr Townsend, incidentally observing on his treatment of the subject. With him, we regard several of these trials as exhibiting features of remarkable interest; and are much indebted to him for having so disposed his materials as to rouse and rivet the attention of all classes of intelligent readers, but in an especial degree that of the youthful student of jurisprudence. Without further preface, we shall commence with that which stands first in Mr Townsend's collection—the trial of Frost, for high treason.

This affords a very favourable specimen of Mr Townsend's capabilities. He appears to have worked it out perhaps more exactly to his own idea than any of the ensuing ones; and, by his able and judicious treatment of the subject, has given us an opportunity of exhibiting in glowing colours a forensic battle-field: the stake, life or death; the combatants, evenly matched, the very flower of the bar; their tactics clear and decisive, with the odds tremendously against one party—that is to say, facts too strong for almost any degree of daring or astuteness to contend against hopefully. Let us see, under such circumstances, how the combatants acquitted themselves; or, if one may change the figure, let us see how was played a great game of chess on the board of life, by skilful and celebrated players. Who were they? Four in number—Sir John Campbell and Sir Thomas Wilde, then respectively Attorney and

* Introduction, p. ix.

Solicitor-General, representing the Crown; Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr Fitzroy Kelly, Queen's Counsel for the prisoner. Ten years have since elapsed, and behold the changes in the relative positions of these gentlemen! Sir John Campbell is a peer of the realm, and Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench: having also, during the interval, become a laborious and successful biographer of the Lord Chancellors and Lord Chief-Justices of England. Sir Thomas Wilde is also a peer of the realm, and Lord High Chancellor, having been previously Attorney-General and Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas. Sir Frederick Pollock, having been subsequently appointed Attorney-General, is now Chief Baron of the Exchequer: while Mr Kelly, having since become Solicitor-General, lost office on the break-up of Sir Robert Peel's ministry, and remains—such are the chances and changes of political life—plain Sir Fitzroy Kelly, but occupying a splendid position at the bar. These four were the leading counsel: but besides the Attorney and Solicitor General, the Crown was represented by two gentlemen of great legal learning and eloquence, since raised to the bench—Mr Justice Wightman and Mr Justice Talfourd; and by Mr Serjeant Ludlow, since become a Commissioner of Bankruptcy; and the Hon. John C. Talbot, now so highly distinguished in Parliamentary practice. The judges sent as the special commission consisted of the late Chief-Justice Tindal, the present Mr Baron Parke, and the late Mr Justice Williams, forming, it is superfluous to say, an admirably constituted court—the chief being most consummately qualified for his post by temper, sagacity, and learning.

It was the business of the Attorney and Solicitor General to establish a case of high treason against the prisoner, and of Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr Kelly to defend him *à l'outrance*; but God forbid that we should say *per fas aut nefas*. It were idle to characterise the intellectual and professional qualifications of these four combatants; the eminence of all is undisputed, though their idiosyncrasies are widely different from each other.

Suffice it to say, that everything which great experience, sagacity, learning, power, and eloquence could bring to bear on that contest might have been confidently looked for. One circumstance is proper to be borne in mind—that the prisoner's counsel (of course abhorring the acts imputed to their client) were stimulated to the very uttermost exertion by the fact that their own political opinions were notoriously adverse to those entertained by the prisoner, and those—viz., Chartists—who so confidently summoned two Tories to the rescue of their imperilled brother Chartists.

All the main facts of the case were universally known before the trial took place, together, of course, with the legal category to which they must be referred, to satisfy the conditions of high treason. The nature of that offence was thus tersely and beautifully explained by the Chief Justice,—*

"Gentlemen, the crime of high treason, in its own direct consequence, is calculated to produce the most malignant effects upon the community at large; its direct and immediate tendency is the putting down the authority of the law, the shaking and subverting the foundation of all government, the loosening and dissolving the bands and cement by which society is held together, the general confusion of property, the involving a whole people in bloodshed and mutual destruction; and, accordingly, the crime of high treason has always been regarded by the law of this country as the offence of all others of the deepest dye, and as calling for the severest measure of punishment. But in the very same proportion as it is dangerous to the community, and fearful to the offender from the weight of punishment which is attached to it, has it been thought necessary by the wisdom of our ancestors to define and limit this law within certain express boundaries, in order that, on the one hand, no guilty person might escape the punishment due to his transgression by an affected ignorance of the law; and, on the other, that no innocent man might be entangled or brought unawares within the reach of its severity by reason of the law's uncertainty."

The following were fearful words to be heard, or afterwards read, by those who were charged with the defence of

Frost. They occur, like the preceding passage, in the luminous charge of the Chief Justice to the Grand Jury, on the 10th December 1839:—

“An assembly of men, armed and arrayed in a warlike manner, with any treasonable purpose, is a levying of war, although no blow be struck; and the enlisting and drilling and marching bodies of men are sufficient overt acts of that treason, without coming to a battle or action. And, if this be the case, the actual conflict between such a body and the Queen's forces must, beyond all doubt, amount to a levying of war against the Queen, under the statute of Edward. It was quite unnecessary to constitute the guilt of treason that the tumultuous multitude should be accompanied with the pomp and pageantry of war, or with military array. Insurrection and rebellion are more humble in their first infancy; but all such external marks of pomp will not fail to be added with the first gleam of success. The treasonable design once established by the proper evidence, the man who instigated, incited, procured, or persuaded others to commit the act, though not present in person at the commission of it, is equally a traitor, to all intents and purposes, as the man by whose hand the act of treason is committed. He who leads the armed multitude towards the point of attack, and then retires before the blow is struck—he who remains at home, planning and directing the proceedings, but leaving the actual execution of such plans to more daring hands—he who, after treason has been committed, knowingly harbours or conceals the traitor from the punishment due to him, all these are equally guilty in the eye of the law of the crime of high treason.”*

The head of treason applicable to the facts of the case under consideration is the third in statute 25 Edward III. c. 2, which conclusively declares it to exist “*if a man do levy war against our lord the King in his realm.*” This has been the law of the land for just five centuries, *i.e.* since the year 1351. But in the application of these words, of fearful significance, the object with which arms are taken up must be a GENERAL one—“*the universality of the design making it a rebellion against the state, a usurpation of the power of Government, and an insolent invasion of the King's authority*”—“under pretence to re-

form religion and the laws, or to remove evil counsellors, or other grievances, whether real or pretended.”* Or, to adopt the definition of Mr Kelly, in addressing the jury in this very case, it is necessary to prove “that the prisoner levied war against her Majesty, with intent by force to alter the law, and subvert the constitution of the realm.”† To appreciate the position of the prisoner, and the difficulties with which his counsel had to struggle, it may here be mentioned, that he admitted the prisoner to be a Chartist, as it was called—that is, a supporter of the following five points of sweeping change in the political institutions of the country,—“Universal suffrage, vote by ballot, annual parliaments, no property qualification, and payment of members of parliament.” This was also, during the trial, avowed by the prisoner ‡

Having thus got a clear view of the law, let us briefly indicate the facts—the palpable, notorious, leading facts, known to be such by the prisoner's counsel, as soon as they had perused their briefs.

A body of ten thousand men, principally miners from the surrounding country, headed, in three divisions, by Frost, and two other men, Jones and Williams. (Frost having five thousand under his command,) and armed indiscriminately with muskets, pikes, axes, staves, and other weapons, was to make a descent upon the peaceful town of Newport, during the night of Sunday, the 3d November 1839! Tempestuous weather prevented the preconcerted junction of these three bands; but, between eight and nine o'clock on the Monday morning, Frost's division, five thousand strong, marched into the town—and, headed after a fashion by him, commenced an attack upon a small inn, where they knew that a handful of troops was stationed, about thirty in number, under command of a lieutenant. As soon as the mob, who formed steadily, saw the soldiers drawn up in the room—the windows of which were thrown open—they cruelly fired into it, and also rushed through the doors into the passage. On this, the lieutenant gave the word of command to fire. He

* 4 Black. Com. §1-2.

† Townsend, vol. i. p. 54.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 45.

was obeyed—and with deadly effect, as far as regarded some thirty or forty, known to have received the fire, many of whom were shot dead on the spot. But this cool promptitude and determination of the troops put an end *instantly* to the insane insurrection. This vast body of supposed desperadoes fled panic-struck in every direction; and Frost himself, who was unquestionably on the very spot at the very time when and where the attack commenced, fled in ridiculous terror,* and was arrested that evening at a friend's house adjoining his own, armed with three loaded pistols, and having on him a powder-flask and a quantity of balls. His brother heroes, Williams and Jones, were also arrested, together with many others; and there ended the formidable outbreak, which had more astounded than alarmed the public; leaving, however, the instigators and conductors to a speedy and very dismal reckoning with that same public. The active management of matters by Frost was beyond all doubt, and it seemed never to have been wished to conceal it. He was the Jack Cade of the affair. He planned the order of march; the time, place, and mode of attack: and explained the immediate and ulterior objects of the movement. Shortly before the outbreak, he was asked by one of his adherents, "*what he intended to do?*" He answered,—

"First, they should go to the new poor-house and take old-ers and arms; then, he said, there was a storehouse, where there was plenty of powder; then, they would blow up the bridge, that would stop the Welsh mail which did run to the north, and that would be tolings; and they would commence there in the north on Monday night, and he should be able to see two or three of his friends or enemies in Newport."—(Vol. i. p. 36.)

Similar observations he made to another of his followers, who asked him, on hearing him give orders for the guns to take the front, the pikes next, the bludgeons next, — "in the name of God, what was he going to do? was he going to attack any place or people?" he said,—

"He was going to attack Newport, and take it—and blow up the bridge, and pre-

vent the Welsh mail from proceeding to Birmingham: that there would be three delegates there, to wait for the coach an hour and a half after the time; and if the mail did not arrive there, the attack was to commence at Birmingham, and be carried thence to the North of England, and Scotland, and that *was to be the signal for the whole nation.*"—(1. p. 33.)

The coal and iron trade in these parts, from which the population derived their subsistence, had seldom been more prosperous than at the time when this movement was concerted and made: employment was easily obtained; wages were high; and those concerned in the affair had no private grievances to redress. At the same time, it was notorious that political agitation, on the subject of the Charter aforesaid, had for some time prevailed there—that the population had been organised for combined and effective action by affiliated societies; and Frost, the prime mover—a pestilent agitator, who, occupying the position of a decent tradesman, a linendraper, in Newtown, had been rashly raised to the local magistracy, from which he was soon degraded for sedition—declared his object to be, to make the Charter the law of the land. All these, and many other facts, which had been elicited during the preliminary examinations, were known to the prisoner's counsel, who had copies of all the depositions which had been made by the witnesses; and also knew the precise terms in which the indictment was framed, and the name, calling, and residence of every witness to be produced in proof of that indictment.

How was this towering array of facts to be encountered, with these enlightened judges to conduct the inquiry, and guide the jury, and very able and determined counsel to elicit and arrange the facts, and enforce them on the jury—and *have the last word* with the jury in so doing? We may well imagine how anxious and disheartening were the consultations of the prisoner's counsel before going into court. Neither they, nor their attorneys, could disguise from themselves the desperate nature of the case in which they were concerned. They

* "I thought *he was crying*," said one of the witnesses!—p. 23.

would probably determine to cross-examine the witnesses very cautiously and rigorously, with a view to breaking down important links in the case; and it is likely that their paramount object in conducting the defence, would be to aim at supplying Frost with some other than a *general object*—something else than establishing the Charter as the law of the land. A hopeful prospect! But besides all this, it must have been determined, of course, to throw no single chance away, whereon—however, whenever it presented itself—to fight the fearful case for the Crown inch by inch, and foot by foot—contesting every technical point, with a view to detecting any possible slip in either the preliminary or any other part of the proceedings of the experienced and watchful Crown officers. Here, again, was a hopeful prospect! Their proceedings had been doubtless advised beforehand by the Attorney and Solicitor General, and conducted by Mr Maule, the Solicitor of the Treasury, in person—himself a barrister, and consummately qualified for his post. He was also a humane man, always anxious to discharge his duties firmly, but at the same time to afford a prisoner every degree of consideration and indulgence consistent with the public interest. By this time the reader may be aware how very serious a thing is the conduct, on the part of the Crown, of a prosecution of high treason, in every one of its stages—in the slightest particulars—especially where the great *facts* of the case are so clear against the prisoner, as to compel his advocate to watch and test every link in the chain fixed around his client. Here, in fact, correlative duties are cast on the opposing parties—to take every possible objection; and to be beforehand *prepared* for every possible objection, by vigilant exactitude in complying with every legal requisite.

On the *eleventh* day of December 1839, the Grand Jury returned a true bill for high treason, against John Frost and thirteen of his followers; and on the very next day—viz., Thursday the *twelfth*, in order to oblige the prisoner, by giving him the longest

possible time for availing himself of the important information contained in the *indictment*, and the *jury list*—copies of these instruments were delivered to him by the Solicitor of the Treasury. On the ensuing Tuesday, the 17th, he delivered to the prisoner a *list of the witnesses*; and, the trial having been appointed to take place on the 31st December, five days previously to the latter day—viz., on the 26th December—Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr Kelly were assigned to John Frost, as his counsel, on his application pursuant to the statute to Mr Bellamy, the clerk of the Crown. It is here essential, in order to appreciate the immense importance of the earliest moves in this life-and-death game, to weigh every word in the following brief enactment, under which the above documents were delivered to the prisoner: the humane object of the legislature being to afford him ample time to prepare his defence.

—“When any person is indicted for high treason, a list of the *witnesses*, and of the *jury*, mentioning the names, profession, and place of abode of the said witnesses and jurors, be also given at the same time that the copy of the indictment is delivered to the party indicted— which copy of the indictment shall be delivered ten days before the trial.”* Thus it will be seen that as the trial was to take place on Tuesday the 31st December, Mr Maule might have delayed delivering these documents to the prisoner till the 20th, and perhaps till the 21st December; but, solely to favour the prisoner, he delivered two of them—viz., the indictment and jury list—so early as the 12th, and the list of witnesses so early as the 17th December. Let us see, by and by, whether anything comes of this, and of the lengthened study, by the prisoner’s counsel, of these three documents.

On Tuesday the 31st December 1839, all the fourteen prisoners were arraigned on an indictment consisting of four counts: two for levying war against her Majesty in her realm; a third for compassing to depose the Queen from her royal throne; and the last, for compassing to levy war against the Queen, with intent to

* Stat. 7 Anne, c. 21, § 11.

compel her to change her measures. To this indictment each of the fourteen prisoners pleaded not guilty; and it is to be particularly observed that they all did so without making any objection on any score. Thus was taken the first move by the Crown counsel, who may possibly, for aught we can at present see, have thereby gained some very great advantage. Let us now conceive the solemnly-exciting scene of the court house at Monmouth, on this memorable trial. Three judges sitting, in their imposing scarlet and ermine vestments, calm and grave; a phalanx of counsel sitting beneath them; the prisoners standing at the bar, on their deliverance, silent as the grave, while the fate-fraught procedure of the court was methodically going on; the spectators crowding every part of the court that they could occupy, and all silent, nothing heard but official voices; while without that court all was excitement—repressed, however, by the stern presence of the civil and military power; detachments of troops at that moment scouring the adjacent hills in quest of malcontents, and preventing any fresh rising of the population.

The first step taken by the prisoner's counsel was to state that they appeared for John Frost alone, and should challenge the jury separately: on which all the other prisoners were removed from the bar, John Frost remaining to take his trial alone. Then came the swearing of the jury—the name of every one, with his calling in life, and place of abiding, being known to the prisoner and his counsel, who objected to the very first step taken by the clerk of the Crown. He had begun to call over the names in their alphabetical order on the panel—the usual course for a great series of years; but Sir Frederick Pollock objected to his doing so, insisting on each juror's name being taken from the ballot-box. The Lord Chief-Justice was about to have overruled the objection; but the Attorney-General intimated that he consented to the course proposed by the prisoner's counsel. Each witness was sworn first on the *voir dire*, (i. e. *dicere verum*) as to his qualification, before he was sworn to try. First came a jurymen who was challenged per-

emptorily on the part of the Crown; but the prisoner's counsel, doubtless for very good reasons, wishing him to remain on the jury, insisted, first, that the Crown had no such right—an objection at once overruled; secondly, that the crown was too late, as the juror had actually got the New Testament into his hand to be sworn to try before the Crown challenged. But, on the court's inquiry, it turned out that the witness had himself taken the book, without having been directed to do so by the clerk of the Crown. Under these circumstances, the court decided that the Crown were in time with their challenge—and the jurymen was excluded. In this kind of out-skirmishing the whole of the first day was consumed!—a full jury not having been sworn till the evening, when they were “charged” with the prisoner and then dismissed for the night—but with the unpleasant information from the court, that they themselves were thenceforth prisoners (though with every kind of proper indulgence) till the trial was over.

On the next morning, just as the Attorney-General was rising to state the case of the Crown, he was interrupted by Sir Frederick Pollock, and doubtless sufficiently astonished by what fell from him: “I feel myself bound, at the earliest moment—and this is the first opportunity that I have had,—to take an objection which must occur the moment that the first witness is put into the box,—namely, that the prisoner has never had a list of the witnesses, pursuant to the statute, and that therefore no witness can be called!” What could be the meaning of this? inquired the Attorney-General's companions among themselves, with no little anxiety; but he himself somewhat sternly censured the interruption, as premature, (as it certainly was,) and proceeded with his address to the jury. He made a lucid and very temperate statement of the case—drawing attention prominently to the necessity imposed on him of proving that what had been done by Frost and his companions was with a *general*, and not a particular object,—a *public*, and not a private purpose. His proposed proof was crushing: but immediately on the Solicitor-General's calling the name

of the first witness, Sir Frederick Pollock rose, and required him to prove the delivery of a list of the witnesses, containing the particular one in question, pursuant to the statute. The Attorney-General then called Mr Maule, who proved having done what has already been explained: whereupon Sir Frederick Pollock disclosed the exact objection, which he himself had been the first to detect—that whereas the statute required all these documents,—*i. e.*, the indictment, the jury list, and witness list—to be delivered “at the same time,” in the present instance that had not been done, the first two having been delivered on the 12th, and the list of witnesses on the 17th December! This was a very formidable move on the part of the prisoner: who stood at the bar on his deliverance—the jury being bound to convict or acquit according to evidence, and none could be offered them! If that *were* so, he must of necessity be pronounced not guilty, and be for ever safe. The objection was urged with extreme tenacity and ingenuity by both the prisoner's counsel, who insisted on the statute of Anne receiving a strict literal construction of the words “at the same time,”—admitting the benevolent intentions by which Mr Maule had been actuated. The Attorney-General argued very earnestly against this startling objection, denying that it had any validity—asserting that the statute had been substantially complied with; and that the objection, if valid, had been waived; and that it was made too late—*viz.*, not till after the prisoner had pleaded to the indictment, and the jury been charged with the prisoner. The Attorney-General's astute argument, however, was interrupted by the Lord Chief-Justice, stating that the court had a sufficient degree of doubt on the point to reserve it for further consideration by the judges at Westminster, should it become necessary: for, if their objection were valid, it affected every one of the fourteen prisoners awaiting their trial! Then came another desperate attempt of Sir Frederick Pollock, to secure his client the benefit of an *acquittal*, in the event of the judges ultimately deciding that the objection ought to have been decided

in the prisoner's favour at the trial. This, however, the Attorney-General again strongly opposed; and the court cautiously ruled, that, in the event contemplated, the prisoner would be entitled then to the same benefit to which he would have been entitled at the trial—without saying what that would have been. The witness thus provisionally objected to was then admitted; but only to be, at first, sworn on the *voir dire*, on which a lengthened examination and some argument ensued—each of the judges delivering judgment on the excessively refined and astute objection to the manner in which the witness's place of abode had been described in the list—which was such as that it was just imaginable, and nothing more, that an inquirer might have been misled! The objection was overruled in the case of the first witness; but on the ensuing two witnesses—and most important witnesses—being called, a similar objection was taken, but too successfully, and their evidence, consequently, altogether excluded!—excluded solely on account of the anxious “*over-particularity*” of the Crown! Nor were these the only witnesses whose testimony was, on such grounds, rendered unavailable to the Crown.

Then came the usual contests, from time to time, as to acts and declarations of third parties, which were offered as evidence against the prisoner, though done and said in his absence, and before and after the actual outbreak—*viz.*, to what extent he had rendered himself liable for the consequences of such acts and declarations, by embarking in a common enterprise, having a common intent with these third parties. The result of such contests was practically this,—The court acted on the rule of law, as rule established, that, in treason and conspiracy, the Crown may prove either the conspiracy, which renders admissible as evidence the acts and declarations of the co-conspirators; or the acts and declarations of the different persons, and so prove the conspiracy. A witness, for instance, said that he was at a party at a Chartists' lodge on the 2d November, when a man named *Reed* gave them directions to go to Newport on the

following night, and explained for what purpose they were to go: but the witness did not see Frost till two days *afterwards*, when on his march to Newport. The Lord Chief-Justice overruled the objections of Sir F. Pollock and Mr Kelly, and received the evidence which they had attempted to exclude.

A great mass of proof was given during the trial, establishing most satisfactorily the acts and doings of Frost, throughout the progress of the conspiracy, and down to the very moment of the actual attack on the inn, and the Queen's troops stationed in it—a mass of proof on which the attempt to make an impression seemed absurd. There was only one faint ray of hope for the prisoner's counsel, throughout the palpable obscure—that they might be able to escape from the generality and publicity of object attributed to the prisoner, by persuading the jury that the object was a private, temporary, and specific one—viz., to effect the release of one Vincent, a Chartist, then in confinement at Monmouth! To pave the way for this hopeful line of defence, first, an artful turn was sought, in cross-examination, to be given to one of the early witnesses. He swore that he had heard one of those who attacked the inn, exclaim at the time, presenting his gun at one of the special constables at the door, “Surrender *yourselves* our prisoners:” to which the gallant answer was, “No, never!” On this Mr Kelly very warily cross-examined the witness, with a view of showing that, in the confusion, he could not hear very distinctly, so as to report distinctly, as to precise expressions; that the mob intended merely to rescue Vincent; and that the expressions used must have been, not “Surrender *yourselves* our prisoners,” but “Surrender up our prisoners!” or simply, “Surrender our prisoners,”—thus rejecting, from the witness's answer, the single significant word “*yourselves*.” The attempt, however, was wholly ineffectual; but out of two other witnesses were extorted on cross-examination, the following (so to speak) crumbs of comfort: from one—“I have heard Vincent's name mentioned many times; I have heard Williams (one

of the leaders of the three bands forming the ten thousand) say that Vincent was a prisoner at Monmouth: the people there liked him very much; the people knew he was in jail. I have heard them speak about him.” Another witness said,—“I knew of Vincent's being sent to prison: I believe the Chartists took a great interest in his fate: I do recollect something of dissatisfaction about Vincent's treatment, and about a petition to be drawn up: I recollect people's minds being dissatisfied about it.” Another witness, however, said “that at midnight on the Sunday, (the 3d November,) Williams came to his house with a number of armed men.” the witness inquired, “Where are you going?”—“Why do you ask?” said Williams. “Because,” answered the witness, “some of the men who were with me have told me, this morning, that they were going to Monmouth, to draw Vincent out of prison.”—“No,” replied Williams, “*we do not attempt it*: we are going to give a turn as far as Newport.”

The Attorney-General closed his case with the arrest of Frost, heavily armed, and in concealment, on the evening of the day on which he had attacked the inn with his five thousand men; and thus stood the matter, when, after a considerable interval for repose and reflection, courteously conceded by the Lord Chief-Justice, at the implied request of Sir Frederick Pollock, that most able and upright advocate rose to address the jury for the defence. Judging from the specimens afforded us by Mr Townsend, Sir Frederick Pollock's address appears to have been pervaded by a strain of dignified and earnest eloquence, and also characterised by a candour in dealing with facts which was in the highest degree honourable to him, and also equally advantageous to the prisoner, on whose behalf such conduct was calculated to conciliate both the judges and the jury. His line of defence was, that, admitting enormous indiscretion on the part of Frost in assembling so vast a body of men, and marching and appearing with them as he did at Newport, there was no satisfactory evidence of his having done so with a *treasonable* purpose. He had been

guilty of a heinous misdemeanour; but the treasonable declarations and exclamations put into his and their mouths, in order to give the affair a treasonable complexion, had been either misunderstood or perverted by the witnesses. The sole object of Frost and his friends was the release of Vincent; that they had never dreamed of *taking*, or *attacking* the town of Newport—least of all, as an act of general rebellion; that all they had meant was to take a “turn” as far as Newport, to get Vincent out of prison; and that “that was the true character of the whole proceedings;” that Frost did not know that the military were in the inn; and that, the instant they had become visible, and had fired, the crowd succumbed, threw down their arms, and ran away—*i. e.* they did this “the very moment there was any prospect of what they were doing being construed into treason.” That Frost could not have contemplated treason, and throwing the whole country into confusion, would be evidenced by proof, and his having made provision for the payment of a bill of exchange, and actually paying it on the very Monday on which the outbreak occurred. Sir Frederick Pollock properly insisted on the burthen of proving treason lying on the Crown, and not of disproof on the prisoner. Then were called one or two witnesses, with a view to showing expressions of the crowd that they had come to Newport in quest of their prisoners who were there; but the evidence proved ridiculously insufficient and contradictory. Then was read, with the Attorney-General’s consent, a letter of Frost’s in the previous September, to one of the visiting magistrates of the gaol of Monmouth, requesting some relaxation of the prison discipline to which Vincent and other prisoners were subject; and it appeared, also, that a similar application had been made to the Lord-Lieutenant of the county. Then was proved Frost’s having taken up his acceptance on the 4th November; and his character for humanity as specially instanced in his having protected Lord Granville Somerset from personal violence, during the Reform riots of 1832. Finally was called a

witness, with the view of negating the design imputed to Frost of preventing the Welsh mail from going to Birmingham, by showing the absurdity of that course, since a new and different mail started from Bristol to Birmingham, and not the same coach which had come from Newport. But to this witness were put the following significant, and probably unsuspected, questions:—

Attorney-General.—You took an interest, I suppose, in Vincent?—*A.* I did so.

Attorney-General.—You had not been told that there was to be any meeting for Vincent on the 11th of November, had you? *A.* No.

Attorney-General. You, living at Newport, can tell us that there was no notice by placard, or in any other way, of a meeting to be held on the 11th November?—*A.* I never saw any.

Attorney-General.—Nor heard of any?—*A.* No.

Such was the meagre case in behalf of the prisoner in point of evidence. And at its close, his second counsel, Mr Kelly, rose to address the jury on his behalf—a privilege accorded to no prisoner, except one tried on a charge of high treason. We shall present the reader with an extract from the opening passage in Mr Kelly’s address, inasmuch as it is highly characteristic of that eminent counsellor’s style of advocacy—of his imposing display of fervent confidence in his case—his terse and nervous expression, and the clearness and precision of his reasoning. We have some ground for believing that the following is exactly what fell from his lips:—

“The Attorney General, in his opening, seemed to anticipate that we might deviate from the straight and honourable course before us, in defending the prisoner, into something like an attempt to induce you to depart from the strict letter of the law. So far from this, it is in the law, in the strict undeviating performance of the law, that I place my hope, my only trust. It is my prayer, therefore, that you should follow it; that you should be guided and governed by it; that you should attend and adhere to the law, and to the law alone; because I feel that, by that law, I shall prove to you, clearly and satisfactorily, that the prisoner, whatever may have been his misconduct in other respects, however high

the crimes and misdemeanours for which in another form he might have been indicted or punished—I feel that, by the law of high treason, he is as guiltless as any one of you, whose duty, I hope, it will soon be so to pronounce him. Gentlemen, if the prisoner at the bar be at this moment in any jeopardy or danger, it is from the law not prevailing, or not being clearly and perfectly understood. It is because the facts, which are in evidence before you, undoubtedly disclose a case of guilt against him; because they do prove that he has committed a great and serious violation of the law; because he has subjected himself to indictment and to punishment, that the danger exists—a danger from which it is for me, by all the humble efforts I can command, to protect him—that you, finding that he has offended against the justice of the country, should condemn him, not for the misdemeanour which he has really committed, but for the great and deadly crime with which he is charged by this indictment. I therefore, Gentlemen, beseech your calm and patient attention, while I endeavour as shortly, as concisely, and, I will venture to add, as fairly and candidly as I can, to lay before you, subject to the correction of their Lordships the law, as it affects this high and serious charge. And if I should be fortunate enough to do so, I undertake then to satisfy you—to convince the most doubting among you, if there be any more doubting than the rest, when I shall refer you to the testimony of the witnesses,—that this charge is not only not proved, but that it is absolutely and totally disproved, even by the evidence for the prosecution. The question here is,—not whether a great and alarming riot has been committed: the question is, not whether blood has been shed, whether crimes, which are, as they ought to be, punishable by law, have been perpetrated by many who may be the subjects of this indictment; but the question is, whether the prisoner at the bar has, by competent legal proof, been proved, beyond all reasonable doubt in the mind of any one of you, to have levied war against Her Majesty, with the treasonable intent which is stated in this indictment? The Crown must satisfy you that the prisoner at the bar has levied war; that he has levied war against Her Majesty—that is, that he has conducted these armed multitudes, and committed, if he has committed, outrages with them, and concerted with them, or engaged them, to commit them; and not merely that he

has done all these acts, but that he has done them against the Queen, that he has levied war against the Queen and her Government. And then, further, it must be proved to you that that was done with the intent, with the design, which is stated in this indictment.”—(l. p. 52, 53.)

Mr Kelly's speech was long, elaborate, eloquent, and most ingenious—adhering closely to the line of defence taken by Sir Frederick Pollock—pressing on the jury in every possible way, with many varied illustrations, the improbability of Frost having contemplated the rebellious objects imputed to him, and the alleged certainty that his only view had been—the rescue of Vincent. He vehemently assailed the credibility of those witnesses who had given the strongest evidence against Frost; and concluded with a most impassioned appeal to the feelings of the jury. When he had concluded, the Lord Chief-Justice accorded still another privilege to Frost—viz., that of himself then addressing the jury, after both his counsel had done so: to which Frost prudently replied—“My Lord, I am so well satisfied with what my counsel have said, that I decline saying anything upon this occasion.”*

The Solicitor-General then rose to reply on the part of the Crown; and if any one inexperienced in forensic contests were incredulous as to the potency of *the last word* (from competent lips) in any case, civil or criminal, let him read the outline of this reply, with the copious specimens of it, given with much judgment by Mr Townsend. It is true that Sir Thomas Wilde's case was in itself crushing, but his dealing with it made that crushing character fearfully clear to the plainest capacity. Its opening passages seem tinctured by some sternness of allusion to the concluding topics of Mr Kelly's address; but the remainder of the reply is characterised by mingled moderation and power; by irresistible closeness and cogency of argument, and by extraordinary skill in dealing with facts, in combining and contrasting them, and pointing out a significance lurking in them, which the prisoner's counsel had possibly not chosen to see, or skilfully striven to

* Townsend, vol. i. p. 71.

conceal. Our limits restrict us to one or two samples of the present Lord Chancellor's mode of advocacy when at the bar. After explaining that it was the real object contemplated by the prisoner—viz., to raise rebellion—with which the jury had to deal, the Solicitor-General thus pithily disposed of all arguments which had been drawn from the prisoner's want of power to do all that he intended:—

"It is also immaterial to this case whether or not he had the power to do all he intended. We need not talk of punishing successful rebellion—it is unsuccessful rebellion that comes under the cognisance of the law. I cannot restrain the expression of some surprise at the course of argument that was taken by the learned counsel who last addressed you. His course of argument was this: when the prisoner was interrupted in what he was doing, 'Look and see what he has done;' where he has accomplished his purpose, 'Do not believe the witnesses. The party having been dispersed by the soldiers, the learned gentleman says, 'see if they went to the post-office; see if they went to the bridge; see if they went to other places.'—he knowing that they were stopped before they reached those places; 'but as to marching there with arms to take the town, that I dispose of by asking you not to believe the witnesses; so that, as regards what was prevented, I ask you to see what was done; and as regards what was done, I ask you to disbelieve the witnesses, and there is an end of the charge.'" (I. p. 75.)

This single paragraph annihilated a third of the case set up on behalf of Frost; as did the following a second third:—

"They could not have raised these men with a view to relieve the prisoners at the Westgate, because at the time they collected on the mountain they had not been taken. But had it any relation to Vincent? What is their intention? We have been told again and again that Mr Frost must not be supposed likely to do absurd things; that he is a man of the world and a man of intelligence. What then, gentlemen, do you think of an attempt to induce the Monmouthshire magistrates to relax the prison discipline in favour of a person who has been convicted of sedition, or seditious libel, or something of that sort, by marching into Newport with ten thousand men armed?

What do you think of a man of the world resorting to that mode of inducing the magistrates to relax in favour of a prisoner? Is Mr Frost a man of intelligence? Is he a man of the world? Suppose he had been the worst foe that Vincent ever had, suppose that he had desired to procure additional restrictions to be put upon him, and had wished that he should sustain the last hour of the sentence which had been pronounced upon him, could he have resorted to a more maliciously effective mode than by showing that those who were connected with Vincent were persons so little acquainted with their duty, so little obedient to the law, so little to be depended upon for their peaceable conduct, as that they would march at that hour of the night into a town, alarming and frightening every body?"—(I. p. 79.)

Again:—

"Gentlemen, will you judge of the criminal intentions of persons engaged in an insurrection by the probability of their success? If you do, you will judge of a mob by a rule that never was found correct yet. They always imagine—and they would not begin if they did not imagine, though they always imagine wrong, but they never will learn wisdom—they always imagine that they can accomplish more than they can; of course they begin, not with the idea of fastening a halter round their necks, but with the idea that they shall succeed, and by their success escape. With those thousands of men (you will see as I pass on what the number of the soldiers were,) was it an unnatural thing that, coming at between one and two o'clock in the morning, they should surprise the poor-house; that the soldiers, not being aware that they were coming, might not be prepared—might be taken by surprise—might be either overcome or murdered before they could put themselves in a condition to defend themselves?

"Are their sayings inconsistent? What conspiracy ever was consistent? You would indeed give the most perfect freedom to conspiracy, rebellion, and treason, if you disbelieved witnesses coming to prove declarations inconsistent if made at the same time, though not inconsistent when made at different times. They may at first think the soldiers to be Chartists and their friends, and, in the next moment, talk of attacking them in their barracks. But will you give a *carte blanche* to conspirators and traitors by saying, that if witnesses prove inconsistent declarations, they are not to be believed? It is not, gentlemen, the inconsistency of the wit-

nesses, but of those engaged in transactions, the conduct and management of which must vary from hour to hour according as circumstances arise; and that which a man may contemplate one minute, may the following minute or the next hour be inconsistent with the views that had prevailed arising out of the then existing circumstances."—(I. p. 89.)

The circumstance of Frost's having been found with the loaded pistols, and not having attempted to use them, is thus significantly disposed of:—

"Give him the benefit of the circumstance that *he did not use* the three loaded pistols which he had about him. But I think, unfortunately, that they speak much more strongly as indicating violent intentions *when those pistols are provided*, than they speak peaceable intentions when he was apprehended."—(I. p. 24.)

There has been no counsel at the English bar, in modern times, whose reply was more dreaded by an opponent than Sir Thomas Wilde; and that reply, in Frost's case, abundantly shows how well founded was that apprehension.

Thus, then, the counsel on both sides having played out their parts in the case, it stood awaiting the intervention of the Lord Chief-Justice—the very model of judicial excellence. Tranquil, grave, patient; exact, ready, profound in legal knowledge, and of perfect impartiality—all these high qualities and qualifications were exhibited by him in his luminous and masterly summing-up on this occasion. In order to give all due weight to the sole substantial suggestion offered on behalf of the prisoner—*i.e.*, that his object had been the liberation of Vincent—the Lord Chief-Justice read to the jury the following important passage from that great authority, Sir Matthew Hale—"If men levy war to break prisons, to deliver *one or more particular persons* out of prison, this was *räled*, on advice of the judges, to be not high treason, but only a great riot; but if it was to break prisons, or deliver *persons generally* out of prison, this is treason."* Having taken at once a minute and comprehensive view of the evidence, he left the following as the exact question for their determination,—“Whether

it was Frost's object, by the terror which bodies of armed men would inspire, to seize and keep possession of the town of Newport, making this a beginning of an extensive rebellion, *which would be high treason*: or whether he had no more in view than to effect, by the display of physical force, the amelioration of the condition of Vincent and his companions in Monmouth jail, if not their liberation, *which would be a dangerous misdemeanour only*: and the jury were to look at the evidence with all possible candour and fairness, and see if the Crown had conclusively disproved this limited object and design.”† We conceive that neither Frost nor any one of his ten thousand dupes, on that “day of dupes” which led to this inquiry, could have taken objection to this mode of submitting the all-critical question to his jury—a jury of his peers, with the selection of whom he himself had had as much concern as the Crown.

That jury retired from court for half-an-hour, and then returned, amidst the solemn excited silence of the court—crowded to suffocation—with the fatal verdict, “Guilty;” adding, “My lords, we wish to recommend the prisoner to the merciful consideration of the court.” Sentence was not immediately passed upon him. He was removed from court; and on the re-assembling on the ensuing morning, Zephaniah Williams was placed at the bar, tried, and in due course found guilty; on which William Jones was in like manner arraigned, tried, and found guilty; each being recommended by the jury to mercy. Scared by this result, five of the ringleaders resolved to throw themselves on the mercy of the Crown, withdrawing their pleas of not guilty, and pleading guilty—it having been intimated that the sentence of death should be commuted into transportation for life. The Attorney-General thought it expedient, in the case of the remaining four prisoners, who were less deeply implicated, to allow a verdict of not guilty to be recorded.

On the 16th January, Frost, Williams, and Jones were brought up to

* HALE'S *Pleas of the Crown*, part I., c. 14.

† Townsend, p. 95.

the bar to receive sentence of death, which the Lord Chief-Justice prefaced by a very solemn address, listened to in breathless silence. An imposing scene of judicial solemnity and terror, indeed, the court at that agitating moment exhibited. Without were strong detachments of soldiery, foot and horse, guarding the public peace : within were an anxious auditory, commanded to keep silence under pain of fine and imprisonment, while sentence of death was being passed upon the prisoners. There were, in the midst of the throng, two groups awfully contrasted in character and position — the three prisoners, standing pale and subdued ; and, sitting opposite, the three judges, each wearing his black cap ; while the following heart-sickening words fell from the lips of the Lord Chief-Justice :—

“ And now nothing more remains than the duty imposed upon the court, to all of us a most painful duty — to declare the last SIXTH OF THE LAW ; which is that you, John Frost, and you, Zephaniah Williams, and you, William Jones, be taken hence to the place whence you came, and be thence drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and that each of you be there hanged by the neck until you be dead ; *and that after wards the head of each of you shall be severed from his body, and the body of each, divided into four quarters, shall be disposed of, as her Majesty shall think fit. And may Almighty God have mercy on your souls !*”

Whether the words placed in italics should ever again be pronounced on such an occasion, barbarously prescribing a revolting outrage on the dead, which it is known, at the time, cannot be perpetrated in these days of enlightened humanity, is a point which cannot admit of debate. The practice ought forthwith to be abolished, and by statute, if such be necessary.

Under the mortal pressure of this capital sentence remained these three unhappy and misguided men, from the 16th till the 28th of January. On the 25th, an elaborate argument was had at Westminster before the fifteen judges, which lasted till the 28th, on a case framed by Lord Chief-Justice Tindal for their opinion, on the point

which had been raised at the trial by Sir Frederick Pollock. The Chief-Justice submitted these two questions for consideration, — “ *First*, whether the service of the list of witnesses was a good service, under the statute 7 Anne, c. 21, § 11 ; *secondly*, whether, at all events, the objection was taken in due time.” There was a great array of counsel on both sides ; but the argument was conducted by the Attorney-General alone, on behalf of the Crown ; and by Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir William Follett, and Mr Kelly on behalf of the prisoners. The utmost possible ingenuity was displayed on both sides ; and with such effect, that at the close of the argument the Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas wrote a letter to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, (the Marquis of Normanby,) announcing the following somewhat perplexing result, — that, “ *first*, a majority of the Judges, in the proportion of NINE TO SIX, were of opinion that the delivery of the list of witnesses was NOT a good delivery in point of law :

“ *But*, *secondly*, a majority of the Judges, in the proportion of nine to six, are of opinion that the OBJECTION to the delivery of the list of witnesses was not taken in due time.

“ All the Judges agreed, that if the objection had been made in time, the effect of it would have been a *postponement of the trial*, in order to give time for a proper delivery of the list.”

The *AYES* on this occasion were—

Justices Littledale, Patteson, Williams, Coleridge, Colins, Erskine ; *Barons* Parke, Alderson, Rolfe.

The *NOES*—

Lord Chief-Justice Denman, Lord Chief-Justice Tindal, Lord Chief-Baron Abinger ; *Justices* Bosanquet and Maule, and Baron Gurney.

Those last (the *NOES*) decided also that the objection had not been taken in time ; and three of the former class, (the *AYES*), viz. Baron Alderson, Baron Rolfe, and Justice Coleridge, concurred in that decision.*

* 1st Townsend, pp. 99-100 ; and see the argument reported at length in Regina v. Frost, 9 Carr and Payne, 165-187. Of these fifteen Judges, only six are still on the

Here was a question for the Executive to decide! A capital conviction for high treason, with a decision of the majority of the Judges of the land, that a statutory requisition as to the period for delivery of a list of the witnesses had not been exactly complied with, but that the prisoner did not make the objection till the time had gone by for making it; and that, had he made it in time, the utmost effect would have been to cause a postponement of the trial for a few days. The prisoner's objection was avowedly *strictissimi juris*: and he did not affect to show that he had suffered the slightest detriment from the over-anxious kindness of the Crown solicitor. That, under these circumstances, the lives of the three traitors were absolutely at the mercy of the Ministry, is indisputable: and no one, we conceive, could have censured them, if they had allowed the capital sentence to be carried into effect. They inclined, however, to the merciful exercise of their anxious discretion; and the capital sentence was remitted, on the condition of the three prisoners being transported for the term of their natural lives. They have now been ten years at the Antipodes: and how many times, during that lengthened period of bitter, dishonoured existence, they have cursed their own folly and crime, who can tell?

Have they ever appreciated the skill and vigilance with which they were defended? It is true that this one chance objection—which it is wonderful should have occurred to any one at all—was ultimately pronounced, but only by a majority of the Judges after lengthened debate, to have been taken too late; but if it had not occurred to the vigilant advocate when it did—if no one had taken it at any time—would not the three traitors have been executed? Unquestionably: public justice, the public safety required it. Whether Sir Frederick Pollock purposely delayed making the

objection till the moment when he did, (and the Attorney-General insinuated, before the fifteen Judges, that such was the case,*) thinking that course more advantageous to the prisoners, or whether the objection had not, in fact, occurred to him till it was too late, we cannot at present say. This much, however, we can say in conclusion, that we are very much indebted to the late Mr Townsend for having enabled us to present this entertainment—for such we hope it has proved—to our readers; who may hereafter look with great interest on a great trial, especially if they have the opportunity of witnessing it. They may then appreciate the exquisite anxieties and responsibilities imposed on those concerned in conducting it—the difficulties with which they have to contend on the spot, without time for consideration, though life itself be the stake played for. They will also, probably, be of the opinion, that in the great game at Monmouth all the players played their parts well—may we not say admirably?—that the uttermost justice was done on both sides. Two practical deductions from the whole may yet be made: first, have a look-out, gentlemen prosecutors, in taking every single step of your course, however apparently unimportant at the time it may seem to you: bearing in mind that, in proportion to the desperate exigencies of the defence, will be the piercing scrutiny to which every formality will be subjected; so that a blot may be hit which might easily have been avoided, but, when hit, is fatal. Secondly, in your turn, gentlemen counsel, be encouraged by the result of this interesting and instructive trial, to watch every single step of your opponents—even those in which error, omission, or miscarriage is least likely—with sleepless vigilance, and be prompt in action. Thus much for the trial of John Frost.

Bench—Barons Parke, Alderson, Rolfe; and Justices Pattison, Coleridge, and Maule—*nine* having disappeared during the last ten years. It will be observed that the three chiefs of the Courts were of one way of thinking, viz. that there had been a good delivery of the list of witnesses, in point of law.

* 9 Carr and Payne, pp. 175-176.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CANTON.

CHAPTER X.

IN my next chapter I shall present Squire Hazeldean in patriarchal state—not exactly under the fig-tree he has planted, but before the stocks he has reconstructed.—Squire Hazeldean and his family on the village green! The canvass is all ready for the colours.

But in this chapter I must so far afford a glimpse into antecedents as to let the reader know that there is one member of the family whom he is not likely to meet at present, if ever, on the village green at Hazeldean.

Our squire lost his father two years after his birth; his mother was very handsome—and so was her jointure; she married again at the expiration of her year of mourning—the object of her second choice was Colonel Egerton.

In every generation of Englishmen (at least since the lively reign of Charles II.) there are a few whom some elegant Genius skins off from the milk of human nature, and reserves for the cream of society. Colonel Egerton was one of these *terque, quaque beati*, and dwelt apart on a top shelf in that delicate porcelain dish—not bestowed upon vulgar buttermilk—which persons of fashion call The Great World. Mighty was the marvel of Pall Mall, and profound was the pity of Park Lane, when this super-eminent personage condescended to lower himself into a husband. But Colonel Egerton was not a mere gaudy butterfly; he had the provident instincts ascribed to the bee. Youth had passed from him—and carried off much solid property in its flight; he saw that a time was fast coming when a home, with a partner who could help to maintain it, would be conducive to his comforts, and an occasional humdrum evening by the fireside beneficial to his health. In the midst of one season at Brighton, to which gay place he had accompanied the Prince of Wales, he saw a widow who, though in the weeds of mourning, did not appear inconsolable. Her person pleased his taste—the accounts of her jointure satisfied

his understanding; he contrived an introduction, and brought a brief wooing to a happy close. The late Mr Hazeldean had so far anticipated the chance of the young widow's second espousals, that, in case of that event, he transferred, by his testamentary dispositions, the guardianship of his infant heir from the mother to two squires whom he had named his executors. This circumstance combined with her new ties somewhat to alienate Mrs Hazeldean from the pledge of her former loves; and when she had born a son to Colonel Egerton, it was upon that child that her maternal affections gradually concentrated.

William Hazeldean was sent by his guardians to a large provincial academy, at which his forefathers had received their education time out of mind. At first he spent his holidays with Mrs Egerton; but as she now resided either in London, or followed her lord to Brighton to partake of the gaieties at the Pavilion—so, as he grew older, William, who had a hearty affection for country life, and of whose bluff manners and rural breeding Mrs Egerton (having grown exceedingly refined) was openly ashamed, asked and obtained permission to spend his vacations either with his guardians or at the old hall. He went late to a small college at Cambridge, endowed in the fifteenth century by some ancestral Hazeldean; and left it, on coming of age, without taking a degree. A few years afterwards he married a young lady, country born and bred like himself.

Meanwhile his half-brother, Audley Egerton, may be said to have begun his initiation into the *beau monde* before he had well cast aside his coral and bells; he had been fondled in the lap of duchesses, and galloped across the room astride on the caues of ambassadors and princes. For Colonel Egerton was not only very highly connected—not only one of the *Diù majores* of fashion—but he had the

still rarer good fortune to be an exceedingly popular man with all who knew him:—so popular, that even the fine ladies whom he had adored and abandoned forgave him for marrying out of “the set,” and continued to be as friendly as if he had not married at all. People who were commonly called heartless, were never weary of doing kind things to the Egertons.—When the time came for Audley to leave the preparatory school, at which his infancy budded forth amongst the stateliest of the little lilies of the field, and go to Eton, half the fifth and sixth forms had been canvassed to be exceedingly civil to young Egerton. The boy soon showed that he inherited his father’s talent for acquiring popularity, and that to this talent he added those which put popularity to use. Without achieving any scholastic distinction, he yet contrived to establish at Eton the most desirable reputation which a boy can obtain—namely, that among his own contemporaries—the reputation of a boy who was sure to do something when he grew to be a man. As a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, he continued to sustain this high expectation, though he won no prizes and took but an ordinary degree; and at Oxford the future “something” became more defined—it was “something in public life” that this young man was to do.

While he was yet at the university, both his parents died—within a few months of each other. And when Audley Egerton came of age, he succeeded to a paternal property which was supposed to be large, and indeed had once been so; but Colonel Egerton had been too lavish a man to enrich his heir, and about £1500 a-year was all that sales and mortgages left of an estate that had formerly approached a rental of ten thousand pounds.

Still, Audley was considered to be opulent, and he did not dispel that favourable notion by any imprudent exhibition of parsimony. On entering the world of London, the Clubs flew open to receive him: and he woke one morning to find himself, not indeed famous—but the fashion. To this fashion he at once gave a certain gravity and value—he associated as

much as possible with public men and political ladies—he succeeded in confirming the notion that he was ‘born to ruin or to rule the State.’

Now, his dearest and most intimate friend was Lord L’Estrange, from whom he had been inseparable at Eton; and who now, if Audley Egerton was the fashion, was absolutely the rage in London.

Harley Lord L’Estrange was the only son of the Earl of Lansmere, a nobleman of considerable wealth, and allied by intermarriages to the loftiest and most powerful families in England. Lord Lansmere, nevertheless, was but little known in the circles of London. He lived chiefly on his estates, occupying himself with the various duties of a great proprietor, and rarely came to the metropolis; so that he could afford to give his son a very ample allowance, when Harley, at the age of sixteen, (having already attained to the sixth form at Eton,) left school for one of the regiments of the Guards.

Few knew what to make of Harley L’Estrange—and that was, perhaps, the reason why he was so much thought of. He had been by far the most brilliant boy of his time at Eton—not only the boast of the cricket-ground, but the marvel of the school-room—yet so full of whims and oddities, and seeming to achieve his triumphs with so little aid from steadfast application, that he had not left behind him the same expectations of solid eminence which his friend and senior, Audley Egerton, had excited. His eccentricities—his quaint sayings and out-of-the-way actions, became as notable in the great world as they had been in the small one of a public school. That he was very clever there was no doubt, and that the cleverness was of a high order might be surmised not only from the originality but the independence of his character. He dazzled the world, without seeming to care for its praise or its censure—dazzled it, as it were, because he could not help shining. He had some strange notions, whether political or social, which rather frightened his father. According to Southey, “A man should be no more ashamed of having been a republican than of having been young.” Youth and extravagant opi-

nions naturally go together. I don't know whether Harley L'Estrange was a republican at the age of eighteen: but there was no young man in London who seemed to care less for being heir to an illustrious name and some forty or fifty thousand pounds a-year. It was a vulgar fashion in that day to play the exclusive, and cut persons who wore bad neckcloths and called themselves Smith or Johnson. Lord L'Estrange never cut any one, and it was quite enough to slight some worthy man because of his neckcloth or his birth, to ensure to the offender the pointed civilities of this eccentric successor to the Dorimonts and the Wildairs.

It was the wish of his father that Harley, as soon as he came of age, should represent the borough of Lansmere, (which said borough was the single plague of the Earl's life.) But this wish was never realised. Suddenly, when the young idol of London still wanted some two or three years of his majority, a new whim appeared to seize him. He withdrew entirely from society—he left unanswered the most pressing three-cornered notes of inquiry and invitation that ever strewed the table of a young Guardsman; he was rarely seen anywhere in his former haunts—when seen, was either alone or with Egerton; and his gay spirits seemed wholly to have left him. A profound melancholy was written in his countenance, and breathed in the listless tones of his voice. At this time the Guards were achieving in the Peninsula their imperishable renown; but the battalion to which Harley belonged was detained at home; and whether chafed by inaction or emulous of glory, the young Lord suddenly exchanged into a cavalry regiment, from which a recent memorable conflict had swept one half the officers. Just before he joined, a vacancy happening to occur for the representation of Lansmere, he made it his special request to his father that the family interest might be given to his friend Egerton—went down to the Park, which adjoined the borough, to take leave of his parents—and Egerton followed, to be introduced to the electors. This visit made a notable epoch in the history of many personages who figure in my narrative; but

at present I content myself with saying, that circumstances arose which, just as the canvass for the new election commenced, caused both L'Estrange and Audley to absent themselves from the scene of action, and that the last even wrote to Lord Lansmere expressing his intention of declining to contest the borough.

Fortunately for the parliamentary career of Audley Egerton, the election had become to Lord Lansmere not only a matter of public importance, but of personal feeling. He resolved that the battle should be fought out, even in the absence of the candidate, and at his own expense. Hitherto the contest for this distinguished borough had been, to use the language of Lord Lansmere, "conducted in the spirit of gentlemen,"—that is to say, the only opponents to the Lansmere interest had been found in one or the other of two rival families in the same county; and as the Earl was a hospitable courteous man, much respected and liked by the neighbouring gentry, so the hostile candidate had always interlarded his speeches with profuse compliments to his Lordship's high character, and civil expressions as to his Lordship's candidature. But, thanks to successive elections, one of these two families had come to an end, and its actual representative was now residing within the Rules of the Bench; the head of the other family was the sitting member, and, by an amicable agreement with the Lansmere interest, he remained as neutral as it is in the power of any sitting member to be amidst the passions of an intractable committee. Accordingly, it had been hoped that Egerton would come in without opposition, when, the very day on which he had abruptly left the place, a handbill, signed "Haverill Dashmore, Captain R.N., Baker Street, Portman Square," announced, in very spirited language, the intention of that gentleman to emancipate the borough from the unconstitutional domination of an oligarchical faction, not with a view to his own political aggrandisement—indeed, at great personal inconvenience—but actuated solely by abhorrence to tyranny, and patriotic passion for the purity of election.

This announcement was followed, within two hours, by the arrival of Captain Dashmore himself, in a carriage-and-four covered with yellow favours, and filled, inside and out, with harum-scarum looking friends who had come down with him to aid the canvass and share the fun.

Captain Dashmore was a thorough sailor, who had, however, taken a disgust to the profession from the date in which a Minister's nephew had been appointed to the command of a ship to which the Captain considered himself unquestionably entitled. It is just to the Minister to add, that Captain Dashmore had shown us little regard for orders from a distance, as had immortalised Nelson himself; but then the disobedience had not achieved the same redeeming success as that of Nelson, and Captain Dashmore ought to have thought himself fortunate in escaping a severer treatment than the loss of promotion. But no man knows when he is well off; and retiring on half-pay, just as he came into unexpected possession of some forty or fifty thousand pounds, bequeathed by a distant relation, Captain Dashmore was seized with a vindictive desire to enter parliament, and inflict oratorical chastisement on the Administration.

A very few hours sufficed to show the sea-captain to be a most capital electioneerer for a small and not very enlightened borough. It is true that he talked the saddest nonsense ever heard from an open window; but then his jokes were so broad, his manner so hearty, his voice so big, that in those dark days, before the schoolmaster was abroad, he would have beaten your philosophical Radical and moralising Democrat hollow. Moreover he kissed all the women, old and young, with the zest of a sailor who has known what it is to be three years at sea without sight of a beardless lip; he threw open all the public-houses, asked a numerous committee every day to dinner, and, chucking his purse up in the air, declared "he would stick to his guns while there was a shot in the locker." Till then, there had been but little political difference between the candidate supported by Lord Lansmere's interest and the opposing parties—for

country gentlemen, in those days, were pretty much of the same way of thinking, and the question had been really local—viz., whether the Lansmere interest should or should not prevail over that of the two squire-archival families who had alone, hitherto, ventured to oppose it. But though Captain Dashmore was really a very loyal man, and much too old a sailor to think that the State (which, according to established metaphor, is a vessel, *par excellence*,) should admit Jack upon quarterdeck, yet, what with talking against lords and aristocracy, jobs and abuses, and searching through no very refined vocabulary for the strongest epithets to apply to those irritating nouns-substantive, his bile had got the better of his understanding, and he became fuddled, as it were, by his own eloquence. Thus, though as innocent of Jacobinical designs as he was incapable of setting the Thames on fire, you would have guessed him, by his speeches, to be one of the most determined incendiaries that ever applied a match to the combustible materials of a contested election; while, being by no means accustomed to respect his adversaries, he could not have treated the Earl of Lansmere with less ceremony if his Lordship had been a Frenchman. He usually designated that respectable nobleman by the title of "Old Pompos;" and the Mayor, who was never seen abroad but in top-boots, and the Solicitor, who was of a large build, received from his irreverent wit the joint soubriquet of "Tops and Bottoms!" Hence the election had now become, as I said before, a personal matter with my Lord, and, indeed, with the great heads of the Lansmere interest. The Earl seemed to consider his very coronet at stake in the question. "The man from Baker Street," with his preternatural audacity, appeared to him a being ominous and awful—not so much to be regarded with resentment, as with superstitious terror: he felt as felt the dignified Montezuma, when that ruffianly Cortez, with his handful of Spanish rascallions, bearded him in his own capital, and in the midst of his Mexican splendour—"The gods were menaced if man could be so

insolent!" wherefore said my Lord, tremulously,—“The Constitution is gone if the Man from Baker Street comes in for Lansmere!”

But, in the absence of Audley Egerton, the election looked extremely ugly, and Captain Dashmore gained ground hourly, when the Lansmere Solicitor happily bethought him of a notable proxy for the missing candidate. The Squire of Hazeldean, with his young wife, had been invited by the Earl in honour of Audley; and in the Squire the Solicitor beheld the only mortal who could cope with the sea-captain,—a man with a voice as hoarse, and a face as bold—a man who, if permitted for the nonce by Mrs Hazeldean, would kiss all the women no less heartily than the Captain kissed them; and who was, moreover, a taller, and a handsomer, and a younger man—all three, great recommendations in the kissing department of a contested election. Yes, to canvass the borough, and to speak from the window, Squire Hazeldean would be even more popularly presentable than the London-bred and accomplished Audley Egerton himself.

The Squire, applied to and urged on all sides, at first said bluntly, “that he would do anything in reason to serve his brother, but that he did not like, for his own part, appearing, even in proxy, as a Lord’s nominee; and moreover, if he was to be sponsor for his brother, why, he must promise and vow, in his name, to be staunch and true to the land they lived by: and how could he tell that Audley, when once he got into the House, would not forget the land, and then he, William Hazeldean, would be made a liar, and look like a turncoat!”

But these scruples being overruled by the arguments of the gentlemen and the entreaties of the ladies, who took in the election that intense interest which those gentle creatures usually do take in all matters of strife and contest, the Squire at length consented to confront the Man from Baker Street, and went accordingly into the thing with that good heart and old English spirit with which he went into everything whereon he had once made up his mind.

The expectations formed of the

Squire’s capacities for popular electioneering were fully realised. He talked quite as much nonsense as Captain Dashmore on every subject except the landed interest;—there he was great, for he knew the subject well—knew it by the instinct that comes with practice, and compared to which all your showy theories are mere cobwebs and moonshine.

The agricultural outvoters—many of whom, not living under Lord Lansmere, but being small yeomen, had hitherto prided themselves on their independence, and gone against my Lord—could not in their hearts go against one who was every inch the farmer’s friend. They began to share in the Earl’s personal interest against the Man from Baker Street: and big fellows, with legs bigger round than Captain Dashmore’s tight little body, and huge whips in their hands, were soon seen entering the shops, “intimidating the electors,” as Captain Dashmore indignantly declared.

These new recruits made a great difference in the muster-roll of the Lansmere books; and when the day for polling arrived, the result was a fair question for even betting. At the last hour, after a neck-and-neck contest, Mr Audley Egerton beat the Captain by two votes. And the names of these voters were John Avenel, resident freeman, and his son-in-law, Mark Fairfield, an out-voter, who, though a Lansmere freeman, had settled in Hazeldean, where he had obtained the situation of head carpenter on the Squire’s estate.

These votes were unexpected; for, though Mark Fairfield had come to Lansmere on purpose to support the Squire’s brother, and though the Avenels had been always staunch supporters of the Lansmere Blue interest, yet a severe affliction (as to the nature of which, not desiring to sadden the opening of my story, I am considerably silent) had befallen both these persons, and they had left the town on the very day after Lord L’Estrange and Mr Egerton had quitted Lansmere Park.

Whatever might have been the gratification of the Squire, as a canvasser and a brother, at Mr Egerton’s triumph, it was much damped when,

on leaving the dinner given in honour of the victory at the Lansmere Arms, and about, with no steady step, to enter the carriage which was to convey him to his Lordship's house, a letter was put into his hands by one of the gentlemen who had accompanied the Captain to the scene of action; and the perusal of that letter, and a few whispered words from the bearer thereof, sent the Squire back to Mrs Hazeldean a much soberer man than she had ventured to hope for. The fact was, that on the day of nomination, the Captain having honoured Mr Hazeldean with many poetical and figurative appellations—such as "Prize Ox," "Tony Lumpkin," "Blood-sucking Vampire," and "Brotherly Warming-Pan," the Squire had retorted by a joke about "Salt Water Jack;" and the Captain, who, like all satirists, was extremely susceptible and thin-skinned, could not consent to be called "Salt Water Jack" by a "Prize Ox" and a "Blood-sucking Vampire." The letter, therefore, now conveyed to Mr Hazeldean by a gentleman, who, being from the Sister Country, was deemed the most fitting accomplice in the honourable destruction of a brother mortal, contained nothing more nor less than an invitation to single combat: and the bearer thereof, with the suave politeness enjoined by etiquette on such well-bred homicidal occasions, suggested the expediency of appointing the place of meeting in the neighbourhood of London, in order to prevent interference from the suspicious authorities of Lansmere.

The natives of some countries—the warlike French in particular—think little of that formal operation which goes by the name of *DUELING*. Indeed, they seem rather to like it than otherwise. But there is nothing your thorough-paced Englishman—a Hazeldean of Hazeldean—considers with more repugnance and aversion, than that same cold-blooded ceremonial. It is not within the range of an Englishman's ordinary habits of thinking. He prefers going to law—a much more destructive proceeding of the two. Nevertheless, if an Englishman must fight, why, he will fight. He says "it is very foolish;"

he is sure "it is most unchristian-like;" he agrees with all that Philosopher, Preacher, and Press have laid down on the subject; but he makes his will, says his prayers, and goes out, like a heathen!

It never, therefore, occurred to the Squire to show the white feather upon this unpleasant occasion. The next day, feigning excuse to attend the sale of a hunting stud at Tattersall's, he ruefully went up to London, after taking a peculiarly affectionate leave of his wife. Indeed, the Squire felt convinced that he should never return home except in a coffin. "It stands to reason," said he to himself, "that a man who has been actually paid by the King's Government for shooting people ever since he was a little boy in a midshipman's jacket, must be a dead hand at the job. I should not mind if it was with double-barrelled Mantons and small shot; but, ball and pistol! they ain't human nor sportsmanlike!" However, the Squire, after settling his worldly affairs, and hunting up an old College friend who undertook to be his second, proceeded to a sequestered corner of Wimbledon Common, and planted himself, not sideways, as one ought to do in such encounters, (the which posture the Squire swore was an unmanly way of shirking,) but full front to the mouth of his adversary's pistol, with such sturdy composure, that Captain Dashmore, who, though an excellent shot, was at bottom as good natured a fellow as ever lived, testified his admiration by letting off his gallant opponent with a ball in the fleshy part of the shoulder: after which he declared himself perfectly satisfied. The parties then shook hands, mutual apologies were exchanged, and the Squire, much to his astonishment to find himself still alive, was conveyed to Linmer's Hotel, where, after a considerable amount of anguish, the ball was extracted, and the wound healed. Now it was all over, the Squire felt very much raised in his own conceit; and, when he was in a humour more than ordinarily fierce, that perilous event became a favourite allusion with him.

He considered, moreover, that his brother had incurred at his hand the

most lasting obligations; and that, having procured Audley's return to Parliament, and defended his interests at the risk of his own life, he had an absolute right to dictate to that gentleman how to vote—upon all matters at least connected with the landed interest. And when, not very long after Audley took his seat in Parliament, (which he did not do for some months,) he thought proper both to vote and to speak in a manner wholly belying the promises the Squire had made on his behalf, Mr Hazeldean wrote him such a trimmer, that it could not but produce an unconciliatory reply. Shortly afterwards, the Squire's exasperation reached the culminating point; for, having to

pass through Lansmere on a market day, he was hooted by the very farmers whom he had induced to vote for his brother; and, justly imputing the disgrace to Audley, he never heard the name of that traitor to the land mentioned without a heightened colour and an indignant expletive. Monsieur de Roqueville—who was the greatest wit of his day—had, like the Squire, a half-brother, with whom he was not on the best of terms, and of whom he always spoke as his "*frère de loin*." Audley Egerton was thus Squire Hazeldean's "*distant-brother*!"—Enough of these explanatory antecedents,—let us return to the Stocks.

CHAPTER XI.

The Squire's carpenters were taken from the park pales, and set to work at the parish stocks. Then came the painter and coloured them a beautiful dark blue, with a white border—and a white rim round the holes—with an ornamental flourish in the middle. It was the gayest public edifice in the whole village—though the village possessed no less than three other monuments of the Vitruvian genius of the Hazeldeans;—to wit, the almshouse, the school, and the parish pump.

A more elegant, enticing, coquet-fish pair of stocks never gladdened the eye of a justice of the peace.

And Squire Hazeldean's eye was gladdened. In the pride of his heart he brought all the family down to look at the stocks. The Squire's family (omitting the *frère de loin*) consisted of Mrs Hazeldean, his wife; next, of Miss Jemima Hazeldean, his first cousin; thirdly, of Master Francis Hazeldean, his only son; and fourthly, of Captain Barnabas Higginbotham, a distant relation—who, indeed, strictly speaking, was not of the family, but only a visitor ten months in the year. Mrs Hazeldean was every inch the lady,—the lady of the parish. In her comely, florid, and somewhat sunburnt countenance, there was an equal expression of majesty and benevolence; she had a blue eye that invited liking, and an aquiline

nose that commanded respect. Mrs Hazeldean had no affectation of fine airs—no wish to be greater and handsomer and cleverer than she was. She knew herself, and her station, and thanked heaven for it. There was about her speech and manner something of that shortness and bluntness which often characterises royalty; and if the lady of a parish is not a queen in her own circle, it is never the fault of the parish. Mrs Hazeldean dressed her part to perfection. She wore silks that seemed heirlooms—so thick were they, so substantial and imposing. And over these, when she was in her own domain, the whitest of aprons: while at her waist was seen no fiddle-faddle *châtelaine*, with *brocheques* and trumpery, but a good honest gold watch to mark the time, and a long pair of scissors to cut off the dead leaves from her flowers, for she was a great horticulturist. When occasion needed, Mrs Hazeldean could, however, lay by her more sumptuous and imperial raiment for a stout riding-habit of blue Saxony, and canter by her husband's side to see the hounds throw off. Nay, on the days on which Mr Hazeldean drove his famous fast-trotting cob to the market town, it was rarely that you did not see his wife on the left side of the gig. She cared as little as her lord did for wind and weather, and, in the midst of

some pelting shower, her pleasant face peeped over the collar and capes of a stout dreaught, expanding into smiles and bloom as some frank rose, that opens from its petals, and rejoices in the dews. It was easy to see that the worthy couple had married for love; they were as little apart as they could help it. And still, on the First of September, if the house was not full of company which demanded her cares, Mrs Hazeldean "stepped out" over the stubbles by her husband's side, with as light a tread and as blithe an eve as when in the first bridal year she had enchanted the Squire by her genial sympathy with his sports.

So there now stands Harriet Hazeldean, one hand leaning on the Squire's broad shoulder, the other thrust into her apron, and trying her best to share her husband's enthusiasm for his own public spirited patriotism, in the renovation of the parish stocks. A little behind, with two fingers leaning on the thin arm of Captain Barnabas, stood Miss Jemima, the orphan daughter of the Squire's uncle, by a runaway imprudent marriage with a young lady who belonged to a family which had been at war with the Hazeldeans since the reign of Charles I., respecting a right of way to a small wood (or rather spring) of about an acre, through a piece of furze land, which was let to a brick-maker at twelve shillings a-year. The wood belonged to the Hazeldeans, the furze land to the Sticktorights, (an old Saxon family if ever there was one.) Every twelfth year, when the faggots and timber were felled, this feud broke out afresh; for the Sticktorights refused to the Hazeldeans the right to cart off the said faggots and timber, through the only way by which a cart could possibly pass. It is just to the Hazeldeans to say that they had offered to buy the land at ten times its value. But the Sticktorights, with equal magnanimity, had declared that they would not "alienate the family property for the convenience of the best squire that ever stood upon shoe leather." Therefore, every twelfth year, there was always a great breach of the peace on the part of both Hazeldeans and Sticktorights, magistrates and deputy-lieutenants

though they were. The question was fairly fought out by their respective dependants, and followed by various actions for assault and trespass. As the legal question of right was extremely obscure, it never had been properly decided; and, indeed, neither party wished it to be decided, each at heart having some doubt of the propriety of its own claim. A marriage between a younger son of the Hazeldeans, and a younger daughter of the Sticktorights, was viewed with equal indignation by both families; and the consequence had been that the runaway couple, unblest and unforgiven, had scrambled through life as they could, upon the scanty pay of the husband, who was in a marching regiment, and the interest of £1000, which was the wife's fortune independent of her parents. They died and left an only daughter, upon whom the maternal £1000 had been settled, about the time that the Squire came of age and into possession of his estates. And though he inherited all the ancestral hostility towards the Sticktorights, it was not in his nature to be unkind to a poor orphan, who was, after all, the child of a Hazeldean. Therefore, he had educated and fostered Jemima with as much tenderness as if she had been his sister; put out her £1000 at nurse, and devoted, from the ready money which had accrued from the rents during his minority, as much as made her fortune (with her own accumulated at compound interest) no less than £4000, the ordinary marriage portion of the daughters of Hazeldean. On her coming of age, he transferred this sum to her absolute disposal, in order that she might feel herself independent, see a little more of the world than she could at Hazeldean, have candidates to choose from if she desired to marry; or enough to live upon if she chose to remain single. Miss Jemima had somewhat availed herself of this liberty, by occasional visits to Cheltenham and other watering places. But her grateful affection to the Squire was such, that she could never bear to be long away from the Hall. And this was the more praise to her heart, inasmuch as she was far from taking kindly to the prospect of being an old maid. And

there were so few bachelors in the neighbourhood of Hazeldean, that she could not but have that prospect before her eyes whenever she looked out of the Hall windows. Miss Jemima was indeed one of the most kindly and affectionate of beings feminine—and if she disliked the thought of single blessedness, it really was from those innocent and womanly instincts towards the tender charities of hearth and home, without which a lady, however otherwise estimable, is little better than a Minerva in bronze. But whether or not, despite her fortune and her face, which last, though not strictly handsome, was pleasing—and would have been positively pretty if she had laughed more often, (for when she laughed, there appeared three charming dimples, invisible when she was grave)—whether or not, I say, it was the fault of our insensibility or her own fastidiousness, Miss Jemima approached her thirtieth year, and was still Miss Jemima. Now, therefore, that beautifying laugh of hers was very rarely heard, and she had of late become confirmed in two opinions, not at all conducive to laughter. One was a conviction of the general and progressive wickedness of the male sex, and the other was a decided and lugubrious belief that the world was coming to an end. Miss Jemima was now accompanied by a small canine favourite, true Blenheim, with a snub nose. It was advanced in life and somewhat obese. It sat on its haunches, with its tongue out of its mouth, except when it snapped at the flies. There was a strong Platonic friendship between Miss Jemima and Captain Barnabas Higginbotham; for he too was unmarried, and he had the same ill opinion of your sex, my dear madam, that Miss Jemima had of ours. The Captain was a man of a slim and elegant figure;—the less said about the face the better, a truth of which the Captain himself was sensible, for it was a favourite maxim of his—"that in a man, everything is a slight, gentlemanlike figure." Captain Barnabas did not absolutely deny that the world was coming to an end, only he thought it would last his time.

Quite apart from all the rest, with

the nonchalant survey of virgin daudism, Francis Hazeldean looked over one of the high starched neck-cloths which were then the fashion—a handsome lad, fresh from Eton for the summer holidays, but at that ambiguous age, when one disdains the sports of the boy, and has not yet arrived at the resources of the man.

"I should be glad, Frank," said the Squire, suddenly turning round to his son; "to see you take a little more interest in duties which, one day or other, you may be called upon to discharge. I can't bear to think that the property should fall into the hands of a fine gentleman, who will let things go to rack and ruin, instead of keeping them up as I do."

And the Squire pointed to the stocks.

Master Frank's eye followed the direction of the cane, as well as his cravat would permit; and he said, drily—

"Yes, sir; but how came the stocks to be so long out of repair?"

"Because one can't see to everything at once," retorted the Squire, tartly. "When a man has got eight thousand acres to look after, he must do a bit at a time."

"Yes," said Captain Barnabas. "I know that by experience."

"The dence you do!" cried the Squire, bluntly. "Experience in eight thousand acres!"

"No—in my apartments in the Albany. No. 3 A. I have had them ten years, and it was only last Christmas that I bought my Japan cat."

"Dear me," said Miss Jemima: "a Japan cat! that must be very curious! What sort of a creature is it?"

"Don't you know? Bless me, a thing with three legs, and holds toast! I never thought of it, I assure you, till my friend Cosey said to me, one morning when he was breakfasting at my rooms—'Higginbotham, how is it that you, who like to have things comfortable about you, don't have a cat?' 'Upon my life,' said I, 'one can't think of everything at a time;' just like you, Squire."

"Pshaw," said Mr Hazeldean, gruffly—"not at all like me. And I'll thank you another time, Cousin Higginbotham, not to put me out,

when I'm speaking on matters of importance; poking your cat into my stocks! They look something like now—don't they, Harry? I declare that the whole village seems more respectable. It is astonishing how much a little improvement adds to the—to the—"

"Charm of a landscape;" put in Miss Jemima sentimentally.

The Squire neither accepted nor rejected the suggested termination; but leaving his sentence uncompleted, broke suddenly off with

"And if I had listened to Parson Dale—"

"You would have done a very wise thing;" said a voice behind, as the Parson presented himself in the rear.

"Wise thing! Why surely, Mr Dale," said Mrs Hazelden with spirit, for she always resented the least contradiction to her lord and master; perhaps as an interference with her own special right and prerogative! "why, surely if it is necessary to have stocks, it is necessary to repair them."

"That's right, go it, Harry!" cried the Squire, chuckling, and rubbing his hands as if he had been setting his terrier at the Parson. "St—St—at him! Well, Master Dale, what do you say to that?"

"My dear ma'am," said the Parson, replying in preference to the lady, "there are many institutions in the country which are very old, look very decayed, and don't seem of much use; but I would not pull them down for all that."

"You would reform them, then;" said Mrs Hazelden, doubtfully, and with a look at her husband, as much as to say, "He is on politics now—that's your business."

"No, I would not, ma'am," said the Parson stoutly.

"What on earth would you do, then?" quoth the Squire.

"Just let 'em alone," said the Parson. "Master Frank, there's a Latin maxim which was often in the mouth of Sir Robert Walpole, and which they ought to put into the Eton grammar—'*Quiesca non movere*.' If things are quiet, let them be quiet! I would not destroy the stocks, because that might seem to the ill-

disposed like a license to offend, and I would not repair the stocks, because that puts it into people's heads to get into them."

The Squire was a staunch politician of the old school, and he did not like to think that in repairing the stocks he had perhaps been conniving at revolutionary principles.

"This constant desire of innovation," said Miss Jemima, suddenly mounting the more funeral of her two favourite hobbies, "is one of the great symptoms of the approaching crash. We are altering, and mending, and reforming, when in twenty years at the utmost the world itself may be destroyed!" The fair speaker paused, and—

Captain Barnabas said, thoughtfully—"Twenty years!—the insurance offices rarely compute the best life at more than fourteen." He struck his hand on the stocks as he spoke, and added with his usual consolatory conclusion:—"The odds are, that it will last our time, Squire."

But whether Captain Barnabas meant the stocks or the world, he did not clearly explain, and no one took the trouble to inquire.

"Sir," said Master Frank, to his father, with that furtive spirit of quizzing, which he had acquired amongst other polite accomplishments at Eton—"Sir, it is no use now considering whether the stocks should or should not have been repaired. The only question is, whom you will get to put into them."

"True," said the Squire, with much gravity.

"Yes, there it is!" said the Parson, mournfully. "If you would but learn '*non quiesca movere*!'"

"Don't spout your Latin at me, Parson!" cried the Squire, angrily. "I can give you as good as you bring any day."

Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur mascula dicās,—
As in presenti, perfectum format in avi."

"There," added the Squire, turning triumphantly towards his Harry, who looked with great admiration at this unprecedented burst of learning on the part of Mr Hazelden—"There, two can play at that game! And now that we have all seen the

stocks, we may as well go home, and drink tea. Will you come up and play a rubber, Dale? No!—hang it, man, I've not offended you—you know my ways."

"That I do, and they are among the things I would not have altered," cried the Parson—holding out his hand cheerfully. The Squire gave it a hearty shake, and Mrs Hazeldean hastened to do the same. "Do come; I am afraid we've been very rude; we are sad blunt folks. Do come; that's a dear good man; and of course poor Mrs Dale too." Mrs Hazeldean's favourite epithet for Mrs Dale was *poor*, and that for reasons to be explained hereafter.

"I fear my wife has got one of her bad headaches, but I will give her your kind message, and at all events you may depend upon me."

"That's right," cried the Squire, "in half-an-hour, eh?—How d'ye do, my little man?" as Lenny Fairfield, on his way home from some errand in the village, drew aside and pulled off his hat with both hands. "Stop—you see those stocks—eh? Tell all the bad little boys in the parish to take care how they get into them—a sad disgrace—you'll never be in such a quandary!"

"That at least I will answer for," said the Parson.

"And I too," added Mrs Hazeldean, patting the boy's curly head. "Tell your mother I shall come and have a good chat with her to-morrow evening."

And so the party passed on, and Lenny stood still on the road, staring hard at the stocks, which stared back at him from its four great eyes.

But Lenny did not remain long alone. As soon as the great folks had fairly disappeared, a large number of small folks emerged timorously from the neighbouring cottages, and approached the site of the stocks with much marvel, fear, and curiosity.

In fact, the renovated appearance of this monster—à *goupes de bottles*, as one may say—had already excited considerable sensation among the population of Hazeldean. And even as when an unexpected owl makes his appearance in broad daylight, all the little birds rise from tree and hedge-row, and cluster round their ominous

enemy, so now gathered all the much excited villagers round the intrusive and portentous Phenomenon.

"D'ye know what the diggings the Squire did it for, Gaffer Solomons?" asked one many-childed matron, with a baby in arms, an urchin of three years old clinging fast to her petticoat, and her hand maternally holding back a more adventurous hero of six, who had a great desire to thrust his head into one of the grisly apertures. All eyes turned to a sage old man, the oracle of the village, who, leaning both hands on his crutch, shook his head bodingly.

"Maw be," said Gaffer Solomons, "some of the boys ha' been robbing the orchards."

"Orchards!"—cried a big lad who seemed to think himself personally appealed to—"why, the bud's scarce off the trees yet!"

"No more it in't!" said the dame with many children, and she breathed more freely.

"Maw be," said Gaffer Solomons, "some o' ye has been sittin' snares."

"What for?" said a stout sullen-looking young fellow, whom conscience possibly pricked to reply. "What for, when it beaut the season? And if a poor man did find a hear in his pocket i' the haytime, I should like to know if ever a squire in the world would let an off wi' the stocks—eh?"

That last question seemed a settler, and the wisdom of Gaffer Solomons went down fifty per cent in the public opinion of Hazeldean.

"Maw be," said the Gaffer, this time with a thrilling effect, which restored his reputation—"Maw be some o' ye ha' been getting drunk, and making beestises o' yoursels!"

There was a dead pause, for this suggestion applied too generally to be met with a solitary response. At last one of the women said, with a meaning glance at her husband, "God bless the Squire; he'll make some on us happy women if that's all!"

There then arose an almost unanimous murmur of approbation among the female part of the audience; and the men looked at each other, and then at the Phenomenon, with a very hang-dog expression of countenance.

"Or, may be," resumed Gaffer Solomons, encouraged to a fourth suggestion by the success of his predecessors—"Maw besome o' the Misses as has been making a rampus, and scolding their goodmen. I heard say in my granfeyther's time, that arter old Mother Bang nigh died o' the ducking-stool, them 'ere stocks were first made for the women, out o' compassion like! And every one knows the Squire is a kind-hearted man, God bless un!"

"God bless un!" cried the men heartily; and they gathered lovingly round the Phenomenon, like heathens of old round a tutelary temple. But then rose one shrill clamour among the females, as they retreated with involuntary steps towards the verge of the green, whence they glared at Solomons and the Phenomenon with eyes so sparkling, and pointed at both with gestures so menacing, that Heaven only knows if a morsel of either would have remained much longer to offend the eyes of the justly enraged matronage of Hazeldean, if fortunately Master Stirn, the Squire's right-hand man, had not come up in the nick of time.

Master Stirn was a formidable personage—more formidable than the Squire himself—as, indeed, a Squire's right-hand is generally more formidable than the head can pretend to be. He inspired the greater awe, because, like the stocks, of which he was deputed guardian, his powers were undefined and obscure, and he had no particular place in the out-of-door establishment. He was not the steward, yet he did much of what ought to be the steward's work: he was not the farm-bailiff, for the Squire called himself his own farm-bailiff; nevertheless, Mr Hazeldean sowed and ploughed, cropped and stocked, bought and sold, very much as Mr Stirn condescended to advise. He was not the park-keeper, for he neither shot the deer nor superintended the preserves; but it was he who always found out who had broken a park-pale or snared a rabbit. In short, what may be called all the harsher duties of a landed proprietor devolved by custom and choice upon Mr Stirn. If a labourer was to be discharged, or a rept enforced, and the Squire knew

that he should be talked over, and that the steward would be as soft as himself, Mr Stirn was sure to be the avenging *αγγελος* or messenger, to pronounce the words of fate; so that he appeared to the inhabitants of Hazeldean like the Poet's *Sava Necessitas*, a vague incarnation of remorseless power, armed with whips, nails, and wedges. The very brute creation stood in awe of Mr Stirn. The calves knew that it was he who singled out which should be sold to the butcher, and ~~headed up~~ ^{headed up} into a corner with beating hearts at his grim footstep; the ~~few~~ ^{few} grafted, the duck quacked, the hen bristled her feathers and called to her chicks when Mr Stirn drew near. Nature had set her stamp upon him. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the great M. de Chambray himself, surnamed the Brave, had an aspect so awe-inspiring as that of Mr Stirn; albeit the face of that hero was so terrible, that a man who had been his lackey, seeing his portrait after he had been dead twenty years, fell a trembling all over like a leaf!

"And what the plague are you all doing here?" said Mr Stirn, as he waved and smacked a great cart-whip which he held in his hand, "making such a hullabaloo, you women, you! that I suspect the Squire will be sending out to know if the village is on fire. Go home, will ye? High time indeed to have the stocks ready, when you get squalling and conspiring under the very nose of a justice of the peace, just as the French Revolutioners did afore they cut off their King's head: my hair stands on end to look at ye." But already, before half this address was delivered, the crowd had dispersed in all directions—the women still keeping together, and the men ~~breaking off~~ ^{breaking off} towards the ale-house. Such was the beneficent effect of the fatal stocks on the first day of their resuscitation!

However, in the break up of every crowd there must be always some one who gets off the last; and it so happened that our friend Lenny Fairfield, who had mechanically approached close to the stocks, the better to hear the oracular opinions of Gaffer Solomons, had no less mechanically, on the abrupt appearance of Mr Stirn, crept, as he hoped, out of

sight, behind the trunk of the elm tree which partially shaded the stocks; and there now, as if fascinated, he still cowered, not daring to emerge in full view of Mr Stirn, and in immediate reach of the cart-whip,—when the quick eye of the right-hand man detected his retreat.

"Hallo, you sir — what the deuce, laying a mine to blow up the stocks! just like Guy Fox and the Gunpowder Plot, I declares! What ha' you got in your willanous little fist there?"

"Nothing, sir," said Lenny, opening his palm.

"Nothing — um!" said Mr Stirn much dissatisfied: and then, as he gazed more deliberately, recognising the pattern boy of the village, a cloud yet darker gathered over his brow; for Mr Stirn, who valued himself much on his learning — and who, indeed, by dint of more knowledge as well as more wit than his neighbours, had attained his present eminent station in life — was extremely anxious that his only son should also be a scholar; that wish,

"The gods dispeted in empty air."

Master Stirn was a notable dunce at the Parson's school, while Lenny Fairfield was the pride and boast of it; therefore Mr Stirn was naturally, and almost justifiably ill-disposed towards Lenny Fairfield, who had appropriated to himself the praises which Mr Stirn had designed for his son.

"Um!" said the right-hand man, glowering on Lenny malignantly, "you are the pattern boy of the village, are you? Very well, sir—then I put these here stocks under your care—and you'll keep off the other boys from sitting on 'em, and picking off the paint, and playing three holes and chuck farthing, as I declare they've

been a-doing, just in front of the elevation. Now you knows your responsibilities, little boy—and a great honour they are too, for the like o' you. If any damage be done, it is to you I shall look; d'ye understand? and that's what the Squire says to me. So you sees what it is to be a pattern boy, Master Lenny!"

With that Mr Stirn gave a lead crack of the cart-whip, by way of military honours, over the head of the vicegerent he had thus created, and strode off to pay a visit to two young unsuspecting pups, whose ears and tails he had graciously promised their proprietor to crop that evening. Nor, albeit few charges could be more obnoxious than that of deputy governor or *chargé-d'affaires extraordinaire* to the Parish Stocks, nor one more likely to render Lenny Fairfield odious to his contemporaries, ought he to have been insensible to the signal advantage of his condition over that of the two sufferers, against whose ears and tails Mr Stirn had no especial motives of resentment. To every bad there is a worse—and fortunately for little boys, and even for grown men, whom the Stirns of the world regard malignly, the majesty of law protects their ears, and the merciful forethought of nature deprived their remote ancestors of the privilege of entailing tails upon them. Had it been otherwise—considering what handles tails would have given to the oppressor, how many traps envy would have laid for them, how often they must have been scratched and mutilated by the briars of life, how many good excuses would have been found for lopping, docking, and trimming them—I fear that only the lap-dogs of fortune would have gone to the grave tail-whole.

CHAPTER XII.

The card-table was set out in the drawing-room at Hazeldean Hall; though the little party were still lingering in the deep recess of the large bay window—which (in itself of dimensions that would have swallowed up a moderate-sized London parLOUR) held the great round tea-table, with all appliances and means to boot

—for the beautiful summer moon shed on the sward so silvery a lustre, and the trees cast so quiet a shadow, and the flowers and new-mown hay sent up so grateful a perfume, that, to close the windows, draw the curtains, and call for other lights than those of heaven, would have been an abuse of the prose of life which even Captain

Barnabas, who regarded whist as the business of town and the holiday of the country, shrank from suggesting. Without, the scene, beheld by the clear moonlight, had the beauty peculiar to the garden ground round those old-fashioned country residences which, though a little modernised, still preserve their original character: the velvet lawn, studded with large plots of flowers, shaded and scented here to the left by lilacs, laburnums, and rich seringas—there, to the right, giving glimpses, over low-clipped yews, of a green bowling alley, with the white columns of a summerhouse built after the Dutch taste, in the reign of William III.; and in front—stealing away under covert of those still cedars, into the wilder landscape of the well-wooded undulating park. Within, viewed by the placid glimmer of the moon, the scene was no less characteristic of the abodes of that race which has no parallel in other lands, and which, alas, is somewhat losing its native idiosyncrasies in this—the stout country gentleman, not the fine gentleman of the country—the country gentleman somewhat softened and civilised from the mere sportsman or farmer, but still plain and homely, relinquishing the old hall for the drawing-room, and with books not three months' old on his table, instead of *Fox's Martyrs* and *Baker's Chronicle*—yet still retaining many a sacred old prejudice, that, like the knots in his native oak, rather adds to the ornament of the grain than takes from the strength of the tree. Opposite to the window, the high chimney-piece rose to the heavy cornice of the ceiling, with dark pannels glistening against the moonlight. The broad and rather clumsy chintz sofas and settees of the reign of George III., contrasted at intervals with the tall backed chairs of a far more distant generation, when ladies in fardingales, and gentlemen in trunkhose, seem never to have indulged in horizontal positions. The walls, of shining wainscot, were thickly covered, chiefly with family pictures; though now and then some Dutch fair, or battle-piece, showed that a former proprietor had been less exclusive in his taste for the arts. The pianoforte stood open near the fireplace; a long

dwarf bookcase, at the far end, added its sober smile to the room. That bookcase contained what was called "The Lady's Library," a collection commenced by the Squire's grandmother, of pious memory, and completed by his mother, who had more taste for the lighter letters, with but little addition from the bibliomaniac tendencies of the present Mrs Hazeldean—who, being no great reader, contented herself with subscribing to the Book Club. In this feminine Bodleian, the sermons collected by Mrs Hazeldean, the grandmother, stood cheek-by-jowl beside the novels purchased by Mrs Hazeldean, the mother.

Mistake ridenti fundet colocasia acantho!

But to be sure, the novels, in spite of very inflammatory titles, such as "Fatal Sensibility," "Errors of the Heart," &c., were so harmless that I doubt if the sermons could have had much to say against their next-door neighbours—and that is all that can be expected by the best of us.

A parrot dozing on his perch—some gold fish fast asleep in their glass bowl—two or three dogs on the rug, and Flimsey, Miss Jemima's spaniel, curled into a ball on the softest sofa—Mrs Hazeldean's work-table, rather in disorder, as if it had been lately used—the *St James's Chronicle* dangling down from a little tripod near the Squire's arm-chair—a high screen of gilt and stamped leather fencing off the card-table: all these, dispersed about a room large enough to hold them all and not seem crowded, offered many a pleasant resting-place for the eye, when it turned from the world of nature to the home of man.

But see, Captain Barnabas, fortified by his fourth cup of tea, has at length summoned courage to whisper to Mrs Hazeldean, "don't you think the Parson will be impatient for his rubber?" Mrs Hazeldean glanced at the Parson, and smiled; but she gave the signal to the Captain, and the bell was rung, lights were brought in, the curtains let down; in a few moments more the group had collected round the card-tables. The best of us are but human—that is not a new truth, I confess, but yet people forget it every day of their lives—and I dare say there

are many who are charitably thinking at this very moment, that my Parson ought not to be playing at whist. All I can say to those rigid disciplinarians is, "Every man has his favourite sin: whist was Parson Dale's!—ladies and gentlemen, what is yours?" In truth, I must not set up my poor parson, now-a-days, as a pattern parson—it is enough to have one pattern in a village no bigger than Hazeldean, and we all know that Lenny Fairfield has bespoken that place,—and got the patronage of the stocks for his emoluments! Parson Dale was ordained, not indeed so very long ago, but still at a time when churchmen took it a great deal more easily than they do now. The elderly parson of that day played his rubber as a matter of course, the middle-aged parson was sometimes seen riding to cover, (I knew a schoolmaster, a doctor of divinity, and an excellent man, whose pupils were chiefly taken from the highest families in England, who hunted regularly three times a-week during the season.) and the young parson would often sing a capital song—not composed by David—and join in those rotatory dances, which certainly David never danced before the ark.

Does it need so long a prolegomenon to excuse thee, poor Parson Dale, for turning up that ace of spades with so triumphant a smile at thy partner? I must own that nothing that well could add to the Parson's offence was wanting. In the first place, he did not play charitably, and merely to oblige other people. He delighted in the game—he rejoiced in the game—his whole heart was in the game—neither was he indifferent to the mammon of the thing, as a Christian pastor ought to have been. He looked very sad when he took his shillings out of his purse, and exceedingly pleased when he put the shillings that had just before belonged to other people into it. Finally, by one of those arrangements common with married people, who play at the same table, Mr and Mrs Hazeldean were invariably partners, and no two people could play worse; while Captain Barnabas, who had played at Graham's with honour and profit, necessarily became partner to Parson Dale, who

himself played a good steady parsonic game. So that, in strict truth, it was hardly fair play—it was almost swindling—the combination of these two great dons against that innocent married couple! Mr Dale, it is true, was aware of this disproportion of force, and had often proposed either to change partners or to give odds, propositions always scornfully scouted by the Squire and his lady; so that the Parson was obliged to pocket his conscience, together with the ten points which made his average winnings.

The strangest thing in the world is the different way in which whist affects the temper. It is no test of temper, as some pretend—not at all! The best tempered people in the world grow snappish at whist; and I have seen the most testy and peevish in the ordinary affairs of life bear their losses with the stoicism of Epictetus. This was notably manifested in the contrast between the present adversaries of the Hall and the Rectory. The Squire, who was esteemed as choleric a gentleman as most in the county, was the best-humoured fellow you could imagine when you set him down to whist opposite the sunny face of his wife. You never heard one of these incorrigible blunderers scold each other; on the contrary, they only laughed when they threw away the game, with four by honours in their hands. The utmost that was ever said was a "Well, Harry, that was the oddest trump of yours. Ho—ho—ho!" or a "Bless me, Hazeldean—why, they made three tricks, and you had the ace in your hand all the time! Ha—ha—ha!"

Upon which occasions Captain Barnabas, with great good humour, always echoed both the Squire's ho—ho—ho! and Mrs Hazeldean's ha—ha—ha!

Not so the Parson. "He had so keen and sportsmanlike an interest in the game, that even his adversaries' mistakes ruffled him. And you would hear him, with elevated voice and agitated gestures, laying down the law, quoting Hoyle, appealing to all the powers of memory and common sense against the very delinquencies by which he was enriched—a waste of eloquence that always heightened the

hilarity of Mr and Mrs Hazeldean. While these four were thus engaged, Mrs Dale, who had come with her husband despite her headache, sat on the sofa beside Miss Jemima, or rather beside Miss Jemima's Flimsey, which had already secured the centre of the sofa, and snarled at the very idea of being disturbed. And Master Frank—at a table by himself—was employed sometimes in looking at his pumps, and sometimes at Gilray's Caricatures, with which his mother had provided him for his intellectual requirements. Mrs Dale, in her heart, liked Miss Jemima better than Mrs Hazeldean, of whom she was rather in awe, notwithstanding they had been little girls together, and occasionally still called each other Harry and Carry. But those tender diminutives belonged to the "Dear" genus, and were rarely employed by the ladies, except at those times when—had they been little girls still, and the governess out of the way—they would have slapped and pinched each other. Mrs Dale was still a very pretty woman, as Mrs Hazeldean was still a very fine woman. Mrs Dale painted in water colours and sang, and made card-racks and pen-holders, and was called an "elegant accomplished woman." Mrs Hazeldean cast up the Squire's accounts, wrote the best part of his letters, kept a large establishment in excellent order, and was called "a clever, sensible woman." Mrs Dale had headaches and nerves, Mrs Hazeldean had neither nerves nor headaches. Mrs Dale said, "Harry had no real harm in her, but was certainly very masculine." Mrs Hazeldean said, "Carry would be a good creature, but for her airs and graces." Mrs Dale said Mrs Hazeldean was "just made to be a country squire's lady." Mrs Hazeldean said, "Mrs Dale was the last person in the world who ought to have been a parson's wife." Carry, when she spoke of Harry to a third person, said, "Dear Mrs Hazeldean." Harry, when she referred incidentally to Carry, said, "Dear Mrs Dale." And now the reader knows why Mrs Hazeldean called Mrs Dale "poor," at least as well as I do. For, after all, the word belonged to that class in the female vocabulary which may be called "ob-

scure significants," resembling the *Konx Om Pax*, which hath so puzzled the inquirers into the Eleusinian Mysteries; the application is rather to be illustrated than the meaning to be exactly explained.

"That's really a sweet little dog of yours, Jemima," said Mrs Dale, who was embroidering the word *CAROLINE* on the border of a cambric pocket-handkerchief, but edging a little farther off, as she added, "he'll not bite, will he?" "Dear me, no!" said Miss Jemima; but (she added, in a confidential whisper,) "don't say *he*—'tis a lady dog!" "Oh," said Mrs Dale, edging off still farther, as if that confession of the creature's sex did not serve to allay her apprehensions—"oh, then, you carry your aversion to the gentlemen even to lap-dogs—that is being consistent indeed, Jemima!"

MISS JEMIMA.—"I had a gentleman dog once—a pug!—they are getting very scarce now. I thought he was so fond of me—he snapped at every one else—the banties I fought for him! Well, will you believe,—I had been staying with my friend Miss Smilecox at Cheltenham. Knowing that William is so hasty, and his boots are so thick, I trembled to think what a kick might do. So, on coming here, I left Buff—that was his name—with Miss Smilecox." (A pause.)

MRS DALE, looking up languidly.—"Well, my love."

MISS JEMIMA.—"Will you believe it, I say, when I returned to Cheltenham, only three months afterwards, Miss Smilecox had seduced his affections from me, and the ungrateful creature did not even know me again. A pug, too—yet people *say* pugs are faithful!!! I am sure they ought to be, nasty things. I have never had a gentleman dog since—they are all alike, believe me—heartless, selfish creatures."

MRS DALE.—"Pugs? I dare say they are!"

MISS JEMIMA, with spirit.—"Men!—I told you it was a gentleman dog!"

MRS DALE, apologetically.—"True, my love, but the whole thing was so mixed up!"

MISS JEMIMA.—"You saw that cold-blooded case of Breach of Promise of Marriage in the papers—an

old wretch, too, of sixty-four. No age makes them a bit better. And when one thinks that the end of all flesh is approaching, and that—"

MRS DALE, quickly, for she prefers Miss Jemima's other hobby to that black one upon which she is preparing to precede the bier of the universe.—"Yes, my love, we'll avoid that subject, if you please. Mr Dale has his own opinions, and it becomes me, you know, as a parson's wife," (said smilingly; Mrs Dale has as pretty a dimple as any of Miss Jemima's, and makes more of that one than Miss Jemima of three,) "to agree with him—that is, in theology."

MISS JEMIMA, earnestly.—"But the thing is so clear, if you would but look into—"

MRS DALE, putting her hand on Miss Jemima's lips playfully.—"Not a word more. Pray, what do you think of the Squire's tenant at the Casuo, Signor Riccabocca? An interesting creature, is not he?"

MISS JEMIMA.—"Interesting! Not to me. Interesting? Why is he interesting?"

Mrs Dale is silent, and turns her handkerchief in her pretty little white hands, appearing to contemplate the R in Caroline.

MISS JEMIMA, half pettishly, half coaxingly.—"Why is he interesting? I scarcely ever looked at him; they say he smokes, and never eats. Ugly, too!"

MRS DALE.—"Ugly—no. A fine head—very like Dante's—but what is beauty?"

MISS JEMIMA.—"Very true; what is it indeed? Yes, as you say, I think there is something interesting about him; he looks melancholy, but that may be because he is poor."

MRS DALE.—"It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves. Charles and I were very poor once—before the Squire ——" Mrs Dale paused, looked towards the Squire, and murmured a blessing, the warmth of which brought tears into her eyes.

"Yes," she added, after a pause, "we were very poor, but we were happy even then, more thanks to Charles than to me," and tears from a new source again dimmed those quick lively eyes, as the little woman gazed fondly on her husband, whose brows

were knit into a black frown over a bad hand.

MISS JEMIMA.—"It is only those horrid men who think of money as a source of happiness. I should be the last person to esteem a gentleman less because he was poor."

MRS DALE.—"I wonder the Squire does not ask Signor Riccabocca here more often. Such an acquisition we find him!"

The Squire's voice from the card table.—"Whom ought I to ask more often, Mrs Dale?"

Parson's voice impatiently.—"Come—come—come, Squire: play to my queen of diamonds—do!"

SQUIRE.—"There, I trump it—pick up the trick, Mrs H."

PARSON.—"Stop! stop! trump my diamond?"

The Captain, solemnly.—"Trick turned—play on, Squire."

SQUIRE.—"The king of diamonds."

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"Lord! Hazeldean—why, that's the most barefaced revoke—ha—ha—ha! trumpet the queen of diamonds and play out the king! well I never—ha—ha—ha!"

CAPTAIN BARNABAS, in tenor.—"Ha, ha, ha!"

SQUIRE.—"And so I have, bless my soul—ho, ho, ho!"

CAPTAIN BARNABAS, in base.—"Ho—ho—ho."

Parson's voice raised, but drowned by the laughter of his adversaries and the firm clear tone of Captain Barnabas:—"Three to our score!—game!"

SQUIRE, wiping his eyes.—"No help for it, Harry—deal forme! Whom ought I to ask, Mrs Dale? (waxing angry.) First time I ever heard the hospitality of Hazeldean called in question!"

MRS DALE.—"My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons, but listeners—you know the proverb."

SQUIRE, growling like a bear.—"I hear nothing but proverbs ever since we have had that Mounseer among us. Please to speak plainly, marm."

MRS DALE, sliding into a little temper at being thus roughly accosted.—"It was of Mounseer, as you call him, that I spoke, Mr Hazeldean."

SQUIRE.—"What! Rickeybockey?"

MRS DALE, attempting the pure Italian accentuation.—"Signor Riccabocca."

PARSON, slapping his cards on the table in despair.—“Are we playing at whist, or are we not?”

The Squire, who is fourth player, drops the king to Captain Higginbotham's lead of the ace of hearts. Now the Captain has left queen, knave, and two other hearts—four trumps to the queen and nothing to win a trick with in the two other suits. This hand is therefore precisely one of those in which, especially after the fall of that king of hearts in the adversary's hand, it becomes a matter of reasonable doubt whether to lead trumps or not. The Captain hesitates, and not liking to play out his good hearts with the certainty of their being trumped by the Squire, nor, on the other hand, liking to open the other suits in which he has not a card that can assist his partner, resolves, as becomes a military man, in such dilemma, to make a bold push and lead out trumps, in the chance of finding his partner strong, and so bringing in his long suit.

SQUIRE, taking advantage of the much meditating pause made by the Captain.—“Mrs Dale, it is not my fault. I have asked Rickeyhockey—time out of mind. But I suppose I am not fine enough for those foreign chaps—he won't come—that's all I know!”

PARSON, aghast at seeing the Captain play out trumps, of which he, Mr Dale, has only two, wherewith he expects to ruff the suit of spades of which he has only one, (the cards all falling insuits) while he has not a single other chance of a trick in his hand.—“Really, Squire, we had better give up playing if you put out my partner in this extraordinary way—jabber—jabber—jabber!”

SQUIRE.—“Well, we must be good children, Harry. What!—trumps, Barney? Thank ye for that!” And the Squire might well be grateful, for the unfortunate adversary has led up to ace king knave—with two other trumps. Squire takes the Parson's ten with his knave, and plays out ace king; then, having cleared all the trumps except the Captain's queen and his own remaining two, leads off tierce major in that very suit of spades of which the Parson has only one, —and the Captain, indeed, but two—forces out the Captain's queen, and wins the game in a canter.

PARSON, with a look at the Captain which might have become the awful brows of Jove, when about to thunder.—“That, I suppose, is the new-fashioned London play! In my time the rule was ‘First save the game, then try to win it.’”

CAPTAIN.—“Could not save it, sir.”

PARSON, exploding.—“Not save it!—two ruffs in my own hand—two tricks certain till you took them out! Monstrous! The rashest trump!” Seizes the cards—spreads them on the table, lip quivering, hands trembling—tries to show how five tricks could have been gained—(N.B. it is *short* whist, which Captain Barnabas had introduced at the Hall) can't make out more than four—Captain smiles triumphantly—Parson in a passion, and not at all convinced, mixes all the cards together again, and falling back in his chair, groans, with tears in his voice.—“The cruellest trump! the most wanton cruelty!”

The Hazeldeans in chorus.—“Ho—ho—ho! Ha—ha—ha!”

The Captain, who does not laugh this time, and whose turn it is to deal, shuffles the cards for the conquering game of the rubber with as much caution and prolixity as Fabius might have employed in posting his men. The Squire gets up to stretch his legs, and, the insinuation against his hospitality recurring to his thoughts, calls out to his wife—“Write to Rickeyhockey to-morrow yourself, Harry, and ask him to come and spend two or three days here. There, Mrs Dale, you hear me?”

“Yes,” said Mrs Dale, putting her hands to her ears in implied rebuke at the loudness of the Squire's tone. “My dear sir, do remember that I'm a sad nervous creature.”

“Beg pardon,” muttered Mr Hazeldean, turning to his son, who, having got tired of the caricatures, had fished out for himself the great folio County History, which was the only book in the library that the Squire much valued, and which he usually kept under lock and key, in his study, together with the field-books and steward's accounts, but which he had reluctantly taken into the drawing-room that day, in order to oblige Captain Higginbotham. For the Higginbothams—an old Saxon family, as

the name evidently denotes—had once possessed lands in that very county. And the Captain—during his visits to Hazeldean Hall—was regularly in the habit of asking to look into the County History, for the purpose of refreshing his eyes, and renovating his sense of ancestral dignity with the following paragraph therein:—"To the left of the village of Dunder, and pleasantly situated in a hollow, lies Botham Hall, the residence of the ancient family of Higginbotham, as it is now commonly called. Yet it appears by the county rolls, and sundry old deeds, that the family formerly styled itself Higges, till, the Manor House lying in Botham, they gradually assumed the appellation of Higges-in-botham, and in process of time, yielding to the corruptions of the vulgar, Higginbotham."

"What, Frank! my County History!" cried the Squire. "Mrs H. he has got my County History!"

"Well, Hazeldean, it is time he should know something about the County."

"Ay, and History too," said Mrs Dale, malevolently—for the little temper was by no means blown over.

FRANK.—"I'll not hurt it, I assure you, sir. But I'm very much interested just at present."

THE CAPTAIN, putting down the cards to cut.—"You've got hold of that passage about Botham Hall, page 706, eh?"

FRANK.—"No; I was trying to make out how far it is to Mr Leslie's place, Rood Hall. Do you know, mother?"

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"I can't say I do. The Leslies don't mix with the county; and Rood lies very much out of the way."

FRANK.—"Why don't they mix with the county?"

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"I believe they are poor, and therefore I suppose they are proud: they are an old family."

PARSON, thrumming on the table with great impatience.—"Old fiddle-dee!—talking of old families when the cards have been shuffled this half hour!"

CAPTAIN BARNABAS.—"Will you cut for your partner, ma'am?"

SQUIRE, who has been listening to

Frank's inquiries with a musing air.—"Why do you want to know the distance to Rood Hall?"

FRANK, rather hesitatingly.—"Because Randal Leslie is there for the holidays, sir."

PARSON.—"Your wife has cut for you, Mr Hazeldean. I don't think it was quite fair; and my partner has turned up a deuce—deuce of hearts. Please to come and play, if you *mean* to play."

The Squire returns to the table, and in a few minutes the game is decided by a dexterous finesse of the Captain against the Hazeldeans. The clock strikes ten: the servants enter with a tray; the Squire counts up his own and his wife's losings; and the Captain and Parson divide sixteen shillings between them.

SQUIRE.—"There, Parson, I hope now you'll be in a better humour. You win enough out of us to set up a coach and four."

"Tut!" muttered the Parson; "at the end of the year, I'm not a penny the richer for it all."

And, indeed, monstrous as that assertion seemed, it was perfectly true, for the Parson portioned out his gains into three divisions. One-third he gave to Mrs Dale, for her own special pocket-money; what became of the second third he never owned, even to his better half—but certain it was, that every time the Parson won seven-and-sixpence, half-a-crown, which nobody could account for, found its way to the poor-box; while the remaining third, the Parson, it is true, openly and avowedly retained: but I have no manner of doubt that, at the year's end, it got to the poor quite as safely as if it had been put into the box.

The party had now gathered round the tray, and were helping themselves to wine and water, or wine without water—except Frank, who still remained poring over the map in the County History, with his head leaning on his hands, and his fingers plunged in his hair.

"Frank," said Mrs Hazeldean, "I never saw you so studious before."

Frank started up, and coloured, as if ashamed of being accused of too much study in anything.

The Squire, with a little embarrassment in his voice.—"Pray, Frank,

what do you know of Randal Leslie?"

"Why, sir, he is at Eton."

"What sort of a boy is he?" asked Mrs Hazeldean.

Frank hesitated, as if reflecting, and then answered—"They say he is the cleverest boy in the school. But then he saps."

"In other words," said Mr Dale, with proper parsonic gravity, "he understands that he was sent to school to learn his lessons, and he learns them. You call that sapping—I call it doing his duty. But pray, who and what is this Randal Leslie, that you look so discomposed, Squire?"

"Who and what is he?" repeated the Squire, in a low growl. "Why, you know, Mr Audley Egerton married Miss Leslie the great heiress; and this boy is a relation of hers. I may say," added the Squire, "that he is as near a relation of mine, for his grandmother was a Hazeldean. But all I know about the Leslies is, that Mr Egerton, as I am told, having no children of his own, took up young Randal, (when his wife died, poor woman,) pays for his schooling, and has, I suppose, adopted the boy as his heir. Quite welcome. Frank and I want nothing from Mr Audley Egerton, thank heaven."

"I can well believe in your brother's generosity to his wife's kindred," said the Parson sturdily, "for I am sure Mr Egerton is a man of strong feeling."

"What the deuce do you know about Mr Egerton? I don't suppose you could ever have even spoken to him."

"Yes," said the Parson, colouring up, and looking confused, "I had some conversation with him once;" and observing the Squire's surprise, he added—"when I was curate at Lansmere—and about a painful business connected with the family of one of my parishioners."

"Oh! one of your parishioners at Lansmere—one of the constituents Mr Audley Egerton threw over, after all the pains I had taken to get him his seat. Rather odd you should never have mentioned this before, Mr Dale!"

"My dear sir," said the Parson, sinking his voice, and in a mild tone of conciliatory expostulation, "you are so irritable whenever Mr

Egerton's name is mentioned at all."

"Irritable!" exclaimed the Squire, whose wrath had been long simmering, and now fairly boiled over.—"Irritable, sir! I should think so: a man for whom I stood godfather at the hustings, Mr Dale! a man for whose sake I was called a 'prize ox,' Mr Dale! a man for whom I was hissed in a market-place, Mr Dale! a man for whom I was shot at, in cold blood, by an officer in his Majesty's service, who lodged a ball in my right shoulder, Mr Dale! a man who had the ingratitude, after all this, to turn his back on the lauded interest—to deny that there was any agricultural distress in a year which broke three of the best farmers I ever had, Mr Dale!—a man, sir, who made a speech on the Currency which was complimented by Ricardo, a Jew! Good heavens! a pretty parson you are, to stand up for a fellow complimented by a Jew! Nice ideas you must have of Christianity. Irritable, sir!" now fairly roared the Squire, adding to the thunder of his voice the cloud of a brow, which evinced a menacing ferocity that might have done honour to Bussy d'Amboise or Fighting Fitzgerald. "Sir, if that man had not been my own half-brother, I'd have called him out. I have stood my ground before now. I have had a ball in my right shoulder. Sir, I'd have called him out."

"Mr Hazeldean! Mr Hazeldean! I'm shocked at you," cried the Parson; and, putting his lips close to the Squire's ear, he went on in a whisper—"What an example to your son! You'll have him fighting duels one of these days, and nobody to blame but yourself."

This warning cooled Mr Hazeldean; and, muttering, "Why the deuce did you set me off?" he fell back into his chair, and began to fan himself with his pocket-handkerchief.

The Parson skillfully and remorselessly pursued the advantage he had gained. "And now, that you may have it in your power to show civility and kindness to a boy whom Mr Egerton has taken up, out of respect to his wife's memory—a kinsman, you say, of your own—and who has never offended you—a boy whose diligence in his studies proves him

to be an excellent companion to your son;—Frank," (here the Parson raised his voice.) "I suppose you wanted to call on young Leslie, as you were studying the county map so attentively?"

"Why, yes," answered Frank, rather timidly, "if my father did not object to it. Leslie has been very kind to me, though he is in the sixth form, and, indeed, almost the head of the school."

"Ah," said Mrs Hazeldean, "one studious boy has a fellow-feeling for another; and though you enjoy your holidays, Frank, I am sure you read hard at school."

Mrs Dale opened her eyes very wide, and stared in astonishment.

MRS HAZELDEAN retorted that look with great animation. "Yes, Carry," said she, tossing her head, "though you may not think Frank clever, his masters find him so. He got a prize last half. That beautiful book, Frank—hold up your head, my love—what did you get it for?"

FRANK, reluctantly. — "Verses, ma'am."

MRS HAZELDEAN, with triumph. — "Verses!—there, Carry, verses!"

FRANK, in a hurried tone. — "Yes, but Leslie wrote them for me."

MRS HAZELDEAN, recoiling. — "O Frank! a prize for what another did for you—that was mean."

FRANK, ingenuously. — "You can't be more ashamed, mother, than I was when they gave me the prize."

MRS DALE, though previously provoked at being snubbed by Harry, now showing the triumph of generosity over temper. — "I beg your pardon, Frank. Your mother must be as proud of that shame as she was of the prize."

Mrs Hazeldean puts her arm round Frank's neck, smiles beamingly on Mrs Dale, and converses with her son in a low tone about Randal Leslie. Miss Jemima now approached Carry, and said in an "aside,"—"But we are forgetting poor Mr Riccabocca. Mrs Hazeldean, though the dearest creature in the world, has such a blunt way of inviting people—don't you think if you were to say a word to him, Carry?"

MRS DALE kindly, as she wraps her shawl round her. — "Suppose you

writes the note yourself. Meanwhile, I shall see him, no doubt."

PARSON, putting his hand on the Squire's shoulder. — "You forgive my impertinence, my kind friend. We parsons, you know, are apt to take strange liberties, when we honour and love folks, as I do you."

"Pish!" said the Squire, but his hearty smile came to his lips in spite of himself. — "You always get your own way, and I suppose Frank must ride over and see this pet of my—"

"Brother's," quoth the Parson, concluding the sentence in a tone which gave to the sweet word so sweet a sound that the Squire would not correct the Parson, as he had been about to correct himself.

Mr Dale moved on; but as he passed Captain Barnabas, the benignant character of his countenance changed sadly.

"The cruellest tramp, Captain Higginbotham!" said he sternly, and stalked by—majestic.

The night was so fine that the Parson and his wife, as they walked home, made a little *détour* through the shrubbery.

MRS DALE. — "I think I have done a good piece of work to-night."

PARSON, roasting himself from a reverie. — "Have you, Carry?—it will be a very pretty handkerchief."

MRS DALE. — "Handkerchief!—nonsense, dear. Don't you think it would be a very happy thing for both, if Jemima and Signor Riccabocca could be brought together?"

PARSON. — "Brought together!"

MRS DALE. — "You do snap one up so, my dear—I mean if I could make a match of it."

PARSON. — "I think Riccabocca is a match already, not only for Jemima, but yourself into the bargain."

MRS DALE, smiling loftily. — "Well, we shall see. Was not Jemima's fortune about £4000?"

PARSON dreamily, for he is relapsing fast into his interrupted reverie; — "Ay—ay—I daresay."

MRS DALE. — "And she must have saved! I dare say it is nearly £6000 by this time;—eh! Charles dear, you really are so—good gracious, what's that?"

As Mrs Dale made this exclamation—

tion, they had just emerged from the shrubbery, into the village green.

PARSON.—“What’s what?”

“MRS DALE pinching her husband’s arm very nippingly.—“That thing—there—there.”

PARSON.—“Only the new stocks, Carry; I don’t wonder they frighten you, for you are a very sensible woman. I only wish they would frighten the Squire.”

CHAPTER XIII.

Supposed to be a letter from Mrs Hazeldean to — Riccabocca, Esq., The Casino; but edited, and indeed composed, by Miss Jemima Hazeldean.

“Dear Sir,—To a feeling heart it must always be painful to give pain to another, and (though I am sure unconsciously) you have given the greatest pain to poor Mr Hazeldean and myself, indeed to all our little circle, in so cruelly refusing our attempts to become better acquainted with a gentleman we so highly esteem. Do, pray, dear sir, make us the amende honorable, and give us the pleasure of your company for a few days at the Hall! May we expect you Saturday next?—our dinner hour is six o’clock.

“With the best compliments of Mr and Miss Jemima Hazeldean.

“Believe me, my dear Sir,

“yours truly,
“H. H.
“HAZELDEAN HALL.”

Miss Jemima having carefully sealed this note, which Mrs Hazeldean had very willingly deputed her to write, took it herself into the stable-yard, in order to give the groom proper instructions to wait for an answer. But while she was speaking to the man, Frank, equipped for riding with more than his usual dandyism, came also into the yard, calling for his pony in a loud voice, and singling out the very groom whom Miss Jemima was addressing—for, indeed, he was the smartest of all in the Squire’s stables—told him to saddle the grey pad, and accompany the pony.

“No, Frank,” said Miss Jemima. “you can’t have George; your father wants him to go on a message—you can take Mat.”

“Mat, indeed!” said Frank, grumbling with some reason; for Mat was a surly old fellow, who tied a most indefensible neckcloth, and always contrived to have a great patch in his

boots;—besides, he called Frank “Master,” and obstinately refused to trot down hill;—“Mat, indeed!—let Mat take the message, and George go with me.”

But Miss Jemima had also her reasons for rejecting Mat. Mat’s foible was not servility, and he always showed true English independence in all houses where he was not invited to take his ale in the servants’ hall. Mat might offend Signor Riccabocca, and spoil all. An animated altercation ensued, in the midst of which the Squire and his wife entered the yard, with the intention of driving in the conjugal gig to the market town. The matter was referred to the natural umpire by both the contending parties.

The Squire looked with great contempt on his son. “And what do you want a groom at all for? Are you afraid of tumbling off the pough?”

FRANK.—“No, sir; but I like to go as a gentleman, when I pay a visit to a gentleman!”

SQUIRE, in high wrath.—“You precious puppy! I think I’m as good a gentleman as you, any day, and I should like to know when you ever saw me ride to call on a neighbour, with a fellow jingling at my heels, like that upstart Ned Spankie, whose father kept a cotton-mill. First time I ever heard of a Hazeldean thinking a livery-coat was necessary to prove his gentility!”

MRS HAZELDEAN observing Frank colouring, and about to reply.—“Hush, Frank, never answer your father,—and you are going to call on Mr Leslie?”

“Yes, Ma’am, and I am very much obliged to my father for letting me,” said Frank, taking the Squire’s hand.

“Well, but Frank,” continued Mrs Hazeldean, “I think you heard that the Leslies were very poor.”

FRANK.—“Eh, mother?”

MRS HAZELDEAN.—“And would

you run the chance of wounding the pride of a gentleman, as well born as yourself, by affecting any show of being richer than he is?"

SQUIRE with great admiration.—"Harry, I'd give £10 to have said that!"

FRANK, leaving the Squire's hand to take his mother's.—"You're quite right, mother—nothing could be more *snobbish*!"

SQUIRE.—"Give us your fist too, sir; you'll be a chip of the old block, after all."

Frank smiled, and walked off to his pony.

MRS HAZELDEAN to Miss Jemima.—"Is that the note you were to write for me?"

MISS JEMIMA.—"Yes, I supposed you did not care about seeing it, so I have sealed it, and given it to George."

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"But Frank will pass close by the Casino on his way to the Leslies'. It may be more civil if he leaves the note himself."

MISS JEMIMA hesitatingly.—"Do you think so?"

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"Yes, cer-

tainly. Frank—Frank—as you pass by the Casino, call on Mr Riccabocca, give this note, and say we shall be heartily glad if he will come."

Frank nods.

"Stop a bit," cried the Squire. "If Rlickeybockey's at home, 'tis ten to one if he don't ask you to take a glass of wine! If he does, mind, 'tis worse than asking you to take a turn on the rack. Faugh! you remember, Harry?—I thought it was all up with me."

"Yes," cried Mrs Hazeldean, "for Heaven's sake, not a drop! Wine indeed!"

"Don't talk of it," cried the Squire, making a wry face.

"I'll take care, sir!" said Frank, laughing as he disappeared within the stable, followed by Miss Jemima, who now coaxingly makes it up with him, and does not leave off her admonitions to be extremely polite to the poor foreign gentleman, till Frank gets his foot into the stirrup; and the pony, who knows whom he has got to deal with, gives a preparatory plunge or two, and then darts out of the yard.

In days of national antipathy, now happily bygone, it was a vulgar English prejudice that Frenchmen were great only as cooks and dancing-masters. In popular belief, the fiddle and the frying-pan were their insignia, pirouettes and fricassees their highest achievements. Peace and steam have exploded these exaggerated notions in the minds even of the least intelligent. They would be inexcusable in the days of cheap excursions to Paris and electric telegraphs beneath the billows of the Channel. Moreover, Englishmen have learned to rival what they once contemned; native talent has been encouraged; Britain glories in cooks who will lower their culinary flag to no foreign kickshaw-componder that ever stirred a sauce or frothed a *soufflé*; and in professors of the choregraphic

who would scorn to be excelled by any Gaul that ever carried a kit. A higher standard has been fixed for the capacity of Frenchmen. Rivalled in cookery and capers, their claims are admitted to first-rate excellence in two nobler sciences—the military, namely, and the dramatic. Sometimes they unite the two. Witness Napoleon, the greatest warrior and most consummate actor France can boast. Certainly Frenchmen show nowhere to such advantage as on the stage or in the field, by the light of the foot-lamps or through the smoke of the *bouac*. So strongly, indeed, are they imbued with the military and dramatic essences, that these are continually perceptible when they are engaged in pursuits of a most opposite character. The conscription and national-guard system give to the whole nation a

maritime tinge, from which the most pacific callings are no preservative. In France, men whose existence passes in the measurement of calico or the parcelling of groceries, often seem, in tone, costume, and mustache, to pertain to the camp rather than the counter. And in the gravest occupations, as in the most commonplace passages of life, a large majority of Frenchmen appear to us English to be continually acting. Their love of effect, contrast, and epigram, gives a theatrical air to their most ordinary as to their most important proceedings. Nations, like individuals, view each other through their own peculiar spectacles; and the French are as much struck and amused with English phlegm and reserve as we are with their vehemence, gesticulations, and demonstrativeness. We are not, however, here preluding to a dissertation on national character, but to a notice of some pleasant military sketches by a French officer. We have the highest opinion of Frenchmen as soldiers, not merely on account of their bravery, which is universally admitted—by none more freely than by those who have fought and beaten them—but by reason of their many other excellent military qualities, of their discipline, their energy, and intonation, and of that sentiment of soldierly honour which we believe to pervade the French troops to an extent never exceeded, and rarely equalled, in any other European army. The works of our own military historians abound with traits of French chivalry and heroism, as they also do with acknowledgments of their peculiar aptitude for war, of their cheerfulness on the march, their patience under privations, their skill—and this is no slight virtue in soldiers—in shifting for themselves, and making the most of a bad bivouac, uncomfortable quarters, or a scanty ration. All these qualities are well displayed in M. de Castellane's sketches of French military life. The date of his campaigns is recent, the scene Africa; his opponents were Arabs and Kabyles; his comrades, Spahis, Zouaves, Chasseurs d'Orleans, and Chasseurs d'Afrique. To some, a brief explanation of these terms may be useful. Spahis are Arab cavalry in the French service, officered by

Frenchmen, and with an admixture of European soldiers in the ranks. The Zouaves are a crack infantry corps, similarly composed, and attired, like the Spahis, in Oriental costume. The Chasseurs of Orleans are light infantry, wonderfully active, and wearing dark uniforms. Finally, the Chasseurs of Africa are a very fine body of French cavalry, raised expressly for African service, dressed in light blue, well mounted, and armed with carbine and sabre, some with lances. Like the Zouaves, this last-named corps is a favourite with adventurous volunteers, ambitious of distinction and the epaulet. In its fourth squadron, the author of these sketches held an officer's commission. He writes like a gentleman and a soldier; his style is pointed and to the purpose, and free from egotism and affectation. He himself shared in some of the warlike episodes he tells of; others are derived from the verbal or written narratives of his comrades. They comprise a great variety of details, and fully initiate us into the phases of a soldier's life in Africa. Numerous as are the works, French, English, and German, of which French conquest and colonisation in Africa have furnished the theme, there was still abundant room for this one, taking up, as it does, the branch of the subject which writers generally have had least opportunity of appreciating—the joys and sorrows, hardships and exploits, perils and sufferings, of the French soldier in Algeria. A fresh interest is also imparted to it by the prominent part lately and still taken in public affairs in France by men who have risen into distinction through their valour and military talents during the long struggle with the Arabs. Comparatively inattentive as we in England were to the razzias and skirmishes of the African campaigns, the names of Changarnier, Cavaignac, and Lamoricière can hardly be said to have dwelt in our memories until revolution and civil strife in their own country brought them to the front. It now is interesting to revert to those earlier days of their career, when they fought the Bedouin on the arid plains and in the perilous defiles of North Africa, fostering in that rough school the sternness and tenacity of character which they since have

more than once had occasion usefully to display amidst the turmoil of domestic discord.

"At four days' march from Milianah," says M. de Castellane, "in the heart of the valley of the Cheliff, stand some old Roman walls, bearing mute testimony to the power of the ancient rulers of the land. At the foot of these walls, not far from tracts of stubble and dried herbs, delicious gardens and orchards, orange and pomegranate trees, and limpid springs, invite a halt; whilst luxuriant vines, trailing from branch to branch, form bowers of verdure, and offer delightful shelter to the fatigued wayfarer. It was at this spot that General Changarnier's column, consisting of twelve hundred infantry, three hundred regular cavalry, and four hundred Arab horsemen, was reposing, in the month of September 1842, from its numerous expeditions under a burning sun, protecting by its presence the tribes that had recently made their submission, and giving the *aman* to those numerous ones which came to implore it.* The column had been for some time at *El-Arou*, (the name of these gardens-), when a letter, reached the camp from our Aga in the south. Menaced by Abd-el-Kader, Ahmeur-ben-Ferrah asked succour of General Changarnier, entreating him to arrive speedily if he did not wish soon to learn the ruin and massacre of the tribes to whom France owed protection. It was of the utmost importance to go quickly to his assistance. To pass by Milianah was to lengthen the journey four days; through the mountains, on the other hand, in two marches they would be near enough to support him. The tribes seemed peacefully disposed. The Arab chiefs assured the French that not a shot would be fired at them. They spoke of a very difficult defile, but two hours, they said, would take the troops through it. Besides, it was dangerous only in case of hostility from the tribes adjacent to the river, whose chiefs, only the evening before, had visited the camp in friendship. Finally, the general had under his orders Zouaves, Chasseurs

of Orleans, and Chasseurs of Africa, commanded by Colonel Cavaignac, Major Forey, and Colonel Morris. With such valiant troops, and such lieutenants, no danger was to be dreaded; General Changarnier's decision was soon taken; he would pass through the mountains."

On the 17th of the month the little band set out, marched the 18th, receiving the submission of several tribes, and early on the morning of the 19th reached the Oued-Foddha river. There a halt of some duration was ordered, preparatory to entering the defile through which the river flows. The cavalry and a small party of infantry went out foraging. Presently, a well-sustained fire of musketry was heard, and an officer, sent to reconnoitre, saw the foragers defending themselves bravely against a host of white-draped Kabyles, headed by officers of the Arab regulars, dressed in red, who ran from group to group, exciting the men to the combat. This furious attack was rather a contrast with the peaceable passage promised by the Arab chiefs. But retreat could not be thought of. It would be a signal for the spread and consolidation of the revolt, and would occasion as much loss of life as a forward movement. The order was given to march, and the head of the column plunged boldly into the frightful gorge of the Oued-Foddha.

"Meanwhile, on the right (the left bank of the river, for they were marching southwards, whilst the Oued-Foddha flows towards the north,) Captain Ribain's company of Chasseurs d'Orleans, sent to cover the foraging, steadily retired upon the column; from brushwood to brushwood, from tree to tree, each man retreated, seeking a favourable position, a good ambuscade; and often the same obstacle concealed a Kabyle on one side, and a chasseur on the other, each seeking an opportunity to kill his opponent. When they reached the last platform the bugle sounded the gymnastic step, and forthwith the chasseurs, rolling and sliding down the slopes, rapidly rejoined the rearguard, now about to enter the

* To ask the *aman* is to implore mercy; to give it is to grant pardon.

pass. The real combat was beginning already the Kabyles shouted from the summits on either hand, 'You have entered your tomb, and will never leave it:' but they reckoned without our soldiers, without the chief who commanded them. Calm, impassible, General Changarnier rode with the rearguard, wrapped in his little *caban* of white wool,* a target for every bullet, giving his orders with a coolness and precision that reassured the troops and redoubled their ardour. A description of the ground is essential to a clear comprehension of this terrible struggle. A hundred feet wide of sandy soil, furrowed by the bed of the torrent, was the ground they fought upon; right and left were steep slaty precipices, fringed with pine-trees; from the peaks of the mountains, which towered like obelisks, the balls poured down—such was the theatre of the combat. Imagine this ravine, these rocks, these mountains, covered with a multitude exciting themselves by their own yells, intoxicating themselves with the smell of powder, blind to danger, and rushing upon a handful of men, who opposed the coolness of energy, and the regular action of discipline, to their disorderly fury. But never for a moment did our soldiers cease to be worthily commanded. The officers set the example: the chief had not hesitated an instant, but had at once made up his mind, and imparted to his troops his own promptitude and decision. His plan was to march quickly, so as to pass the peaks, which were separated by impenetrable ravines, before the mass of Kabyles could get from one to the other: to effect this he occupied one of those positions indispensable to the safety of the column; and the rearguard, when too hard pressed, extricated itself by vigorous charges with the bayonet.

"Fortunately the tribes to the east did not take part in the attack, so that the defence was at first confined to the right. Nevertheless, the column was advancing with difficulty, when it reached one of those pas-

sages that must be occupied. Some rocky precipices impended over the bed of the river, in front of a marabout or tomb, surrounded by lentisk trees; the rifle company of the Chasseurs d'Orleans were ordered to take these rocks; they sprang forward, full of ardour, but the steepness were frightful, and a week's provisions are a heavy load. Their lieutenant, Ricot, who had rushed forward without looking whether he was followed, was the first upon the platform. Two balls pierced his breast. Lieutenant Martin and two men, hastening to his assistance, were likewise shot down. The surviving officer, hurrying in their footsteps, was checked by a terrible wound. The company, deprived of their officers and sergeant major, and exposed, without guide or leader, to a storm of bullets, was compelled to retreat, rescuing M. Martin, who was still alive. The other wounded were torn to pieces in sight of the column, amidst the ferocious cries of the Kabyles.

"The General immediately ordered a halt; the Zouaves and three companies of the Chasseurs d'Orleans were to assault the position, whilst the cavalry drove back the enemy in the bed of the river. The charge was sounded, with Colonel Cavaignac and Major Forey at the head of the troops; the General sprang forward and surmounted the steep flanks of the mountain, closely followed by his eager soldiers. Fury was at its height, and the struggle terrible. M. Laplanche, a staff officer attached to the Zouaves, was killed, a major had his horse killed, a captain his epaulet shot off: the General himself was indebted for his life to a bugler, who killed a Kabyle whose musket-muzzle was at his breast. At last we were masters of the position. In the river the charge of cavalry had also been completely successful: numerous dead bodies lay there, including some of women, who threw themselves on our soldiers, mixed with the Kabyles, fighting like men, and cutting off, for bloody trophies, the heads of the slain.

"These two vigorous offensive movements procured us a little res-

* In Africa, during the great heat, these *cabans* or short cloaks are often worn, to keep off the rays of the sun.

pite; soon, however, the combat was renewed with fresh ardour. The officers, foremost in danger, were also the first hit. Five officers of Zouaves, three of the *Chasseurs d'Orleans*, had already fallen, and it was but the middle of the day. Colonel Cavaignac, with his Zouaves, persisted in revenging his officers. It was no longer courage, but fury; every man was worth a score, and seemed to multiply himself to face all perils. As to the General, the bullets and the danger only increased his audacious coolness; his eyes beamed, and wherever he passed he inspired all with new energy. Amidst the noise of the musketry, which the mountain echoes repeated like the howling of a storm, the column advanced; the cavalry marching in front, with orders to halt, towards nightfall, in the first favourable position.

"The troops had reached a spot where the two lofty banks of the ravine, bending inwards, again left but a narrow passage. Both banks were now occupied by the Kabyles; and whilst two companies were sent to repel them on the left, Captain Ribains, with a detachment of *Chasseurs d'Orleans*, was ordered to occupy the right-hand position. It was a vertical cascade of rocks and slaty soil, covered with firs and brushwood: a rivulet flowed across and soaked the ground, upon its way to the river. The captain dislodged the Arabs, occupied the position, thus assuring the free passage of the column; but, when he would have rejoined the main body, the Kabyles threw themselves upon his little band. A few men, the foremost files, tried to descend in a straight line; their feet slipped upon the slope, rendered slippery by the water, and nine of them were precipitated from an elevation of eighty feet. They rolled from rock to rock, from cliff to cliff, trying, but in vain, to cling to the bushes, and fell at last into the bed of the river. The rest of the company had inclined to the right towards a ravine, letting themselves drop from tree to tree, to rejoin the column. One soldier, Calmette by name, separated from his comrades and surrounded by Kabyles, was driven to the brink of the precipice. With his rifle he shot down

one, two others fell by his bayonet; then, finding that he must fall, he seized two Kabyles, and sought to avenge his fate by making them share it. The rock was perpendicular; they fell from its summit, and, by unheard of good luck, the Kabyle to whom the chasseur most closely clung fell under him, and by his death saved his enemy's life. As to Captain Ribains, he was descending last of all, and seemed to defy the hostile bullets, when three Kabyles rushed upon him, fired, and fractured his shoulder. Fortunately his men managed to carry him off. All who witnessed still remember his being borne past the General, who congratulated him on his glorious conduct; his energetic countenance expressed the legitimate pride of duty done, and blood nobly poured out."

At last night approached, and the bivouac was established at a place where the bed of the river expanded. Tents were pitched for the General and the wounded; the soldiers received fresh ammunition; a battalion was ordered to march, in profound silence, at two in the morning, to occupy the heights along the river bank, by which the morrow's march would lead. The French, still excited by the contest, conversed eagerly round their bivouac fires. Their Arab allies were discouraged, and sat gloomily beside their saddled horses, wrapped in their *burnous* and without fire. There were but three surgeons in the camp, and their hands were full. Most of the wounds had been received at the musket's muzzle, and were very painful. Eight amputations took place during the night. The quarter of the bivouac where the hospital was established, resounded with groans and cries of anguish. Examples of heroic endurance was not wanting. "For three quarters of an hour the chief surgeon probed and tortured the arm of Captain Ribains, saving the limb by his skill. During this long operation, the captain, seated on a biscuit box, amidst the dead and dying, showed as much fortitude as he had previously displayed courage. Not a complaint did he utter: only, from time to time, he could not help turning to the surgeon and saying—"Really, doctor, you hurt me." Amongst the wounded of the 4th *Chasseurs*

d'Afrique was a soldier named Cayeux. Feeling his death approach, he sent for his captain. After giving him a last message for his mother: 'Give my thanks, also,' said the soldier, 'to Colonel Tartas; he is a good man—he has always loved those he commanded: tell him that one of his soldiers thanks him with his dying breath.' An affecting trait, honourable alike to soldier and to chief. There was much to do that night: it was all done, and well done. Litters were required for the wounded: trees were cut down, and the litters were made. The dead were to be buried: an hour before daybreak they were collected; a detachment of engineers, diverting the course of the stream, dug a hole, in which the bodies were deposited, and over which the water was again allowed to flow. This was to protect the corpses from Kabyle profanation. At dawn the march was resumed, amidst the shouts of the Kabyles, summoning each other to the massacre of the French. Their surprise and rage were excessive on finding the positions along the line of march all occupied. Notwithstanding the disadvantage of ground, the French now had the best of it, and several times during that day's march they turned upon their pursuers with terrible effect, the Zouaves especially distinguishing themselves. "After one of these rallies, they passed, to the great joy of all, through some magnificent vines, and quenched their thirst with the ripe grapes—the General himself, to whom the soldiers hastened to offer the first-fruits of the vintage, setting the example. Just then Colonel Cavaignac passed by. 'Here, my dear colonel,' said General Changarnier, offering him a splendid bunch of grapes, 'you must need refreshment after such glorious fatigues.' And they fell into chat, the balls falling thickly around them, until Colonel Cavaignac was called away to one of his captains, shot down at a few paces' distance, and who wished to recommend to him his mother and sister, and to give him his cross of officer of the Legion of Honour.

A short time brought the column out of the defile upon ground which, although mountainous, appeared by contrast an open plain, and where the cavalry could act with advantage. The Kabyles were beaten off; and the next day halt was made, to rest the men, look after the wounded, and execute a plan of reprisals devised by Changarnier. His spies had informed him where the flocks and families of his late antagonists were assembled. A razzia was ordered in the night, and its result was eight hundred prisoners and twelve thousand head of cattle. Thus encumbered with captives, spoil, and wounded, the little band, which originally numbered barely two thousand men, now notably reduced by two days' severe fighting, completed a march of fifty leagues, to the utter astonishment of the natives, who could not believe that such a handful of troops had made their way, amidst the storm of Kabyle bullets, through these terrible ravines, which the Arabs designate the defiles of death. The affair of the Oued-Fodda is still celebrated in the French army as one of the most heroic achievements of the African war. All who were engaged did their duty well, taking example from their commander, of whom M. de Castellane speaks in the highest terms. Eight months after this affair the Kabyles had made their submission, and the war was at an end in the province—for a time, at least. General Changarnier was about to return to France. M. de Castellane accompanied him to the coast.

"I well remember that, on our road from Milianah to Algiers, the Arab chiefs came to greet him on his passage, and amongst them I met an old Caid of the Hadjouts, whom I had known at Blidah. We spoke of the numerous razzias and nocturnal expeditions that had destroyed his warlike tribe. 'His name, with us,' he said to me, speaking of General Changarnier, 'signifies *the subducer of pride, the conqueror of enemies*;' and he has justified his name.' Then pointing to the long line of mountains which

* The Arabs called General Changarnier the *Changarli*, the *Changarlo*. *Changar* is an Arab word, signifying to quell or crush. *Mu changarch alina*; do not strike me down—do not crush me.

border the Mitidja from Chenouan to the sea, 'When the storm comes,' he continued, 'the lightning runs in an instant along all those mountains, penetrating their inmost recesses. Thus did his glance discover us. And when he had seen us, the bullet reaches not its aim more rapidly!' The old Arab spoke the truth. General Changarnier's characteristics are a quick and sound judgment, and dauntless energy: he knows how to command. His courage rises with danger; then, if you approach him, his vigour communicates itself to you, and you cannot doubt of success. At Constantina he first distinguished himself, and since then he has never for a day been inferior to the glorious reputation he there acquired. If ever you find yourself at the bivouac, or under the soldier's little tent, with one of those old African hands, get them to talk to you of their numerous expeditions under his orders, and you will see what they say of him."

It was in March 1843 that M. de Castellane and some other officers left Algiers for Blidah, there to join General Changarnier, and commence, under his orders, a campaign in the interior. Their mid-day halt was at Bouffarik, an unwholesome town, frequently ravaged by fever, but which, nevertheless, enjoys a certain degree of prosperity, due to its central position. Here they refreshed themselves, according to invariable custom, at the celebrated coffee-house of *la Mère Gaspard*, a veteran sutler, who, after following the drum ever since the first landing of the French in 1830, had wearied of wandering, and pitched her tent at Bouffarik. There she greatly prospered, and in a few years had land of her own, a splendid hotel and coffee-house. "The place was adorned with paintings, marbles, and mirrors, and especially with some very fine engravings from Horace Vernet's pictures, which had been placed there by the hand of the celebrated artist. One day, dying of thirst, Vernet alighted at Mother Gaspard's. There he was offered drink, and land to buy. He drank and he bought some land, but, when signing the bargain, he perceived that the walls were covered with wretched lithographs after his pictures. Like a good neighbour, he

promised to send the engravings, and he kept his word. Mother Gaspard, proud of the gift, never fails to relate the incident, and in my turn I repeat the tale." Between Bouffarik and Blidah, the traveller comes to a monument erected in honour of a sergeant and fifteen men who perished there in 1840. They and five others were escorting the post-bag from Bouffarik, when they were set upon by some four hundred mounted Arabs. Forming a miniature square, they made a valiant defence, but five only survived when a squadron of Spahis came to the rescue.

At Blidah, a perfect labyrinth of streets, squares and lanes, the travellers were greatly puzzled to find the General's quarters, when an obliging Arab volunteered to guide them to the residence of the *Changarnier*. It was a very humble habitation for the commander of a great province. A single sentry stood at the door; a great fig tree, the refuge of countless pigeons, -hot up in the middle of the court; a small chamber, the only one upon the first floor, was the General's sleeping room: upon the ground floor, a large apartment answered the double purpose of orderly-room and of an aide-de-camp's bed-chamber. Two tolerably furnished rooms were allotted to visitors. At Blidah, as in camp, General Changarnier's hospitality was proverbial, even amongst the Arabs. M. de Castellane and his comrades found a cordial reception. But they were not long to enjoy themselves beneath the shadow of the General's fig-tree. The march was ordered for the next morning; Blidah's quiet streets and unfrequented shops swarmed with soldiers, providing themselves with coffee and tobacco, and such other comforts as their pocket-money allowed. The French soldier receives twopence half-penny every five days —no great fund for luxuries. On all sides, fatigue-parties were hurrying to the stores; and at night, until tattoo was beaten, every wine-house was thronged for a parting carouse. At day-break, with well-packed knapsacks and a week's rations on their backs, the column set out for Milianah. No apprehensions of perils or fatigues ruffled their joyous humour. They were all old soldiers, hardened

in many campaigns; and besides, as they themselves said, in their barrack-room style, "with Changarnier there is always a smell of mutton." The allusion was to the numerous flocks they had captured under his orders. The success of his frequent razzias had made the saying proverbial amongst the troops. "On the 13th June 1849, the sixth battalion of Chasseurs, who had so long served under General Changarnier in Africa, having received orders to charge the insurgents in the streets of Paris, set off laughing and repeating to each other, to the great astonishment of the national guards, the old African proverb: 'This smells of mutton.'"

The town of Milianah had twice been preserved to the French by the skill and enterprise of General Changarnier. In June 1840, that officer was colonel of the 2d Light Infantry, a regiment celebrated in African annals, and whose exploits have been repeatedly recorded on the canvass of Horace Vernet. The French army, commanded by Marshal Valée, was assembled, exhausted by many fatigues, beneath the walls of Medeah. Milianah, then but recently occupied by the French, was in want of provisions. All the generals deemed its relief impossible; the distance was too great, the men were too weary. Colonel Changarnier thought otherwise, and volunteered the service. By a march of twenty-four leagues in thirty hours, he evaded the enemy and accomplished his task, returning to Medeah four days afterwards, to receive the congratulations of the whole army. The stores and succours thus thrown into Milianah would suffice, it was hoped and expected, until the end of the autumn. But the hot season brought sickness in its train; vermin destroyed part of the provisions; the cattle died; famine was imminent.

"Pent up within the ramparts and hard pressed by hunger, the soldiers ate whatever they could lay hands upon, even boiling and devouring weeds and mallows. This unwholesome nourishment, acting on the brain, induced nostalgia and suicide. Of twelve hundred men, seven hundred and fifty had perished; four hundred were in hospital, the others were little

better than invalids, and had hardly strength to carry their muskets. The officers themselves were obliged to stand sentry, and the fatal day was near at hand when, for want of defenders, the town must be taken. No letters, no news—the spies had all been killed. At last a despatch from the governor escaped the Arabs, and intelligence reached Algiers of the sad condition of the garrison. Colonel Changarnier, who had become general since his first relief of Milianah, had increased, by further feats, his reputation for skill and audacity, and to him Marshal Valée again had recourse. Only two thousand men could be spared, wherewith to brave the attacks of the whole forces of Abd-el-Kader, who then had scarcely passed the zenith of his power. But Changarnier did not hesitate. The greater the peril, the more glorious the success."

By spreading reports of a march in a contrary direction, the daring leader gained a day upon the enemy, and then cut his way to Milianah, reaching it in time to save the remnant of the unfortunate garrison. But three years had greatly changed the aspect of affairs; and when M. de Castellane reached Milianah in 1843, he found five thousand effective soldiers waiting the orders of Changarnier. There ensued a period of idleness for the men, but of great activity for the General and staff. The plan of campaign was to be sketched out; information was to be obtained concerning the nature of the country.

"Everyday the Aga of the Beni-Menacers, Ben-Tifour, came to the General's quarters with men of his tribe, and there, by dint of questioning, by asking the same things ten times over and of ten different individuals, the chief of the province succeeded in obtaining exact notions of the country, the halting places, the water, the bivouacs. During this time a constant communication was kept up with Cherchell by means of spies. Some of the letters sent cost five hundred francs postage, for the carriers risked their lives. At last, after mature reflection, the General's plan was decided upon and written down; and his orders were given with that clearness and precision which leaves no doubt or ambiguity. This was one of General

Changarnier's characteristics. With him obedience was always easy, because the duty was never doubtful."

At Milianah the French officers had a club, a pleasant pavilion in the middle of a garden. A library and a coffee house were attached to it. For evening amusement there was the theatre. Ay, a theatre at Milianah! How could Frenchmen, even in the heart of Algeria, exist without a vaudeville? The soldiers were actors. The *vivandières* lent their caps and gowns to dress up the female characters. "I well remember," says M. de Castellane, "seeing *Le Caporal et la Paysse* played at Milianah. The Dejaset of the company, a mettlesome *Artémise*, excited the laughter of the whole audience, even that of General Changarnier, who often attended the performance, in his box of painted paper. It is impossible to say how much these amusements, which some may deem futile, contributed to keep up the spirits of the troops, and to dispel those gloomy ideas which in Africa are often the forerunners of nostalgia and death."

Not all these diversions and resources, however, could reconcile M. de Castellane to a fortnight's halt at Milianah. He beguiled his anxiety for action by researches into the history of certain Arab tribes. The three principal families of Milianah were those of Omar, Sidi-Euharek, and Ouled-ben-Yousef. At that time, Sidi-Euharek was organising amongst the Kabyles a vigorous resistance to the French, to whom Omar was friendly. The recent annals of the Omars are highly curious, and form a chapter of the purest Oriental romance. In the valley of the Cheliff, "at Oued-Boutan, the new Hakem of the town of Milianah, Omar Pacha, of the illustrious family of the pacha of that name, was waiting for us. There we had a fresh proof of the deep traces the Turks have left in this country. After more than thirteen years, the remembrance of them is still so lively amongst the people, that the son of the Pacha Omar was surrounded by the respect of all these chiefs as in the day of his family's power."

"The most celebrated of the Omars was one of those Turkish soldiers, each one of whom may say, when he

donned the uniform—"If it is written, I shall be a pacha!" Mehemet Ali, putting into Metelin on his way to Egypt, met Omar, whose brother had for some years past held high office under the Pacha of Algiers. Mehemet Ali and Omar formed a close friendship, and set out together to seek their fortune, but scarcely had they reached Egypt when Omar received a letter from his brother Mahomed, summoning him to his side. The two friends parted, with a vow that the first who succeeded in life should share his prosperity with the other. At Oran, where his brother had become Caliph of the Bey, Omar's fine figure, his eye, whose gaze none could endure, his long black mustaches, and his brilliant beauty, procured him the surname of *chaous*. Soon afterwards, the daughter of a Turk of Milianah, named Jemna, whom all cited as a marvel of loveliness, became his wife. But Omar's prosperity was of short duration. His brother Mahomed, whose credit with the Pacha of Algiers gave umbrage to the Bey of Oran, was thrown into prison, and the Bey ordered his death. Omar was compelled to share his brother's dungeon, and when the executioner entered, he would have defended him; but Mahomed prevented it. "The hour of my death is come," he said. "It is not given to man to resist the power of the Most High; but pray to him daily that he may choose thee as my avenger; and bear in mind that you are the husband of my wife and the father of my children." Thenceforward, revenge was Omar's sole thought; and when, by the Pacha's order, the Bey sent him to Algiers, he used all his efforts to elevate himself, in order to hasten the hour of retaliation. Soon he became *Caid* of the Arabs; and his wife Jemna, who at first had been prevented leaving Oran, managed to join him, through a thousand dangers, escorted by her father, Si-Hassan, and by a faithful servant, Baba-Djelloul.

"The troops of Tunis marched against Algiers; a battle took place, and the Turks were giving way, when Omar, dashing forward with thirty horsemen, made a daring charge, rallied the army by his example, and decided the victory. On his return

to Algiers, the troops clamorously demanded him as their Aga. Meanwhile, Mehemet Ali's fortune had also made progress. The massacre of the Mamelukes consolidated his power, and he testified his recollection of his friend, by sending him a magnificent tent.

"The country flourished under the administration of the new Aga. Stone bridges were built over the Isser and the Cheliff. In the words of the Arab chronicle, victory everywhere accompanied Omar. His name was a terror to his enemies, and he was blessed by all the people, when the Bey of Oran, still detesting the brother of Mahomed, and dreading this new power, persuaded the Pacha of Algiers that Omar was planning to usurp his throne. Fortunately, an intercepted letter warned Omar, who hurried to the barracks, and assembled the troops. 'It is you who have raised me,' he said, 'and in none others do I recognise the right to cast me down. I place myself in your hands; either kill me or deliver me from my enemies.' The furious soldiery ran to the Pacha's palace, stabbed him, (1810) and would have named Omar in his stead; but Omar refused, and the *khraznashi*, or treasurer, was then elected. All-powerful, Omar saw the hour of revenge at hand. The Bey of Oran having revolted, he marched against him, took his enemy prisoner, and had him flayed alive. In the province of Oran you are still told of *Ben el messeloug*, the flayed Bey.

"In 1816, fearing the *Coulouglis*, the Pacha planned their massacre, and confided his project to Omar, who, far from countenancing it, had the Pacha strangled in his bath. This time he was obliged to accept the Pachalik. When sending the customary present to the Porte, he intrusted Si-Iassan and his son Mahomed with rich presents for Mehemet Ali, who was named Pacha almost at the same time. For the space of two years, Omar made head against all manner of misfortunes—against the plague, the locusts, and Lord Exmouth's bombardment; but poor Jemna had lost her peace of mind, for she knew that all Deys die

a violent death. In 1818, she was in the pains of childbed when she heard discharges of artillery. Seized with alarm, she desired to see Omar, and, contrary to etiquette, she sent her faithful attendant, old Baba-Djelloull, to seek him; but the old man soon returned, and returned alone. Jemna understood, and swooned away. At the same instant, numerous blows were struck on the door of her apartments. It was the *chaous* of the new Dey, coming to take possession of Omar's treasures."

The treasures were enormous in amount. M. Roche, the French consul-general at Tangiers, to whom M. de Castellane declares himself indebted for this very interesting history of the Omar family, derived his account of them from a son of Jemna, apparently that one whose birth she was hourly expecting when she was shocked by the intelligence of her husband's violent death. "Omar's palace contained a hundred negroes, three hundred negresses, ten Georgians, twenty Abyssinians, forty thoroughbred horses, ten mares from the Desert. The entire furniture of one saloon was of gold and silver, adorned with precious stones; another room was full of chests of gold and silver coin, silk brocade, and cloth of gold. Jemna changed her dress every week, and attached to each costume was a complete set of diamonds, consisting of a diadem, an aigret and earrings, a collar of fifteen rows of pearls, two clasps, bracelets, twelve rings for the fingers and two for the ankles, and a tunic of cloth-of-gold, studded with precious stones." Omar's murderer and successor would fain have wedded his widow, but she spurned his offer. He then seized her treasures, and, in the moment of good-humour which their great amount occasioned him, he allowed her to retire with her children to Milianah, where her father had property. After a few months' sway, the new Pacha was assassinated in his turn, and his successor, Hadj-Mohamed, went to inhabit the Casbah palace, in defiance of a prophetic inscription announcing an invasion by Christians during the reign of a Pacha whose residence should be the Casbah.

He died of the plague: and Hassan, who succeeded him, and who had been an *iman* under Omar, showed his gratitude to his former master by magnificent presents to his widow, and great kindness to his sons. Jemna had almost forgotten past sorrows in present happiness, when the arrival of the French brought her fresh disasters and sufferings. Her sons allied themselves with the invaders, thereby incurring hatred and persecution from Abd-el-Kader. They were stripped of all they possessed: Omar, the youngest of them, was loaded with fetters, and placed in a dungeon: Jemna escaped the bastinado only by the mercy of an executioner, who inflicted it upon a negro in her stead. At last the intervention of some Arab chiefs procured the liberty of both mother and son, and the progress of the French enabled them to take up their residence in safety at Milianah, where Omar was appointed *hakem*, an office equivalent to mayor. In 1843, M. de Castellane was present at an interview between Marshal Bugeaud and Jemna, whose countenance, in spite of lapse of years and many sorrows, still retained traces of great beauty.

The chief of the Sidi-Embarek, a family which, although of Arab race, had enjoyed great respect and influence in the country for some centuries before Turkish rule was terminated by French usurpation, had actively stimulated the persecution of the family of Omar, whose personal enemy he was. M. de Castellane gives the following account of the founder of the Sidi-Embarek:—"In 1580, a man of the Hachems of the west, named Si-Embarek, left his tribe, with two servants, and went to Milianah. There, on account of his poverty, he discharged his servants, who settled upon the banks of the Chelif, and gave birth to the tribe of Hachems still existing there. Sidi-Embarek then went to Coleah, and engaged himself as *rhénis* (a sort of subordinate farmer) to a certain Ismael; but, instead of working, he slept; and meanwhile, marvellous to relate, the yoke of oxen intrusted to him ploughed by themselves, and, at the close of day, he had done more work than anybody else. This prodigy was reported to Ismael, who,

desirous of witnessing it with his own eyes, hid himself one day, and saw Embarek sleeping under a tree whilst the oxen ploughed: Thereupon Ismael knelt before him, and exclaimed—"You are the elect of God; 'tis I who am your servant, and you are my master;" and, taking him home, he treated him with profound respect. Embarek's reputation for holiness spread far and wide; multitudes thronged to solicit his prayers and make him offerings, and he speedily acquired great riches." The grandson, many times removed, of this miraculous ploughman, was a Marabout or saint by right of descent; but he was also a very considerable fighting man, and a most efficient lieutenant of Abd-el-Kader. We make his acquaintance under very striking circumstances, in the course of M. de Castellane's curious account of the Spahis of Mascara. The corps of Spahis had its origin in the necessities of African service. Excellent and most efficient as are the regiments of light dragoons known as *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, they were not all that was wanted in the way of cavalry. It was found expedient to make Arab fight Arab. Knowledge of the country, and of the habits of the foe, was as essential as good soldieryship. The prospect of gain brought abundant recruits; the discipline exacted was less rigid than in French regiments; the sole uniform was a red *burnous*, stripped off in an instant, when desirable to conceal the military character of the wearer. Europeans not being excluded from the corps, many roving and desultory blades, tempted by the adventurous nature of the service, and to whom the routine and strict discipline of a more regular one would have been irksome, have, at different periods, served in the ranks of the Spahis, and sometimes sabred their way to a commission—"strange adventurers," says M. de Castellane, "whose lives resembled some tale of former days cut out of an old book." And he gives an account of two such persons whom he met with in the Mascara squadron, with which his own was for some time brigaded. One was a French *maréchal-de-logis* or serjeant, named Alfred Siquot, a man of good family and eccentric

character, — a great humourist, whose gloomy air and silent laugh had procured him from his comrades the surname of Jovial. There does not appear, however, to have been mystery in his previous life, which was open to all, nor any particular romance or adventures in its incidents previously to his service in Africa. The case was very different with his comrade, Mohamed-Ould-Caid-Osman, who had the rank of native officer. "The Arab name concealed a Prussian one, and an agitated life, full of duels and adventures—of condemnations to death, and executions in effigy. Clever and well-informed, there was a great charm in his bluntness of manner, and his bravery, justly celebrated, procured him the respect of all. He was the very type of the officer of fortune—of the laus-quet of former days. His double-barrelled gun, as much dreaded by the Arabs as by the partridges—his dog Tom—his sorrel charger, a beast of famous bottom—were his sole friends in the field. In garrison, a fourth affection found a place in his heart—a little Spanish girl, who never opened her mouth, and was as devoted to him as his dog. Tom, the *Chica*, the Caid, made but one. Their life, with its joys and sorrows, was in common. Now and then Siquot went and smoked his pipe in the midst of the three friends.

"As to the Caid's African life, it was well known, and its accidents had more than once beguiled the leisure of the bivouac. He had been twice seen at Algiers, but in very different circumstances. The first time, in all his splendour, he was travelling with Prince Puckler-Muskau, who speaks of him in his *Letters*, designating him by his initials. The second time, in 1840, he had assumed the knapsack of the infantry soldier, and was marching to the defile of Monzaia, in the ranks of the foreign legion."

The ruined gentleman, however, could not accustom himself to walk-

ing, and after a severe campaign, in which three-fourths of his company perished, he procured a substitute and left the legion. Once more a free agent, his roving propensities were checked for a while by the fascinations of a fair Moor. "Halfway up the hill leading to Mustapha, stood a cheerful white house, embowered in foliage and commanding a splendid view of the Bay of Algiers. The Armida of that enchanting spot was named Aicha, and never did Eastern poet dream of a more charming creature. What wonder, then, if beneath these shades six months of peace, calm, and repose elapsed. Each morning the smiling beauty seated herself at Osman's feet, whilst he wrote, upon a little Arab table, in the midst of perfumes and flowers, the life of a Protestant missionary whom he had met in one of his rambles."* The Rinaldo of the foreign legion might, one would think, have been well content to linger long in such a retreat and such society. Aicha was fond and constant, and was rapidly acquiring German. But after six months of this Capuan existence, the vagabond again got the upperhand in the restless soul of the Caid. Like the celebrated Lord Lovel, he loved and he rode away; the horse, in this case, being represented by a steamer, which carried him off westwards one fine morning, his gun on his shoulder, and in his pocket a letter of recommendation, now two years old, for General Lamoricière, whom he had formerly known in command of a battalion of Zouaves. What became of Aicha—whether she cried her eyes out, or took arsenic, or another lover—the little dog, as Mr Commissary Capsicum would say, forgot to mention.

"The province of Oran, in 1841, was far from tranquil; a stout heart and a strong arm had then abundant opportunities of distinction. Mohamed-Ould-Caid Osman, inscribed under this Arab name on the muster-roll of the Spahis, and Siquot, who en-

* This missionary, originally a Jew, had become a Calvinist at Bale, then had joined the Church of England, and had finally turned missionary, in consideration of a handsome recompence. He drove a great trade in Bibles, which he sold to the Tunis shopkeepers. The leaves of the sacred volume served to envelope Musselman butter and soap. The *Cairo* book, published at Carlsruhe, made a noise, was prohibited, and, thanks to the prohibition, had immense success. — Note by M. de Castellane.

listed at the same period, did not miss such opportunities. Soon afterwards, Siquot was wounded, the Caid had his horse killed under him, and their names appeared in the orders of the army. Heroes, whether illustrious or unknown, always find enviers; take as an example Sergeant Froidefond, a grumbling old trooper, who thought proper to tell the Caid he was good for nothing but cleaning his nails. On their return to Mascara, they fought at twelve paces: Froidefond fired first, and the Caid fell, shot through the buttock. The seconds ran forward to pick him up. 'Stop!' he cried, 'it is my turn to fire;' and raising himself on his elbow, he shot Froidefond dead. He himself was then carried to the hospital, where he found Siquot, who was getting cured of a wound. On hearing what had happened, the *Chica*—who had then been about a year mixed up in his existence, without very well knowing why, like the dogs who attach themselves to a squadron—hastened to the hospital to nurse him, and in three months he was on his legs again."

The Caid had returned to his duty when, in 1843, M. de Castellane's regiment entered Mascara with trumpets sounding, escorting Marshal Bugeaud. Abd el Kader was at no great distance, and Generals Lamoriciere and Tempoire had been operating against him until the cavalry of the province had great need of repose to recruit and remount. One night a Spanish deserter came over from the Emir, and gave Marshal Bugeaud important information, fully confirming the reports of the spies. An hour later, orders were given for an expedition in pursuit of Abd-el-Kader's battalions of regulars, of whom Sidi-Embarek had just taken the command. General Tempoire had charge of the column, which consisted of two battalions of infantry, four hundred and fifty French dragoons, fifty Spahis, including Siquot and the Caid Osman, and a few irregular horse.

"If the official reports in the *Moniteur* were not there to confirm its truth, the narrative of this expedition would risk being deemed a fable. Cavalry and infantry marched three days and three nights: in the morning they halted, for one hour and a

half—at night, from six o'clock till midnight. From the moment when the trail of the enemy was first struck, the drum was not once beaten. They followed the scent, like dogs pursuing their prey. Thirty Spahis, with some horsemen belonging to the Arab office at Mascara, preceded the column; they *read the earth* during the night. What an exciting time that was! We came to bivouacs whose fires were still burning; the enemy had left them only that morning, and in all haste we resumed our march. At last, after forty-eight hours, our Arab scouts, hovering round the flanks of the column, captured two Arabs of the tribe of Djaffra. These refused at first to speak; but a musket-muzzle, applied to their heads, untied their tongues, and we learned that the regulars were at Taouira on the previous evening. We were on the right road, therefore, and should end by overtaking them. The march was resumed, the Spahis still leading. • Not a pipe was alight; profound silence was observed, broken only by the noise of a fall, when some sleepy foot-soldier stumbled over an obstacle. Day broke, and a slight smoke was seen; the fires had just expired, the regulars were gone. The hope which had hitherto sustained the soldiers' strength suddenly abandoned them: nothing was heard but cries and maledictions. Everyone grumbled at the general. The morning halt was called in a hollow, and whilst the soldiers ate, the scouts reported that the traces of the enemy were quite fresh. For a second General Tempoire hesitated: then his decision was taken, and the order for instant march given. A great clamour arose in the bivouac. 'He wants to kill us all!' cried the soldiers, who during seventy hours had had but a few moments of repose. They obeyed, however, and the march was resumed. In an hour's time, the track turned southwards. In that direction there was no certainty of water. No matter, advance we must. But the traces grew fresher and fresher: here a horse had been abandoned; a little farther, a jackass. • We have got the rascals!' said the soldiers, and their strength revived. At last, towards eleven o'clock, whilst the column was passing through a deep ravine, a thick

smoke was seen behind a hill. This time the enemy was assuredly there. Fatigue vanished as by enchantment. In an instant cloaks were rolled, priming renewed, horses girthed up; all was ready, and the troops formed for the attack. Three hundred infantry supported three columns of cavalry; the centre was commanded by Colonel Tartas of the 4th Chasseurs. The advance began; just then there was the report of a musket: it was a vedette whom our scouts had been unable to surprise. The Arab galloped up the hill, waving his *burnous*. At the same moment, the drums of the regulars beat to arms: there was a stir in our ranks. The cavalry broke into a trot; the infantry, forgetting forced marches, followed at a run, and from the top of the hill we saw the two battalions of regulars, who had been unable to reach the opposite summit, halt half way up. Away went the cavalry, sabre in hand, horses at a gallop, Colonel Tartas at their head. They were met by a volley of musketry; some fell, but the avalanche broke through the obstacle, and the Arabs were cut down on all sides. Their horsemen try to escape—some flying to the left, others straight forward. They are pursued by all whose horses are not yet knocked up; and the *Caïd Osman* rolls over with his charger, which is hit in the head. *M. de Caulaincourt*, admirably mounted, continues the race; he kills one of the Emir's horsemen; but, separated by a ridge of ground from his soldiers, whom he has out-tripped, he is surrounded by enemies. Without losing his presence of mind, he spurred his horse and broke through the circle, sabre in hand; when, just as he was about to rejoin his men, an Arab, issuing from a glade, shot him with a pistol, close to the eye. The horse galloped on, and carried back the wounded officer to his troop. The blood streamed, the flesh hung in shreds; *M. de Caulaincourt*, however, was still conscious. Lifted from his horse, a soldier took him on his back and carried him to the surgeon, traversing the scene of the combat, a true field of the dead. In a narrow space lay five hundred corpses, nearly all frightfully mutilated by the sabres of our chasseurs.

"A steep bank of rock had checked the progress of those horsemen who had fled to the left. Several alighted, and, jerking their horses with the bridle, surmounted the obstacle. Only one of them rode at a walk along the foot of this rocky wall. The whiteness of his garments and beauty of his equipments marked him as a chief. *Signot*, a corporal of chasseurs, and *Captain Cassaignoles*, rode after him. The ground was very bad, full of impediments. The corporal was the first to reach him; just as his horse's nose touched the crupper of the Arab's charger, the horseman turned round with the utmost coolness, took aim, and laid him dead on the spot. At the same moment *Signot* came up and wounded the Arab, but received a pistol-ball through his left arm, the same shot killing the horse of *Captain Cassaignoles*, who was a little lower down the slope. The tall cavalier then rose in his stirrups, and struck *Signot* on the head with his heavy pistol-butt, when *Corporal Gerard* of the Chasseurs, riding up on the top of the bank, shot him through the breast. The horse was caught; it was a splendid animal, which a wound in the shoulder had alone prevented from saving its master's life. "See it that Arab blind of an eye," cried *Captain Cassaignoles*. They looked; an eye was wanting. "It is *Sidi-Embarek*; let his head be cut off." And *Gerard*, with a knife, separated the head from the body, that the Arabs might not have a doubt of his death. "Then all obeyed the recall, which was sounding. The chase was over; the regulars were broken and destroyed; cruel fatigue had been rewarded by complete success. General *Tempaure* returned to Mascara, and a month later each man received, according to the Arab expression, *the testimony of blood*, the cross so glorious to the soldier.

"The chances of war then separated us from the *Caïd*: I also learned the return of *Signot* to France, where, by an odd coincidence, he received from his Paris friends the same surname as from his African comrades. As to the German *lausquenet*, he marked every corner of the province of Oran by some daring feat, and, always fortunate, invariably escaped

unhurt. Within three years of service, he was five times named in orders, and passed through the non-commissioned grades to the rank of cornet. When I next met with him in 1846, Tom, the horse, the Chica, formed, as before, his whole family. Poor Chica, who in all her life had never had but one ambition, that of wearing a silk dress! In garrison, Tom was purveyor; he and his master started at daybreak and returned at night, weary but content, and with a well-filled game-bag. The Chica, who had passed the day singing, laid the table, and the three friends supped together.

"Some months later, after an absence of three weeks, one of our squadrons returned to Mascara from the outposts. We were moving down the street that leads to the cavalry barracks, when we saw the officers of the garrison assembled before the Caid's little house. They advanced to meet and shake hands with us, and they told us that the Chica, the Caid's companion, the friend of all, was dead.

"The poor little thing had suffered for some time; the evening before, however, she had got up. There was a bright warm sun, and the air was full of perfume. 'Chico,' said she to the Caid, 'give me your arm. I should like to see the sun once more.' She took a few steps, wept as she gazed on the budding foliage and the beauty of the day; then, as she returned to her arm-chair, 'Ah! Chico,' she exclaimed, 'I am dying!' And in sitting down she expired, without agony or convulsion, still smiling and looking at the Caid.

"At this moment the Chica's coffin was borne out of the house; all present uncovered their heads, and we joined the officers who followed her to her grave.

"The cemetery of Mascara, planted with olive and forest trees, is situated in the midst of gardens: everything there breathes peace, calm, and repose. The Chica's grave had been dug under a fig-tree. The Spahis who carried her stopped, all present formed a circle; two soldiers of the Engineers took the light bier, and lowered the poor Chica into her final dwelling-place. The Caid was at the foot of the grave. One of the soldiers pre-

sented him with the spadeful of earth: the Spahi's hard hand trembled as he took it; and when the earth, falling on the coffin, made that dull noise so melaucholy to hear, a big tear, but half suppressed, glistened in his eyes.

"Thenceforward Tom, whom the Chica loved, was the Caid's only friend."

Some may suspect M. de Castellane of giving a romantic tint to his African experiences. We do not partake the suspicion. Even in the nineteenth century, generally esteemed prosaic and matter-of-fact, there is far more romance in real life than in books; and the Prussian-Arab Osman is but one of scores, perhaps hundreds, of military adventurers who have fought in various services during the last twenty years, and the events of whose career, truly noted, would in many cases be set down by the supporters of circulating libraries as overstrained and improbable fiction. In that chapter of M. de Castellane's work which consists of the journal of an officer of Zouaves, we find an account of another singular wanderer, who in the year 1840 deserted from the Arabs, (having previously served with the French,) and came into the town of Medeah, where the Zouaves were in garrison. He was a very young man, a Bavarian, of the name of Glockner, son of a former commissary in the service of France, and nephew of a Bavarian officer of the highest rank. "A cadet at the military school at Munich, he was sent, in consequence of some pranks he played, to serve in a regiment of light dragoons; but his ardent imagination and love of adventure led him to fresh follies; he deserted into France. Coldly received, as all deserters are, he was enrolled in the foreign legion. He had hardly reached Africa when he became disgusted with the service, and, yielding to the craving after novelty which constantly tormented him, he deserted to the Arabs. He remained with them three years. Kidnapped at first by the Kabyles, he was taken to a market in the interior, and sold to a chief of the tribe of the Beni Moussa. After being his servant for a year, he managed to escape from his master's tent, and, with legs bare, a *burnous* on his shoulders, a camel rope round

his waist, and a pilgrim's staff in his hands, he marched at random in a southerly direction. In this manner he reached the Desert, passing his nights with the different tribes he encountered, amongst whom he announced himself by the Mussulman's habitual salutation, 'Eh! the master of the Douar! A guest of God!' Thereupon he was well received; food and shelter were given him, and he departed the next morning unquestioned as to his destination. It concerned no one, and no Arab ever asked the question. He followed his destiny. Thus did Gloekner cross a part of the Sahara, and reach the town of Tedjini, Am Mhadi; thence he went to Boghar, Taza, Tekedempt, Mascara, Medeah, and Milianah; then, enrolled by force amongst the regulars of El Berkani, he made the campaigns of 1839 and 1840 in their ranks. Decorated by Abd-el-Kader in consequence of a wound received the 31st December 1839—a wound inflicted, as he believes, by a captain of the 2d Light Infantry—he again returned to us, after other adventures, like the prodigal child, lamenting his follies, weeping at thoughts of his family, especially of his father, and entreating as a favour to be received as a French soldier. They talked of sending him back to the foreign legion, but he begged to be admitted into the Zouaves, and was accordingly enlisted as an Arab, under the name of Joussef. He was then but one-and-twenty years old, was fresh as a child, timid as a young girl, and marvellously simple in his bearing and language. The end of this young fellow's history, as far as M. de Castellane became acquainted with it, is on a par with its commencement. "In the Zouaves his conduct was admirable. In every engagement in which he shared, his name deserved mention. Made a corporal, then a sergeant, he was sent to Tlemcen on the formation of a third battalion of Zouaves. Recommended by Colonel Cavaignac to General Bedeau, he rendered great services by his intelligence and knowledge of the Arab tongue. His father, to whom they had written in Bavaria, had confirmed the truth of his story.

He was happy, and treated with consideration, when, one fine morning, he took himself off with a political prisoner who had just been set at liberty, and deserted into Morocco. He remained there a long time; then he went to Tangiers, and, denounced by the French consul as a deserter, he was going to be tried by a court-martial, when, in consideration of his former services, they continued to treat him as an Arab. His mania for rambling is really extraordinary; and he declares that he cannot approach a strange country without being seized with a desire to explore it."

It is surprising that the African campaigns have not been more prolific of military sketches and memoirs from the pens of French officers. Although tolerably familiar for many years past with French literature, we can remember but few such works. *La Captivité d'Escoffier*, noticed, in conjunction with an English volume upon an analogous subject, in a former Number,* is the only French book of the kind we have met with for a long time; and that was of inferior class, and of less authentic appearance, than M. de Castellane's agreeable *Souvenirs*. We should have thought the war in Africa, the adventurous and often severe marches of the troops, the exploits of the hunting field, the humours of garrison life, and the tales of the bivouac, would have found innumerable chroniclers amongst the better educated portion of French officers. The French soldier is a good study for painter or humorist; whether as the stolid recruit with the ploughman's slouch and the smell of the furrow still hanging about him, or the smart and wide awake trooper of four or five years' service, or the weather-beaten old sergeant, all bronze and wrinkles, with his grizzled moustache, his scrap of red ribbon, his tough yarns and his mixture of simplicity and shrewdness, his lingering prejudices against English and Germans, and his religious veneration of Napoleon the Great. We believe M. de Castellane would be successful in portraiture of French military character and eccentricities, and we regret he has been so sparing of it. Here

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. LXV., p. 20

and there we find a characteristic bit of camp-life, or a pleasant sketch by the watch-fire.

"During our marches, we were never weary of admiring the constancy of the infantry-man, so heavily loaded that, in mockery of himself, he has taken the surname of the *Soldat-chameau*. It was really wonderful to see them make those long marches, under a burning sun, across frightful mountains, always gay and cheerful, and amusing themselves with the merest trifle. . . . It is on their arrival at the bivouac that their industry is displayed to the greatest advantage. Pause beside this little tent, and watch the chief of the squad; they bring him crabs, tortoises, water serpents, all manner of creatures that have no name, but a flavour, and which experience teaches may be eaten without danger. Or they bring a mess-kettle full of bullock's blood. Thrice boiled and suffered to grow cold, bullock's blood forms a sort of black cheese. Spread upon biscuit, with a little salt, this is tolerable food, and a precious resource for famished stomachs." In presence of such messes as these, it is easy to understand the popularity of a general who, like Changarnier, classed a greasy haversack amongst a soldier's first necessities, and rarely allowed his men to lack mutton, of either Arab or Kabyle growth. For the loss of their flocks and herds the natives retaliated, when opportunity offered, by the theft of French horses. "In the night we had an alarm; we were in a friendly district, but our friends were not the less arrant thieves. Two horses were taken away. According to their custom, some bold fellows, stark naked and well anointed with grease, so as to slip through detaining fingers, glided between the tents, crawling like snakes. On coming to two fine horses, they cut the thongs that shackled them, jumped on their backs, and were off at a gallop, clearing all obstacles and crouched upon the animals' necks to avoid the bullets of the advanced sentries. A few hours later, another of these gentry was less fortunate. The soldier on guard over the piled muskets, remarked, as he

perambulated his beat, a bush of dwarf palm. It was upon his right hand. A minute afterwards the bush had changed its place, and stood upon his left. This struck the sentry as looking like mischief. He took no notice, but quietly cocked his musket and continued his walk. The bush continued to change its place, gaining ground little by little; suddenly it made a rapid advance, and a Kabyle, dagger in hand, sprang upon the soldier; but the soldier received him on the point of his bayonet. The thrust was mortal, and the living bush rose no more." The Kabyles might have taken lessons from the Thugs of India and the Red men of North America. On a large scale, as well as in petty details, stratagem was a prominent feature of the war in Africa. Beneath the spacious tent of one of the Arab allies of the French, M. de Castellane listened one evening, in an atmosphere fragrant with the vapours of pipes and coffee, to the extempore stanzas of a native poet. When the improvisatore had come to an end, and had received his tribute of praise, an old sergeant of the Spahis of Orleansville narrated the death of the Aga of Ouarsenis.

"It was on the 20th July of this year," he said; "Hadj Hamet had gone, with his *goun** and twenty Spahis, to seek at Mazouna the betrothed of his son. His heart was joyful, and happiness reigned around him, when the young girl was delivered to him. After a night of rejoicing, the escort set out. On arriving at Oued-Meroni, we saw at a distance a *goun* of Arabs. Hadj Hamet thought it was the Aga of the Shebas, advancing with his horsemen to perform the *jantasia* before the bride, and at a sign from him his followers formed in two lines, to give the strangers free passage. The troop came up at a gallop, dashed in between the double row of horsemen, and then, turning right and left, sent a volley into their faces. It was Bou Maza in person. Thus unexpectedly attacked, the *goun* broke and fled; the Spahis alone stood by old Hadj Hamet, who defended his daughter until loss of blood, which already flowed from

* A band of irregular horsemen.

several wounds, left him no longer strength. At last he fell dead. Of the twenty Spahis, ten had fallen; all was over; the other ten cut their way through, and reached Orleansville."

Formidable as many of the Arabs are—owing to their excellent horsemanship and skill in arms—in single-handed conflicts, in large bodies they rarely await the charge even of far inferior numbers of disciplined cavalry. Near the confluence of the Chelif and the Mina, on an October day in 1845, two squadrons of dragoons, under Colonel Tartas, were in quest of the aforesaid Bou Maza, who had been committing razzias upon tribes friendly to the French. Reinforced by a native ally, Sidi-el-Aribi, with a handful of horsemen, and notwithstanding the heavy load of four days' rations for man and horse, they pressed on at a rapid pace, and on surmounting a ridge of ground, beheld, "numerous as the sands on the sea-shore, the hostile Arabs firmly waiting our attack. In the centre floated an immense green banner, and the wings, forming a horse shoe, seemed ready to enclose us. "Walk!" cried Colonel Tartas, and we advanced at a walk, sabre in scabbard. In his loud parade-voice, the colonel then gave his orders, and the squadrons formed front, each keeping a division in reserve. Between the two squadrons marched the colonel and his standard; at his side was Sidi-el-Aribi; behind him a little escort; on our flanks, the handful of Arab horse. "Where is the rallying place?" asked the adjutant. "Behind the enemy, round my standard," replied the colonel; and then, connected as by a chain, the squadrons broke into a trot, with sabres still sheathed. At musket-shot distance, "Draw swords!" shouted the colonel; and the two hundred and fifty sabres were drawn as by one hand. A hundred paces further we changed to a gallop, still in line like a wall. Suddenly, on beholding this hurricane of iron, so calm and so strong, advancing towards them, our innumerable foe hesitated; a dull noise, like the sound of the waves in a storm, arose in the midst of the multitude. They

crowded together, wavered to and fro, and suddenly disappeared like dust before the gale. In a quarter of an hour we drew bridle. A hundred of the enemy were on the ground; and our Arab allies, pursuing the fugitives, secured much spoil. As for us, without hospital train, without troops to support us, at three leagues and a half from all assistance, the least hesitation would have been perdition. Coolness and audacity had saved us; and there, where our only hope was a glorious death, we obtained a triumph.

"Pressing round Colonel Tartas, near his standard, which two balls had rent, all these men of *great tent*,* all these bronze-complexioned Arab chiefs, their eyes lighted up by the excitement of the fight, thanked him as their saviour. At their head, Sidi-el-Aribi, with that majestic dignity which never deserted him, lavished expressions of gratitude upon the colonel; whilst around them, like a frame to the picture, the foaming horses, the dragoons leaning on their saddles, the arms and floating garments of the Arabs, the heads which some of them had fastened to their saddle-bows, and a nameless something in the air which told of victory, combined to give to the scene somewhat of the noble and savage grandeur of primitive times."

We will not contrast with the picture thus vividly painted by M. de Castellane, the less romantic episodes of grubbing for silos, (buried stores of corn,) driving cattle, or smoking unfortunate Arab families out of their caves of refuge. Of all these matters the chasseur speaks, if not altogether admiringly, yet as necessities of that war, and stands forth with plausible sophisms in defence of the barbarities of the razzia system. We did not take up his sketches with disputatious intentions, and are quite content with the interest and amusement we have extracted from them, without attempting to drive their author from positions which, we suspect, he would find it as difficult to defend as the Arabs did to maintain those assailed by the gallant charges of the African Chasseurs.

THE GREEN HAND.

A "SHORT YARN."

A WIND UP.

"No, Westwood," said I, "it can't be the right one—nor any of these, indeed!" And on looking at the chart, which was one not meant for anything but navigation in open water, with the channels laid down clearly enough, but evidently rather off-hand as to the islands, Jones himself seemed to get uncertain about the matter; partly owing to the short glimpse he'd had of the other chart, and partly to its being, as he thought, an old one made for a purpose, by a hand that knew the islands well. After two or three days' sail, we were getting into the thick of the Maldives, where the reefs and sand-banks stretching out on every side, and beginning to lap in upon each other, made it more and more dangerous work; but at any rate the islands we saw were either very small, or else low and muddy-like, with a few scrubby-looking cocoas upon them, like bulrushes growing out of a marsh. No runaway sailors would ever think of taking up their quarters hereabouts, even if we hadn't caught sight of a smoke now and then, and once of some native craft with a couple of brown mat-sails and an out-rigger, that showed the clusters hereaway to have people about them. Besides there was no pretext any Indianman could have for steering near enough to such a jungle of mud and water, to give a boat the chance of making towards it with any certainty. I saw at once that the spot in question must lie tolerably for the course of a ship to western India, otherwise they wouldn't have appeared so sure of their mark as Jones said they did. All this, at the same time, kept me the more bent on searching the matter out ere I did aught else, seeing that in fact the Indianman's attempt to get rid of the schooner was the very thing likely to bring her on this track; fancying, as she would, that we

were either in chase of her toward Bombay, or off on our own course again." Now, on the one hand, nothing could fit better for the said runaway scheme of Harry Foster's; and on the other hand, nothing would have pleased me more, and greatly eased my mind too, than to catch him and his chums on their spree ashore. The worst of it was, that I began to have my doubts of Jones again. He was the only man that could put us on the right scent; yet he seemed either to have lost it, or to have something creeping on his mind that made him unwilling to carry it out. "Mr Jones," said I, as the schooner was hove to, and he stood musing gloomily by the binnacle, with a glance now and then in at the compass, and out at the chart again, "if you're at a loss now, sir, just say—and I shall try my own hand for want of better!" "No, Lieutenant Collins!" answered he suddenly, in a husky voice—"no, sir, that's not it, but—God help me! no, there's no use standing against fate, I see. Whatever it costs me, Mr Collins," he went on, firmly, "I'm with you to the end of it; but—there *is* something horrible about all this!" "How! what do you mean?" said I, tartled by the difference in his manner, and the quiver of his lip. "Oh," said he, "as for the present matter, there may be nothing more in it than what I heard on the ship's boom yonder. The truth is, I didn't know at first but this cluster here might have been the one—though I see now there is only *one* island in the whole chain that can answer the description, and that is not here." With that he pointed to another piece of the chart, showing no more than a few spots upon the paper, not to speak of shades in it standing for reefs and shoals, towards the "Head" of the Maldives; one spot lying away from the rest, with the single name of Minicoy for

them all. I asked him hastily enough what it was called, and all about it, for the whole affair made me more and more uneasy; but on this point Jones seemed inclined to keep close, plainly not liking the topic, except that I found it went by several names, one of which I had heard before, myself—White-water Island. About the time I was a boy in a merchantman's fore-castle, 'twas a sort of floating yarn amongst some seamen, this White-water Island, I remembered; but I never met with a man that had seen it, every one having had it from a shipmate last voyage, though a terrible place it had been, by all accounts, without one's knowing exactly where it was. One craft of some kind had gone to find out a treasure that was buried in it, and she never was heard of more; a man took a fancy to live ashore in it, like Robinson Crusoe, and he went mad; while the reason there were no "natives" was owing to the dreadful nature of it, though at the same time it was as beautiful as a garden. The right name, however, according to Jones, was Inoo. "There's no good in blinding one's self to it, Mr Collins," he went on—"that's the island the men meant; only their chart set me wrong owing to the greater size of it—you had better beat out of this at once, and keep up for the eight-degrees channel there."

We were in open sea again, out of sight of land from the mast-head, steering for somewhere about north-north-east, with a very light breeze from nearly the monsoon quarter, and sometimes a flying squall, sometimes no more than a black pour of rain, that left it hotter than before. The clear deep blue of the Indian ocean got to a sickly heavy sort of dead colour towards noon, like the bottoms of old bottles, and still we were standing on without signs of land, when, almost all at once, I noticed the water in the shadow of the schooner had a brown coffee-like tint I had never exactly seen hitherto; indeed, by the afternoon, it was the same hue to the very horizon, with a clean seaboard on all sides. I had the deep-sea lead-line hove at length, and found no soundings with a hundred and fifty fathoms; there was

neither land nor river, I knew, for hundreds and hundreds of miles to the coast of Arabia; as for current, no trial I could think of showed any; and there were now and then patches of small glittering sea-jellies and sea-lice to be seen amongst a stalk or two of weed on the soft heave of the water, going the way of the breeze. A dozen or so of Portuguese men-of-war, as they call them, held across our bows one time; little pink blubbers, with their long shining roots seen hanging down in the clear of the surface, and their little blue gauze sails with the light through them, ribbed like leaves of trees, as they kept before the wind. Westwood and I both fancied we could feel a queer sulphury smell as we leant over the side, when a surge came along the bends. Not a single fish was to be seen, about us, either, except the long big black-fish that rose one after the other at a distance, as the wind got lighter. One while you heard them groaning and gasping in the half-calm, as if it were the breathing of the sea far and wide every time it swelled; another, one saw them in a cluster of black points against the bright sky-line, like so many different-shaped rocks with the foam round them, or a lot of long-boats floating bottom up, with their back-horns for humps on the keel. As for Jones, he looked graver and graver, till all of a sudden we saw him go below; but after a little he came up with an almanac in his hand, and his finger fixed where the time of the next new moon was given, as I found when I took it from him, for he seemed not inclined to speak. "Why, what has that to do with the thing?" I said; "we are heading fair for the Minicoy cluster, I think." "Yes, sir," said he; "if one needed anything to prove that, he has only to look at the sea—at this season, I *knew* how it would turn out." "Well, that's what I can't understand, Mr Jones," said I; "the water seems as deep as St Paul's Cathedral thrice over!" "Do you not know then, sir, why that island is called—what it is?" was the answer,—"but wait—wait—till *night*!" and with that Jones turned round to the bulwarks, leaning his arms on the rail. In the mean time, Jacobs and

some of the men had drawn a bucket of water, which we noticed them tasting. A pannikin full of it was handed along to the quarter-deck, and the taste struck you at once, owing to the want of the well-known briny twang of real blue-water, and instead of that a smack as it were of iron, though it was as clear as crystal. Every one had a trial of it but Jones himself: indeed, he never once looked round, till it had occurred to me to pour the tin of water into a glass and hold it with my hand over it inside the shade of the binnacle, when I thought I made out little specks and sparks shooting and twisting about in it, as if the water had a motion of itself; then it seemed to sink to the bottom, and all was quiet. Just then I looked up and caught Jones's scared restless sort of glance, as if he were uneasy. There was a strange life in that man's brain, I felt, that none could see into: but owing as it plainly was to something far away from the present matter, I knew it was best to let him alone. In fact, his doing as he did showed well enough he meant fair by ourselves. Nothing on earth ever gave me more the notion of a wreck in a man, than the kind of gaze out of Jones's two eyes, when he'd turn to the light and look at you, half keen, half shrinking, like a man that both felt himself above you, and yet, somehow or other, you'd got him under you. I'm blessed if I didn't trust him more because he had been too desperate a character in his deeds beforehand to turn his mind to little ones now, than for anything good in him: being one of those fellows that work their way from one port to another in ships' forecables, and get drunk ashore, though, all the time, you'd say there wasn't one aboard with them, from the skipper to the chaplain, knew as much or had flown as high some time. Some day at sea the bands are piped round the grating, hats off, and the prayer-book rigged,—down goes "Jack Jones" with a splash and a bubble to his namesake, old "Davy," and you hear no more of him!

Well, just after sundown, as the dusk came on, Westwood and I left the deck to go down to supper with the Planter, the midshipman being in

charge. There was nothing in sight, sail or land; indeed, the queer dark-brown tint of the horizon showed strongly against the sky, as if it had been the mahogany of the capstan-head inside its brass rim; the night was cloudy, with a light breeze, and though the stars came out, I expected it to get pretty dark. As I went down the companion, I heard nothing but the light wash of the water from her bows, and the look-out stepping slowly about betwixt her knight-heads on the fore-castle; while it struck me the smooth face of the sea seemed to show wonderfully distinct into the dusk, the completer it got, as if a sort of light rose up from off it. Down below we felt her stealing pleasantly through all, and Tom and I sat for I didn't know how long, trying to settle our differences on the main point—about the Seringapatam, of course, and which way she was likely to be gone. Tom plumed himself mightily on his common-sense view of a thing, and having by this time got back a good deal of his cheerfulness, he and Mr Rollock almost laughed me over to his line of thinking.

We agreed that the ship must be at present edging up on one side or other of the Maldives, but both of them thought the less we had to say to her the better. "I say, though," exclaimed the Planter, whose face was turned the opposite way to ours, "I'd no idea it was moonlight!" "Moonlight!—there's no moon till morning," I said. "Look into the stern-cabin there, then!" said Rollock; and I turned round, seeing into the door of the after-cabin, where, to my no small surprise, there was a bright white glare through the little square stern-light, gleaming on the rim of the sill, and seemingly off both the air and the water beyond. Quite confounded, as well as wondering what Snelling could be about, I hurried up the companion, the Planter and Westwood hard at my heels.

For so long as I had kept at sea, and a good many different latitudes I had been into—yet I must say I never in my life before saw such a strange sight as broke on us the instant we put our heads out of the booby-hatch, fresh from the lamp-light in the cabin.

Indeed, I can't but own to my first feeling being fright; for what it was I couldn't understand, unless we were got into a quarter of the world where things weren't natural. There were a few stray clouds in the sky, scattered away ahead, and clearing eastward to settle along before the breeze; all aloft of us, high over the sharp dark edge of the sails and gaffs, the air seemed to open away out pale and glimmering like a reflection in the ice; all round you caught a glimpse of the stars weakening and weakening toward the horizon. But the water itself—that was the sight that bewildered one! On every side the whole sea lay spread out smooth, and as white as snow—you couldn't fancy how wide it might stretch away astern or on our lee-beam, for not a mark of horizon was to be seen, save on the northwest, where you made it out, owing to the sky there being actually darker than the sea—but all the time the wide face of it was of a dead ghastly paleness, washing with a swell like milk to our black counter as we forged ahead. It wasn't that it shone in the least like blue water at night in the ordinary tropics—by Jove! that would have been a comfort—but you'd have thought there was a winding-sheet laid over all, or we were standing across a level country covered with snow—only when I stood up, and watched the bows, there was a faint hissing sparkle to be seen in the ripple's edge, that first brought me to myself. The Lascars had woke up where they lay about the caboose, and were cowering together for sheer terror; the men standing, each one in his place, and looking: while Jones, who had relieved the midshipman, leant by himself with his head on the capstan, as if to keep out the sight of it all: the schooner's whole dusky length, in fact, with every black figure on her decks, and her shape up to the lightest stick or rope of her aloft, appearing strange enough, in the midst of the broad white glare, to daunt any one that wasn't acquainted with the thing. "Mr Jones," said I quickly, on going up to him, "what the devil is this? I'll be hanged if I didn't begin to believe in witchcraft or something. Where are we getting to?"

"Nothing, nothing, sir," said he, lift-

ing his head; "'tis natural enough; only the milk sea, as they call it—the white water, sir, that comes down twice a-year hereabouts from God knows where—you only see it so at—*at night!*" "Oh, then, according to that," I said, "we shan't be long of sighting your island. I suppose?"

"No," said he, "if the breeze freshens at all, keeping our present course, the masthead ought to hail it in two or three hours; but God knows, Lieutenant Collins, natural though the sight is, there's something a man can't get rid of, especially if"—He stood up, walked to the side, and kept facing the whole breadth of the awful-looking sea, as it were till it seemed to blind him. "I tell you what, sir," said he slowly, "if that water had any use, a priest would say, 'twas sent to wash that same island clean of what's been done on it: but it couldn't, Mr Collins, it couldn't, till the day of judgment!" He leant over till his dark face and his shoulders, to my notion, made the milk-white surge that stole up to the schooner's bows take a whiter look. "If that water could wash *me*, now," muttered he, "ay, if it could only take the soul out of me, curse me, but I'd go down, down this moment to the bottom!"

With that he gave a sudden move that made me catch him by the arm. "No, no, Mr Collins," said he, turning round: "the truth is, I mean to go through with it: by G—, I'll let it carry me where I'm bound for! D—n it, wasn't I born without asking my leave, and I'll kick the bucket the same way, if it was on a blasted dung-hill!"

"Come, come, Mr Jones," said I, in a soothing sort of way, "go below for a little, and sleep; when we hail the land, I'll have you called."

"I'd rather not, sir," said Jones, quietly; "the truth is, it strikes me there's something strange in my happening to be aboard here, at this particular season, too; and see that same island, *now*, I must! It's fate, Lieutenant Collins," added he; "and I must say, I think it's the more likely something may turn out there. Either you'll see that ship, or the men, or else I'll be there myself, in some way or other!"

Now there was something in all this that began at moments quite to be-

wilder one, the more excited the state was it put you in. There was nothing for it but to push on, and see what might come of it. Indeed, the weather favoured us better on our present course than on any other; and I felt, if I didn't keep active, I should go distracted. 'Twas almost as if what Jones said had a truth in it, and a sort of a power beyond one were drawing the schooner the way she steered; while, at the same time, there was every little while somewhat new in the extraordinary looks of things to hold you anxious. Even a flying touch of a squall we had about midnight didn't the least do away with the whiteness of the water all around: on the contrary, as the dark cloud crept down upon us, widening on both sides like smoke, the face of the sea seemed to whiten and whiten, casting up a ghastly gleam across the cloud, with its ripples frothing and creaming; till, not knowing *how* things might go hereabouts, you almost expected the first rush of the wind to send it all in a flame to our mastheads. Then up she rose on a surge like a snow-drift, and off we drove heeling over to it, gulls lowered and canvass down, every thing lost sight of, save the white sea heaving up against the mist; while the clear-coloured flash of it through our weather bulwarks showed it was water sure enough. The squall went off to leeward, however, the rain hissing like ink into the swell it left, and spotting it all over till the last drops seemed to sink in millions of separate sparkles as far as you could see. The schooner rose from one heave to another to an even keel on the smooth length of it, hoisting her spanking gulls, hauling aft the sheets, and slipping ahead once more to a breeze fed by the rain. As the sky cleared, the dead white glare the water sent up into it was such, you didn't know the one from the other toward the horizon; and in the midst there was only the smooth faint surface, brushing whiter with the breeze, as if it was nothing else kept it from going out of sight; with a few streaky clouds turning themselves out like wool in a confused rift of the air aloft; the schooner walking in it without ever a glimpse of a shadow on one side or another; while, as for seeing a sail on the hori-

zon, you might as well have looked for a shred of paper. It wasn't light, neither, nor was it haze; nothing but a dead colour off the very sea's face—for the schooner rose and plunged without letting you see a hair's-breadth of her draught below the water-line. Every man rubbed his eyes, as if it were all some kind of a dream, and none the less when suddenly we were right upon a long patch of black stripes winding away through the white, like so many sea serpents come up to breathe, with both ends of them lost in the faintness. Nobody stirred, or said, "Look-out;" stripe after stripe she went slipping through them as if they'd been ghosts, without a word or an extra turn of the wheel. I dare say, if we had commenced to rise in the air, every man would have held on like grim death, but he wouldn't have wondered much; 'twas just, whatever might happen to please them as had the managing of it, which was Jacob's observation when we talked of it after.

Mr Snellings was the only one that ventured to pass a joke; when Jones, who I thought was out of hearing, looked at the reefer with such a fierce glance, and so scornful at the same time, that I couldn't help connecting what happened the very next moment with it—for without the slightest warning, both of us were flung to leeward, and Snelling pitched into the scuppers, as a huge rolling ridge of the white water came down upon our beam: while the schooner broached to in the wind, floundering on the swell with her sails aback. Had the breeze been stronger, I think it would have fairly swamped us with the sternway she had, and heave after heave swelled glaring and weltering out of the pale blind sky, till our decks swam with light in the dusk under the bulwarks, and about the dark mouths of the hatchways. Just as suddenly the rollers seemed to sink in the smooth of the sea, and at last we payed off with the breeze as before, at the cost of a good fright and a famous ducking. Two or three times in the course of the middle watch did this happen, except that we were taken less by surprise, and had the hatches closed, with every rope ready to let go; the breeze strengthening all the time, and the

same sort of look continuing all round and aloft.*

About four o'clock or so, the appearance of the sky near where the horizon ought to be, right ahead, struck Westwood and me as stranger than ever; owing to a long lump of shadow, as it were, lying northward like the shape of a bow or the round back of a fish miles long, though it softened off at one end into the hollow of the air, and the gleam of the white water broke past the other like the streaks of the northern lights in a frosty night toward the Pole, save for the thin shadowy tint of it, and the stars shining plainly through. I'd have fancied it was high land; when suddenly the half-moon was seen to ooze like a yellow spot out of the shapeless sort of steam to eastward, like a thing nobody knew, shedding a faint brown glimmer far below where you hadn't seen there was water at all. The bank of shadow softened away towards her, till in little more than five minutes the dark rippling line of the sea was made out, drawn across the dusk as if it had been the wide mouth of a frith in the polar ice, opening far on our weather-bow. A soft blue shimmering tint stole out on it by contrast, leaving the milk-white glare still spread everywhere else, astern, ahead, and on our lee-beam, into the sightless sky: 'twas the old blue water we caught sight of once more, with the natural night and the stars hanging over it; and the look-out aloft reported blue water stretch-

ing wide off to the nor'ard. There was one full burrah from the seamen in the bows, and they ran of themselves naturally enough to the ropes, standing by to haul the schooner on a wind—to head up for the old salt sea, no doubt.

"Lieutenant Collins," said Jones, in a low voice, "do you mean to steer for that island, sir?" "Yes," I said, "certainly, Mr Jones—I shall see this matter out, whatever the upshot may be!" "Then keep on, sir," said he, firmly, "keep in the white water—'tis your only plan to near it safely, sir!" This I didn't well understand; but, by Jove! there was so much out of the common way hereabouts, that I had made up my mind to follow his advice. Another hail from aloft, at length—"Something black on our lee bow, sir—right in the eye of the white it is, sir!" We were now running fast down in the direction where there was least possibility of seeing ahead at all, although, in fact, the little moonshine we had evidently began to make this puzzling hue of the surface less distinct—turning it of a queer ashy drab, more and more like the brown we noticed by day-time; while the light seemed as it were to scoop out the hollow of the sky aloft, when a dark spot or two could be observed from the deck, dotting the milky space over our bow—you couldn't say whether in the air or the water, as they hung blackening and growing together before us through below the

* The description of this peculiar phenomenon of the Indian Ocean, as given by Captain Collins, surprised us as much as the reality seems to have done him. However, on consulting a seafaring old gentleman of much experience in all parts of the world, we are informed that such an appearance is periodically to be met with for some distance between the Laccadive and Malive islands, as he had reason to know. The old Dutch Captain Stavorinus also turns up an account substantially similar, having particularly attended to the cause of it in his voyage to the East Indies: it reaches also to some of the south-eastern islands at a great distance from India, near Java—or at all events appears there. In the Atlantic, Humboldt says there is a part of the sea always milky, although very deep, in about 57° W. longitude, and the parallel of the island of Dominica. Of the same nature, probably, are the immense olive-green spaces and stripes seen in blue water by Captain Scoresby and others, toward the ice of the north polar region.

The pale sea alluded to is supposed either to move from the shores of Arabia Felix, and the gulf in that coast, or, by some, to arise from sulphureous marine exhalations appearing to rot the bottoms of vessels, and to frighten the fish. Both at the Laccadives and near Java it is seen twice a-year, often with a heavy rolling of the sea on a bad weather. The first time, at the new moon in June, it is called by the Dutch the "little white-water;" again, at the new moon in August, the great "wit-water;" by English seamen, generally, the milk-sea, or the "blink."

foot of the jib. Larger and larger it loomed as we stood before the breeze, till there was no doubt we had the bulk of a small low island not far to windward of us, a couple of points or thereabouts on our larboard bow when she fell off a little—lying with the ragged outline of it rising to a top near one end, its shape stretched black and distinct in the midst of the pale sea; while the white water was to be seen taking close along the edge of the island, showing every rock and point of it in the shadow from the moon, till it seemed to turn away all of a sudden like a current into the broad dreamy glimmer that still lay south-eastward. On the other side of the island you saw the dark sea-ripples flickering to the faint moonlight, and some two or three more patches of flat land just tipping the horizon, with the thin cocoa-nut trees on them like reeds against the stars and the dusk; while the one nearest us was sufficiently marked out to have saved me the trouble even of the look I gave Jones, which he answered by another. "You have seven or eight fathoms water here, sn," added he, "and as soon as she rounds the point yonder, we can shoot it by degrees to any anchorage you like, as long as we keep in the white water—but we must hold to it." It was accordingly found so with the lead, and ere long, having kept past the point, the same milky line could be noticed as it were juggling on through the darker water, and winding away hither and thither all round the other side, till you lost it. However, here we brailled up and hauled down every-thing, letting go an anchor, little more than half a mile from a small sloping beach, where the strange water actually surged up through the shadow of the land, in one glittering sheet like new-fallen snow, while the back-wash scathed down into it all along the edge in perfect fire. Nothing stirred on it, apparently; not a sound came from it, save the low wash of the surf on that lonely bare beach; and you only made out that part of the island was covered with trees, with the ground rising to a flat-topped hummock toward one end. So being pretty wearied by this time, impatient though I was for a clearer view of

matters, most of us turned in, leaving the deck to a strong anchor watch, in charge of Jones—especially as it was towards morning, and the breeze blowing fresh over the island through our ropes. But if ever a man walked the deck overhead in a fashion to keep you awake, it was Jones that morning; faster and faster he went, till you'd have thought he ran; then there was a stop, when you felt him *thinking*, and off he posted again. No wonder, by George! I had ugly dreams!

I could scarce believe it wasn't one still, when, having been called half-an-hour after daybreak, I first saw the change in the appearance of things all about us. The horizon lay round as clear as heart could wish—not a speck in sight save the little dingy islets at a distance: the broad blue ocean sparkling far away on one side, and the water to windward, in the direction we had come, showing the same brownish tint we had seen the day before, while it took the island before us in its light, and turned off eastward with the breeze till it spread against the open sky. The top of the land was high enough to shut out the sea-line, and, being low water at the time, it was plain enough now why Jones wished to keep the white streaks over-night; for, where the dingy-coloured ripples melted on the other side toward the blue, you could see by the spots of foam, and the greenish banks here and there in the surface, that all that coast of the island was one network of shoals and reefs, stretching out you didn't know how wide. White-water Island, in fact, was merely the head of them—the milky stream that had so startled us just washing round the deep end of it, and edging fair along the side of the reefs, with a few creeks sent in amongst them, as it were, like feelers, ere it flowed the other way: we couldn't otherwise have got so near as we were. But the island itself was the sight to fasten you, as the lovely green of it shone out in the morning sun, covering the most part of it close over, and tipping up beyond the bare break where it was steepest, with a clump of tall cocoas shooting every here-and-there out of the thick bush; indeed, there was apparently a sort of

split lengthways, through the midst, where, upon only walking to the schooner's bow, one could see the bright greenwood sinking down to a hollow out of sight, under the clear gush of the breeze off a dark blue patch of the sea that hung beyond it like a wedge. As the tide made over the long reefs, till the last line of surf on them vanished, it went up the little sandy cove opposite us with a splash on the beach that you could hear: the place was just what a sailor may have had a notion of all his life, without exactly seeing it till then; and though, as yet, one had but a rough guess of its size, why, it couldn't be less than a couple of miles from end to end, with more than that breadth, perhaps, at the low side toward the reefs. Not a soul amongst the man-of-war'smen, I daresay, as they pressed together in the schooner's bows to see into it, but would have taken his traps that moment, if I'd told him, and gone ashore on the chance of passing his days there: so it wasn't hard to conceive, from the state it seemed to put their rough sun-burnt faces in, honest as they looked, how a similar fancy would work with Master Harry Foster, even if it tried his virtue a little.

I had no more doubt in my own mind, by this time, of it's being the fellow's intended "hermitage," than I had of it's being the same White-water Island I had heard of myself, or the spot which Jones seemed to know so well. 'twas likely the foremast-man had got inkling of it somewhat in the way I did; and lying, as it happened to do, between no less than three channels which the Indian might take, after dodging us in this fashion round the long cluster of the Maldives, she couldn't make north-westward again for the open sea, without setting Foster and his mates pretty well upon their trip. Indeed, if she were to eastward of the chain at present, as I was greatly inclined to believe, the course of the breeze made it impossible for her to do otherwise: but there was one thing always kept lurking about my mind, like a cover to something far worse than I didn't venture to dwell upon—namely, that Captain Finch might get wind of their purpose, and

drive them on another tack by knocking it on the head, either at the time or beforehand, without the courage to settle *them*. Nothing in the world would have pleased me better than to pounce upon ugly Harry, at his first breakfast ashore here; but the bare horizon, and the quiet look of the island since ever we have in sight of it, showed this wasn't to be. At any rate, however, I was bent on seeing how the land lay, and what sort of a place it was; so accordingly as soon as the hands had got breakfast, Westwood and I at once pulled ashore with a boat's crew well armed, to overhaul it. We found the sandy beach covered, for a good way up, with a frothy slime that, no doubt, came from the water on that side, with ever so many different kinds of blubber, sea-jelly, star-fish, and shell; while the rocky edge round to windward was hung with weed that made the blocks below it seem to rise out of every surge, like green-headed white bearded mermen battling. Glad enough we were to get out of the queer sulphury smell all this stuff gave out in the heat—letting the men take every one his own way into the bushes, which they enjoyed like as many school-boys, and making, ourselves, right for the highest point. Here we saw over, through the cocoa-nut trees and wild trailing plants below, down upon a broad bushy level toward the reefs. It was far the widest way of the island: indeed making it apparently several miles to go round the different points; and as the men were to hold right to windward, and meet again after beating the entire ground, Westwood and I struck fair through amongst the tangle of wood, to see the flat below. We roused out a good many small birds and parroquets, and several goats could be noticed looking at us off the grassy bits of crag above the trees, though they didn't seem to know what we were. As for most of the wood, it was mainly such bushes and brush as thrive without water, with a bright green flush of grass and plants after the rain at the monsoon, the prickly pear creeping over the sandy parts, till we came on a track where some spring or other apparently oozed

down from the height, soaking in little rank spots amongst the ground leaves, with here and there a small rusty plash about the grass-blades, as if there were tar or iron in it. Here there were taller trees of different kinds on both sides, dwindling off into the lower bush, while, to my surprise, some of them were such as you'd never have expected to meet with on an island of the size, or so far off the land—bananas, mangoes, a shaddock or two, and a few more, common enough in India; though here they must evidently have been planted, the coconos being the only sort natural to the place—and of them there were plenty below. Suddenly it led down into a shady hollow, out of sight of the sea altogether, where we came on what seemed to have been a perfect garden some time or other: there were two or three large broad-leaved shaddock trees, and one or two others, with a heap of rubbish in the midst of the wild Indian corn and long grass: some broken bamboo stakes standing, besides a piece of plank scattered here and there about the bushes. Right under the shade of the trees was a hole like the mouth of a draw-well, more than brimful at the time with the water from the spring: for, owing to the late rains, it made a pool close by the side, and went trickling away down amongst the brushwood. Every twig and leaf grew straight up or out, save in a narrow track toward the rising ground—no doubt made by the goats, as we noticed the prints of their hoofs on the wet mud. 'Twas evident no human being had been there for heaven knew how long; since, by the care that had been taken with the place, it was probably the only spring in the island—perhaps for leagues and leagues round, indeed. Tree-branches, green grass, and all—they had such a still moveless air under the heat and light, in the lee of the high ground, with just a blue spot or two of the sea seen high up through the sharp shaddock leaves, and the cool-looking plash of water below them, that Westwood and I sat down to wait till we heard the men. Still there was a terribly distinct, particular cast about the whole spot, which, taken together with the ruin

and confusion, as well as the notion of Foster and his shipmates actually plotting to come there, gave one almost an idea of the whole story beforehand, dim as that was: the longer you looked, the more horrid it seemed. Neither natives nor single man could have brought the different trees to the island, or contrived a tank-well of the kind, seeing it was apparently deep enough to supply a ship's casks; while, at the same time, I couldn't help thinking some one had lived there since it was made, or perhaps much used. By the space taken up with the hut that had been there, and the little change in the wild state of things, most likely it was by himself he had been, and for no short time. It looked, however, as if he had been carried off in the end, otherwise his bones would have been hereabouts; probably savages, as Westwood and I concluded from the scatter they had made of his premises. For my own part, I wondered whether Jones mightn't have been the man, in which case most of that disturbed mind he showed lately might come of remembering the dreary desolate feelings one must have, living long on a desert island. No doubt they had "marooned" him for something or other, such as not being a bloody enough captain; and I could as easily fancy one having a spice of madness in him, after years ashore here, as in Captain Wall's after a French prison. Still it startled one to see one's face in the black of the well; and we couldn't make up our minds to drink out of it. Even the pool at its side had a queer taste, I thought—but that may have been all a notion. All at once, by the edge of this same pool, Westwood pointed out two or three marks that surprised us both, being quite different from what the goats could have made; and on observing closer, they were made out to be more like the paws of a wild beast stamped in the mud. "By Jove!" I said, "no wolves on the island, surely!" "All of them seem to stick to the pool in preference to the well, at any rate," said Tom; "they appear to have the same crotchet with ourselves, Ned!" "Strange!" said I, "what the devil can it be?" Westwood eyed the prints over and over. "What do

you think of—a *dog*," he asked. "Good heavens!" exclaimed I, looking down—"yes!" and there we sat gazing at the thing, and musing over it with somehow or other a curious creeping of the blood, for my part, that I can't describe the reason of. At last we heard the men hallooing to each other on the level beneath, when we hurried down, and coasted round till we came upon the boat again, where the coxswain was amusing himself gathering shells for home—and we pulled back to the schooner.

My first resolve after this was to keep before the breeze again, try to get sight of the ship, and tell Finch out and out, as I ought to have done at once, what was afoot amongst his crew; or else to let Sir Charles Hyde know of it, and make him a bold offer of a passage to Calcutta. However, I soon saw this wouldn't do; and a regular puzzle I found myself in, betwixt inclining to stick to the island and catch Foster if he came, and wishing to know how the Indianman stood on her course if he didn't. Jones must have read my thoughts as I leant upon the capstan, looking from White-water Island to the horizon and back again; for he stepped aft and said in a low voice, "Lieutenant Collins, there's one thing I didn't tell you about that island before, because, as I said, I wasn't at first sure it was the one the men meant: it may help to decide you, sir," said he gravely. "Ah!" I said. "In that island," he went on, his ordinarily dark face as pale as death, "there is enough gold at this moment to buy half an English county—ay, and better than gold, seeing that only one man knows the spot where it is, and *he* would rather sail round the world without a shirt to his back than touch one filing of the—hell's dross!" I looked at Jones in perfect amaze as he added, "You may fancy now, Mr Collins, whether if a man of the kind happened to get wind of this, he would not stir heaven and earth to reach the place? But, rather than that **gold** should come into living hands," said he fiercely, "I would *not* for *them* by myself—ay, alone—alone," and a shudder seemed to run through him as he gave another glance to the island. For my part, I

drew a long breath. What he mentioned had all at once relieved my mind wonderfully: for if this was Master Foster's cue, as I now saw it must have been the whole voyage over, why, he would be just as sure not to spread the thing widely, as he would be to get here some time, if he could. On second thoughts, it wasn't so plain how the rest of the crew might work with it, on the least inkling; but inclined as I naturally was to look upon the best side of the matter, you needn't wonder at my making up my mind as I did. The short and the long of it was that, in an hour more, Jones and myself, with Jacobs and four other good hands—and, somewhat to my annoyance, Mr Rollock, who persisted in coming—were pulling back for the island; while the schooner, under care of Westwood and Snelling, was hauled on a wind to stand up across the Nine Degrees Channel, which the Indianman would no doubt take as the safest course for western India, if all went well, and supposing I had reckoned correctly why we missed her so long. In that case, three or four days at most couldn't fail to bring her up; and on first sighting her at the horizon, they could easily enough strip the schooner to her sticks, keeping her stern on so as to let the ship pass without noticing the boom of so small a craft; whereas if they didn't see her at all, in that time, they were to bear up before the wind again for the island. Of all things, and every circumstance being considered, I agreed with Westwood it was best not to come across her again, if we could help it.

For our own part, in the boat, we were fully provisioned and armed for all the time we could need, not to speak of what the island itself afforded; and after watching the schooner stand heeling off to sea, round the deep end of it, we cruised close along, not for the beach this time, but seeking for a cove in the rocks where the boat could be hauled up out of sight, and safe from the surf at high water. This we weren't very long of finding behind some blocks that broke the force of the surge, where the wild green trailers from above crept almost down to the seaweed; and after helping them a little

to hide her perfectly, the whole of us scrambled ashore. The first thing was to post a look-out on the highest point, the sharp little peak next to the reef-side, overlooking the spring and the level ground between: on the other side of the long green valley, full of bush in the midst, was the flat-topped rise towards the brown water, from which I and the Planter watched the schooner softening for an hour or two, till she reached the blue sea-gleam, and lessened to a speck. By that time, the men had pitched a little canvass tent on the slope opposite to us, over the hollow—Jones evidently being anxious to keep clear of the spot, which somebody else had picked out beforehand; in fact the highest ground was betwixt us and it; and on coming down through the thicket to our quarters, after a stroll in which Rollock shot a couple of rose-coloured parquets, declaring them to be splendid eating, we found Jones had had to send over the other way for water.

I woke up in the tent perhaps an hour before midnight, as I judged on looking through the opening at the stars that shone in the dark sky through the north-east end of the valley above the sea. At the other end, being higher, you just saw the scattered heads of the bushes against a pale floating glimmer of air, with a pale streak of horizon. Behind us was the height where we had the look-out, and in front the flat top of the crag drawn somehow or other as distinct as possible upon the faint star-light in that quarter, roughening away down on both sides into the brushwood and dwarf cocoa-nut trees. With the stillness of the place all round, the bare sight of that particular point gave me a dreamy, desolate, ghastly sort of feeling, beyond aught I ever saw in my life before: it was choking hot and heavy inside, and seemingly throughout the hollow, though a good deal of dew began to fall, glistening on the dark-green bushes nearest us, and standing in drops on the fern-like cocoa leaves which Jacobs and the other men had roofed themselves with. They were sound asleep; and the glimpse of the soles of their shoes and their knees, sticking out of the shadow you saw

their rough faces in, with the sight of their cutlass-hilts, served to give one a still wilder notion of the place. One felt scarce sure of being able to wake them, in case of anything turning up; and, at any rate, a dread came over you of its being possibly somewhat unnatural enough to make the thing useless. On the other hand, the Planter kept up such a confounded snoring inside the canvass close by me, that although there was no doubt of his being alive, the sound of it put stranger thoughts into your head: sometimes his breath would be jogging on like that of a tolerably ordinary mortal, then get by degrees perfectly quiet: and then all of a sudden go rising and rising, faster and faster, as if some terrible dream had hold of him, or there was some devilish monster hard in chase of his soul, till out it broke into a fearful snort that made your very heart jump—whereupon he'd lie as if he were finished, then go through the whole story again. I can't tell you how that cursed noise troubled me: 'twas no use shoving and speaking to him, and all the time the old boy was evidently quite comfortable, by something he said at last about "indigo being up." The best I could do was to get out and leave him to himself. In fact, where Jones had gone at the time I didn't know, till suddenly I caught sight of his dark figure standing on the rise at the back of our post, and went up to him. Jones was certainly a strange mixture, for here had he been all round the low side of the island by himself, yet I found him leaning bareheaded on the barrel of his musket, listening like a deer: he assured me solemnly he thought he had heard voices for the last hour on the other side, where he hadn't been, and asked me if I would go with him to see. Then down came our look-out from the peak, rolling through the bushes like a sea-cow, to report his not having seen anything, and to say they'd forgot to relieve him aloft; so rousing up Jacobs, I sent them both back together, while Jones and I held the opposite way for the other height. The moment we got to it, *there was* the same faint blotted-out horizon as we had had all astern of us the night before, the same strange unnatural

paleness cast off the face of the sea, making it look black by contrast to north-eastward and east, against the blue shadow with the bright stars in it, where the sea rippled as usual; while the keenest glare in the middle seemed to stream right to the breast of the island, like the reflection of daylight down a long break in the ice—only it was dead and ghastly to behold. The white water washed round under the black edge of the rocks before us, to the bare sloping beach, where it came up fairly like a wide splash of milk, glimmering and sparkling back amongst the little sea-creatures you fancied you saw moving and crawling out or in: till it ran along by where the reefs were, and turned off to the dim sky again. Everything else was still, and Jones drew a breath like one relieved. "Nothing after all, I think, sir!" said he: but to my mind there was something a long sight more awful in the look of that unaccountable white water beating down like snow upon the island, as it were, with the wrinkles and eddies to be seen faintly in it here and there back toward the glaring breadth of it, and the floating streaks in the sky above. Especially when he told me he thought it was owing to millions upon millions of living things in it, that made the same show there at two different seasons in the year, for a week or so at a time—the appearance of it getting less distinct every night. However, I had begun to grow uneasy again about the Indian, and the schooner too, as well as doubtful of the fellows coming to the island at all; on the contrary, as I said to Jones, if they saw the schooner, and Westwood didn't manage as I told him, why both she, the ship, and ourselves might possibly get the finishing-stroke altogether. "The more I think of it," said I, "the more cursedly foolish it seems to be here instead of aboard!" "Why it is, Mr Collins, I don't know," replied Jones, "yet I feel as sure these men will land here as if I heard them in the woods; and if I wasn't aware how one crime breeds another, for my part I shouldn't be here at present, sir. Many a night afloat has the thought of this place weighed on me, lest there was something new doing

in it; but what's buried here I'm resolved no man shall stir up, if I can help it, sir!" A little after, as we got up and went down to the beach, all of a sudden—like a thing he couldn't avoid—Jones began to give me some snatches of what had happened here some years before, which, according to him, he had got from a shipmate of his that died: and I must say it made the blood creep in me to listen to it.

At the beginning of the war, he said, the island had been a nest of regular pirates, who had taken pains to make it, from a mere muddy head of a reef with some cocoas upon it, probably into a resort on occasions—especially as even the wild Maldivian natives to southward had somehow a dislike to it. The whole gang being taken by some cruiser or other at sea, however, too far off to leave any due to their harborage herabouts, they were all hanged, and the place lost sight of: till a good many years after, a country Arab craft, bound for Dacca up the Ganges, was driven in a gale upon the reefs some way off, without seeing the island at all till the sea went down, and she was going to pieces. There were only two Europeans aboard, both having turned Mussulmen, and the youngest of them was mate. There was a passenger, a native Indian merchant, and his servants, with, as was believed, his harem below in the after cabins, for nobody ever had seen them; but the Arab *rascals* of the vessel, and several more, being washed off when she struck, the other Mussulmen took to the only boat they had, and got ashore, leaving the two Englishmen with the passenger. Next day the two men had contrived a raft of the spars, whereupon the Hindoo at last brought up his three women, veiled from head to foot, and the whole got safe to the island. Here all the Mahometans herded together amongst themselves, forcing the two Englishmen to keep on the other side of the island, as they had no firearms; while the old Hindoo merchant and his native servant got a tent pitched on the highest point for the women, where they were no more seen than before, and a flag hoisted on a stick all the time for a signal to ships—poor simple devil! as

Jones said with a laugh. Every day he offered the Arab crew more of the gold and jewels he had with him, to make for India and get him brought off; till at last some of the Arabs came round to the mate and his companion, wanting them to take the boat and go instead, otherwise they would kill both of them at once. The two men accordingly had provisions given them, and hoisted sail on the boat before the breeze to eastward: they had almost dropped the island, when all at once the one in the boat's bows stepped aft to him that had the tiller, and said it struck him the Arabs couldn't mean well to the Hindoo and his wives, in trying to get clear of others. All his companion did, Jones said, was to ask if he was man enough to go back, face them boldly, and offer to take the passenger and his harem too, when some craft or other might come back for the Arabs, since they weren't seamen enough to venture first in the boat. "I tell you what," said the first, "try the two largest breakers of water there!" The water for use next after the open one was tasted—and it was salt. "Will you stand by me?" the second man said, after a while. The other had a dog with him of his own, that had swam ashore from the vessel after the raft he landed upon, and it was sleeping in the boat's bow at the moment, near him: the dog lifted its head as they spoke, eyed the two, and lay down again with a low sort of growl. "Ay," answered the other, "to the last I will—as long as you stick by me!" They hauled over the sheet, laid the boat sharp on a wind, and as soon as it was dusk began to pull back toward the island, where they got ashore in the dark before morning.

Here Jones stopped, turned suddenly round to the glare of the white water plashing upon the beach, and said no more. "Why, Jones," said I, "is that all you've to tell?—what came of them? For God's sake, yes—what was the upshot?" "'Tis enough to show how one bad thing breeds another, as I said, sir," answered he. "Probably in the end, though—at any rate I only fancy the rest—'tis a horrible dream to me, for a—a—squal came on when that shipmate of mine got so far, and we had

to reef topsails. He went overboard off the yard that very night," said Jones wildly. "The man must have been *there*," said I in a pointed way, "to give all the particulars—he was the mate, himself, Mr Jones!" He made no answer, but kept gazing out to sea. "And how long was this ago?" I asked. "Oh," answered he, "years enough ago, no doubt, sir, for both of us to be children, if *you* were born, Mr Collins!"—and he turned his face to me as ghastly as the water toward the horizon he was looking at before,—"at least I hope to God it was so—the man was a poor creature, sir, bless you, and d——d old, as it seems to me—twice my own age at the time, Lieutenant Collins! At all events, though," he went on, rambling in a strange way that made me think he was going out of his mind, "he remembered well enough the first time he saw the white water coming down upon the island. He was hunting—*hunting*—through the bushes and up and down, and came up upon the crag." "Hunting?" I said. "Yes, you didn't know how it lived, or where it kept, but every night it was on the look-out there. There was no one else, save the girl sleeping over beyond in the hut; and the man almost fancied the water of the sea was coming down to the rocks and the beach, like the Almighty himself, to show he was clear of all that had happened—if he could but have finished that brute, testifying like the very devil, he'd have been happy, he felt! Harkye," said he, sinking his voice to a whisper, "when he went back at daylight, the woman was dying—she had born a—what was as innocent as she was, poor, sweet, young heathen!" And if I hadn't guessed pretty well before that Jones was the man he'd been speaking of, his glittering eye, and his stride from the beach would have showed it; apparently he forgot everything besides at that moment, till you'd have thought his mind gloated on this piece of his history. "The woman!" I couldn't help saying, "what woman? Had the rest left you in the boat, then?"

Jones looked upon me fiercely, then turned away: when all on a sudden such a long unearthly quaver of a cry came down through the stillness, from

somewhere aloft in the island, that at first I didn't know what to think, unless one of our look-out men had met with an accident, and tumbled down. 'Twas so dark where they were, however, there was no seeing them. Without looking for himself, Jones faced me, shivering all over. "What is that, Mr Collins?" whispered he, catching my arm with a clutch like death, "is there anything yonder—behind—behind—sir?" On the flat head of the crag north-westward, black against the pale glimmer over the very spot where we had stood half-an-hour before, to my utter horror, there was some creature or other sitting as it looked toward the sea; and just then another wild, quivering, eddying sound came evidently enough from it, like a thing that would never end. It wasn't a human voice, that!—my very brain spun with it, as I glanced to Jones. "Good heavens!" I said, "*what*!" But by Jove! now I think of it; yes—'tis the howl of a *dog*, nothing else!" "Eight—ten years!" said Jones, hoarsely, "without food, too, and enough in that well to have poisoned whole gangs of men for twenty years—*can* it be an earthly being, sir?" The stare he gave me at the moment was more frightful than aught else, but I mentioned what Westwood and I had observed the day before. Before I well knew what he meant, Jones was stealing swiftly up the rising ground to the shoulder of it. I saw him get suddenly on a level with the creature, his musket aiming for it—there was a flash and a shot that left the height as bare as before—and next minute, with a short whimpering howl, the animal flew down the hill, while I heard Jones crashing through the bushes after it, till he was lost in the dark. Such a terrible notion it gave me of his strange story being true, whereas before I had almost fancied it partly a craze of his, from having lived here alone—that for a moment or two it seemed to my mind we were still in the midst of it. I hurried back to our post, and close upon morning Jones came over and lay down by himself without a word, haggard and covered with sweat.

All next day the horizon on every side was clear of a single speck; no signs either of ship or schooner, till I

began to wish we were out of it, hoping the Seringapatam had, after all, kept the old course for Bombay, in spite of us. I found Jones had warned the men not to get our water out of the tank: it being poisoned in a way fit to last for years, as the pirates knew how to do. For our parts, we had to amuse ourselves the best way we could, waiting for the schooner to come down again for us, which was the only thing I looked for now. That night the white appearance of the water to north and windward seemed a good deal gone, save where it hung like a haze in the direction it took off the island: the stars shone out, and in two or three nights more I found from Jones there would be nothing of it, which I hoped I should have to take on his word.

At daybreak, however, our look-out could all of a sudden be seen hoisting the signal for a sail in sight, and waving his hat for us to come. No sooner had we hurried up, accordingly, than a sail could be made out in the south-east, hull down; and the schooner not being likely thereaway, a certain flutter in me at once set it down for the Indiaman at last, on her way far past the island for the open channel. Being broad daylight, too, with a fresh breeze blowing, we saw that Foster and his party, if they carried out their scheme, would have to wait till she was a long way to windward at night time, in order to get clear off. In fact, I had every one kept down off the height, lest the ship's glasses might possibly notice something; while, at the same time, we hadn't even a fire kindled to cook our victuals. I was watching her over the brow of the hill, through the telescope, when she evidently stood round on the other tack to get up to windward, which brought her gradually nearer. She was a large ship, under full canvass; and at last she rose her hull to the white streak below the bulwarks, till I began to think they intended passing the island to eastward to make the channel. I went down for Jones, and asked him how far the reefs actually ran out, when he told me there would probably be signs enough of them in such a strong breeze; besides, as he reminded me, if she

was the Indiaman, it was the captain himself that had a chart of them; in which, from the particular nature of it—being an old buccaneering chart, as he thought—they would be laid down quite plainly. Indeed, when we both returned to the height, there were lines of surf to be noticed here and there, more than three miles out; and seeing her by that time so distinctly, a new uneasiness began to enter my head. There were no signals we could make, even if they didn't serve the other way; and, to tell the truth, I didn't much like the idea of being found there. Still, it was terrible to see her getting nearer and nearer, without the power of doing the least thing to warn her off, spreading and heightening before you, till you counted her sails, and saw the light betwixt them, with the breeze always strengthening off that side the island, and of course making it the safer for her to pass it to leeward. The blue surges rose longer to the foam at their crests, till one's eye got confused between them and the spots of surf rippling greenish over the tongues of rock; in fact, it wasn't far off being low-water at the time, and the whole was to be seen better from the height than elsewhere, stretched out like a floor that the breeze was sweeping across, raising a white dust where the blue melted into the light-brown tint of the sea to leeward. The breeze came so fresh that she even hauled down her sky-sails and fore-royal, falling off to go to leeward of the island. At the same moment, I made out with the glass that she was actually the *Seringapatam*, and also, that she'd got a leadsmen at work in the chains. Five minutes more, and she'd have gone time enough into the distinct brown coloured swells, to stand past the deep end; without help from the glass, I saw the sun sparkle in the spray from her black bows; she made a sliding forge ahead with her whole beam on to us. Then, next moment, as if she had taken a sudden yaw and broached to in the wind, she came fairly end-on, showing the three piles of canvass in one. A wild boding of the truth crept on me as I sprang on the peak, waving my arms, and stamping like a lunatic, as if they

could hear me. The next instant she had fallen a little over, her foretopmast and main-to'gallant-mast gone out of their places at the shock, and the heavy blue swells running to her highest side in a perfect heap of foam; while the spray rose in white jets across her weather bulwarks at every burst of them. The Indiaman had struck on a rib of reef, or else a spit of sand, near the very edge of the whole bank; had it been only high water as I had reason to believe afterwards—she'd have gone clear over it. As soon as the first horror of the thing was a little past, I looked, without a word, to Jones, and he to me. "The fellows have come at last, certainly!" said he, in a serious enough tone. "Mr Collins," he added, "the moment I set foot on ground here, I felt sure something would come of it!"—"Get the men down at once, sir," I said, "and let's pull out to the ship!"—"Why, sir," answered he, "the breeze is likely to keep for some time as it is, and if she's completely gone, they'll be able to bring all hands safe ashore. If you take my advice, Mr Collins, you'll hold all fast, and show no signs of our being here at all, in case of having something or other to manage yet that may cost us harder!" It didn't need much thought to see this, in fact; and in place of going down, ten minutes after we were all close amongst the bushes on the slope, watching the wreck. What was at the bottom of all this I didn't know; whether Captain Finch had really got wind of Foster's scheme, and been playing with some hellish notion his heart failed him to carry out, or how it was; but what he was to make of *this* was the question.

Well, toward afternoon, the wreck seemed pretty much in the same state, though by that time they had evidently given her up, for the boats were beginning to be hoisted out to leeward. We couldn't see what went on there, till one of them suddenly appeared, pulling out for the island, about three miles off; then the large launch after it. There were ladies' dresses to be made out in both, their cloaks and shawls fluttering bright to the breeze as the boats dipped in the short swells; and they

were full an hour ere they got out of our sight, near the broad beach, on the level side, where the tide was ebbing fast again, making it a hard matter to pull the distance. Two more boats came off the ship, filled full of casks and other matters, save the crews; the rest of the passengers and men no doubt waiting for the launch and jolly-boat to go back and take them ashore—for, soon after, they both could be seen rounding the point on their way out. On coming within hail of the fresh boats, however, they apparently gave in, since we could see the two of them, to our great surprise, strike round, and make for the beach again with their shipmates, spite of signals from the wreck, and shots even fired after them. The breeze by that time flagged, leaving less of a sea against the ship's hull in the dead-water from the other reefs, and she had fallen over again to leeward—a proof of her sticking fast where she struck, without much fear of parting very soon in such weather; but the sun was going down, and this being the first sign of foul play we had observed, 'twas plain at all events we should have to look sharp about us. We kept close up the height, bolted our cold junk and biscuit, washing down with a stiff caulk, and looked every man to his tools. To my great satisfaction, the Planter, who had watched everything seemingly in pure bewilderment, woke up out of it when he knew how matters stood, and handled his double-barrel as cool as a cucumber, putting in two bullets above the small shot he had got for the birds, and ramming down with the air of a man summing up a couple of bills against a rascally debtor. For my own part, I must say I was longer of coming to feel it wasn't some sort of a dream, owing to Jones's broken story; till the thought of *who* was to all likelihood on the very island below, with the rest of the ladies, amongst a set of all sorts of foremast-men thrown loose from command—half of them, probably, ruffians, with some hand in the matter—it came on me like fire at one's vitals. Meantime we sat there patiently enough for want of knowing what was to do first, or which way we had best keep to avoid bringing

matters to a head, worse than they yet were.

The night came out of the dusk a fine starlight to seaward beyond the reefs where the Indian lay, the high side of the island glooming back against the deep blue glistening sky, till you didn't see how large it might be; while the white water hung glimmering off to leeward from the rocks. The ship's crew had kindled a fire on the long strand near the boats, and we heard their noise getting louder and louder above the sound of the sea plashing upon it—evidently through their making free with liquor. Jones being no doubt well acquainted with every part of the ground, he proposed to go over and see how things stood, and where the passengers might be: at the same time, as Mr Rollock was more likely to come conveniently to speech of them, both for explaining our being here and putting them on their guard, he agreed to go too.

One or other of them was to hurry back as quickly as possible, while the men and myself waited in readiness for whatever might turn up. Hour after hour passed, however, till I was quite out of patience, not to say uneasy beyond description. All was still, save below toward the water's edge—the seamen's voices at times mixing with the washing hum of the surge on the sand, then rising over it in the chorus of a fore-castle song, or a sudden bit of a quarrelsome uproar; notwithstanding which they began apparently to settle down to sleep. At last the Planter came skirting round the hill through the trees, quite out of breath, to say they had discovered the spot where the ladies had no doubt been taken by their friends, as Captain Finch himself, with one of the ship's officers, and two or three cadets, were walking about on the watch, all of them armed. To judge by this, and the fact of the other gentlemen being still apparently on the wreck, Finch mistrusted his men. However, the Planter thought it better not to risk a hasty shot through him by going nearer; and, to tell the truth, I thought it better myself to wait till daylight, when we should see if the rest got ashore; or possibly, as I wished to heaven were the case, the schooner

might heave in sight. "Where is Mr Jones, though?" asked I: on which I found he had gone over for the first time toward the well for some water, as he told Mr Rollock. Indeed, the passengers were settled near the thick of the wood on this side of the watering-place, none of the Indian's people seeming to know as yet there was such a thing on the island.

We each of us held our breath, and listened to hear Jones come back. I was just on the point of leading my party that way, when I caught the sound of some one panting, as it were, up the ridge from the shore, and next moment saw, to my great surprise, it was the creature Jones had such a horror of—the dog that had run wild on the island, snuffing with his nose to the ground as if he were in chase of something: while the straw hats and tarpaulins of half-a-dozen fellows with ship's muskets and cutlasses followed him over the hill, not thirty paces above us. I signed to Jacobs to keep quiet, as they halted together, looking at the dog; and, from what I could catch of their words, they had noticed it ever since sundown, sitting at the foot of the hill watching what went on, till the animal ran toward them as if they were friends, every now and then turning and nuzzling for the heights with a bark and a whimper, as it did at present. One of the men was Foster. "I tell ye what it is," said he, "there's some fellow on the island already, 'mates. If we ketch him, why, we'll have it out of him—then down with it quietly to the shore, and go off in the long-boat, seeing as how this blasted fool of a skipper of ours has spoiled our pleasure!" The dog turned again, wagged his tail, and put his nose to the ground. I thought at first he'd bring them right upon us, when suddenly he broke off with a yelp exactly into the track Jones had taken with Mr Rollock on leaving us. The sailors kept away in his wake, down through the bushes into the thick dusk of the trees; upon which the Planter and I started to our feet at once, and held cautiously after them, the five man-o'-war-men following at our heels, Indian file.

Jones, however, had either heard the dog, or got an inkling of the thing, and he had taken a long round so as

to join us from behind: the Indian's men keeping on for a quarter of an hour or so, when they brought up again, seemingly doubtful whether to follow the creature or not; and we dropped like one man into the shadow, till they made sail once more. Soon after the Planter pointed to the trees where the passengers were, and, on a sign from me, the whole of us edged down to the spot, till we were standing within sight of the half-finished fire, where the Judge's kitmagar was sitting asleep, tailor-fashion, with his flat turban sunk to his breast. One of the cadets stood down the slope a little, betwixt that and the beach where the crew were, leaning sleepily on his gun, and nodding; while in the midst was a sort of shed, run up with branches and cocoa-nut leaves, where you could see a glimpse of the different ladies' dresses, young and old, asleep on the ground. The starlight fell right down into the opening, and showed the glistening edges of the leaves, with the sea broad out beyond the coconuts at the foot of the rising ground; so bidding Jones look out sharp, I stepped carefully through. My eye lighted at once on Sir Charles Hyde lying in one nook of the shelter, wrapped up in his pilot-coat—the first time in the old gentleman's life for a good while, I daresay, that he had passed his night on the ground, especially with such a lot of berths taken up beside him. Still he was sound enough at the time, to judge by his breathing, trifle as it was to the Planter's; and close by him was his daughter, with her cloak drawn half over her head in the shadow—her hair confused about her cheek as it pressed white into the bundle of red bunting she had for a pillow, and one hand keeping the cloak fast at the neck, as if she dreamt of a stiff breeze. The sight went to my heart, and so did the notion of waking her; but I heard sounds below on the beach, as if the rest of the crew missed their ship-mates, probably getting jealous after their booze, and not unlikely to seek them up the island; so the more it struck me there was no time to be lost in coming to an understanding. According, I stooped down quietly and touched her on the shoulder. Violet Hyde opened her eyes at once,

and looked at me; but whether it was the starlight showing my uniform, or her fancying it was still the Indianman in the Atlantic, in place of crying out, why, there was almost a smile on her lips as she saw me from the ground. Next moment, however, she drew her hand across her eyelids, sat up with the help of the other arm, and gazed on me in a bewildered way, naming me at the same time below her breath. "Yes, Miss Hyde!" I said hastily; and a few words served to give her a notion of the case, as well as to advise her to wake up the Judge, with the rest of the ladies, and be ready to move the moment we came back. My first thought was to take Foster's own plan, and secure the long-boat, if we could only get betwixt the Indianman's crew and the water; or even try our own, on the opposite side of the island, and carry off the other boats to the wreck; after which we might keep off till the schooner appeared, as she couldn't be long of doing in this weather.

I had just stolen back to the men and Mr Rollock, when all at once there was a wild cry, not twenty yards off, among the brushwood. A heavy blow and a struggle, in the midst of which three shots, one after the other, were heard from the cadets; next minute, with oaths and curses to the mast-head, and a crash through amongst the branches in the dark, Foster and his shipmates came making for the opening. Something horrible flashed through my mind as I fancied I had caught Finch's voice, whether one way or the other I couldn't say, for I had no thought at the time excepting for Violet. Shriek upon shriek broke from the ladies ere I well knew I had big Harry himself by the hairy throat of him, as he was aiming a left-handed stroke of his cutlass at the Judge, who had sprung betwixt him and his daughter. The strength of that ruffian was wonderful, for he flung me off and levelled Sir Charles Hyde at the same moment, the Judge's body tripping me. Jones and my own men, as well as the Planter, were hard at work with the other five desperate villains; while the cadets and the second officer of the Seringapatam rushed in from the trees—all of it passing in half a minute. As I started

to my feet, Foster had lifted Violet Hyde in his arms, and was dashing through the darkest of the wood with her toward the hollow; when, just as I was hard upon him, doubly to my horror, above all the screams of the ladies I could hear the wild drunken shouts of the crew below coming up from the beach like so many devils. Foster had got as far as the next opening where the rubbish of the hut was, and, no doubt catching the sound as well as myself, all at once he dropped the young lady on the grass—in a faint as she was, and her white dress stained with blood, as I thought from *herself*. "Now ye——" shouted he, turning bolt round till her moveless figure lay betwixt us, with a flourish of his cutlass, which I fancied was bloody too—"who are *you*? You'll have a dozen on ye directly, but what's in 'at for the skipper's meat for the passenger, so—" "Devil!" said I through my teeth, as I edged round; and Foster was in the very act of rushing at me, whether he trod on her or not, when my voice or dress seemed to strike him in the dusk. "How the bloody comfort did *you*—" said he, shrinking back for a moment: "so much the better, by G—!" and he sprang forward again right upon me, with a swinging boarder's blow at my head, which flashed off my blade with a force enough to have shivered it, had it not been a first-rate old cut-and-thrust I had tried pretty stiffly before. If I hadn't been in such a fury of rage, and a hurry at once, 'twould have been Harry's last hit; but, at the third he made, I caught him fair under it, the point going through and through his body as I thrust him back stride by stride—his cutlass waving fiercely all the time in the air clear of my head, for the stroke came under his arm. The moment he fell, though I knew nothing before that of where we were, there was a heavy plunge; I had nearly followed on top of him, as he went head-foremost down the tank-well under the trees; but next moment, without a thought more to him in the heat of the struggle, I was lifting Violet off the grass. What I did or what I said, to see if she would revive, I don't really know; but I remember, as well as if it were last night, the very sound of her voice as

she told me she wasn't hurt. The affair in the wood below us had suddenly ceased during these five or ten minutes—indeed, as I found afterwards, Jones and my party had settled every one of the five, either altogether or for the time; but the uproar of more than twenty fierce voices could be heard beyond them, cursing and yelling as they came stumbling and crashing up amongst the brushwood in a body; while the ladies and their companions struggled up from all sides toward the height, wild with terror. I met Sir Charles Hyde hurrying to seek his daughter, however; and the moment he had her in his arms, I rushed down, pistol in hand, to join my men, who were standing firm below, as the mutineers burst into the opening, no doubt with the notion they had only the cadets to do with. "Her-, my hals!" I sang out; "make every man of them prisoner—down with 'em to the schooner!" And as I broke suddenly through in the starlight in the midst of them, Jones, Jacobs, the Planter, and the other four man-o'-war-men sprang after me, one by one—taking the cue, and shouting as if to ever so many behind us. "Here they are, shipmates—this way—settle the blackguards!" In fact, the moment I appeared, the gang of half-drunk fellows were taken aback. One of them roared as if he saw the very devil; and giving them no time to think, we drove them scattering down toward the beach. One of Foster's party, however, being only stunned, had contrived to get down amongst them; and in a little while, seeing we didn't follow, the whole lot of them appeared to get an inkling of the truth, on which they rallied. It wasn't long ere I saw they had got desperate, and were planning to divide, and come somewhere over upon us round the heights; so that, in the dark, with our small party, not knowing their numbers, the best we could do was to gather up toward the peak, and secure the ladies. Accordingly, we passed an uncomfortable enough time during the rest of the night, till day-break, when still no signs of the schooner, as we saw in the clear to north-eastward. Frightful notions came into my head of something having happened to her;

the mutineers below were on both sides of the island, and they held the watering-place; we hadn't provisions for a single breakfast to half the party of us—and, the fellows being now fairly in for it, they could starve us out if they chose. You may conceive, accordingly, what a joyful sight met my eyes, when, on the dusk lifting off to northward, we could see the lovely craft under all sail not six miles off, bearing down before a fresh breeze for the deep end of the island! The wind had headed her off on her way back; and, knowing nothing of the wreck, Westwood might have landed at the mercy of the villains in the bush. But the minute we saw his boat out, the whole of us, save the Judge and the Planter, made a clean charge down upon them—the schooner's men joining us with the oars and boat-stretchers; and in another half-hour the whole gang, having lost heart, were taken and lashed fast by the wrists on the beach, to a single man.

On searching the watering-place during the day, we found some one had covered the mouth of the tank with sticks and leaves, through which Harry Foster had gone when he fell. The stuff had fallen in over him: and the well being evidently made deep into the rock, to hold water the longer, with the roots of the trees growing out into it, his body never came up. Somehow or other no one liked to sound it to the bottom: but the thing that horrified all of us the most, was to find Captain Finch himself lying quite dead amongst the brushwood near where the passengers had pitched their quarters, with a cut through his skull enough to have killed an ox. It was supposed Foster had suddenly come upon him, as he and his shipmates looked out for the hoard they thought the pirates had in the island, while Finch was on guard over the ladies. Whether the fellow took a new notion at the moment, or what it was, the whole gang of them made their rush upon the second mate and the cadets, the minute after the captain met his death.

As for Jones, he told me he had noticed the dog watching the seamen below, and the idea got into his head of what might happen. There was that about the animal to give one a

dread you couldn't describe. How it had lived all this time, and how the custom came back on it after growing perfectly wild, of carrying on like what it did that night, was a mystery; but Jones said he hadn't heard it bark before, neither had the man he knew of, since the time he, was first left alone on White-water Island. In fact, the whole of us might have hunted it down, before we left. But "No!" Jones said. "There's a perfect fiend in the brute, I do believe—yet it strikes me by this time, the creature belongs to—to the Almighty, sir!" The men and passengers had been taken off the Indiaman's wreck, which there was no chance of getting off the reef; so, taking out the best of her stores and the passengers' property, we had every soul aboard the schooner, and at last set sail to the south-east, meaning to go in at Madras, where a sloop might be sent to recover more from the ship. 'Twas with no ordinary state of things, from stem to stern, that we dropped White-water Island astern.

Well, ma'am, the rest you may easily fancy. We made Madras Roads, and there I expected to lose sight of the Judge and his daughter again, as we did of most of the other passengers; but to my perfect delight, Sir Charles preferred carrying out the voyage on to Calcutta in the schooner, where they had the after-cabins to themselves. The Indiaman's crew I kept, prisoners and all, till we should meet the frigate off the Sunderbunds.

Just conceive standing up the hot Bay of Bengal with flagging south-westerly breezes, shifting at times to a brisk south-easter, or a squall, as we've done ourselves this week. The moon wasn't at the full then, of course, so we only had it like a reaper's sickle in the dog-watches; but it was fine weather, and you may imagine one sometimes contrived, betwixt Westwood and myself, to have Violet on the quarterdeck of an evening without the Judge. Tom would step forward suddenly to see a small pull taken on a sheet, and Snelling knew pretty well not to walk aft of the capstan; so I could lean over the taffrail near her, and look at the schooner's wake

glimmering and sparkling up in the bubbles astern.

Then to save trouble, you need but picture to yourselves some such sort of a daybreak as we had this morning; a cool blue cloudless sky all aloft, dappled to eastward with a mighty arch, as it were, of small white spots and flakes, as a perfect sea of light flows up into it before the sun under the horizon, and a pale slanting shaft of it seems to hang gray in the yellow above him.* The sea heaves deep-blue and deeper-blue under the schooner; the wide flock of small clouds burn from gold to fire; the slanting streak of light fades and vanishes, and the sun comes up like a gush of flame—sending a stream of glittering radiance along the water to our starboard bow, while it shows a long flat line of land far on the other beam. The Planter is smoking his first cheroot for that day at the stern gratings, when we make out three or four faint points over the streak of land, shining like gold in the dawn: while at the same time three hazy pillars, as it were, are seen standing up betwixt sea and sky, beyond the rippling blue in the north-eastern board. 'Tis the spires of Juggernaut pagoda on one side; and as the brisk morning breeze drives the water into short surges, till the schooner rises the ship upon the other, all of a sudden she looms square and white upon our starboard bow. As the hull lifted higher and higher under her canvass, there was less doubt every few minutes of her being a frigate; and by the time Violet and her father were standing together on the quarterdeck, the glorious old Hebe was signalling us from her fore-royal-masthead, as she kept close on a wind to cross our course.

We spoke the pilot-brig that evening, took out the pilot, and stood up into the mouth of the Hoogly with the night-tide in the moonlight—dropping the Hebe at Diamond Harbour next day; while Lord Frederick, and a Government gentleman he had with him from St Helena, went up to Calcutta with us in the schooner. The whole of the Indiaman's late crew and officers were left in the frigate till

* The zodiacal light, seen at sunrise and sunset.

further notice, notwithstanding which we were pretty well crowded on our way up: Westwood and I were glad of a couple of hammocks in the half deck; and, in fact, I saw little more of Violet Hyde till they went ashore opposite Fort-William.

In half-an-hour we were lying at anchor in the midst of the crowd of Indian, country ships, Arab craft, and all sorts of craft besides, stretching far up to the next reach; the long front of flat-topped buildings, with their green venetians and balustrades, shining white over the row of trees on the right bank, like a string of palaces spreading back through the huge mass of the city to the pale hot eastern sky—a tall cocoa-nut tree or a sharp spire breaking it here and there; while the pile of Government House was to be seen dotted with adjunct-birds; and the opposite shore showed far off in a line of green jungle, faced by a few gay-looking spots of bungalows. All the rest of the day Jones busied himself seeing all made regular and ship-shape below and aloft, in complete seaman-like style, till I began to think he had taken a fancy to the schooner, and meant to go with her and the frigate to the China seas. Next morning, however, as soon as breakfast was over in the cabin, he came to me and said that, as there was nothing more to be done at present aboard, according to our agreement he would bid us good-bye. Nothing I could say was of the least use, so at last I had to give it up. Having little money about me, however, except in bills, and intending to go ashore myself, I told him I should pay him his mate's wages at once at a banker's in the town. By the time I came on deck, Jones had hailed a dingy, and the native boatman paddled us to the ghant below the Sailor's Home together.

I had shaken hands with him, and stood watching him from the bank verandah, as his manly figure, in the blue jacket, white duck trousers, and straw hat, passed away down Flag Street, stepping like a seaman fresh from blue water through a stream of Hindoos in white muslin, Mussulman servants, tall-capped Armenians, Danes, Frenchmen, Chinamen, Arabs, and Parsees. Three or four Coolies

with painted umbrellas were shouting and scrambling in his way, mentioning their names, salaaming, and sah'bing him to the nines; a couple of naked black boys were trying to brush his shoes in the dust; a tray of native sweatmeats seemed to be shoved every now and then under his nose; and two or three children with heads as big as pumpkins were stuck before him, their mothers begging for "buckshish! buckshish!" Jones held on like a man accustomed to every sort of foreign scenes in the world; and out of curiosity to see where he would go, I followed him for a little toward the thick of the noise and crowd, through Tank Square, where the water-carriers were sprinkling the ground from the sheep-skins on their backs as they walked, serpent-charmers and jugglers exhibiting, and a dirty Fakir rolling at the corner in seeming agony, with a crowd of liberty-men in Sunday toggerly all round him. Jones looked up at the church steeping in the white heat, and across the glare of light to the city beyond, standing like a man that didn't know what to do, or hadn't seen Calcutta before; then passed carelessly by the half-slued sailors, who hailed him as if he were a ship. At length he got to the turn of a street running into the native town, where you caught a glimpse of it swarming this way and that with turbans in the close overhanging bazaars. Some Hindoo procession or other was coming along with tom-toms, gongs, tambourines, and punkahs, sweeping on through a Babel of heavenish cries and songs; a knot of dancing-girls, with red flowers in their sleek black hair, could be seen in a hackery drawn by two hump-backed bullocks; and a white Brahmin bull was poking its head amongst the heaps of fruit at a stall; whilst you heard a whole ship's crew hurrahing and laughing amongst the confusion, as they drove along. Suddenly I saw Jones hail a palanquin near him, and get in. The four mud-coloured bearers took the pole of it on their shoulders, fore and aft—greasy-looking fellows, with ochre-marks on their noses and foreheads, a tuft of hair tied back on their heads like women, and as naked as they were born, save the cloth

round their middle,—and next moment away they trotted, grunting and swinging the palanquin, till I lost sight of them in the hubbub. 'Twas the last I saw of Jones.

Here the Captain stopped; the Gloucester's crew were getting the anchors off her fore-castle to her bows for next day, when the light-ship off the Sandheads was expected to be seen; and, from his manner and his silence together, he evidently considered the yarn at an end. "That's all then?" carelessly asked the surgeon, who was a chess-player, and had heard only this part of the Captain's adventures, and the first two, so that he appeared to perceive a slight want of connection. "All?" was the unanimous voice of the lady-passengers, most of whom had been faithful listeners,—the younger ones were obviously disappointed at something. "Why, yes," said Captain Collins, with a look which might be interpreted either as modest or "close."—"the fact is, I fancied the affair might serve to while away a single evening or so, and here have I been yarning different nights all this time! 'Tis owing to my want of practice, no doubt, ma'am." "Come, come," said the matron of the party, "you must really give us some idea of a denouement. These girls of mine won't be satisfied without it, Captain Collins; they will think it no story at all, otherwise!"

"An end to it, you mean?" answered he. "Why, ma'am, if there were an *end* to it, it couldn't be a 'short' yarn at all—that would be to finish and 'whip' it, as we say, before it's long enough for the purpose; whereas, luckily, my life hasn't got to a close yet."

"Oh!" said the lady, "no sea casuistry for *us*; besides, I am aware of the sequel, you know!" "Why, ma'am," answered the Captain, looking up innocently, "it wasn't for two years and a half afterwards that I—I settled, you know! Do you mean me to tell you all that happened in that time, about the Frenchman, and what befell the schooner in the China seas? 'twould last the voyage home; but if you'll go *back* with me I've no particular objection, now I've

got into the way." "No, no, my dear Captain," said the lady, "we have had enough for the present of your nautical details—I beg pardon—but tell us how you succeeded in—" "Well," interrupted the narrator rather hastily, "'twas somewhat thus: I was at home at Croydon, being by that time first lieutenant of the *Hebe*, but she was just paid off. One morning, at breakfast, the letter-bag from the village was brought in as usual, my mother taking them out, reading off all the addresses through her spectacles, while Jane made the coffee. My mother handed Jane a ship-letter, which she put somewhere in her dress, with a blush, so that I knew in a moment it must be from Tom Westwood, who was in the Company's civil service in India, up-country. "None for me, mother?" asked I eagerly; for the fact was I had got one or two at different times, at Canton and the Cape of Good Hope, during the two years. "Yes, Ned," said my mother, eyeing it again and again, anxiously enough, as I thought; "there is—but I fear it is some horrid thing from those Admirals"—the Admiralty, she meant—"and they will be sending you off immediately—or a war, or something. Oh dear me, Ned," exclaimed the good woman, quite distressed, "won't you do as I wish you, and stay altogether!" By the Lord Harry! when I opened it, 'twas a letter from Lord Frederick Bury, who had succeeded to his eldest brother's title while we were out, saying he had the promise of a commandership for me, as soon as a new brig for the West India station was ready. "I shan't have to go for six or seven months at any rate, mother," said I, "by which time I shall be confounded tired of the land, I know!" She wanted me to buy a small estate near Croydon, shoot, fish, and dig, I suppose; while Jane said I ought to marry, especially as she had a girl with money in her eye for me. Still they saw it was no use, and began to give it up.

Why I never heard at all from a certain quarter, I couldn't think. Till that time, in fact, I had been as sure of her proving true as I was of breezes blowing; but now I couldn't help fancying all sorts of tyranny on the

Judge's part and her mother's, not to speak of Tom's uncle, the Councillor. I went down the lane for the twentieth time, past the end of the house they had lived in, where the windows had been shuttered up and the gates close ever since I came. All of a sudden, this time, I saw there were workmen about the place, the windows open, and two servants washing down the yellow wheels of a travelling carriage. I made straight back for our house, went up to Jane, who was at her piano in the drawing-room, and asked, quite out of breath, *who* was come to the house over the park behind us. "Did you not know that old Nabob was coming back from India?" said Jane. "His face was getting too yellow, I suppose; and besides, his wife is dead—from his crossness, no doubt. But the young lady is an heiress, Ned, and as I meant to tell you, from good authority"—here the sly creature looked away into her music—"passionately fond of the sea, which means, you know, of naval officers"—"The devil she is, Jane!" I broke out; "what did Westwood mean by that?—but *when* are they coming, for heaven's sake?" "Why," said Jane, "I believe, from what I heard our gardener say, they arrived last night." "Then, by Jove, my dear girl!" said I, "I'll tell you a secret—and mind, I count on you!" My little sister was all alive in a moment, ran to the door and shut it, then settled herself on the sofa to hear what I had to say, as eagerly as you please. So I told her what the whole matter was, with the state of things when we left Calcutta. Jane seemed to reckon the affair as clear as a die; and you've no notion what a lot of new ropes she put me up to in a concern of the kind, as well as ways to carry it out ship-shape to the end, in spite of the Judge—or else to smooth him over.

The long and short of it was, I didn't leave till about seven months

after, when the Ferret was put in commission; but by that time it was all smooth sailing before me. 'The Judge had got wonderfully softened; and, you may be sure, I continued to see Violet Hyde pretty often before I went to sea. You'd scarce believe it, but, after that twelve months' cruise, I actually didn't leave the land for two years, which I did owing to the chance I had of seeing sharp service in the Burmese war, up the rivers, while General Campbell had tough work with them inland. So that's all I can say, ma'am!"

"Very good, sir!" was the surgeon's cool remark. "And in fact, sir, I fancy if every one of us were to commence telling his whole life over, with everything that happened to him and his friends, he must stop short somewhere—however long it might be!" The Captain smiled; they sat on the poop talking for a while, sometimes saying nothing, but watching the last night at sea.

The pilot-brig is spoken to windward next morning, even while the deep-sea lead-line is being hove to sound the bottom. Falling sudden from the foreward, the weight takes the long line from hand after hand back to the gangway, till it trembles against the ground. 'Tis drawn up slowly, the wet coil secured, and the bottom of the lead showing its little hollow filled with signs of earth—"Gray sand and shells!" They stand on till the pilot is on board, the low land lifts and lengthens before the ship; but the flow of the tide has yet to come, and take them safely up amongst the winding shoals into the Indian river's mouth. A new land, and the thoughts of strange new life, the gorgeous sights and fantastic realities of the mighty country of the Mogul and Rajahs, crowd before them after the wide solitary sea: the story is already all but forgotten.—AND THE ANCHOR IS LET GO!

THE FRENCH WARS OF RELIGION.

THE history of the house of Guise has a natural division into two periods, of nearly equal duration, whose point of separation may be fixed at the death of Henry II., or, more strictly perhaps, at the date of the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis, which preceded it by three months. Under Francis I. and Henry II., foreign wars engrossed much of the time and energy of the warriors, foreign diplomacy gave frequent occupation to the statesmen, of that restless and ambitious family, which, during the reigns of Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III., was busied with civil strife, domestic intrigues, and even with disloyal and treasonable projects. The treaty above referred to—signed on the 3d April 1559, and by which France abandoned no less than one hundred and ninety-eight fortresses, including the conquests of thirty years in Piedmont—stipulated a durable alliance between the Kings of France and Spain, “who were to love each other as brothers, and labour in concert for the extinction of heresy.” This was the prelude of a long peace with the foreigner, but also of a long series of intestine wars, and of more bloodshed and misery than any invasion from without would have probably occasioned. France was on the eve of the Wars of Religion. Calvinism grew daily stronger in the land, many of whose most illustrious nobles were soon included amongst its proselytes; until at last the princes of the blood themselves, jealous of the influence, power, and pretensions of the princes of Lorraine, placed themselves at the head of the Protestant party. Thus, early in the reign of that sickly and feeble prince, Francis II., *Bourbon* and *Guise* entered the lists, to struggle for the chief power in the state, and to commence, during the lifetime of four sons of Henry II., a long contest for the inheritance of the declining house of Valois. On the one side, the chief posts were occupied by Anthony of Bourbon, King of Navarre, by his

brother, the Prince of Condé—far superior to him in ability, and who was the chief of the party—and by that brave and skilful soldier and commander, Gaspard de Châtillon, Admiral de Coligny. Opposed to these, the principal figures in the Protestant ranks, stood the Duke of Guise and his brothers—notably the astute, cruel, and violent cardinal, Charles of Lorraine. Catherine of Medicis, who had been allowed little interference in public affairs during her husband's life, came forward at his death, and played a striking and important part in the strange historical drama which comprised the reigns of three of her sons. Adopting a machiavelian and unscrupulous policy, her intrigues were directed alternately to support and damage the most contrary interests—but, at the outset of her political career, her dislike to Montmorency, and her eagerness to grasp a share of the power from which he had largely contributed to her exclusion, impelled her to an alliance with the Guises, by whom it was evident that the kingdom was, for a time at least, to be virtually ruled. Her husband's body was yet above ground, when she joined them and her son at the Louvre—whither they had conducted Francis, after proclaiming him King, from his residence at the palace of the Tournelles; and scarcely had it been deposited in the vaults of St Denis, when the treaty between her and them was sealed by the sacrifice of Diane de Poitiers, whose daughter was their sister-in-law by her marriage with Claude, Marquis of Mayenne, but who, nevertheless, was driven ignominiously from court, and compelled to give up the costly jewels she had received from her royal lover, and to appease Catherine by the gift of her magnificent castle of Chenonceaux.

The circumstances of the time, and their own high connections, were singularly favourable to the Guises' assumption of the chief power. “No influence in the kingdom,” says M. de

Bouillé, was comparable to that of those two men. The clergy, the richest and the first of the three orders of the state, professed an unbounded devotion for the Cardinal; in Francis of Lorraine the greater part of the nobility, military men, even magistrates, habitually recognised a skilful chief, a sure friend, a zealous protector. The Queen (Mary Stuart) was niece of the Guises; their cousin, the Duke of Lorraine, was brother-in-law of the King; the husband of another sister of Francis II., Philip of Spain, was well pleased that the royal choice had fallen upon them in preference to Anthony of Bourbon, who would not have failed to apply his power to the attempted recovery of Navarre from Spain. Finally, obligations of gratitude attached the Duke of Savoy to them. So many advantages, such numerous means of access, united with so many talents and so much glory, rendered their position very natural. The humiliation of the Bourbons was proportionate to the exaltation of their rivals. Montmorency received, from the lips of the King himself, advice to retire to his domain of Chantilly, a rustication and disgrace which left the veteran Constable no resource but to ally himself with the princes of the blood. These were deliberating at Vendôme, with d'Andelot and their other confidential partisans, as to the means of opposing the authority of the Guise, when they received the overtures and exhortations of the Constable, who pressed and prevailed with the King of Navarre to repair to court. But slights and affronts were there offered both to him and to the Prince of Condé, and soon they were glad again to absent themselves. Within nine months of the accession of Francis, the plot known as the conspiracy of Amboise, of which Condé was the secret head, was formed, discovered, and crushed; the Duke of Guise displaying much energy and prudence, the Cardinal of Lorraine great cruelty and a most unchristian spirit, in its repression, and in the treatment of the baffled conspirators. For the third time Guise was named lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and invested with unlimited powers. The conspiracy to which he was indebted for this aggrandisement, was, however, the

result of his brother's violent and persecuting spirit. The Cardinal had spurred the Huguenots to revolt. In all their proclamations, manifestos, and justificatory publications, they protested their loyalty to the King, and declared that they took arms solely against the family of Guise. It did not suit the purpose of these princes to admit the sincerity of the distinctions thus made. "What have I done to my subjects," exclaimed the feeble King, "that they should bear me such ill-will? Is it not rather to you, gentlemen, that they are opposed? I would that for a time you would depart, that we might see if these disorders ceased." The words had been suggested by the Spanish ambassador; but Francis knew not how to give them effect, and was easily cajoled by his uncles, who assured him that their absence would be the signal for attempts on his life and the lives of his brothers—attempts already planned by the Bourbons and supported by the heretics.

We pass on to the close of the short reign of Francis II., which extended over barely seventeen months. His death occurred on the 5th December 1560. The 10th of the same month was to have witnessed the execution of the Prince of Condé, condemned as traitor and heretic. But when a sudden swoon at vespers, succeeded by violent pains in the head, indicated the probable dissolution of the sickly monarch, whose constitution was already undermined by disease, Catherine de Medicis, unwilling to lose Condé, who served her as a counterpoise to the power of the Guise, took measures to delay his doom, and opened negotiations with the King of Navarre. This prince signed an agreement guaranteeing the regency to Catherine during the minority of Charles IX. She and her council were to have the sole direction of political affairs; whilst Anthony de Bourbon, with the title of lieutenant-general, was to be military chief of the kingdom. On the other hand, Catherine brought about his reconciliation with the Guises; inducing Francis II. to declare on his death-bed that the prosecution of Condé emanated not from them, but from his will alone. At the very moment she

rendered this service to the princes of Lorraine, she was plotting with Bourbon their banishment from court. It were bewildering, and indeed impossible, in a brief essay on that busy period, to trace the tortuous policy and seemingly contradictory intrigues of the Queen-mother. It suffices to state her aim, then and for long afterwards. By pitting one faction against the other, and alternately supporting both, she secured for herself a larger share of power than she would have obtained by assisting in the final triumph of either.

The death of their niece's royal husband was a great shock to the Guises, who in his name had exercised absolute authority. It was subject of rejoicing to the Protestants, who deemed it "a stroke of heavenly mercy"—a mystical expression of satisfaction, which made some suspect poison to be the cause of the King's death. For this there seems to have been no foundation. But such suspicions were the fashion of the time. Beside the bed of Francis stood Coligny, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and many other nobles. When the monarch breathed his last, "Gentlemen," said the Admiral, with his habitual earnest gravity, "the King is dead; 'tis a lesson for us how to live." He returned home with one of his intimates, named Fontaines, and fell into a profound reverie, his tooth-pick in his mouth and his feet to the fire. He did not observe that his boots were burning, until Fontaines called his attention to the fact. "Ah, Fontaines!" then replied the Admiral, "not a week ago you and I would each have given a leg for things to take this turn, and now we get off with a pair of boots; it is cheap." Not one of the six brothers Guise followed the funeral of Francis II., whose loss they had such reason to deplore. In cutting allusion to this indecent neglect, an unknown hand affixed to the black velvet that covered the royal bier the following inscription—"Where is Tanneguy Duchâtel? But he was a Frenchman!" This was a chamberlain of Charles VII., who, although unjustly banished from court, had mourned his master's death, and had provided magnificently

for his interment, sacrilegiously neglected by that king's own son. The inscription bore a double sting, for it both condemned the conduct of the Guises, and stigmatised them as foreigners. In vain did they strive to justify themselves, alleging the necessity of their presence at court. And they were equally unable to refute the charge of having appropriated, during the illness of Francis, a considerable sum that remained in the royal treasury. This was done with the connivance of Catherine.

The state of affairs after the accession of Charles IX., was as follows: Conde was released from prison, the King of Navarre was in favour with the Queen-mother. The Bourbons and Guises affected mutual friendship, the Colignys and the Constable were continually at the palace; the star of the Bourbon party was in the ascendant. But those were the days of political and religious renegades, and a very short time produced wonderful changes in the composition of the two great parties. Soon we find the King of Navarre going over to the Church of Rome, and the Constable abandoning the cause of his nephews to assist at the germination of the celebrated *League*, into which the Guises and other great Catholic chiefs afterwards entered for the suppression of Protestantism, and for the overthrow of the party headed by Conde and Coligny.

It is a matter of extreme difficulty to form a correct opinion of the character of the Duke of Guise, diversely represented as it has been by the party writers of the time. M. de Bouille has endeavoured, with patience and industry, to sift the truth from the mass of conflicting evidence; and if he is not completely successful, it is because such contradictory testimony as he has to deal with defies reconciliation. His zeal for truth leads him into researches and disquisitions through which not all of his readers perhaps will have patience to follow him, although they are doubtless essential to the completeness of a work which is eminently what the French term *un ouvrage sérieux*. With an evident desire for strict impartiality, he leans a little, as it appears to us, to the Catholic party—

no unnatural bias in a writer of that religion. We, on the other hand, as Protestants, have to guard ourselves against the strong interest and sympathy inspired by the faith, the valour, and the sufferings of the French Huguenots; and we cannot but admit the justice of M. de Bouillé's conclusion, that although, amongst these, many were martyrs for religion's sake, many others assumed the Protestant badge from motives of political convenience as much as from conscientious conviction. As regards the second Duke of Guise, however, we find difficulty in always coinciding with his present historian, who makes him out a better man than previous reading had taught us to believe him. All the three Dukes of Guise were moral giants—men of extraordinary qualities, who towered far above their contemporaries. All three were valiant, sagacious, and skilful in no common degree; but they were also ambitious and unscrupulous—the son more so than the father, the grandson more than either. In estimating their qualities and actions, M. de Bouillé justly makes much allowance for the prevalent fanaticism of the time; but he sometimes goes too far towards the adoption of the opinions of Catholic writers, who find extenuating circumstances in the conduct of the arch-butcher, Henry of Lorraine, on the night of St Bartholomew, and who acquit his father of sanctioning that barbarous massacre at Vassy, which was the spark to the powder—the actual commencement of the wars of religion.

The little town of Vassy, adjacent to the domains of Guise, was the headquarters of a numerous Protestant congregation, whose preaching and acts of devotion “greatly scandalised,” says M. de Bouillé, “the virtuous Antoinette de Bourbon, surnamed by the Huguenots, *Mother of the tyrants and enemies of the gospel*.” She constantly implored the Duke, her son, to rid her of these obnoxious neighbours, which he promised to do, if it were possible without violation of the royal edicts. Upon the 1st March 1562, a journey he made in company with his wife—then with child and travelling in a litter—led him through Vassy. “His suite consisted of two hundred

men-at-arms, all partaking, and even surpassing, the exalted Catholicism and warlike temper of their chief. At Vassy he was to be joined by sixty more. On arriving there, he entered the church to hear high mass; and, whether it was that the psalms of the Calvinists reached his ears, or that he was maliciously informed of their being then assembled, or that the clergy of Vassy complained and solicited the repression of outrages received from the sectarians, the fact is that he learned that their preaching was then going on. With the intention of giving them a severe admonition, he sent for their minister, and for the chief members of the congregation. His messenger was Labrosse, the son,—who was accompanied by two German pages, Schleck and Klingberg, one of whom carried his arquebuse and the other his pistols. These young men were violent in the fulfilment of their mission, and an exchange of insults was soon followed by bloodshed. At the first shots fired, the men-at-arms and the varlets, already disposed to hostilities, took part in the unequal fray. The five or six hundred Protestants, although superior in number, were far from sufficiently armed to offer an effectual resistance. They sought to establish a barricade, and to defend themselves with sticks and stones. The Duke, who hurried to the scene of the tumult, found himself unable to repress it. Some of his gentlemen were hit; the face of Labrosse, the father, streamed with blood; Guise himself was wounded in the left cheek by a stone. At sight of his hurt, his followers' fury knew no bounds. The Protestants, overwhelmed, (*écrasés*.) uttered piercing cries; and, endeavouring to escape by all issues, even by the roof, delivered themselves to the bullets of their enemies. Anne d'Est, who was peaceably pursuing her journey, paused on hearing the sounds of strife, and sent in all haste to entreat her husband to put an end to the effusion of blood; *but the carnage lasted an hour*; sixty men and women lost their lives and two hundred were wounded. On the side of the Prince of Lorraine, some men were also more or less hurt; only one was killed.”

A champion so energetic and formidable, a commander so much beloved, as the Duke of Guise, would certainly have succeeded, had he really attempted and desired to do so, in somewhat less than an hour, in checking his men-at-arms and stopping this inhuman massacre, which procured him from the Reformed party the odious nickname of *the Butcher of Vassy*. M. de Bouillé inclines to consider the slaughter on that fatal day as a sort of cruel reprisals, deplorable certainly, but in some measure extenuated by various excesses committed by the Huguenots—excesses, however, to which he but vaguely refers. It must be remembered that, at the time of the massacre of Vassy, an edict, obtained less than two months previously by the exertions and influence of Coligny and l'Hospital, and granting the Protestants liberty of conscience and free exercise of their religion, was in full force. The following passage from M. de Bouillé sufficiently shows the *animus* of Guise—"When the return of a gloomy calm suffered him to discern the sad character of such a scene, the Duke fell into a passion with Claude Tournear, captain of the town and castle of Vassy for Mary Stuart; he imputed the day's misfortunes to the toleration that officer had shown in suffering the formation of Calvinist assemblies. Tournear, in his justification, cited the edict of January; but Guise clapped his hand to his sword, 'This,' he said, 'shall rescind that detestable edict!'" When the news of the massacre reached Paris, Theodore de Beze, deputed by the Calvinist church of the capital, presented himself before Catherine to demand severe justice on the Duke of Guise. Catherine received him well and replied favourably; when the King of Navarre, in all the fervour of his new religion and sudden friendship for the Duke, burst out into anger against Beze, attributing all the fault to the Protestants of Vassy, and declaring that "whoever touched as much as the finger-tip of his brother the Duke of Guise touched him in the middle of his heart." "Sire," replied Beze, "it assuredly believes that church of God in whose name I speak to endure blows, and not to strike them; but may it please you also to

remember, that it is an anvil which has worn out many hammers." This menacing resignation was an omen of approaching calamities.

Although Anthony of Bourbon, King of Navarre, was of little value at the council-board, or in any other way than as a brave man-at-arms, his conversion and alliance were highly prized by the Catholic party, as a great diminution of the *prestige* of the Protestants. The Duke of Guise and his brothers, the Constable, and even the Spanish ambassador Chantonnay, combined to flatter and cajole the feeble prince, who on his part knew not how sufficiently to demonstrate his zeal for Popery and his love for the family of Lorraine. On Palm Sunday he marched in procession, accompanied by his new friends and by two thousand gentlemen of their party, bearing the consecrated branches from the church of St Genevieve to that of Notre-Dame. On occasion of this solemnity it has been said that the life of the Duke of Guise was in danger—some Protestant gentlemen having offered to assassinate him, if their ministers would authorise the deed in the name of religion. This authorisation was refused; the Calvinist churchmen "with greater prudence," says M. de Bouillé, "preferring to await the result of the complaint they had made with respect to the massacre of Vassy." It is hardly fair thus to insinuate that prudential considerations alone influenced this abstinence from assassination. Guise was considered, especially after the massacre of Vassy, the most dangerous foe of the Huguenot party; and more than one plan for his murder was laid prior to that which succeeded. But there is no proof that these plots were instigated by either the chiefs or the priests of the party. On the contrary, everything concurs to stamp them as proceeding solely from the religious fanaticism or violent party spirit of individuals. During the siege of Rouen—the first important operation of the war that now broke out—"the Duke of Guise," says M. de Bouillé, "was informed that an assassin had entered the camp with the project of taking his life. He sent for and calmly interrogated him—"Have you

not come hither to kill me?' he said. Surprised at his detection, and trembling with apprehension of punishment, this young gentleman of Mans at once avowed his criminal design. 'And what motive,' inquired the Duke, "impelled you to such a deed? Have I done you any wrong?" 'No; but in so doing I should serve my religion—that is to say, the belief in the doctrine of Calvin, which I profess.' 'My religion then is better than yours,' cried Guise with a generous impulse, 'for it commands me to pardon, of my own accord, you who are convicted of guilt.' And by his orders the gentleman was safely conducted out of the camp. A fine example," exclaimed M. de Bouille. "of truly religious sentiments and magnanimous proselytism, very natural to the Duke of Guise, the most moderate and humane of the chiefs of the Catholic army; and whose brilliant generosity—true basis of the character of this great man—had been but temporarily obscured by the occurrence at Vassy!"

At this siege of Rouen, Guise performed prodigies of valour: and Anthony of Bourbon, second to none in high soldierly spirit, had his jealousy roused by the exploits of his ally. Determined also to signalise himself, he needlessly exposed his life, and was hit by an arquebuse ball. The wound was severe, and Ambrose Paré declared it mortal, in contradiction to the opinions of several other physicians, who gave hopes of cure. Ten days afterwards Rouen was taken by assault; and on learning this, the King of Navarre insisted on being carried in triumph to his quarters in the captured town. Preceded by musicians, he was borne upon his bed through the breach by a detachment of Swiss soldiers. The fatigue and excitement increased the inflammation of his wound, and hastened his death. In his last moments he showed symptoms of regretting his change of religion; but notwithstanding this tardy repentance, the Protestants, against whom since his perversion to Rome he had used great severity, rejoiced exceedingly

at his death, which they celebrated as a chastisement proceeding from Heaven.

The fall of Rouen was quickly followed by the battle of Dreux, one of the most interesting actions of those wars. Condé was threatening Paris, when the Duke of Guise, following the example twice given by his father (in 1536 and 1544,) hurried from Rouen, where his troops had committed frightful excesses, but where he had successfully invoked the royal clemency in favour of the officers of the captured garrison, to give the inhabitants of the capital the benefit of his valour and skill. He there received a reinforcement of seven thousand Gascons and Spaniards; and Condé, seeing Paris so well defended, and that the chances of a general action, which he had at first been disposed to provoke, were no longer in his favour, retreated towards Normandy to establish communications with the English, who had already sent some slight succours to the Protestants.

Guise pursued, gained a march on him, and confronted him near Dreux. The movements of the Catholics were nominally directed by the Constable, but Guise was in fact the presiding spirit. Unwilling to assume the responsibility of such a battle as appeared imminent, the Duke desired to cast it upon Catherine of Medicis, and accordingly, on the 14th December, he had sent Castlenau to that princess to know her decision. The envoy reached Vincennes at the moment of her *lever*. "She affected surprise that experienced generals should send for counsel to a woman and child, whom the imminence of civil war plunged in grief. The King's nurse coming in at that moment, 'You should ask her,' said the Queen ironically, 'if battle is to be given.' And calling the woman to her—"Nurse," she said, 'the time has come that men ask of women advice to give battle; how seems it to you?' A second messenger from the *triumvirate** pressed for a decision; the council was assembled, and left everything to the prudence and judgment of the generals. With this semi-

* So styled by the Huguenots. Historians have adopted the designation. It consisted of Guise, Montmorency, and the Marshal of St André, and was a sort of prelude to the League.

authorisation, these took up a position in the villages adjacent to Dreux, menacing Conde's left flank. Numerically stronger than the Protestants, they had fewer cavalry, but were well posted. The main body was commanded by the Constable in person; Guise, too proud to act as second in command, remained in reserve with his own company of men-at-arms and a few volunteers who had joined him. With these five hundred picked horse-men he was prepared to strike in where his aid might most be wanted. For two hours the armies remained in mutual observation, without even a skirmish. After hearing the report of d'Andelot, who had made a reconnaissance, Conde would gladly have avoided a battle, or at least have changed the ground. "By a movement to his right he exposed his flank; the Constable wished to take advantage of this. Conde's advanced guard, under Coligny, furiously charged the Royalist centre, as it advanced under Montmorency. The Prince himself, who, with his main body, was opposed to St Andre and the advanced guard, neglected to attack them, but directed all his efforts against the principal mass of the Catholics, imprudently bringing all his cavalry into action, and penetrating to the very colours of the Swiss troops, who successfully withstood this terrible shock. Contrary to the advice of the Duke of Guise, who urged him to let this fury expend itself, d'Anville, with three companies of men-at-arms and the light horse, hurried to attack Conde; but soon, surrounded by the German cavalry, he was forced to retreat upon the right wing, composed of Spanish infantry, and protected by fourteen pieces of cannon. Meanwhile the Constable opposed an energetic resistance to the attack of his nephew Coligny. In the midst of this terrible *mêlée*, Montmorency, as unfortunate as at St Quintin, had his horse killed under him; he mounted another, but the next moment, wounded in the jaw by a pistol-shot, he was taken prisoner. Around him fell his fourth son Montbérón, Beauvais, and the Sieur de Givry. The Duke of Aumale—fighting with the utmost ardour, overthrown by the

fugitives, and trampled under the horses' feet—had his shoulder broken, the bone of the arm being almost uncovered, and split up to the joint, so that for six weeks he could not ride. The Grand Prior was also wounded. The entire main body, and a part of the advanced guard, (which had been disposed on the same line with the centre, or *corps de bataille*,) were totally routed; the artillery covering them was in the power of the enemy; five thousand Swiss alone still displayed a bold front. The Protestants, however, headlong in pursuit of the vanquished, outstripped these troops and reached the baggage, which they plundered, 'even that of Monsieur de Guise and his silver plate';* then, re-forming, they returned to the charge against the Swiss—who, frequently broken, always rallied, and at last, seeing themselves attacked on all sides by Conde's lansquenets, were no longer contented to hold their ground, but pressed forward and repulsed their assailants."

The battle seemed won, when Guise, who had remained all this time inactive, at last decided to advance. He has often been reproached for the apathy with which he had so long beheld the disasters of the Catholic army. It certainly looked very much as if he wished to requite in kind Montmorency's inaction, eight years previously, at the combat of Renty. His conduct may have been, as M. de Bouillé inclines to believe, the result of prudent calculation; and it is difficult, after this lapse of time, to prove that less caution would not have been fatal to the Catholic army. The succour that retrieved the fortune of the day came so late, however, that the victors' loss exceeded that of the vanquished. When Montmorency's son, d'Anville, beheld his brother slain and his father prisoner, he hurried to Guise—whose reserve was concealed from the enemy behind the village of Blainville and a cluster of trees—and frantically implored him to rescue the Constable by an impetuous charge. Guise refused to stir. Presently, however, when he saw that the Huguenots, disordered by success, deemed the battle completely won, he advanced

* *Discours de la Bataille de Dreux, dicté par François de Lorraine.*

at a steady pace, rallying the fugitives, bringing up the advanced guard, and uniting with the Spaniards and Gascons. Thus supported, he moved boldly against the hostile battalions, which gave way before him. D'Andelot, whom fever kept from the field, first perceived the disastrous change in the issue of the combat. Unarmed, wrapped in a furred dressing-gown, he sprang forward to check the rout; and, observing the good order of the Duke of Guise's reserve—"Yonder," he said, "is a tail that it will be very difficult to scotch." In vain the Prince of Condé sought to rally his cavalry, paralysed by the sustained fire of eight hundred arquebusiers posted by St André. The ~~courage~~ ^{escape} was frightful. Condé, wounded in the right hand, lost his horse, killed by a bullet; and as he was about to remount he was surounded, and compelled to yield himself prisoner to d'Anville, who burned to revenge his father's wound and captivity. Thereupon the gallant Coligny, who had rallied fifteen or sixteen hundred horse in a little valley, returned to the charge to rescue the prince; and so terrible was his onset upon Guise's squadrons, that these wavered, and Guise himself was for a moment in great danger. But the fire of two thousand arquebusiers, posted on his flanks, covered the confusion of his cavalry, and compelled Coligny to a retreat, which was effected in good order. Night fell; Guise did not pursue; and Coligny saved a part of his artillery, but lost, in that day's action, three or four thousand men. The loss of the Catholics amounted to five or six thousand, and was particularly severe in cavalry. By a strange coincidence, the two generals-in-chief were prisoners. The conquerors had to regret the loss of several other distinguished leaders. In the closing act of this obstinately-contested fight, Marshal St André, thrown from his horse and made prisoner, was pistolled by Daubigny, a former follower of his, who had long been his bitter foe. Both the Labrosses, and Jean d'Annebaut, were also slain; and the Duke of Nevers had his thigh broken. At first it was rumoured in the Protestant army that Guise himself was killed. "Knowing," says Etienne Pasquier

in one of his letters, quoted by M. de Bouillé, "that it was he at whom the Huguenots would chiefly aim, and doubting not but that his army was full of spies, upon the eve of the battle he declared publicly at supper what horse he would ride, and what would be his arms and equipment upon the following day. But the next morning, before proceeding to the rendezvous, he gave up that horse and accoutrements to his esquire. Well for him that he did so! for the esquire was killed, whilst he for a while escaped." It is recorded that the esquire, Varicarville, solicited permission thus to devote himself for his leader's safety. The stratagem was so successful, that when Guise, late in the day, made his appearance, the Admiral and Condé were completely astonished. "Here, then, is the cunning fellow whose shadow we have pursued," exclaimed Coligny. "We are lost; the victory will slip from our hands."—"The day's success came most apropos to M. de Guise," wrote Pasquier, "for of one defeat he made two victories: the captivity of the Constable, his rival in renown, not being less advantageous to him than that of the Prince, his open foe." Whilst Coligny marched off his uncle and prisoner to Orleans, to place him in the hands of the Princess of Condé, Guise, with characteristic magnanimity, courteously and kindly received his inveterate enemy, the Prince. Quartered in Blainville, which the Huguenots had devastated, and deprived of his baggage, he could command but a single bed, which he offered to Condé, with other marks of deference for the first prince of the blood. Touched by his conqueror's generosity, Condé momentarily forgot his hatred; supped at Guise's table—freely discussed with him the basis of a peace, of whose conclusion the presumed destruction of his party made him desirous—and finally accepted the proffered couch, only on condition that the Duke should share it with him.

The news of the victory of Dreux was received at Paris with transports of joy, and once more the name of "saviour of his country" was applied to Guise. The alarm in the capital had been very great, and not without reason. "If this battle had been

lost," wrote Montluc in his *Commentaries*, "I believe it was all over with France: both the state and the religion would have been changed; for a young king may be made to do anything." The satisfaction of Catherine de Medicis was by no means unalloyed. She did not like Condé; but his defeat destroyed the equilibrium which she had hitherto so carefully maintained, to the benefit of her own influence. She now felt herself under the pressure of a power, moderate in form but absolute in fact. There was no help for it, however; neither, in the absence of the Constable, was there any excuse for withholding the chief command from the Duke of Guise, who was accordingly appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom. He did not long enjoy his new dignity. The battle of Dreux was fought on the 19th December. Just two months later, on the night of the 18th February, Guise—after arranging everything for the assault of Orleans upon the following day, and announcing to the Queen-mother his conviction of approaching triumph—left the camp on horseback, accompanied only by one of his officers and a page, to visit the Duchess, who had that day reached the neighbouring castle of Corneil. "He had crossed the Loiret in a boat, and was walking his horse, when, at a cross-road, he felt himself wounded in the right shoulder, almost under the arm, by a pistol-shot fired behind a hedge, from between two great walnut trees, at a distance of only six or seven paces. Notwithstanding the darkness, a white plume he wore upon his head signalled him; and as, for the sake of ease, he had taken off his cuirass at evening, those bullets, aimed just above the armour which the assassin believed him to wear, passed through his body. 'They have long had this shot in reserve for me,' exclaimed he, on feeling himself wounded; 'I deserve it for my want of precaution.' Unable to support himself for pain, he fell on his horse's neck; in vain he endeavoured to draw his sword: his arm refused its service. Carried to his quarters, he was welcomed by the cries of the Duchess of Guise, whom he embraced and told her himself the circumstances of his assassination, by which he declared

himself grieved for the honour of France. He exhorted his wife to submit with resignation to the will of heaven; then, covering with kisses the Prince of Joinville, who was weeping, he said to him, gently, 'God grant thee grace, my son, to be a good man!'" Poltrot de Méré, the assassin, escaped for the moment, although promptly pursued; but he lost his way in the darkness, and after riding ten leagues, found himself at daybreak close to the Catholic cantonments. Worn out with fatigue, as was also his horse—a good Spanish charger, for whose purchase he had received a hundred crowns from Coligny—he hid himself in a farm, and was there arrested, on the 20th February, by the Duke's secretary, La Saurre. The gift of the hundred crowns has been alleged against the Admiral as a proof of his having instigated the crime; but, in fact, it was no proof at all, for Poltrot had been acting as a secret agent and spy to the Huguenots, and might very well receive that sum, as he had previously received a smaller one, as *garden* for the information he brought. He himself, on his examination, declared he had been urged to the deed by Coligny, Theodore de Beze, and another Protestant minister; but he could adduce no proof, save that of one hundred and twenty crowns received from Coligny, to whom he had been recommended, as a useful agent, by a Huguenot leader in eastern France. And his previous life rendered his bare assertion worthless, whilst the high character of the men he impeached raised them above suspicion—in the eyes of unprejudiced persons—of having instigated so foul a deed. They addressed a letter to the Queen-mother, repelling the charge, and entreating that Poltrot's life might be spared until peace should be concluded, when they would confront him and refute his testimony. Coligny declared that he had even discountenanced such plots, and referred to a warning he had given the Duke, only a few days previously, "to be on his guard, for there was a man suborned to kill him." At the same time he repudiated all regret for the Duke's death, which he declared the best thing that could have happened for the kingdom

and for the church of God. But, to his dying day, he protested his innocence of the blood of Guise; and his life and character give weight and credibility to the protest. M. de Bonillé makes some judicious reflections as to the share Catherine of Medicis may have had in instigating the murder. Her jealousy and distrust of the Guises were very strong: she had opposed the siege of Orleans, and thrown obstacles in the way of its successful issue: she had hastened the execution of the murderer, as soon as he had accused the Admiral of complicity. We are certainly doing no injustice to the character of that most corrupt and crafty queen, when we assume the possibility that hopes of a mitigated punishment, or of means of escape, had been held out to induce Poltrot to depose against the Admiral; and that then, the deposition obtained, the pledge to the unhappy wretch was broken, and the murderer's doom inflicted. Such double treachery was quite in concord with Catherine's character. She felt that suspicious would attach to her, and endeavoured to stifle them by a display of profound grief, by loading with favours the family of the victim, and by a promise of severe and full measure of justice.

The death of Francis of Lorraine (on Ash Wednesday, 24th February 1563,) was the immediate cause of a treaty of peace between Catholics and Protestants, for which the Queen-mother had for some time been paving the way. On a small island in the middle of the Loire, near Orleans, the two illustrious captives, Condé and the Constable, met, each under strong escort; and terms were agreed upon, the principal of which were a general amnesty, and freedom of conscience and worship, under certain restrictions of place, for the Huguenots. All prisoners were released on both sides; and Orleans, which had so nearly shared the fate of Rouen, opened its gates to the King and Queen-mother, who were to take possession of it without any marks of triumph.

"On the eve of the tournament in which Henry II. was mortally wounded by Montgomery, that king held upon his knees his little daughter Margaret, afterwards wife of Henry

IV. Diverted by the repartees of the child, who already gave promise of great wit and understanding, and seeing the Prince of Joinville, and the Marquis of Beaupréau, (son of the Prince of La Roche-sur-Yon,) playing together in the room, the King asked Margaret which of the two she liked best. 'I prefer the Marquis,' she replied, 'he is gentler and better.' 'Yes,' said the King, 'but Joinville is handsomest.' 'Oh,' retorted Margaret, 'he is always in mischief, and will be master everywhere.' Joinville was but nine years old, and Margaret was only seven, but she had already deciphered the character of the man whose ambition set all France in a flame." A prediction of Francis of Lorraine, recorded by M. de Bonillé, confirmed that of the precocious princess. Observant of his son's character, from infancy upwards, he is said to have foretold that, carried away and dazzled by popularity and its vain promises, he would perish in an attempt to upset the kingdom. The event may fairly be said to have justified the prophecy. Henry, third Duke of Guise, fell by his ambition. "Inferior to his father as a warrior," says M. de Bonillé, "he perhaps surpassed all the princes of his house in certain natural gifts, in certain talents, which procured him the respect of the court, the affection of the people, but which, nevertheless, were tarnished by a singular alloy of great faults and unlimited ambition." The historian proceeds to give a glowing description of his beauty, accomplishments, and seductive qualities. "France was mad about that man," wrote Balzac, "for it is too little to say she was in love with him. Her passion approached idolatry. There were persons who invoked him in their prayers, others who inserted his portrait in their books. His portrait, indeed, was everywhere: some ran after him in the streets to touch his mantle with their rosaries; and one day that he entered Paris by the Porte St Antoine, on his return from a journey to Champagne, they not only cried *Vive Guise!* but many sang on his passage: *Hosanna filio David!* Large assemblies were known to yield themselves at once captive

to his pleasant countenance. No heart could resist that face : it persuaded before he opened his mouth ; it was impossible to wish him harm in his presence. . . . And Huguenots belonged to the League when they beheld the Duke of Guise." Although but thirteen years old, at his father's death, Henry of Lorraine had accompanied him in his recent campaigns, and at the siege of Orleans had had opportunity to show symptoms of that cool intrepidity for which he was afterwards remarkable. Profound dissimulation was another leading and early-developed feature of his character ; and in this respect he had before him a first-rate model in the person of his uncle, the crafty and unscrupulous Cardinal of Lorraine.

This prelate, who was rather violent than brave, was profoundly grieved and alarmed by his brother's assassination, news of which reached him at the Council of Trent. On receiving the sad intelligence, he fell on his knees, and, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven : "Lord," he exclaimed, "you have deprived the innocent brother of life, and left it to the guilty !"—a cry of conscience, in which there was not a little truth. He immediately surrounded himself with a guard. In a letter, of which he took care to have copies handed about, he announced to his mother his resolution to retire to his diocese, and pass the rest of his days in preaching the word of God. Nevertheless he did not quit the Council, where his weight, however, was somewhat lessened by the Duke's death. But he recovered his ground, and finally exercised a most important influence on its deliberations. On his return to France, he obtained permission to retain his guard, consisting of fifty arquebusiers, who never left him, accompanying him to church, when he preached or said mass, and even conducting him to the door of the King's cabinet. For nearly a-year after his return from Italy, however, he kept aloof from the capital and from public affairs, dividing his time between Rheims and Joinville, but still secretly carrying on his complicated intrigues. At last, on the 8th January 1565, he entered

Paris with a considerable escort, and in a sort of triumph, accompanied by his young nephews, the Duke of Guise and the Marquis of Mayenne, and by a number of knights, presidents, and gentlemen. Marshal Montmorency (son of the Constable), who was now intimate with his cousin Coligny, and ill-disposed to the Guises, was Governor of the Isle of France, and had published, "on the 13th December, a royal ordinance, which, in a spirit of precaution indispensable in those troubled times, forbade all princes, nobles, or persons whatsoever, to travel with an armed retinue. The Cardinal had a dispensation from the Queen-mother, but he either disdained or neglected to present it to Montmorency. The Marshal was most probably aware of its existence, but he ignored it, and sent word to the Cardinal not to pursue his journey with a forbidden escort. The Cardinal, considering this intimation an affront, heeded it not, and was close to his journey's end, when he was encountered in the streets of Paris, (Rue St Denis), by a body of infantry and cavalry of both religions, under the orders of Montmorency and of the Prince of Portien, who charged and routed his escort ; and he himself was compelled to seek safety in the humble dwelling of a rope-maker, dragging with him his nephews, of whom the eldest especially, a pistol in either hand, refused to quit the combat, unequal as it was, and, by recalling his father's memory to the Parisians, already acquired personal partisans. A faithful follower, who would have shut the door upon them, was mortally wounded by the balls which struck the very threshold of the room in which the Princes of Lorraine had taken refuge. '*Seigneur, mon Dieu !*' cried the Cardinal, in this imminent peril, 'if my hour is come, and the power of darkness, spare at least the innocent blood !' Meanwhile the Duke of Aumale, who had entered by the gate of the Louvre, created a diversion, which contributed to appease the tumult of the Rue St Denis ; and under cover of night, the prelate, with his nephews and suite, was able to reach his *hôtel de Clugny*."

It was in 1565 that the considera-

tion of the formidable results obtained by the close union of the Protestants, numerically weak, suggested to the Cardinal de Lorraine, and a number of Catholic nobleman, the idea of a counter-association on a grand scale, (the germ of this dated from some years previously), to be composed of prelates, gentlemen, magistrates, and of burgesses and other members of the third estate, for the purpose of acting with promptitude and independence, without awaiting the orders or the uncertain and tardy succours of Government. This was the association known in history as the League. At the end of the following year the young Duke of Guise, who had been campaigning with the Emperor Maximilian against the Turks, returned to France, just in time to see the curtain lifted for the bloody drama of a new civil war. Already Huguenots and Catholics were in mutual observation of each other. The former first assumed the offensive. Alarmed by movements of troops, fresh levies, and other menacing indications, they laid a plan to carry off Charles IX. then at his hunting-seat of Monceaux, near Meaux. Once in their hands, they calculated on making the young King the nominal chief of their party. But the plot was betrayed, and recoiled upon its advisers by exciting against them the implacable hatred of its object. "With even more oaths than were necessary," says an old writer, the King exhaled his wrath, and vowed vengeance against the Huguenots, from whom, however, he was for the moment compelled to fly. Escorted by six thousand Swiss, and by such other troops as could hastily be assembled, he took the road to Paris, hard pressed for seven hours by Condé and the Admiral. But the Protestant squadrons were unable to break the stern array of the Swiss; on the second day d'Aumale, with several hundred well-armed gentlemen, came out from Paris to swell the royal escort; and Charles entered his capital in safety, furious at the rebels, and well-disposed to proceed against them to any extremities the Guises might suggest. The anger of this family was greatly

roused by a trap laid, two days later, for the Cardinal of Lorraine, who only escaped by quitting his carriage and mounting a fleet horse, (some say that he had even to run a long way on foot,) with loss of his plate and equipage.

Shut up in Paris, Charles IX. beheld the Huguenots almost at its gates, intercepting supplies and burning the flour mills. At last, d'Andelot and Montgomery having marched towards Poissy, to oppose the passage of a Spanish auxiliary corps, Condé and Coligny, with fifteen hundred horse and eighteen hundred indifferently equipped infantry, without artillery,* were attacked by the Constable at the head of twelve thousand infantry, three thousand horse, and fourteen guns. There ensued the brief but glorious battle of St Denis, in which Montmorency was slain, and the Protestants, opposed to five times their numbers, held victory in their grasp, when d'Aumale, seeing them disordered by success, moved up with a body of picked men, whom he had kept in reserve, (as his brother Francis had done at the battle of Dreux,) rallied the fugitives, saved the Swiss from total defeat, rescued the body of the Constable, and compelled Condé to retreat. The laurels of the day, however, were unquestionably for the Huguenots, notwithstanding that they abandoned the field; and the next day they again offered battle to the royal army, but it was not accepted. Then Condé, short of provisions and weakened by the action, retired towards Lorraine, and effected his junction with an auxiliary corps of twelve thousand men which came to him from Germany. There ensued a short and hollow peace, which were better named an imperfectly-observed truce, and which did not preclude persecution of the Protestants; and then war again broke out, with the Duke of Anjou, (afterwards Henry III.) at the head of the royal armies. The first action of this, the third civil war, took place in the Perigord, and is known as the combat of Mouvans—the name of one of the leaders who was killed. He and another Huguenot gentleman were bringing up several thousand

* Thus stated by M. de Bouillé. Other writers have called the total force of the Protestants two thousand seven hundred horse and foot.

men to join the Prince of Condé, when they were attacked, and routed with great loss, by twelve hundred cavalry under the Duke of Montpensier. In this affair the young Duke of Guise greatly distinguished himself, by an impetuous and opportune charge on the main body of the enemy's infantry. Next came the fatal battle of Jarnac—fatal, that is to say, to the Protestants, who lost in it, or rather after it, by a felon-shot, their gallant leader Condé. Against overwhelming numbers, his right arm broken by a fall, wounded in the leg by the kick of a horse, dismounted and unable to stand, that heroic prince, one knee upon the ground, still obstinately defended himself. "The Catholics who surrounded him, respecting so much courage, ceased to attack, and urged him to give up his sword. He had already consented to do so,* his quality of prisoner ought to have protected him, when Montesquieu, captain of the Swiss guard of the Duke of Anjou, came up—with secret orders, it is supposed—and sent a pistol-ball through his head. Thus engendered by civil discord then exhibit themselves. At the close of this same fight, and at no great distance from the spot where Condé perished, Robert Stuart was also made prisoner; and Honorat de Savoie, Count de Thiers, obtained permission, by dint of entreaty, to kill him with his own and, in expiation of the blow by which this Scot was accused of having mortally wounded the Constable of Montmorency at the battle of St Denis. But even such barbarity as this did not suffice, and to it were added cowardly outrages and ignoble jests. The dead body of Condé was derisively placed upon an ass, and followed the Duke of Anjou upon his

triumphant entrance into Jarnac, and was there laid upon a stone, at the door of the quarters of the King's brother; whilst religious fury scrupled not to justify by sarcasm the indignity of such acts."†

Greatly discouraged by the reverse of Jarnac, and by the loss of their leader, the Protestant party presently had their hopes revived by promised succours from Elizabeth of England; and from various German princes. Coligny—now the real head of the party, whose titular chiefs were Henry of Béarn and his young cousin Condé—was joined by twelve thousand Germans, under Duke Wolfgang of Zweibrücken. On the other hand, the Catholic army was weakened by sickness and desertions, by the want of discipline amongst the Swiss troops and German *reiters*, chiefly composing it, and by discord between its generals. The Guises were displeased at being commanded by the Duke of Anjou, who, in spite of his extreme youth, had displayed valour, decision, and military talents, whose promise was not fulfilled by his ignoble reign as Henry III.

The siege of Poitiers cost the Protestant army much time and many men. After the most vigorous efforts for its capture, Coligny retired from before the town—which had been admirably defended, and owed its safety less to a diversion made by the Duke of Anjou, (who menaced Chateaubault) than to the great valour and activity of the Duke of Guise, recalling, on a smaller scale, the glorious defence of Metz by his father. Five breaches had been made in the walls, but the most determined assaults were steadily and successfully repulsed. Of the garrison, one-third perished, and the loss of the besiegers was very heavy. On the 9th September, Guise and his brother Mayenne

* Other writers have said that he had already *done so*, or at least that he was seated under a tree, a recognised prisoner, when he was shot. M. de Bouille's account leaves a sort of loop-hole, to infer that Montesquieu might have been hardly aware that Condé was a prisoner. Such an inference, however, he probably does not intend to be drawn, and, in either case, it is contrary to historical fact.

† The following couplet, from Oudin's MS. history of the house of Guise, may serve as a specimen of the partisan ditties composed on this occasion:—

"L'an mil cinq cens soixante neuf,
Entre Jarnac et Chasteauneuf,
Fut porté mort sur une anesse,
Ce grand ennemy de la Messe."

left the town, at the head of fifteen hundred horse, and, after making a report of their triumph to the Duke of Anjou, proceeded to Tours, where Charles IX. received them with many caresses and flattering words. Four days later, the Parliament of Paris proclaimed the ex-Admiral Coligny a traitor, condemned him to death, and offered fifty thousand gold crowns to whomsoever should deliver him up alive. A few days afterwards the same sum was offered for his head; and the Guises had the proclamation translated into seven languages, and circulated throughout Europe. Then came the bloody battle of Moncontour, where eighteen thousand men under Coligny were beaten, with very heavy loss, by the Duke of Anjou's army of twenty-five thousand. It began with a long cannonade, quickly succeeded by a combat at close quarters, in which even the generals-in-chief were personally engaged. "The Duke of Anjou had his horse killed under him, but was rescued by d'Aumale; Coligny was wounded in the face, and lost four teeth; Guise was badly hurt by a ball in the foot; Mayenne distinguished himself at his brother's side." After an hour's deadly struggle, the Huguenots were beaten at all points. "There was a terrible massacre of them; three thousand prisoners were made, and five hundred German horse passed over to the conquerors." This was a grievous blow for the Protestant party. Coligny, however, and the princes, shut themselves up in La Rochelle, and had leisure to look around them and organise their remaining forces, whilst the Duke of Anjou wasted his time in the siege of some unimportant places, and the Duke of Guise was laid up with his wound, which was long of healing. The state of the kingdom of France, exhausted by these repeated wars, was deplorable. Coligny, bold and active, made long marches southwards, collecting reinforcements and supplies, and finally reaching Burgundy, and getting the advantage in an encounter with the King's army, under Marshal de Cosse, at Amay le Duc. In short, he had the road open to Paris. These considerations made Charles IX. anxious for peace; which, after some negotiation, was concluded at St Germain-

en-Laye, in August 1570, on terms so favourable to the Huguenots—who, says Montluc, in his *Commentaries*, always had the best of it when it came to those *diabes d'escritures*—that Pope Pius V. wrote to the Cardinal de Lorraine to express his violent disapproval.

As had more than once already been the case, the return of peace was quickly followed by the marked diminution of the influence of the house of Guise. The Duke of Anjou cherished an instinctive hatred and jealousy of Henry of Lorraine; whilst the Cardinal had incurred the displeasure of the Queen-mother, who, as well as Charles IX., had previously been greatly angered by the presumption of the Duke of Guise in aspiring to the hand of her daughter Margaret. At one time, so furiously chafed was the King's naturally violent temper by the pretensions of the Guise party—against whom his brother Anjou lost no opportunity of irritating him—that he actually resolved on the immediate death of the young Duke of Guise, who only escaped through the timidity and indecision of Henry of Angoulême, the King's bastard brother—commissioned to make an end of him at a hunting party—and through warnings given him, it is said, by Margaret herself. The Montmorencys, cousins of the Colignys, seemed to have succeeded to the influence the Guises had lost: the Marshal and his brother d'Anville governed the Queen-mother; and so fierce was the animosity between the rival families, that Guise and Morn, brother of Marshal Montmorency, openly quarrelled in the King's chamber, and, on leaving the palace, exchanged a challenge, whose consequences persons sent expressly by Charles IX. had great difficulty in averting. In short, during the year 1571, "no more was heard of the Cardinal of Lorraine than if he had been dead; nor was anything known about the Guises, except that they had celebrated at Joinville the birth of a son to the Duke," who had married, in the previous year, Catherine of Cleves, widow of the Prince de Portien.

The apparent favour of the Admiral de Coligny, the return to Paris of the

Guises, the seeming fusion of the two great parties that had so long distracted France, were preludes to the massacre of St Bartholomew. In narrating the strange and important events that crowded the year 1572, M. de Bouillé lays bare the vile qualities of Charles IX., his cold-blooded cruelty, his odious treachery, and the powers of profound dissimulation he had inherited from his mother. One anecdote, extracted from Formier's MS. History of the House of Guise, is extremely characteristic. The King, whilst loading Coligny with marks of confidence and favour, hinted darkly to the Guises the existence of some sinister plot, urging them to take patience, because, as he said to the Duke d'Aumale, *beauté il verrait quelque bon jeu*. It happened one day that "the King was alone in his chamber with Henry of Lorraine, both gaily disposed; the latter had seized a headless pike, used to shut the upper shutters of the window, and was amusing Charles IX. by the extraordinary dexterity with which he wielded this weapon, when Coligny unexpectedly entered. The King felt that the abrupt interruption of their play, on his appearance, might excite the Admiral's suspicions. Suddenly, therefore, he feigned violent displeasure: accused the Duke of having insolently waved the pole close to his face, and, seizing a boar-spear that stood by his bed, pursued Guise, who, as if the better to escape, ran, it is said, into the apartments of Margaret de Valois. Charles snatched the Admiral's sword to pursue the fugitive; and Coligny, deceived by this well-acted anger, interceded to obtain the pardon of the heedless young Prince of Lorraine."

There is no particular novelty in M. de Bouillé's account of the massacre of St Bartholomew. We cannot compliment him on the guarded manner in which he condemns his hero for his participation in that monster murder—an episode that would have sufficed to brand with eternal infamy a far greater and better man than Henry of Lorraine. Compelled to admit that the whole direction and combination of the massacre was intrusted to, and joyfully undertaken by, the Duke of Guise—that he was

pry to and approving of Manrevel's previous attempt to assassinate Coligny, and that he afterwards stood under the Admiral's window whilst the Wurtemburger Besme, and others of his creatures, stabbed the wounded Protestant as he rose defenceless from his couch—M. de Bouillé informs us that, on quitting the place of his enemy's murder, whilst the most barbarous scenes were on all sides enacting—the consequence of the comeliness and skill of his own paratious—Guise was *seized with compassion*, and had "the good thought to save many innocent victims, women, children, and even men," by sheltering them in his hotel. On the other hand, "those whom the Prince considered as factious, or as adherents of such—in a word, his political adversaries rather than heretics—found little pity at his hands." And he was proceeding "to carry death into the faubourg St Germain, and to seek there Montgomery, the Vidame de Chartres, and a hundred Protestant gentlemen whom prudence had prevented from lodging near the Admiral." The compassionate intentions of Guise towards these five score Huguenots and "political adversaries," could be so little doubtful, that it was certainly most fortunate for them that a friend swam the Seine and gave them warning, whilst a mistake about keys delayed the Duke's passage through the gate of Bussy. They escaped, pursued to some distance from Paris by Guise and his escort. On his return, the massacre was at its height. "Less pitiless than any of the other Catholic chiefs, he had opened in his own dwelling an asylum to more than a hundred Protestant gentlemen, of whom he thought he should be able afterwards to make partisans." His compassion, then, had not the merit of disinterestedness. Similar selfish considerations induced others of the assassins to rescue others of the doomed. It will be remembered, that Ambrose Paré found shelter and protection in the palace, from whose windows Charles IX., arquebuse in hand, is said to have amused himself by picking off the wretched Protestants, as they scudded through the streets with the blood-hounds at their

heels. But all the skill of the Huguenot leech was insufficient, a few months later, to preserve that perfidious and cruel monarch from a death whose strange and horrible character was considered by many to be a token of God's displeasure at the oceans of blood he had so inhumanly caused to flow. Charles IX. was preceded and followed to the grave, at short intervals, by an active sharer in the massacre, the Duke of Anjou, and by one of its most

vehement instigators and approvers, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, both uncles of the Duke, and notable members of the house of Guise. The change of religion of Henry of Navarre and of the young Prince of Condé, the siege of Rochelle, the conclusion of peace with the Protestants, and the accession of Henry III. to the throne of France, are the other important events that bring us to the end of the second volume of M. de Bouillé's interesting history.



A WILD-FLOWER GARLAND. BY DEITA.

THE DAISY.

I.

THE Daisy blossoms on the rocks,
Amid the purple heath;
It blossoms on the river's banks,
That thrills the glens beneath
The eagle, at his pride of place,
Beholds it by his nest;
And, in the mead, its cushions soft
The lark's descending breast.

II.

BEFORE the cuckoo, earliest spring
Its silver circle knows,
When greenling birds begin to swell,
And zephyr melts the snows;
And, when December's breezes howl
Along the moorlands bare,
And only blooms the Christmas rose,
The Daisy still is there!

III.

SAMARITAN of flowers! to it
All races are alike,
The Switzer on his glacier height,—
The Dutchman by his dyke,—
The seal-skin vested Esquimaux,
Begirt with icy seas,—
And, underneath his burning noon,
The parasol'd Chinese.

IV.

THE emigrant on distant shore,
Mid scenes and faces strange,
Beholds it flowering in the sward,
Where'er his footsteps range;
And when his yearning, home-sick heart
Would bow to its despair,
It reads his eye a lesson sage—
That God is everywhere!

V.

Stars are the Daisies that begem
 The blue fields of the sky,
 Beheld by all, and everywhere,
 Bright prototypes on high :—
 Bloom on, then, unpretending flowers !
 And to the waverer be
 An emblem of St Paul's content,
 St Stephen's constancy.

THE WHITE ROSE.

I.

Rose of the desert ! thou art to me
 An emblem of staid *purity*,—
 Of those who, keeping their garments white,
 Walk on through life with steps aright.

II.

Thy fragrance breathes of the fields above,
 Whose soil and air are faith and love ;
 And where, by the murmur of silver springs,
 The Cherubim fold their snow-white wings :—

III.

Where those who were severed re-meet in joy,
 Which death can never more destroy ;
 Where scenes without, and where souls within,
 Are blanched from taint and touch of sin :—

IV.

Where speech is music, and breath is balm ;
 And broods an everlasting calm ;
 And flowers wither not, as in worlds like this ;
 And hope is swallowed in perfect bliss :—

V.

Where all is peaceful, for all is pure ;
 And all is lovely : and all endure ;
 And day is endless, and ever bright ;
 And no more sea is, and no more night :—

VI.

Where round the throne, in hues like thine,
 The raiments of the ransom'd shine ;
 And o'er each brow a halo glows
 Of glory, like the pure White Rose !

THE SWEET BRIAR.

I.

The sweet Briar flowering,
 With boughs embowering,
 Beside the willow-tufted stream,
 In its soft, red bloom,
 And its wild perfume,
 Belongs back the past like a sunny dream !

II.

Methinks, in childhood,
 Beside the wildwood

I lie, and listen the blackbird's song,
 Mid the evening calm,
 As the Sweet Briar's balm
 On the gentle west wind breathes along—

III.

To speak of meadows,
 And palm-tree shadows,
 And bee-hive cones, and a thymy hill,
 And greenwood mazes,
 And greensward daisies,
 And a foamy stream, and a clacking mill.

IV.

Still the heart rejoices,
 At the happy voices
 Of children, singing amid their play ;
 While swallows twittering,
 And waters glittering,
 Make earth an Eden at close of day

V.

In sequestered places,
 Departed faces,
 Return and smile as of yore they smiled ;
 When, with trifles blest,
 Each buoyant breast
 Held the trusting heart of a little child.

VI.

The future never
 Again can ever
 The perished gifts of the past restore,
 Nor, to thee or me,
 Can the wild flowers be
 What the Briar was then--oh never more !

THE WALL-FLOWER.

I.

Tier Wall-flower--the Wall-flower,
 How beautiful it blooms !
 It gleams above the ruined tower,
 Like sunlight over tombs ;
 It sheds a halo of repose
 Around the wrecks of time.
 To beauty give the flaunting rose,
 The Wall-flower is sublime.

II.

Flower of the solitary place !
 Gray ruin's golden crown,
 That lendest melancholy grace
 To haunts of old renown ;
 Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
 By strife or storm decayed ;
 And fillest up each envious rent
 Time's canker-tooth hath made.

III.

Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er,
 Where, in war's stormy day,
 Percy or Douglas ranged of yore
 Their ranks in grim array ;
 The claugour of the field is fled,
 The beacon on the hill
 No more through midnight blazes red,
 But thou art blooming still !

IV.

Whither hath fled the choral band
 That filled the Abbey's nave ?
 Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
 O'er many a level grave.
 In the belfry's crevices, the dove
 Her young brood nurseth well,
 While thou, lone flower ! dost shed above
 A sweet decaying smell.

V.

In the season of the tulip-cup
 When blossoms clothe the trees,
 How sweet to throw the lattice up,
 And scent thee on the breeze :
 The butterfly is then abroad,
 The bee is on the wing,
 And on the hawthorn by the road
 The linnets sit and sing.

VI.

Sweet Wall-flower—sweet Wall-flower !
 Thou conjurest up to me,
 Full many a soft and sunny hour
 Of boyhood's thoughtless glee :
 When joy from out the daisies grew,
 In woodland pastures green,
 And summer skies were far more blue,
 Than since they e'er have been.

VII.

Now autumn's pensive voice is heard
 Amid the yellow bowers,
 The robin is the regal bird,
 And thou the queen of flowers !
 He sings on the laburnum trees,
 Amid the twilight dim,
 And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
 Such scents, as thou to him.

VIII.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
 The rose is summer's guest ;
 Bland are thy charms when these decay,
 Of flowers—first, last, and best !
 There may be gaudier on the bower,
 And statelier on the tree,
 But Wall-flower—loved Wall-flower,
 Thou art the flower for me !

THE MASQUERADE OF FREEDOM.

I.

WHEN Freedom first appeared beneath,
 Right simple was the garb she wore :
 Her brows were circled with a wreath
 Such as the Grecian victors bore :
 Her vesture all of spotless white,
 Her aspect stately and serene ;
 And so she moved in all men's sight
 As lovely as a Maiden Queen.

II.

And queenlike, long she ruled the throng.
 As ancient records truly tell ;
 Their strength she took not from the strong.
 But taught them how to use it well.
 Her presence graced the peasant's floor
 As freely as the noble's hall ;
 And aye the humbler was the door,
 The still more welcome was her call.

III.

But simple manners rarely range
 Beyond the simpler ages' ken :
 And e'en the Virtues sometimes change
 Their vesture and their looks, like men.
 Pride, noble once, grows close and vain,
 And Honour stoops to vulgar things,
 And old Obedience slacks the rein,
 And murmurs at the rule of kings.

IV.

So Freedom, like her sisters too,
 Has felt the impulse of the time,
 Has changed her garments' blameless hue,
 And don'd the colours dear to crime
 First in a Phrygian cap she stalked,
 And bore within her grasp the spear :
 And ever, when abroad she walk'd,
 Men knew Revenge was following near.

V.

She moves again—The death-drums roll,
 The frantic mobs their chorus raise,
 The thunder of the Carmagnole—
 The war-chant of the Marseillaise !
 Red run the streets with blameless blood—
 The guillotine comes clanking down—
 And Freedom, in her drunken mood,
 Can witness all without a frown.

VI.

Times change again : and Freedom now,
 Though scarcely yet less wild and frantic,
 Appears, before men's eyes below,
 In guises more intensely antic.

No single kind of garb she wears,
 As o'er the earth she goes crusading ;
 But shifts her habit and her airs
 Like Joe Grimaldi masquerading.

VII.

Through Paris you may see her tread,
 The cynosure of all beholders ;
 A *bonnet rouge* upon her head,
 A ragged blouse upon her shoulders.
 More decent now than once she was,
 Though equally opposed to riches,
 She still upholds the good old cause,
 Yet condescends to wear the breeches.

VIII.

The Huns behold her as of yore,
 With grisly beard and monstrous swagger ;
 The swart Italian bows before
 The Goddess with the mask and dagger.
 The German, as his patriot thirst
 With beer Bavarian he assuages,
 Surveys her image, as at first
 'Twas pictured in the Middle Ages. •

IX.

Her glorious form appears to him
 In all its pristine pomp and glitter,
 Equipped complete from head to heel,
 In semblance of a stalwart Ritter.
 With doublet slash, and fierce moustache,
 And wrinkled boots of russet leather,
 And hose and belt, with hat of felt
 Surmounted by a capon's feather.

X.

Mysterious as Egyptian Sphinx,
 A perfect riddle— who can solve her ?
 One while she comes with blazing links,
 The next, she's armed with a revolver.
 Across the main, whene'er the shoe
 Upon her radiant instep pinches,
 To-day, she'll tar and feather you ;
 To-morrow, and she merely Lynches.

XI.

While thus abroad, in varied guise,
 We see the fair enchantress flitting,
 She deigns to greet in other wise
 Her latest satellites in Britain.
 Sometimes, in black dissenting cloth,
 She figures like an undertaker ;
 And sometimes plunges, nothing loath,
 Into the garments of a Quaker.

XII.

You'll find her recommending pikes
 At many a crowded Chartist meeting,
 Where gentlemen, like William Sykes,
 To exiled patriots vote their greeting.

You'll find her also with her friends,
Engaged upon a bloody errand,
When, stead of arguments, she sends
Her bludgeoneers to silence Ferrand.

XIII.

You'll find her too, at different dates,
With men of peace on platforms many,
Denouncing loans to foreign states
Whereof they could not raise a penny.
In short, to end the catalogue,
There's hardly any son of Edom
Who, in his character of rogue,
Won't tell you that he worships Freedom.

XIV.

Yet hold— one sample more—the last,
Ere of this theme we make a clearance ;
One little month is barely past
Since London saw her grand appearance,
In one of those enormous hats,
Short leggings and peculiar jerkins,
Which men assume who tend the vats
Of Barclay and his partner Perkins.

XV.

To that great factory of beer,
Unconscious wholly of his danger,
Nor dreaming that a foe was near.
There came, one day, an aged stranger.
He was a soldier, and had fought
In other lands 'gainst revolution :
And done his utmost—so he thought—
To save his country's constitution.

XVI.

But saving states, like other things
Is not in highest vogue at present ;
And those who stand by laws and kings
Must look for recompense unpleasant.
Fair Freedom, brooding o'er the drink
That makes the Briton strong and hearty,
Began to sneeze upon the brink
As though she scented Bonaparte.

XVII.

" Ah, ha ! " she cried, and cried again—
At every word her voice grew louder—
" I smell an Austrian or a Dane,
I smell a minion of gunpowder !
Some servant of a kingly race
My independent nostril vexes !
Say—shall he dare to show his face,
Within this hall of triple X's ?

XVIII.

" 'Tis true—he is unarmed, alone,
A stranger, weak, and old, and hoary—
Yet—on, my children ! heave the stone !
The less the risk, the more the glory ! "

She ceased : and round the startled man,
 As round the Indian crowds the cayman,
 From vat, and vault, and desk, and van,
 Thronged brewer, maltster, clerk, and drayman.

XIX.

"A precious lark !" the foremost cried ;
 "Come—twig him, Tom ! come—pin him, Roger !"
 "Who is it ?" Then a sage replied—
 "He's some infernal foreign sodger !
 He looks as how he'd scored ere now
 Some shoulders black and blue with lashes :
 So pitch him here into the beer—
 And, lads—we'll pull off his moustaches !"

XX.

They did—what brutal natures scorn,
 What savages would shrink to do—
 What none but basest cowards born,
 And the most abject and most few,
 Would offer to an old man's head !
 O shame—O shame to Englishmen !
 If the old spirit be not dead,
 'Tis time it showed itself again !

XXI.

What ! in this land which shelter gave
 To all, whatever their degree,
 Or were they faint, or were they brave,
 Or were they slaves, or were they free—
 In this Asylum of the Earth—
 The noblest name it ever won—
 Shall deeds like these pollute our hearth,
 Shall open shame like this be done ?

XXII.

O most ignoble end of all
 Our boasted order and renown !
 The robber in the tribune's hall—
 The maltster in the Judge's gown !
 The hospitable roof profaned :
 Old age by ruffian force opprest,
 And English hands most vilely stained
 With blood of an unconscious guest !

XXIII.

O Freedom ! if thou wouldst maintain
 Thy empire on the British shore,
 Wash from thy robes that coward stain,
 Resume thy ancient garb once more.
 In virgin whiteness walk abroad,
 Maintain thy might from sea to sea,
 And, as the dearest gift of God,
 So men shall live and die for thee !

Dies Boreales.

No. VIII.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.*Camp at Cludich.*SCENE—*The Wren's Nest.*TIME—*Evening.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD—BULLER.

NORTH.

HAVE you dined?

TALBOYS.

That we have, sir.

NORTH.

With me this has been Fast-day.

TALBOYS.

We saw it was, at our breakfast. Your abstinence at that meal, and at luncheon, we knew from the composure of your features, and your benignant silence, was not from any disorder of material organisation, but from steady moral resolve; so his absence from the Dinner-Table gave us no uneasiness about Numa.

NORTH.

No Nymph has been with him in the Grot.

TALBOYS.

His Good Genius is always with him in Solitude. The form we observed stealing—no, not stealing—gliding away—was, I verily believe, but the Lady of the Wood.

NORTH.

The Glen, you know, is haunted; and sometimes when the green umbrage is beginning to look grey in the still evening, I have more than a glimpse of the Faery Queen.

SEWARD.

Perhaps we intrude on your dreams. Let us retire.

NORTH.

Take your seats. What Book is that, beneath your arm, Talboys?

TALBOYS.

The Volume you bid me bring with me this Evening to the Wren's Nest.

NORTH.

Yes, yes—now I remember. You are here by appointment.

TALBOYS.

Else had we not been here. We had not merely your permission, sir—but your invitation.

NORTH.

I was expecting you—and by hands unseen this our Round Table has been spread for my guests. Pretty coffee-cups, are they not? Ask no questions—there they are—but handle them gently—for the porcelain is delicate—and at rude touch will disappear from your fingers. A Book. Ay, ay—a Quarto—and by a writer of deserved Fame.

SEWARD.

We are dissatisfied with it, sir. Dugald Stewart is hard on the Poet, and we desire to hear a vindication from our Master's lips.

NORTH.

Master! We are all pupils of THE POET. He is the Master of us all. Talboys, read out—and begin at the beginning.

TALBOYS.

"In entering on this subject, it is proper to observe, that the word POET is not here used in that restricted sense in which it is commonly employed; but in its original acceptation of Maker, or Creator. In plainer language, it is used to comprehend all those who devote themselves to the culture of the Arts which are addressed to the Imagination; and in whose minds it may be presumed Imagination has acquired a more than ordinary sway over the other powers of the Understanding. By using the word in such a latitude, we shall be enabled to generalise the observations which might otherwise seem applicable merely to the different classes of versifiers."

NORTH.

That Mr Stewart should, as a Philosopher, mark the liberal and magnanimous, and metaphysical large acceptation of the Name is right and good. But look at his Note.

TALBOYS.

"For this latitude in the use of the word POET, I may plead the example of Bacon and d'Alembert, the former of whom (*De Aug. Scient.* lib. xi. cap. 1.) comprehends under Poetry all fables or fictitious histories, whether in prose or verse; while the latter includes in it painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and their different divisions."

NORTH.

"I may plead the example"—appears to me a somewhat pompos expression to signify that you have (very properly) adopted one doctrine of one of the wisest, and another of one of the ablest of men. But he does not seem to know that d'Alembert might have "pleaded the example" of Aristotle in "including painting, sculpture," &c. "Poetry," says the Stagyrite, "consists in imitation, and the imitation may be by pictures, sculpture, and the like." It is *μιμησις*—and it is Man's nature to rejoice in imitation—*χαίρειν τοις μιμηταῖσι*. But a singular and illustrative trait in Mr Stewart's treatment of the subject is, that though he thus, at the outset, enlarges the Poet into the Painter, the Sculptor, &c., yet throughout the whole composition, (I know not if an incidental word may anywhere occur as an exception,) every point of the argument regards the Poet in words and verse! In what frame of understanding could—did he put this Head to these fragments of limbs?

HULLER.

In the name of the Prophet—Figs!

NORTH.

I am more than half disposed to hint an objection to the use of the words "sway over the other powers." We should have said—and we do say, "predominance amongst the other powers." I see in "sway" two meanings: first, a right meaning, or truth, not well expressed; to wit, in thinking poetically—for his art, whatever it may be—or out of his art—the Poet's other faculties minister to his Imagination. She reigns. They *conform* their operations to hers. This manner of intellectual action happens in all men, more or less, oftener or seldomer; in the Poet—of what Art soever—upon each occasion, with much more decision and emulgence, and more habitually. But secondly, a wrong meaning, or error, is better expressed by the word "sway:" to wit, that Imagination in the Poet *illegitimately overbears* the

other intellectual powers, as judgment, attention, reflection, memory, prudence. Now, you may say that every power that is given in great strength, *tends* to overbear unduly the other powers. The syllogistic faculty does—the faculty of observation does—memory does—and so a power *unbalanced* may appear as a weakness—as wealth ruins a fool. But in the just dispensation of nature every power *is* a power, and to the mind which she constitutes for greatness she gives *balanced* powers. Giving one in large measure—say Imagination—she gives as large the directly antagonistic power—say the Intellectual, the Logical; or she balances by a mass of powers. I suspect that the undue overswaying was in Stewart's mind, and has probably distorted his language. I know that Genius is the combination of ten faculties.

SEWARD.

Our expectations were raised to a high pitch by such grandiloquent announcement: and we have found in the Essay—which is unscientific in form—has no method—makes no progress—and is throughout a jumble,—not one bold or original thought.

BULLER.

Too much occupied with exposure of vulgar errors—and instances beneath the matter in hand. Great part too—*extra thesin*.

SEWARD.

You expect great things from the title—the Idea of the POET. You then see that Mr Stewart after all does not intend this, but only certain influences, moral and intellectual, of characteristic pursuits. This, if rightly and fully done, would have *involved* the Idea—and so a portraiture indirect and incidental—still the features and their proportion. Instead of the Idea, you find—

BULLER.

I don't know what.

TALBOYS.

The reader is made unhappy, first, by defect, or the absence of principal features—then by degradation, or the low contemplation—and by the general tenor.

NORTH.

Why, perhaps, you had better return the Quarto to its shelf in the Van. Yet 'twould be a pity, too, to do so. I am for always keeping our engagements; and as we agreed to have a talk about the Section this evening, let us have a talk. Read away, Talboys—at the very next Paragraph.

TALBOYS.

“The culture of Imagination does not diminish our interest in human life, but is extremely apt to inspire the mind with false conceptions of it. As this faculty derives its chief gratification from picturing to itself things more perfect than what exist, it has a tendency to exalt our expectations above the level of our present condition, and frequently produces a youth of enthusiastic hopes, while it stores up disappointment and disgust for maturer years. In general, it is the characteristic of a poetical mind to be sanguine in its prospects of futurity—a disposition extremely useful when seconded by great activity and industry, but which, when accompanied, as it too frequently is, with indolence, and with an overweening self-conceit, is the source of numberless misfortunes.”

BULLER.

Why, all this is—

NORTH.

Stop. Read on, Talboys.

TALBOYS.

“A thoughtlessness and imprudence with respect to the future, and a general imprudence in the conduct of life, has been often laid to the charge of Poets. Horace represents them as too much engrossed and intoxicated with their favourite pursuits to think of anything else—

BULLER.

Leave out the quotation from old Flaccus—and go on.

TALBOYS.

“This carelessness about the goods of fortune is an infirmity very natu-

rally resulting from their studies, and is only to be cured by years and experience; or by a combination—very rare, indeed—of poetical genius with a more than ordinary share of that homely endowment COMMON SENSE."

BULLER.

Speak louder—yet that might not be easy. I feel the want of an ear-trumpet, for you do drop your voice so at the end of sentences.

TALBOYS.

"A few exceptions"—

BULLER.

Stentor's alive again—oh! that I were head over ears in a bale of cotton.

TALBOYS.

"A few exceptions to these observations may undoubtedly be found, but they are so very few, as, by their singularity, to confirm rather than weaken the general fact. In proof of this, we need only appeal to the sad details recorded by Dr Johnson in his *Lives of the Poets*."

BULLER.

Skip—skip—skip—

SEWARD.

Skip—skip—skip—

TALBOYS.

May I, sir?

NORTH.

You may.

TALBOYS.

"Considered in its moral effects on the mind, one of the most unfortunate consequences to be apprehended from the cultivation of a poetical talent, is its tendency, by cherishing a puerile and brittle vanity, to weaken the force, and to impair the independence of character. Whoever limits his exertions to the gratification of others, whether by personal exhibition, as in the case of the actor and mimic, or by those kinds of literary composition which are calculated for no end but to please or to entertain, renders himself, in some measure, dependent on their caprices and humours."

BULLER.

Skip—skip—skip—

TALBOYS.

"In all the other departments of literature besides, to please is only a secondary object. It is the primary one of poetry. Hence that timidity of temper, and restless and unmanly desire of praise, and that dependence on the capricious applause of the multitude, which so often detract from the personal dignity of those whose productions do honour to human nature."

NORTH.

I don't quite understand what Mr Stewart means here by "the culture of Imagination." I see three senses of the word. First, the cultivation by the study of written Poetry and the poetical arts, and of the poetry poured through the Universe—to those minds which receive without producing—a legitimate process. Secondly, the cultivation as in Edwin Beattie's young Minstrel, the destined and self-destining Poet—a legitimate process. And thirdly, the self-indulgence of a mind which, more sensitive than volitive, more imaginative than intellectual, more wilful than lawful, more self-loving than others-loving—turns life into a long reverie—an illegitimate process. Which of these three classes of minds does Stewart speak of? Strong native imagination in a young powerful enthusiastic mind, tutored by poetical studies, but whom the Muse has *not* selected to the services of her shrine? Or the faculty as in the Poet-born self-tutored, and now rushing into his own predestined work? Or the soft-souled and indolent *fainéant* Dreamer of life? Three totally distinct subjects for the contemplation of the Philosopher, but that here seem to hover confusedly and at once before our Philosopher.

BULLER.

By his chosen title of the Section, THE POET, he was bound to speak of him according to Bacon, d'Alembert, and Aristotle.

NORTH.

The word *culture* must, I think, here specifically touch the First Case. Shall we then be afraid of giving a share, and a large share too, to the reading of the Poets, and the regard of the Fine Arts, in a liberal Education? Poetry, History, Science, are the three strands of the cable by which the vessel shall ride—Religion being the sheet-anchor.

SEWARD.

Perhaps it is meant to touch the Second Case too?

NORTH.

It may be meant to do so, but it does not. The word "*cultura*" is dictated by or is proper to the First Case—for culture is deliberate and elective. But in him—the young Poet—the Edwin—in whom imagination is given in the measure assigned by the Muse to her children, the culture proceeds undeliberate and unwilling. Edwin, when he roves "*beneath the precipice o'er-hung with pine,*" or sitting to watch the "*wide-weltering waves,*" or is seized from the hint of ballad or tale, or any chance word, with dreams and visions of the more illustrious Past—follows a delight and desire that have the nature and may have the name of a passion. All this is involuntary to the unforeseen result—but afterwards, when he has accepted his art for a vocation, he more than any man deliberately cultivates. Has the Philosopher, then, in mind only the third class, and do the dangers of "*the culture of imagination*" apply to them only "*the indolent fuming dreamers of life?*" If so, he not only forgets and loses his subject, as announced by himself, but wastes words on one altogether below it. "*False conceptions of human life!*" Here is an equivocation which must be set right. "*Conceptions of human life*" are here meant to apply to expectations of the honesty, gratitude, virtue of the persons *in general* with whom you or I shall come in contact in life. Good. The contemplation of human beings—men and women—*ideally* drawn by the Poet lifts me too high—tinges hope in me with enthusiasm, and prepares disappointment. So it has been often said, and said truly. This is conception prospective and personal: and more philosophically termed Expectation. But then "*conception of human life*"—from the lip of a philosopher should mean rather "*intelligence of man's life.*" Now I repeat that only through the Poet have you true intelligence of man's life—either external or internal. In the Actual the Poet sees the Idea—just as a Painter does in respect of the visible man. In the man set before him He sees two men—the man that *is* and the man of whom at his nativity was given the possibility to be. He reads cause and effect; and sees what has hindered the possible from being. Who, excepting the Poet, does this? And excepting this, what intelligence of man *is* an intelligence?

SEWARD.

There are two world-Wisdoms. One, to know men, as for the most part they will show themselves—commonly called Knowledge of the World: one, to know them as God made them. I forget what it is called. Possibly it has no name.

NORTH.

Observe, my dear Seward, the precise error of that expectation. It is to believe the good more prevalent than it is. It is no misunderstanding as to the constitution of the good. The good *is*; and the important point of all is to know it, when you meet it. To be cheated, by not apprehending the ill of a man, is a wound to your purse, and when you at last apprehend, to your heart. To be cheated by not apprehending the good of man is—*death*, which you bear in yourself, and know it not.

SEWARD.

What is desired? Is it that we should go into the world with hope not a whit wider and higher than the dimensions of the reality that we are to encounter? I trow not.

NORTH.

Your hope will elect your own destiny—will shape it—will be it. There are possibilities given of the nobler happinesses, as well as of the nobler

services; and your hope, faithful to itself, will reach and grasp them. And only to such hope are they given. Moreover, in all men there is under the mask of evil which the world has shaped on them, the power inextinct which the Creator sowed there; and they may, if they dare to believe in it, and know to call to it, bring it out with a burst. But belief is the main ingredient of the spell, and hope is the mother of belief.

TALBOYS.

The Poet has glorious apprehensions of human existence—visions of men—visions of men's actions—visions of men's destinies. He pitches his theory of the human world above reality—and *that* he shall, in due season or before it, learn—to his great loss and to his great gain. In the meanwhile do not speak of the temper in him, as if you would upbraid him with it. Do not lay to his charge the splendour of his powers and aspirations. Do not chide and rate him for his virtues.

SEWARD.

"False conceptions!" a term essentially of depreciation and reproach. They are not false, they are true. For they are faithful to the vocation that lies upon the human beings; but they, the human beings, are false, and their lives are false; falling short of those true conceptions.

NORTH.

Well. He—the Poet—comes to the encounter. It is the trial set for him by his stars—as it is the trial set for all great spirits. He finds those who disappoint him, and those who do not. But, grant the disappointment, rather. What shall he do? That which all great spirits do—transfer the grandeur of his hopes, over which fate, fortune, and the winds of heaven ruled, to his own purposes of which he is master.

TALBOYS.

Why did not Mr Stewart say simply that the Poet—and the young enthusiast of Poetry—thinks better of his fellows than they deserve, and brings a faith to them which they will take good care to disappoint? Why harp thus on the jarring string; torturing our ears, and putting our souls out of tune?

NORTH.

Who doubts—who does not know, and admire, and love Hope—in the ardent generous spirit—looking out from within the Eden of Youth into the world into which it shall, alas! fall? What is asked? That the spring-flowering of youth shall be prematurely blighted and blasted by winds frosty or fiery, which the set fruit may bear? Of course we hope beyond the reality, and it is God's gift that we do.

TALBOYS.

And why lay that Imagination which looks into Life with unmeasured ideas to the charge of the Poet alone? Herein every man is a Poet, more or less; and, most, every spirit of power—the hero, the saint, the minister of religion, the very Philosopher. Would we ask, sir, for a new law of nature? Upon the elements, fewer or more, which an anticipated experience gathers, a spirit impelled by the yearnings inseparable from self-conscious power, and mighty to create, works unchecked and unruled. What shall it do but build glorious illusions?

NORTH.

"The culture of Imagination,"—understanding thereby, first, in the Great Poets themselves, the intercourse of their own minds with facts which imagination vivifies, and with ideas which it creates—of humanity; and secondly, in all others, as poets to be or not to be, the reading of the Great Poets, Mr Stewart says—"does not diminish our interest in human life." Does not diminish! Quite the reverse. It extraordinarily deepens and heightens, increases and ennobles. For who are the painters, the authentic delineators and revealers of human life, outer and inner—

BULLER.

Why, the Poets—the Poets to be sure—the Poets beyond all doubt—

NORTH.

"Extremely apt to inspire the mind with false conceptions of it"—and so

on. Why, the Faculty is there with a mission. It is its bounden office—its embassy from heaven—to exalt us above our earthly experience—to lift us into the ideal possibility of things. Thereby it is an “angel of Life,” the white-winged good genius. The too sanguine hope is an adhering consequence, and the quelling of the hope is one of the penalties which we pay for Adam and Eve’s coming through that Eastern Gate into this Lower World.

TALBOYS.

Of course, my dear sir, *every* power has its dangers—the greater, the pro-founder, the more penetrating and vital the power, the greater the danger. But is this the way that a Philosopher begins to treat of a power—with hesitation and distrust—inauspiciously auspicing his inquiry? The common—the better—the true order of treatment is by Use and Abuse—Use first. “Expectations above the level of our present existence!” Of course—that when the heaven on earth fails, we may have *learnt* “to expect above the level of our present existence,” and go on doing so more and more, till Earth shall fade and Heaven open.

SEWARD.

“Frequently produces a youth of enthusiastic hope!” Is this proposed as a perversion and calamity, a “youth” to be deprecated?

NORTH.

I really don’t know—it looks almost like it

SEWARD.

Will you say Wo and Alas! for the City—Wo and Alas! for the Nation—in which princes, and nobles, and the gentle of blood—and the merchants, and the husbandmen, and the peasants, and the artisans, suffer under this endemic and feverous malady—a “youth of enthusiastic hope?” Methinks, sir, you would expect there to find an overflow of Pericles’s, and Pindars, and Phidias’s, and Shakspeares, and Chathams, and Wolfes—

BULLER.

Stop, Seward—spare us the Catalogue.

SEWARD.

You would say—here is the People that is to lead the world in Arms and in Arts. Only let us use all our endeavours to see that the community produces reason enough in balance of the enthusiasm.

BULLER.

Let us procure Aristotles, and Socrates’s, and Newtons, and—

TALBOYS.

What should a Philosopher do or say relatively to any particular power? He expounds an Economy of Nature. Therefore, he says, let us look how Nature deals with such or such a power. She gives it for such and such uses: and such is its fostering, and such are its phenomena. But as every power unbalanced carries the subject in which it inheres *ex orbita*, let us look how nature provides to balance *this* power which we consider.

NORTH.

That, my dear Talboys, is a magnanimous and a capacious way of inquiry. But how can any man write about a power who has not a full sympathy with it? I have no doubt that Davy, when he wielded Galvanism to make wonderful and beautiful revelations of veiled things, deeply and largely sympathised with Galvanism. You would think it easier to sympathise with Imagination, and yet to Stewart it seems almost more difficult. Go on.

TALBOYS.

How has Nature dealt with her mighty and perilous power—Love. Look at it, where it is raised to its despotism—when a man loves a woman, and that woman that man. It is a power to unhinge a world. Lo! in proof “an old song”—the Iliad!

“Trojanus ut opes et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danaï!”

Has Nature feared, therefore, to use it? She builds the world with it. And look how she proceeds. To these two—the Lovers as they are called—the

Universe is *in* these two—to each in the other. The rest of the Universe is shut out from their view, or more wonderfully comprehended in their view—seen to each through and relatively to the other—seen transformed in the magical mirror of their love. Can you expect anything less than that they should go by different doors, or by the same door, into Bedlam? Lo! they have become a Father and a Mother! They have returned into the real world—into a world yet dearer than Dreamland! The world in which their children shall grow up into men and women. Sedate, vigilant, circumspect, sedulous, industrious, wise, just—Pater-familias and Mater-familias. So Nature lets down from an Unreal which she has chosen, and knows how to use.

NORTH.

The ground of the Poet, my dear Talboys, is an extraordinary dotation of sensibility—of course, ten thousand dangers. Life is exuberant in him—and if the world lies at all wide about him, the joy of the great and the beautiful. The dearest of all interests to every rational soul is her own coming destiny. The Poet, quick and keen above all men in self-reference, must, among his contemplations and creations, be full of contemplating and creating his own future, and must pour over it all his power of joy, rosy and golden hopes. And that vision, framed with all his power of the Ideal, must needs be something exceedingly different from that which this bare, and blank, and hard earth of reality has to bestow. What follows? A severe, and perhaps an unprepared trial. The self-protection demanded of him is a morally-guarded heart and life. The protection provided for him is—his Art. The visions—the Ideal—the Great and the Fair, which he cannot incorporate in his own straitened existence—the ambitions, at large, of his imagination he localises—colonises—imparadises—in his works. He has two lives; the life of his daily steps upon the hard and bare, or the green, and elastic, and sweet-smelling earth, and the life of his books, papers, and poetical, studious reveries—art-intending, intellectual ecstasies.

BULLER.

What say you, sir, to the charge of “overweening self-conceit and indolence?”

NORTH.

What say you, my Buller? •

BULLER.

That I do not quite understand the proposition. Is it, that *generally* the “sanguine” temperament is apt to make these accompaniments for itself? Or that in the Poet the three elements are often found together? If the former, I see no truth in it. The sanguine temper should naturally inspire activity—and I do not quite know what is here an “overweening conceit.” That a sanguine-minded man is apt to have great *self-reliance* in any project he has in hand—a confidence in his own present views that is not a little refractory to good argument of cooler observers, I understand. But that sort of self-conceit which makes of a man an intellectual fop—gazing in the pocket looking-glass of self-conceit at his own perfections—vain self-contemplation and self-adulation—the sanguine temper is far more likely to carry a man out of himself, to occupy his time, his pleasure, and his passion in works, and withdraw them from himself. I suppose, therefore, that we must look to the Poet alone. I dare say that small poets have a great conceit of themselves. They have a talent that is flattered and admired far beyond its worth. They readily fancy themselves members of the Immortal Family. But a true Poet has a thousand sources of humility. Does he not reverence all greatness, moral and intellectual? Does he not reverence, above all, the mighty masters of song? He understands their greatness—he can measure distances—which your small Poet cannot.

NORTH.

Every soul conscious of power is in danger of estimating the power too highly; but I do not know why the Poet should be so more than another man. Then, what is “overweening?” Is it overvaluing himself relatively to other men? Is it overmeasuring his power of achievement—whence

disproportionate undertakings, that fail in their accomplishment? I can more easily suppose that all the Sons of Genius "overween" in this direction. They must needs shape enterprises of unattainable magnificence. But some one has said rightly that in attempting the Impossible we accomplish the Possible. But this is a higher and truer and more generous meaning, I fancy, than is intended by the choice of that slighting and scoffing dispraise of "overweening"—a word pointing to a social, or moral, defect that makes an exceedingly disagreeable companion, rather than to any sublime error in the calculations of genius. And I come back upon the small sinner in rhyme, who has been cockered by his friends and cuddled by himself into conceit, till he thinks the world not good enough for him—takes no trouble to satisfy its reasonable expectations, and finds that it will take none to satisfy his unreasonable ones—there is a source of "numberless misfortunes"—a seedy surtout, a faded vest, and very threadbare inexpressibles.

TALBOYS.

And why should those who are sanguine in hope be "too frequently indolent?" A hopeful temper engender indolence! A desponding temper engenders it; a hopeful one is the very spur of activity. The sanguine spirit of hope taking possession of an active intellect, engenders the Projector—of all human beings the most restless and indefatigable—his undaunted and unconquerable trust in futurity creates for itself incessantly new shapes of exertion—till the curtain falls.

SEWARD.

There is, I suppose, a species of Castle-builder who hopes and does nothing: as if he believed that futurity had the special charge of bringing into existence the children of his wish. But his temper is not properly called sanguine—it is *dreamy*. Neither is his indolence a consequence of his dreams; but as much or more, his dreams, of his indolence. He sits and dreams. Say that Nature has given to some one, as she will from time to time, an active fancy and an indolent humour—a disproportion in one faculty. 'Tis a misfortune: and a reason why his friends should seek out, if possible, the means of stirring him into activity; but it has nothing to do with describing the Idea of the Poetical Character.

TALBOYS.

The Great Poets have not been indolent. They have been working men. The genius of the Poet calls him to his work. Shakspeare was a man of business. Spenser was a state-secretary.

BULLER.

Read Milton's Life.

TALBOYS.

See Cowper drowned in an invincible melancholy, and deliberately choosing a long-lasting and severe task of his Art, as a means of relieving, from hour to hour, the pressure of his intolerable burthen. If he had drooped under his hopeless disease into motionless stupor, you could not have wondered, much less could you have blamed. He fought, pen in hand, year after year, against the still-repelled and ultimately victorious enemy.

BULLER.

Think of Southey!

NORTH.

Yet the Poet is in danger of indolence. For in his younger years joy comes to him unpurchased. To do, takes him out of his dream. To do nothing, is to live in an enchanted world; and with all tenderness be it said, he hath, too, his specific temptation to overmuch self-esteem. Because his specific faculty and habit are to refer every thing that befalls constantly to himself as a contemplative spirit. Herein is the most luminous intuition alone. The perversion is to be quick and keen in referring to the ignobler Self—for as I or you said, and all men may know, the Poet assuredly has two souls. Personal estimation, personal prospects! A sensibility to injury, to fear, to harm, to misprision—a quick jealousy—suspicion—soreness! You do see them in Poets—and in Artists, who after their kind are Poets—for they are Men.

As to excessive reflection upon and admiration of their own intellectual powers, while we rightly condemn it, we should remember that the Poet is gifted, and, in comparison with most of those with whom he lives, is in certain directions far abler; and more delicate apprehensions he probably has than most or all of them—at least of such apprehensions as come under the Pleasures of Imagination. And when he begins to call auditors to his Harp—then, well-a-day!—then he lives and feeds upon the breath of praise—and upon the glow of sympathy—a flower that opens to the caress of zephyrs and sunbeams, and without them pines. Then comes envy and spiritual covetousness. Others obtain the praise and the sympathy—others who merit them less, or not at all. What a temptation to disparage all others—*alive*! And to the Poet, essentially plunged in the individualities of his own being, how easy! For each of his rivals has a different individuality from his own; and how easy to construe points of difference into points of inferiority! Easy to him whom pain wrings more than it does others—to whom disagreeable things are more disagreeable—

TALBOYS.

Have done, sir, I beseech you, have done—talk not so of the Brotherhood.

NORTH.

I am thinking of some of the most majestic!

SEWARD.

Alas! it is true.

NORTH.

Mr Stewart more than insinuates, with a wavering and equivocating uncertainty of assertion he signifies, that the Poet, or poetic mind, is not much endowed with “common sense.” Talboys, what say you?

TALBOYS.

I rather think it unusually well-endowed that way, and that it is the opposite class of minds—those that cultivate abstract science—that have, or seem to have, least of it.

SEWARD.

The poetic mind, from its sensibility, is peculiarly ready to sympathise with the general mind, and it is that sympathy that produces common sense. Common sense is instinctive; and in its origin allied to that which in the higher acts of the poet's mind is called Inspiration. Therefore it is native to his mind. It is an inspiration of his mind as much as poetic Imagination.

BULLER.

Has Seward said what you meant to say, Talboys?

TALBOYS.

He has—why did not you? But observe, Buller, common sense is not solely employed upon a man's own conduct: it has all the world besides for its object. The common sense of a Poet in his own case may be disturbed by his sensibilities, which are greater than common; while yet, in all other cases, it may be truer than the magnet.

BULLER.

Good.

TALBOYS.

I will trouble you, if you please, for an Obs.

BULLER.

I have long desired a definition of Common Sense. It seems to me rather a commonplace thing. I suppose it is called Common Sense, as being common to men, so that you may expect it in 9 out of 10, or 99 out of 100.

TALBOYS.

Pretty good.

BULLER.

Common Life seems to be the school of it. It seems a practical faculty, or to respect practice. Obvious relations are its domain—obvious connexions of cause and effect—means and end. A man of common sense effects a plain object, quickly and cheaply, by ready and direct means. High reach of thought is distinguished from common sense on the same side, as downright

folly is on the other. Yet the interests dealt with need not be, if they frequently are, low; only the relations obvious. Perhaps the phrase is oftener brought out by its violation than its maintenance. He who wants common sense employs means thwarting his end. I propose that Common Sense is a combination of common understanding and common experience.

TALBOYS.

I asked you, my dear Buller, for an Obs—one single Obs—you have given us a dozen—a Series. Let us take them one by one, and dissect the—

BULLER.

Be hanged if we do! I am afraid that my notion of Common Sense is but a low one. I think that a blacksmith may acquire common sense about shoeing of horses, and a housewife about her kitchen and laundry. *Sound sense* applicable to high matters is another matter—*une toute autre chose*.

TALBOYS.

Be done, dear Buller.

BULLER.

In a moment. Moreover, I can imagine a strong, clear, sound sense *confined* to a special *higher* employment—a lawyer who would manage the most difficult and hazardous cause with admirable discretion, and make a mere fool of himself in marrying.

TALBOYS.

Be done—be done.

BULLER.

In a moment. I am not able to affirm that a Poet of high and sound faculties *must* have the talent for conducting himself with prudence in the common affairs of life; and really *that* is what seems to me to be *Common Sense*.

TALBOYS.

Be done now—you cannot better it.

BULLER.

About the Poet what can I say that every body does not know and say in all the weekly newspapers. Why, gentlemen, the Mission of the Poet is to fight the fight of the Spirit against the flesh, and to extend the reign of the Beautiful. Also, he is the Prophet of *γῶθι σαυτοῦ*: and the finest of word-mongers. The words that he touches turn all to gold. He is the subtlest of thinkers. Our best discipline of thinking has been from the Poets. Compare Shakspeare and Euclid.

TALBOYS.

From you! Buller, you astonish me.

BULLER.

Astonishment is sometimes proof of a weak mind.

NORTH.

There seem to be two Common Senses. Goldsmith appears to be viewed as an eminent case of wanting it, in conduct—the practical—for his own use. But the theoretical—for judging others—imaginary cases—characterises that immortal work, *The Vicar of Wakefield*: and the theoretical, for judging other men real, existing, and known, his *Retaliation*. The criticism of Burke, for instance, is an exalted Common Sense—

“Who, born for the Universe, narrowed his mind,
And to Party gave up what was meant for Mankind.”

That is the larger grasp of common Sense rising into high Sense.

“And thought of convincing while they thought of dipping”

is its homelier scope.

SEWARD.

✕ Common Sense is the lower part of complete Good Sense. Shakspeare and Phidias must use Good Sense in governing their whole composition; which Common Sense could not reach; and a man might have good sense in composing a group in marble, yet want it in governing his family. But Phidias executing a Venus with a blunt notched chisel, would want Common Sense.

NORTH.

Word worth the Great and Good has said that "the privilege and the duty of Poetry is to describe things not as they are, but as they seem to the senses and the passions;" and when in so saying he claimed further for the works of Poetry law and constancy, he spake heroically and thence well,—up to the mark of the fearless and clear truth. But when he condescended to speak of "one quality that is always favourable to good poetry, namely, good sense," he said that, *without note of reserve*, which should have been guarded. Good sense, if you please, but such good sense as Homer shows when the *ααγγη* of the silver bow sounds—when the Mountain-Isle trembles with all her Woods to Neptune stepping along—or the many-folded snowy Olympus to Jupiter giving the one calm, slow, simple, majestic, earth-and-heaven-obliging Nod—or when at the loosed storm of terrestrial and celestial battle on the Scamandrian plain, the Infernal Jove leaps from his throne, and shouts, or yells, or bellows—*μειλας*—lest the solidly-vaulted Earth rend above and let in sunlight on the Shades. The "good sense" of Shakspeare, when the Witches mingle in the hell-broth "Tartar's lips," and "yew-slips slivered in the Moon's eclipse." Claim the good sense, but claim it in its own kind—separated and high—kingly—Delphic—divine. The good sense of Jupiter—Apollo—the Nine Muses, and the practical Pallas Athene. Or claim Wisdom—and not "good sense;"—"the meed of Poets sage!" Lucid intelligence—profound intuitions—disclosed essences—hidden relations laid bare—laws discerned—systems and worlds comprehended—revealed mysteries—prophecy—the "terrible sagacity"—and to all these add the circumspection—the caution—the self-rule—the attentive and skilful prudence of consummate Art, commanding effects which she forecast and willed. Wisdom in choosing his aim—Wisdom in reaching his aim—Wisdom to weigh men's minds and men's deeds—their hopes, fears, interests—to read the leaves of the books which men have written—to read the leaves of the book which the Creating Finger has written—to read the leaves of the book which lies for ever open before the Three Sisters—the leaves which the Storms of the Ages turn over.

TALBOYS.

Coffee, my dear sir? Here's a cup—cool and sweetened to your taste to a

NORTH.

Thanks, Talboys. I am ready for another spell.

BULLER.

Reflect, sir—breathe awhile. Do, Seward, interpose something between the Master and exhaustion. Quick—quick—else he will be off again—and at his time of Life—

SEWARD.

Oh for the gift denied me by my star—presence of mind!

TALBOYS.

Common sense, in a high philosophical signification, is the sum of human opinions and feelings; or the "Universal Sense" of mankind. That is not homely—and cannot therefore be what Stewart calls that "homely endowment." The apter translation of the place in his Essay is "ordinary sense or understanding"—which seems to suggest *now* "so much sense or understanding as you ordinarily meet with among men"—and *now* "sense and understanding applied to ordinary concerns." Only this last makes the quality *homely*. But the tooth of Stewart's insult is in the prior suggestion (in the case of the Gifted, untrue), that they have not as much sense or understanding as you ordinarily meet with. They have ten, twenty, a thousand times as much. Think of Robert Burns! But they have—or may, I do not say must have—the repugnance to apply the winged and "delighted spirit" to considerations and cares that are easily felt as if sordid and servile—imprisoning—*idiots*. They suffer, however, not for the lack of knowing, but of resolution to conform their doing to their knowing. They sin against common sense—and much more against their own. *Hinc illa lacryma.*

NORTH.

Gentlemen, the Cardinal Virtue—Prudence—holds her sway, in the world

of man, over Action, and, as much as she may, over Event, by the union as if of two Sceptres. For She must reign, at once, in the Understanding and in the Will. Common Sense, as the word is commonly meant and understood, is Intellectual Prudence applied to the more obvious requisitions of the more obvious interests which daily and hourly claim our concern and regard. This Intellectual Prudence, thus applied—that is to say, the clear Intelligence of these requisitions—Common Sense, therefore—one man has, and another has not. The case shall occur that the man, Poet or no Poet, who has it, shall act like a fool; whilst the Poet or no Poet, who has it not, shall act like a Sage. For the man, wise to see and to know, shall have yielded the throne of his Will to some usurping and tyrannising desire—and the other, who either does not possess, or who possessing, has not so applied the Intelligence—some dedicated Mathematician, or Metaphysician, or Mechanician, or Naturalist, or Scholar, or Antiquary, or Artist, or Poet, shall live wisely, because he has brought his heart and his blood under the rule of Moral Necessity. Prudence, or, in her stead, Conscience, has established her reign in his Will. To be endowed with Common Sense is one thing; to act with common sense, or agreeably to her demands, is another. Popular speech—loose, negligent, self-willed, humorous and humorous—often poetical—easily and gladly confounds the two neighbouring cases. Philosophic disquisition—which this of Dugald Stewart does not—should sedulously hold them apart. You may judge of a man's Common Sense by hearing him criticise the character and conduct of his neighbour. To learn in what hand the Sceptre of the Will is, you must enter his own doors. The proneness of the Poet, easy, kind, frank—except in his Art, artless—compassionate, generous, and large-thoughted—heaven-aspiring—to neglect, like the lover, (and what else is he but the perpetually enthralled lover of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful?) the earthly and distasteful *Cura Pecuniæ*, is to be counteracted mainly on the side of the Will. Simplicity of desire will go far, and this you may expect in him from Nature—indeed it is the first ground of the fault charged. Next, of stronger avail—not perhaps of more dignity—comes that which is indeed the base, if not yet the edified structure of Common Sense, the plain Intelligence of naked Necessity. No great stretch of intellectual power required, surely, for discovering and knowing his own condition in the work-day world! But the goods of fortune—worldly estate—*money*—shall the “heavenly Essence”—the “celestial Virtue”—the “divine Emanation”—for so loftily has Man spoken of Man—that is within us—crouch down and grovel in this dark, chill den—this grave which Mammon has delivered to be to it a pitfall and a prison?

BULLER.

Ay—why shall the Poet guard and noose the strings of his purse?

NORTH.

One reason, drawn from the sublimity of his being, stands ever nigh to bow the pliant neck of his Will under the lowly yoke. He *must*—because, according to the manner in which the All-Disposer saw good to order and adjust the constituents and conditions of our human life here below, in him who, of his own will and deed, lays himself under a bond to live by unearned bread, the Moral Soul dies.

SEWARD.

The Poet is not—and he is—improvident. Nothing in his genius binds him to improvidence. Prudence may accompany sensibility—may accompany ample and soaring contemplations—may accompany creative thought—may accompany the diligent observation of human life and manners—may accompany profound insight into the human heart. These are chief constituents of the poetical mind, and have nothing in them that rejects Prudence.

BULLER.

Neither do I believe that the more distinguished Poets generally have been culpably unforethinking—

“Vatis avarus
Non temere est animus!”

I hope so. I should be exceedingly sorry to think that the Bard were apt to

give into the most odious of all vices. But the interval is wide from vicious negligence to vicious care; and I hope that somewhere between, and verging from the Golden Mean a little way towards the negligent extreme, might be the proper and earned place of the Poets.

TALBOYS.

We must confess to some negligent tendencies in the Poet. The warm sympathies give advantage to designing beggars of different ranks—and are themselves betraying advisers. The law of the poetical mind to accept Impression, and let it have its way, if it overflow its legitimate channel of poetical study and art, and irregularly lay the conduct of life under water, may leave behind it something else than fertility. The dwelling in pleasure may make the narrow and exact cares of economy irksome. But why shall we *expect* that a man of high, clear, and strong mind shall not learn how to—cut his coat according to his cloth?

NORTH.

I am afraid that the high faculties of a Poet threaten to endanger his vulgar welfare. The foundation of his poetical being and power, as you well have hinted, Talboys, is the free spontaneity of motion in his own mind—the surrendering of his whole spirit to influxes and self-impulses. The spontaneous movement allies his temperament to common passion, which founds upon this very characteristic. And you sometimes see, accordingly, that the Poet is a victim sacrificed for the benefit of the rest. Not that it need be so—for he has his own means of protection; but powers delicate, sensitive, profound, must walk perilously in a lapsed world.

SEWARD.

Let it be allowed, then, to Dugald, that the poetical temperament is adverse to getting—and to keeping—money—and that a touching picture might be drawn of the conflicts of spirit between a Poet and his false position in a counting-house—or with “poverty’s unconquerable bar.”

NORTH.

“This carelessness about the goods of fortune,” says Mr Stewart, “is an infirmity very naturally resulting from their studies, and is only to be cured by years and experience, or by combination (*very rare indeed*) of poetical genius with a more than ordinary share of that ‘homely endowment called *common-sense*.’” And wherefore any infirmity? Why not have portrayed rather—or at least kindly qualified the word—in winning hues, or in lofty shape—the delicious or magnanimous UNWORLDLINESS of the poetical character? That most ennobling, and most unostentatious quality, which the dear and great Goddess—in lovingly tempering a soul that from its first inhalation of terrestrial air to the breath in which it escapes home, she intends to follow with her love—commingles in precious and perilous atoms that, in consecrating, destine to sorrow.

SEWARD.

An infirmity? A charm—a grace—and a virtue! Alas! sir, a virtue too suitable to the golden age to be safe in ours.

TALBOYS.

Ay, Seward, a virtue demanding the correction or the protection of some others, which the iron generations countenance or allow—such as Prudence, Justice, Affection for those whose welfare he unavoidably commixes with his own.

NORTH.

Protection! It sometimes happily wins its protection from virtues that love and admiration rouse and arm in other breasts, in its favour—a reverent love—a pitying admiration.

TALBOYS.

He quotes Horace as on his side of the question.

NORTH.

A Poet whose name is amongst the most cited from antiquity, Virgil’s illustrious lyrical brother, has rehearsed (not indeed to the lyre, but in the style which he offers for little better than versified prose) modestly and apologetically, the Praises of the Poet—his personal worth, and serviceable function

amongst his fellow-men. Singular that in a few words of this passage, and indeed just those which gently allege the *personal virtue* of the poor bard, the Professor should have helped himself to a weapon for dealing upon that head his unkindest cut of all.

SEWARD.

That flowing Epistle of Horace's to Augustus—which he gives good reason in excellent verse for keeping short, and which turns out, notwithstanding, rather unreasonably long—if we look for its method, it rambles—if for the spirit, it is a delicate intercommunion between the least of the Courtiers, the Poet, and his imperial Patron, the Lord of Rome and of Rome's World.

TALBOYS.

A facile, roving, and sketchy—partly historical and partly critical disquisition on Poetry chiefly Roman, presenting with occasion the virtues and faults of the species—POET.

BULLER.

Let's hear it. In my day Horace was not much read at Oxford—

NORTH.

By you—and other First Class Physical Men. Seward, spout it.

SEWARD.

I will recite the passage.

"Ille error tamen, et levis hæc insania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis avarus
Non temere est animus; versus amat, hoc studet unum;
Detrimenda, fugas servorum, incendia ridet;
Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo; vivit siliquis et pane secundo.
Militiæ quamquam piger et malus, utilis urbi;
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari.
Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat;
Torquet ab obscænis jam nunc sermonibus aurem.
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis et invidiæ corrector et ira;
Rerte facta refert; orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis; inopem solatur et ægrum.
Castis cum pueris ignara puella maritum
Discretet unde preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
Pocit opem chorus, et præsentia lumina sentit;
Cælestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit;
Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.
Carminè Di Superi placantur, carmine Maues."

BULLER.

Oh! that passage. Why, I have had it by heart for half a hundred. We quote from it at Quarter Sessions.

TALBOYS.

The first grace of the whole composition seems to me its two-fold personality—the free intimacy between the great Protector and the small Protected. It is like Horace's part of a familiar colloquy, where you may fancy, at discretion, interlocutory remark, or answer, or question of Augustus.

NORTH.

* True, Talboys. Verse has attracted to the Bard the rays of imperial favour. The Emperor himself is a Verse-maker. How natural and suitable that Horace in verses which vary, to the tune of the moment, with inimitable facility, from a conversation-like negligence, or negligent seeming—to sweetness and beauty, to strength and dignity—should win the august ear, tired with the din of arms or of debating tongues, to an hour's chat on the interests of the Muses.

SEWARD.

The praise of the Poet how loving and ingenious! how insinuatingly subdued!

NORTH.

* Yet the ground is chosen with a dexterous boldness. The majestic opening Address of the Poem showed Augustus, like a Jupiter, wielding with beneficent

power the destinies of the Roman world. And now, confronting the dispenser of welfare to nations, he sets up another benefactor of the State, the Poet, face to face with golden-throned, and purple-vested Octavius Cæsar—poor Horatius Flaccus!

BULLER.

Most awkward of Courtiers! Most crazed of versifiers!

SEWARD.

Beware of rash judgments and half-informations. You familiar with Hory—

BULLER.

You muttered the passage so that you murdered it.

TALBOYS.

You, familiar with Hory, see at least how, by the choice of the ground, he has obliged himself to stepping cautiously and tenderly over it. He leads to it—he does not begin with it. Arrived at the comparison, he proposes it rather implicitly than explicitly—admire the Rhetorician. He will avert jealousy—he will propitiate kindness.

BULLER.

Artful Dodger.

TALBOYS.

He has acknowledged—you might have given us the line—a *fault*. Nothing seriously wrong though. As if Apollo had shot a plague with golden arrows upon the City, all are turned Versifiers—young and old—and grave and gay—wise and foolish—the skilled and the unskilled—the called and the un-called.

BULLER.

You write verses well yourself, Talboys.

TALBOYS.

I am as willing as most people to bandy compliments, but here you must excuse me. Out of the small fault, rises the Eulogy. This diffusive delusion—this epidemic, yet lively, and airy, and sprightly, and harmless insanity, gives out from its bosom some good uses, and first on the madman himself. As one disease expels another, the musolept is, through the very force of his disorder, free from the taint of cupidity—of the burning desire for worldly wealth. The simple man has room in his heart but for one love. Verse is his passion—his bliss, his all-absorbing vocation. Has his banker failed with his little cash-balance in his hands? He laughs. Has one of his two slaves run away? He laughs. Has a fire at the bookseller's consumed the copies of his last work? 'Tis unlucky—but he laughs. It is not *he* that speculates upon, or *waylays*, the unguarded trust of his friend or acquaintances—not *he* that handles with adhesive fingers the gold of his young orphan-ward. And for his fare, it is an anchorite's—pulse and brown bread.

BULLER.

Very prettily paraphrased indeed!

SEWARD.

And very feelingly. Imagine these ideas sliding into one's heart in the natural verse of—Goldsmith! For it is as if Goldy here described himself—and see if the argument from the Innocence is not artfully placed, for the induction to the argument from the Benefits, that is to follow.

NORTH.

My dear Boys Three, Hory is here painting himself—and not himself. It is the Idea of the Poet. He brings the traits and the colours together, as they best suit each other, and his purposes. The meritorious Eremitic's fare is not personal to the writer. He has reached a point which imperiously requires another *fault*. Frankly and humorously he takes this from Flaccus himself. The Poet is no soldier—slow to find the way to the field, and too quick to find the way from it. Nevertheless—now for the setting up. He, too, is a profitable servant of the State. And forthwith an imperatively demanded apology—for the purple-robed has smiled a little incredulously at the *utilis urbi*. If, says the Complete Letter-Writer, you will only admit that majestic interests may be served by adminicles of “small regard to see to.”

TALBOYS.

And how curiously he hides a pre-eminent power in the very smallest sphere!

NORTH.

How finely! Rome was a republic of ORATORS. Cedant arma togæ—the Toga the war-weed of the Orator!

"Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque *latam*."

The gowned Lords of the Nations—and, Lords of the Lords, the Orators!

BULLER.

Are you sure that is the right reading?

NORTH.

Let it be so. Observe now—the occultation.

BULLER.

The what?

TALBOYS.

The occultation.

BULLER.

Mille gratias.

NORTH.

The nascent and adolescent Orator is moulded to the power of the word by the greatest masters of the word, the Poets! Tell this, O Poet, in imperial ears! Then speak modestly, withdrawingly, insinuatingly. Hide the boast. It is hidden—and shown. The Poet fashions the tender and stammering mouth of the boy. The rudiments of pronunciation—The Orator nascent. No more. It is pretty and gentle that the Muse herself condescends to the care of moulding the young soft lip to the pure musical utterance of Latium's magnificent Mother-tongue.

BULLER.

Now I see it all. The occultation!

NORTH.

But She delays not undertaking a nobler and more momentous function. From the bodily organs She passes to the governing mind. And of the Mind at once to the nobler part, the Will. She is the young Roman's Moral Tutress. Horace is brief. What these her first lessons to the soul are, he does not say. He tells you their powerful virtue. They *wrest*, he says, (*torquet*,) the charmed hearing from dishonest, from gross and grovelling, from depraving and polluting discourse. You may, my friends, imagine Phædrus' feeling Fables, or the "Lays of Ancient Rome;" or at Athens, instead of Rome, the Iliad.

TALBOYS.

It is the hint but of a line, sir. But each of us may know in himself how early the Muse really did begin to possess our spirits with thoughts, and scenes, and actions that soared away from the presences of our lives—that She did

"Lift us in aspiration from the earth."

And as the pupil grows, the discipline of the divine Instructress ripens. With precepts that are the counsels of a dear and wise friend, she moulds the susceptible compliant bosom. She softens his rough self-will—weeds out envy—and curbs anger.

BULLER.

Talboys, you expound Flaccus well.

TALBOYS.

Her storied informations, pictures from human existence, take now a more direct purpose. She recites deeds justly and virtuously done; She furnishes and arms—instruct—the springing generation with high transmitted examples.

NORTH.

Ay, my dear Talboys, *He* is thinking now—

BULLER.

Hitherto you have always said *She*—

NORTH.

I have. "*She*" is really "*He*"—the Poet and not the Muse. I was rapt. He is thinking now, my dear Buller, of old strong-hearted Ennius—the heroic

annals, in soldierly rough verses, of younger heroic Rome. We may recollect, for the nonce, whatever is most English, and most Scottish, and most heroic, in those more musical "histories" of William, and of Walter.

TALBOYS.

We have done with education. We come to the Charity of the Muse. She visits the poor man's home and the sick-bed. One almost starts at the thought, in the midst of the smoke, and the wealth, and the uproar of Pagan Rome. Yet there the plain words are, "She (pardon me) comforts the indigent and the sick man." Is it not *sic in orig.*?

NORTH.

Sic.

BULLER.

Of her ministrations to the splendour of Arts and the luxury of Patrician feasts—of her Theatres, that spread laughter or tears over the dense myriads of the World's Metropolis—not a syllable. The innermost heart of the Poet must have held the chord that gave out the soft low sound—*inopem solatur et egrum*. No introduction and no comment. A solitary, unpretending sentence or clause.

NORTH.

God bless you, my dear Buller.

TALBOYS.

Amen. May the Chairman of Quarter Sessions live a thousand years! The indigent man may, I suppose, be a poor learned or a poor unlearned man. Relatively to the latter we may think, for Scotland, of Burns's Poems lying in Scottish cottages; and beginning from Scotland, of the traditional ballads and songs that sound in every hut throughout Europe:—for Italy, of what they say of the Venetian Gondoliers singing a Venetianised Gerusalemme Liberata.

NORTH.

So far, my children, for the "*parvis rebus*." Something on a more extended scale, and of a loftier reach! We are commenting Horace. From the earliest times of civilisation, a principal office of verse was to adorn and solemnise the services of Religion. The cultivation of Verse was early in the Temples. A moment's recollection recalls to us the immense influence on the Hellenic Poetry of this ritual dedication. This theme closes the Praise of the Poet. But faithful to the strain which he has undertaken, and so far adhered to, the discreet Eulogist still, in the loftiest matter, diminishes the pomp, rejects ostentation, confines the sensible dimensions. And still faithful, he dwells on that which, of less show, is the more touching. He has to array a religious procession that drawing, as it moves along, all gaze—thrilling—as it slowly passes door after door, and winds through street after street, with solemn and sweet chaunt lifted from the sorrowing Earth to the listening Heavens—the universal heart of the Eternal Queen-City—Look! Who are they that, as the crowds divide, draw into sight? Chaste boys, and girls yet afar from the marriage-bond. The sanctity of natural innocence brightening to the heart, and rendering more gracious, the sanctity of the altar!—winning favour—alluring the worshipper to the worship!

SEWARD.

The only expanded movement of the short passage—a third of it—seven verses out of the twenty-one.

NORTH.

The religious topics are, generally, the propitiating of the Divinities—then the particular benefits: Rain supplicated in seasons of Drought—the visitation of Pestilential Sickness averted—National dangers repelled—Peace, the wished-for, obtained—and the perpetual desire of earth's dwellers and tillers, the fruitful Year. He has risen gradually, and has reached the summit. Unexpectedly—you know not how—the Poet, though it is not so said, is far greater than the Emperor. Yes, my friends, for the dominion of the Imperial Throne is over the Kings of the Earth; but the away of the well-strung Lyre is over the throned Gods who inhabit above or underneath the Earth. With Song are the celestial Deities soothed and made favourable—with Song the dark dominators of Hell.

"Carminē Dī Superi placantur, carminē Manes!"

A swelling and musical close to an anthem. What shall we admire most, then? The variety of the Praise? The ethical wisdom? The genuine love in the selection of the grounds? Or the exquisite skill of the artificer? The "craft of the delicate spirit," who, veiled in humility, has gradually, and as it insensibly, scaled to a station from which he looks upon Monarchs—but from which should they aspire to strike him down, they offend, in violating his right, the majesty of the assembled Gods? In inditing the unhappy passage about the Poet's sole end being to please, I think that Dugald Stewart was beguiled by a prevalent misconception amongst those who have taught the Philosophy of the Fine Arts. The degrading influences are his own. No doubt the Poet draws his poetical being from Pleasure—the great ancestress of his tribe—*gentis origo*. He worships Pleasure according to the primeval fashion of ancestor-worship. But what is his impulse to compose, to sing? O hear from all the Great Poets since the world began, their answer. They sing because a Spirit is in them. They sing because the muse bids. She pours in thoughts and words; and along with thoughts and words flows in the musical Will. With them it is like the Sybil when invaded by Apollo. The real Poet sings, moved from without or from within. If from without—some fore-shaped, or self-shaped subject; if from within, some passion, or some impassioned thought of his own has so deeply and strongly affected him, that he is impelled to seek relief of the burthening emotions and ideas in uttering them. This is the primary cause, and the natural origin of Song. And you may call this, if you choose, an intending of pleasure; but beware how you draw degrading inferences from this first recognition and admission of pleasure. If you weigh the psychological fact, you must look backwards to the attitude of mind which produced the work, and not forwards to the attitude which the work produces. Of the intellectual, the moral, the imaginative, the pathetic powers that gave birth to the *Iliad*—or to the *Prometheus Vincetus*—to the Knight's Tale—to the Legend of Holiness—to *Lear* or *Othello*—or to the *Paradise Lost*! Who does not instantly feel that he has been summoned to conceive and to contemplate all that is mighty, august, affecting, or terrible in our souls? That he looks into the caverned abyss where the Spirits of Power walk? Even as when, by the side of Aachises, Æneas beholds in pre-existence the assemblage of his kingly descendants, whom their day and the upper air will call to rule the nations with sovereignty, to impose the conditions of peace, to spare the vanquished, and with war to bring down the proud. *LEAR!* The minstrels chanted an ancient rude lay—the infant stage brought a rude drama—to SHAKESPEARE. But long before Minstrel or Theatre—had mother, or grandam, or nurse told to the weeping or shuddering, to the burning or auguring Child, that relique of old memory, that domestic tragedy of the antique British throne—the story attracting and torturing of the Father-king who divided his heart and his realm to the two serpents, who cast out from heart and realm the Dove of his blood—till Time unveiled Truth and Love. *Then and there* was the seed, the slowly-springing, laid in the deep and kindly soil. From that hour dates the *Lear* of Shakspeare. Why repeat things that we all know, and have a thousand times said? Because they must be re-asserted explicitly, as often as they are implicitly gainsayed; and is it not gainsaying them to affirm that the Poet sings to please, when indeed he sings because this Infinite of knowledges—this accumulation of experiences—this world of sensibilities and sympathies, of affections, passions, emotions, desires of his own and of other men's, inspires him, and will form itself in words? But he looks towards his hoped Auditors with a more direct selfish desire or design. He must have from them the meed of all glorious deeds—the wreath of all glorious doers—*FAME*. Let Grateful Mankind applaud the Benefactors of Mankind. Ay, he loves life. He would fain live beyond this world, wide as it is, of his own particular bosom—he would live in the bosoms of his contemporaries, and in the bosoms of the generations that are to follow for evermore. Proud as privileged, he asks his due—*RECOGNITION*. And who that has the ability to render will choose or dare to withhold the tribute?

Fame! the nectarean cup—the ambrosial fruit—that confers *Immortality*! The last best gift that mortals affect to bestow on their fellow-mortals. He who, at some great crisis, achieves a deed which the world shall feel, and which of the world shall ring—dilates, in consciousness, to comprehend those whom his act shall reach, and those to whom it shall resound. Remember Lord Nelson at Trafalgar—in the moment ere the first gun fires, the word signalled to the awaiting host throughout the Fleet—“ENGLAND EXPECTS.” In an instant, the twenty-five millions of compatriot islanders, as if wafted by the winds from their distant homes, are *there*—spectators of the Fight that yet sleeps, at the next instant to wake, convulsing sea and air—spectators to every single combatant, of his individual heroism. What did that late conqueror of ancient Egypt mean, and what did his fiery warriors understand, when going into battle he said to them—“Forty Centuries look down on you from the summit of yonder Pyramids?” These plains, for four thousand years, have belonged to History. See to it, that the page which you are about adding shall be, for your part, luminous with glory and victory, not

“Black with di-honour, and foul with retreat.”

Suppose that he had said, “Forty Centuries to *come* gaze upon you.” The Pyramids seem likely to hold their own in such a reckoning. Perhaps the stretch of time is too long for the imagination of the Gallic Soldier. But surely, so speaking, he had spoken more from his heart and less from his imagination; for he meditated the ages to come, not the ages gone by. To leave a name that shall sound, for good or for ill, loud-echoing from century to century—a name to be heard, when Caesar, and Alexander, and Hannibal are commemorated—a name insubmersible by the waves of time—inextinguishable by the mists of oblivion—that he desired, and *that* has he not won? Horace has hung his name too in imagination on the structures of the Cheopses. But how different is the

“Exegi monumentum aere perennius,
Regaliq; situ Pyramidum altius”

of the Poet! Horace indeed was already safe in pronouncing Homer immortal, with all the heroes upon whom he had conferred the gift. A thousand years! And the portentous strain, with all its Gods and Goddesses, and Kings and Queens, and Men and Women—fresh, bright, and fragrant, warm and yet reverberating from the Harp—as if the *plectrum* of the sublime Bard were but that moment withdrawn from the strings—as if the breast that first poured the strain were yet throbbing with quicker emotion—stirred by the pulsating chords and by the words which itself chanted. Horace might well understand the immortality of the Poet. That he claimed it, and judiciously, for himself—he who sung so differently, the sweet, the sprightly, some loftier notes too—but afar from Homer—suggests a reflection upon the nature of durability. The works were born of Love; and by Love they live, for in them the Love lives. *Spirat adhuc amor*. Those Egyptian, star-contemplating, and star-contemplated Edifices, quarried from the Rock, stand; integral parts of the Planet, immovable—immutable. That is one manner of enduring. Sound is awakened. For an instant it flits through the air and ceases, extinct in silence. Add Love, and you have informed sound with duration—another manner of enduring. The mountain of piled rocks and a touch on the air are become rivals in duration, and we say they will last for ever.

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MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK II.—INITIAL CHAPTER:—INFORMING THE READER HOW THIS WORK CAME TO HAVE INITIAL CHAPTERS.

"THERE can't be a doubt," said my father, "that to each of the main divisions of your work—whether you call them Books or Parts—you should prefix an Initial or Introductory Chapter."

PISISTRATUS.—"Can't be a doubt, sir! Why so?"

MR CAXTON.—"Fielding lays it down as an indispensable rule, which he supports by his example; and Fielding was an artistical writer, and knew what he was about."

PISISTRATUS.—"Do you remember any of his reasons, sir?"

MR CAXTON.—"Why, indeed, Fielding says very justly that he is not bound to assign any reason; but he does assign a good many, here and there—to find which, I refer you to *Tom Jones*. I will only observe, that one of his reasons, which is unanswerable, runs to the effect that thus, in every Part or Book, the reader has the advantage of beginning at the fourth or fifth page instead of the first—a matter by no means of trivial consequence," saith Fielding, 'to persons who read books with no other view than to say they have read them—a more general motive to reading than is commonly imagined; and from which not only law books and good books, but the pages of Homer

and Virgil, of Swift and Cervantes have been often turned over.' There," cried my father triumphantly, "I will lay a shilling to twopence that I have quoted the very words."

MRS CAXTON.—"Dear me, that only means skipping: I don't see any great advantage in writing a chapter, merely for people to skip it."

PISISTRATUS.—"Neither do I!"

MR CAXTON, dogmatically.—"It is the repose in the picture—Fielding calls it 'contrast'—(still more dogmatically) I say there can't be a doubt about it. Besides, (added my father after a pause,) besides, this usage gives you opportunities to explain what has gone before, or to prepare for what's coming; or, since Fielding contends with great truth, that some learning is necessary for this kind of historical composition, it allows you, naturally and easily, the introduction of light and pleasant ornaments of that nature. At each flight in the terrace, you may give the eye the relief of an urn or a statue. Moreover, when so inclined, you create proper pausing places for reflection; and complete, by a separate yet harmonious ethical department, the design of a work, which is but a mere Mother Goose's tale if it does not embrace a general view of the thoughts and actions of mankind."

PISISTRATUS.—“But then, in these initial chapters, the author thrusts himself forward; and just when you want to get on with the *dramatis personæ*, you find yourself face to face with the poet himself.”

MR CAXTON.—“Pooh! you can contrive to prevent that! Imitate the chorus of the Greek stage, who fill up the intervals between the action by saying what the author would otherwise say in his own person.”

PISISTRATUS, slyly.—“That’s a good idea, sir—and I have a chorus, and a choræus too, already in my eye.”

MR CAXTON, unsuspectingly.—“Aha! you are not so dull a fellow as you would make yourself out to be; and, even if an author did thrust himself forward, what objection is there to that? It is a mere affectation to suppose that a book can come into the world without an author. Every child has a father, one father at least, as the great Condé says very well in his poem.”

PISISTRATUS.—“The great Condé a poet—I never heard that before.”

MR CAXTON.—“I don’t say he was a poet, but he sent a poem to Madame de Montausier. Envious critics think that he must have paid somebody else to write it; but there is no reason why a great Captain should not write a poem—I don’t say a good poem, but a poem. I wonder, Roland, if the Duke ever tried his hand at ‘Stanzas to Mary,’ or ‘Lines to a sleeping babe.’”

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—“Austin, I’m ashamed of you. Of course the Duke

could write poetry if he pleased—something, I dare say, in the way of the great Condé—that is something warlike and heroic, I’ll be bound. Let’s hear!

MR CAXTON, reciting—

“Telle est du Ciel la loi sévère
Qu’il faut qu’un enfant ait un père;
On dit même quelque fois
Tel enfant en a jusqu’à trois.”

CAPTAIN ROLAND, greatly disgusted.—“Condé write such stuff!—I don’t believe it.”

PISISTRATUS.—“I do, and accept the quotation—you and Roland shall be joint fathers to my child as well as myself.”

“Tel enfant en a jusqu’à trois.”

MR CAXTON, solemnly.—“I refuse the proffered paternity; but so far as administering a little wholesome castigation, now and then, I have no objection to join in the discharge of a father’s duty.”

PISISTRATUS.—“Agreed; have you anything to say against the infant hitherto?”

MR CAXTON.—“He is in long clothes at present; let us wait till he can walk.”

BLANCHE.—“But pray whom do you mean for a hero?—and is Miss Jemima your heroine?”

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—“There is some mystery about the—”

PISISTRATUS, hastily.—“Hush, Uncle; no letting the cat out of the bag yet. Listen, all of you! I left Frank Hazeldean on his way to the Casino.”

CHAPTER II.

“It is a sweet pretty place,” thought Frank, as he opened the gate which led across the fields to the Casino, that smiled down upon him with its plaster pilasters. “I wonder, though, that my father, who is so particular in general, suffers the carriage road to be so full of holes and weeds. Mounseer does not receive many visits, I take it.”

But when Frank got into the ground immediately before the house, he saw no cause of complaint as to want of order and repair. Nothing could be kept more neatly. Frank was ashamed

of the dirt made by the pony’s hoofs in the smooth gravel; he dismounted, tied the animal to the wicket, and went on foot towards the glass door in front.

He rang the bell once, twice, but nobody came, for the old woman-servant, who was hard of hearing, was far away in the yard, searching for any eggs which the hen might have scandalously hidden from culinary purposes; and Jackeymo was fishing for the stickle-backs and minnows, which were, when caught, to assist the eggs, when found, in keeping together the bodies

and souls of himself and his master. The old woman was on board wages,—lucky old woman! Frank rang a third time, and with the impetuosity of his age. A face peeped from the Belvidere on the terrace. “Diavolo!” said Dr Riccabocca to himself. “Young cocks crow hard on their own dunghill; it must be a cock of a high race to crow so loud at another’s.”

Therewith he shambled out of the summer-house, and appeared suddenly before Frank, in a very wizard-like dressing robe of black serge, a red cap on his head, and a cloud of smoke coming rapidly from his lips, as a final consolatory whiff, before he removed the pipe from them. Frank had indeed seen the Doctor before, but never in so scholastic a costume, and he was a little startled by the apparition at his elbow, as he turned round.

“Signorino—young gentleman,” said the Italian, taking off his cap with his usual urbanity, “pardon the negligence of my people—I am too happy to receive your commands in person.”

“Dr Rickeyhockey?” stammered Frank, much confused by this polite address, and the low yet stately bow with which it was accompanied, “I—I have a note from the Hall. Mama—that is, my mother,—and aunt Jennina beg their best compliments, and hope you will come, sir.”

The Doctor took the note with another bow, and, opening the glass door, invited Frank to enter.

The young gentleman, with a school-boy’s usual bluntness, was about to say that he was in a hurry, and had rather not; but Dr Riccabocca’s grand manner awed him, while a glimpse of the hall excited his curiosity—so he silently obeyed the invitation.

The hall, which was of an octagon shape, had been originally panelled off into compartments, and in these the Italian had painted landscapes, rich with the warm sunny light of his native climate. Frank was no judge of the art displayed; but he was greatly struck with the scenes depicted: they were all views of some lake, real or imaginary—in all, dark-blue shining waters reflected dark-blue placid skies. In one, a flight of steps descended to the lake, and a gay group was seen feasting on the mar-

gin: in another, sunset threw its rose-hues over a vast villa or palace, backed by Alpine hills, and flanked by long arcades of vines, while pleasure-boats skimmed over the waves below. In short, throughout all the eight compartments, the scene, though it differed in details, preserved the same general character, as if illustrating some favourite locality. The Italian did not, however, evince any desire to do the honours to his own art, but, preceding Frank across the hall, opened the door of his usual sitting-room, and requested him to enter. Frank did so, rather reluctantly, and seated himself with unwonted bashfulness on the edge of a chair. But here new specimens of the Doctor’s handicraft soon riveted attention. The room had been originally papered; but Riccabocca had stretched canvass over the walls, and painted thereon sundry satirical devices, each separated from the other by scroll-works of fantastic arabesques. Here a Cupid was trundling a wheelbarrow full of hearts, which he appeared to be selling to an ugly old fellow, with a money-bag in his hand—probably Plutus. There Diogenes might be seen walking through a market-place, with his lantern in his hand, in search of an honest man, whilst the children jeered at him, and the curs snapped at his heels. In another place, a lion was seen half dressed in a fox’s hide, while a wolf in a sheep’s mask was conversing very amicably with a young lamb. Here again might be seen the geese stretching out their necks from the Roman Capitol in full cackle, while the stout invaders were beheld in the distance, running off as hard as they could. In short, in all these quaint entablatures some pithy sarcasm was symbolically conveyed; only over the mantelpiece was the design graver and more touching. It was the figure of a man in a pilgrim’s garb, chained to the earth by small but innumerable ligaments, while a phantom likeness of himself, his shadow, was seen hastening down what seemed an interminable vista; and underneath were written the pathetic words of Horace—

“Patrie quis exul
Se quoque fugit?”

—“What exile from his country could fly himself as well?” The furniture of the room was extremely simple, and somewhat scanty; yet it was arranged so as to impart an air of taste and elegance to the room. Even a few plaster busts and statues, though bought but of some humble itinerant, had their classical effect, glistening from out stands of flowers that were grouped around them, or backed by graceful screen-works formed from twisted osiers, which, by the simple contrivance of trays at the bottom, filled with earth, served for living parasitical plants, with gay flowers contrasting thick ivy leaves, and gave to the whole room the aspect of a bower.

“May I ask your permission?” said the Italian, with his finger on the seal of the letter.

“Oh yes,” said Frank with *naïveté*.

Riccabocca broke the seal, and a slight smile stole over his countenance. Then he turned a little aside from Frank, shaded his face with his hand, and seemed to muse. “Mrs Hazelden,” said he at last, “does me very great honour. I hardly recognise her handwriting, or I should have been more impatient to open the letter.” The dark eyes were lifted over the spectacles, and went right into Frank’s unprotected and undiplomatic heart. The Doctor raised the note, and pointed to the characters with his forefinger.

“Cousin Jennima’s hand,” said Frank, as directly as if the question had been put to him.

The Italian smiled. “Mr Hazelden has company staying with him?”

“No; that is, only Barney—the Captain. There’s seldom much company before the shooting season,” added Frank with a slight sigh; “and then you know the holidays are over. For my part, I think we ought to break up a month later.”

The Doctor seemed reassured by the first sentence in Frank’s reply, and seating himself at the table, wrote his answer—not hastily, as we English write, but with care and precision, like one accustomed to weigh the nature of words—in that stiff Italian hand, which allows the writers so much time to think while he forms his letters. He did not therefore reply at once to Frank’s remark about the holidays, but was

silent till he had concluded his note, read it three times over, sealed it by the taper he slowly lighted, and then, giving it to Frank, he said—

“For your sake, young gentleman, I regret that your holidays are so early; for mine, I must rejoice, since I accept the kind invitation you have rendered doubly gratifying by bringing it yourself.”

“Dence take the fellow and his fine speeches! One don’t know which way to look,” thought English Frank.

The Italian smiled again, as if this time he had read the boy’s heart, without need of those piercing black eyes, and said, less ceremoniously than before, “You don’t care much for compliments, young gentleman?”

“No, I don’t indeed,” said Frank heartily.

“So much the better for you, since your way in the world is made: it would be so much the worse if you had to make it!”

Frank looked puzzled: the thought was too deep for him—so he turned to the pictures.

“Those are very funny,” said he: “they seem capitally done—who did ‘em?”

“Signorino Hazelden, you are giving me what you refused yourself.”

“Eh?” said Frank inquiringly.

“Compliments!”

“Oh—I—no; but they are well done, aren’t they, sir?”

“Not particularly: you speak to the artist.”

“What! you painted them?”

“Yes.”

“And the pictures in the hall?”

“Those too.”

“Taken from nature—eh?”

“Nature,” said the Italian sententiously, perhaps evasively, “lets nothing be taken from her.”

“Oh!” said Frank, puzzled again.

“Well, I must wish you good morning, sir; I am very glad you are coming.”

“Without compliment?”

“Without compliment.”

“*A rivedersi*—good-by for the present, my young signorino. This way,” observing Frank make a bolt towards the wrong door.

“Can I offer you a glass of wine—it is pure, of our own making?”

“No, thank you, indeed, sir,” cried

Frank, suddenly recollecting his father's admonition. "Good-by—don't trouble yourself, sir; I know my way now."

But the bland Italian followed his guest to the wicket, where Frank had left the pony. The young gentleman, afraid lest so courteous a host should hold the stirrup for him, twitched off the bridle, and mounted in haste, not even staying to ask if the Italian could put him in the way to Rood Hall, of which way he was profoundly ignorant. The Italian's eye followed the boy as he rode up the ascent in the lane, and the Doctor sighed heavily. "The wiser we grow," said he to himself, "the more we regret the age of our follies: it is better to gallop with a light heart up the stony hill than sit in the summer-house and exclaim 'How true!' to the stony truths of Machiavelli!"

With that he turned back into the Belvidere; but he could not resume his studies. He remained some minutes gazing on the prospect, till the prospect reminded him of the fields, which Jackeymo was bent on his hiring, and the fields reminded him of Lenny Fairfield. He walked back to the house, and in a few moments re-emerged in his out-of-door trim, with cloak and umbrella, relighted his pipe, and strolled towards Hazeldean village.

Meanwhile Frank, after cantering on for some distance, stopped at a cottage, and there learned that there was a short cut across the fields to Rood Hall, by which he could save nearly three miles. Frank, however, missed the short cut, and came out into the highroad: a turnpike keeper, after first taking his toll, put him back again into the short cut; and finally, he got into some green lanes, where a dilapidated finger-post directed him to Rood. Late at noon, having ridden fifteen miles in the desire to reduce ten to seven, he came suddenly upon a wild and primitive piece of ground, that seemed half chase, half common, with slovenly tumble-down cottages of villanous aspect scattered about in odd nooks and corners; idle dirty children were making mud pies on the road; slovenly-looking women were plaiting straw at the thresholds; a large but forlorn and decayed church, that seemed to say that the generation

which saw it built was more pious than the generation which now resorted to it, stood boldly and nakedly out by the roadside.

"Is this the village of Rood?" asked Frank of a stout young man breaking stones on the road—sad sign that no better labour could be found for him!

The man sullenly nodded, and continued his work.

"And where's the Hall—Mr Leslie's?" The man looked up in stolid surprise, and this time touched his hat.

"Be you going there?"

"Yes, if I can find out where it is."

"I'll show your honour," said the boor alertly.

Frank reined in the pony, and the man walked by his side.

Frank was much of his father's son, despite the difference of age, and that more fastidious change of manner which characterises each succeeding race in the progress of civilisation. Despite all his Eton finery, he was familiar with peasants, and had the quick eye of one country-born as to country matters.

"You don't seem very well off in this village, my man?" said he knowingly.

"Nay; there be a deal of distress here in the winter time, and summer too, for that matter; and the parish ben't much help to a single man."

"But the farmers want work here as well as elsewhere, I suppose?"

"Deed, and there ben't much farming work here—most o' the parish be all wild ground loike."

"The poor have a right of common, I suppose," said Frank, surveying a large assortment of vagabond birds and quadrupeds.

"Yes; neighbour Timmins keeps his geese on the common, and some has a cow--and them be neighbour Jowlas's pigs. I don't know if there's a right, loike; but the folks at the Hall does all they can to help us, and that ben't much: they ben't as rich as some folks; but," added the peasant proudly, "they be as good blood as any in the shire."

"I'm glad to see you like them, at all events."

"Oh yes, I likes them well eno'; mayhap you are at school with the young gentleman?"

"Yes," said Frank.

"Ah! I heard the clergyman say as how Master Randal was a mighty clever lad, and would get rich some

day. I'm sure I wish he would, for a poor squire makes a poor parish. There's the Hall, sir."

CHAPTER III.

Frank looked right ahead, and saw a square house that, in spite of modern sash-windows, was evidently of remote antiquity—a high conical roof; a stack of tall quaint chimney-pots of red baked clay (like those at Sutton Place in Surrey) dominating over isolated vulgar smoke-conductors, of the ignoble fashion of present times; a dilapidated groin-work, encasing within a Tudor arch a door of the comfortable date of George III., and the peculiarly dingy and weather-stained appearance of the small finely finished bricks, of which the habitation was built,—all showed the abode of former generations adapted with tasteless irreverence to the habits of descendants unenlightened by Pugin, or indifferent to the poetry of the past. The house had emerged suddenly upon Frank out of the gloomy waste land, for it was placed in a hollow, and sheltered from sight by a disorderly group of ragged, dismal, valetudinarian fir-trees, until an abrupt turn of the road cleared that screen, and left the desolate abode bare to the discontented eye. Frank dismounted; the man held his pony; and, after smoothing his cravat, the smart Etonian sauntered up to the door, and startled the solitude of the place with a loud peal from the modern brass knocker—a knock which instantly brought forth an astonished starling who had built under the eaves of the gable roof, and called up a cloud of sparrows, tom-tits, and yellow-hammers, who had been regaling themselves amongst the litter of a slovenly farmyard that lay in full sight to the right of the house, fenced off by a primitive, paintless wooden rail. In process of time a sow, accompanied by a thriving and inquisitive family, strolled up to the gate of the fence, and, leaning her nose on the lower bar of the gate, contemplated the visitor with much curiosity and some suspicion.

While Frank is still without, impatiently swingeing his white trou-

sers with his whip, we will steal a hurried glance towards the respective members of the family within. Mr Leslie, the *pater familias*, is in a little room called his 'study,' to which he regularly retires every morning after breakfast, rarely reappearing till one o'clock, which is his unfashionable hour for dinner. In what mysterious occupations Mr Leslie passes those hours no one ever formed a conjecture. At the present moment he is seated before a little rickety bureau, one leg of which (being shorter than the other) is propped up by sundry old letters and scraps of newspapers; and the bureau is open, and reveals a great number of pigeon-holes and divisions, filled with various odds and ends, the collection of many years. In some of these compartments are bundles of letters, very yellow, and tied in packets with faded tape; in another, all by itself, is a fragment of plum-pudding stone, which Mr Leslie has picked up in his walks and considered a rare mineral. It is neatly labelled "Found in Hollow Lane, May 21st, 1824, by Maun-der Sluggo Leslie, Esq." The next division holds several bits of iron in the shape of pebbles, fragments of horse-shoes, &c., which Mr Leslie had also met with in his rambles, and, according to a harmless popular superstition, deemed it highly unlucky not to pick up, and, once picked up, no less unlucky to throw away. *Item*, in the adjoining pigeon-hole, a goodly collection of pebbles with holes in them, preserved for the same reason, in company with a crooked sixpence: *item*, neatly arranged in fanciful mosaics, several periwinkles, Blackamoor's teeth, (I mean the shell so called,) and other specimens of the conchiferous ingenuity of Nature, partly inherited from some ancestral spinster, partly amassed by Mr Leslie himself in a youthful excursion to the sea-side. There were the farm-bailiff's accounts, several files of bills, an old stirrup, three sets of knee and

shoe buckles which had belonged to Mr Leslie's father, a few seals tied together by a shoe-string, a shagreen toothpick case, a tortoiseshell magnifying glass to read with, his eldest son's first copybooks, his second son's ditto, his daughter's ditto, and a lock of his wife's hair arranged in a true-lover's knot, framed and glazed. There were also a small mousetrap; a patent corkscrew, too good to be used in common; fragments of a silver tea spoon, that had, by natural decay, arrived at a dissolution of its parts; a small brown Holland bag, containing halfpence of various dates, as far back as Queen Anne, accompanied by two French *sous*, and a German *silber gros*; the which miscellany Mr Leslie magniloquently called "his coins," and had left in his will as a family heir-loom. There were many other curiosities of congenial nature and equal value—"quæ nunc describere longum est." Mr Leslie was engaged at this time in what is termed "putting things to rights"—an occupation he performed with exemplary care once a-week. This was his day; and he had just counted his coins, and was slowly tying them up again, when Frank's knock reached his ears.

Mr Maunder Sluggo Leslie paused, shook his head as if incredulously, and was about to resume his occupation, when he was seized with a fit of yawning which prevented the bag being tied for full two minutes.

While such the employment of the study—let us turn to the recreations in the drawing-room, or rather parlour. A drawing-room there was on the first floor, with a charming look-out, not on the dreary fir-trees, but on the romantic undulating forest-land; but the drawing-room had not been used since the death of the last Mrs Leslie. It was deemed too good to sit in, except when there was company; there never being company, it was never sate in. Indeed, now the paper was falling off the walls with the damp, and the rats, mice, and moths—those "*edaces rerum*"—had eaten, between them, most of the chair-bottoms and a considerable part of the floor. Therefore the parlour was the sole general sitting-room; and being breakfasted in, dined and supped in, and, after sup-

per, smoked in by Mr Leslie, to the accompaniment of rum and water, it is impossible to deny that it had what is called "a smell"—a comfortable wholesome family smell—speaking of numbers, meals, and miscellaneous social habitation. There were two windows: one looked full on the fir-trees; the other on the farmyard, with the pigsty closing the view. Near the fir-tree window sate Mrs Leslie; before her, on a high stool, was a basket of the children's clothes that wanted mending. A work-table of rosewood inlaid with brass, which had been a wedding present, and was a costly thing originally, but in that peculiar taste which is vulgarly called "Brumagem," stood at hand: the brass had started in several places, and occasionally made great havoc on the children's fingers and Mrs Leslie's gown; in fact, it was the liveliest piece of furniture in the house, thanks to that petulant brass-work, and could not have been more mischievous if it had been a monkey. Upon the work-table lay a housewife and thimble, and scissors and skeins of worsted and thread, and little scraps of linen and cloth for patches. But Mrs Leslie was not actually working—she was preparing to work; she had been preparing to work for the last hour and a half. Upon her lap she supported a novel, by a lady who wrote much for a former generation, under the name of "Mrs Bridget Blue Mantle." She had a small needle in her left hand, and a very thick piece of thread in her right; occasionally she applied the end of the said thread to her lips, and then—her eyes fixed on the novel—made a blind vacillating attack at the eye of the needle. But a camel would have gone through it with quite as much ease. Nor did the novel alone engage Mrs Leslie's attention, for ever and anon she interrupted herself to scold the children; to inquire "what o'clock it was;" to observe that "Sarah would never suit," and to wonder why Mr Leslie would not see that the work-table was mended. Mrs Leslie had been rather a pretty woman. In spite of a dress at once slatternly and economical, she has still the air of a lady—rather too much so, the hard

duties of her situation considered. She is proud of the antiquity of her family on both sides; her mother was of the venerable stock of the Daudlers of Daudle Place, a race that existed before the Conquest. Indeed, one has only to read our earliest chronicles, and to glance over some of those long-winded moralising poems which delighted the thanes and ealdermen of old, in order to see that the Daudles must have been a very influential family before William the First turned the country topsy-turvy. While the mother's race was thus indubitably Saxon, the father's had not only the name but the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the Normans, and went far to establish that crotchet of the brilliant author of *Wybil*, or *the Two Nations*, as to the continued distinction between the conquering and conquered populations. Mrs Leslie's father boasted the name of Montfydget; doubtless of the same kith and kin as those great barons Montfichet, who once owned such broad lands and such turbulent castles. A high-nosed, thin, nervous, excitable progeny, these same Montfydgets, as the most troublesome Norman could pretend to be. This fusion of race was notable to the most ordinary physiognomist in the *physique* and in the *morale* of Mrs Leslie. She had the speculative blue eye of the Saxon, and the passionate high nose of the Norman; she had the musing do-nothingness of the Daudlers, and the reckless have-at-everythingness of the Montfydgets. At Mrs Leslie's feet, a little girl with her hair about her ears, (and beautiful hair it was too) was amusing herself with a broken-nosed doll. At the far end of the room, before a high desk, sat Frank's Eton schoolfellow, the eldest son. A minute or two before Frank's alarm had disturbed the tranquillity of the household, he had raised his eyes from the books on the desk, to glance at a very tattered copy of the Greek Testament, in which his brother Oliver had found a difficulty that he came to Randal to solve. As the young Etonian's face was turned to the light, your first impression, on seeing it, would have been melancholy but respectful interest—for the face had already lost the

joyous character of youth there was a wrinkle between the brows; and the lines that speak of fatigue, were already visible under the eyes and about the mouth; the complexion was sallow, the lips were pale. Years of study had already sown, in the delicate organisation, the seeds of many an infirmity and many a pain; but if your look had rested longer on that countenance, gradually your compassion might have given place to some feeling uneasy and sinister, a feeling akin to fear. There was in the whole expression so much of cold calm force, that it belied the debility of the frame. You saw there the evidence of a mind that was cultivated, and you felt that in that cultivation there was something formidable. A notable contrast to this countenance, prematurely worn and eminently intelligent, was the round healthy face of Oliver, with slow blue eyes, fixed hard on the penetrating orbs of his brother, as if trying with might and main to catch from them a gleam of that knowledge with which they shone clear and frigid as a star.

At Frank's knock, Oliver's slow blue eyes sparkled into animation, and he sprang from his brother's side. The little girl flung back the hair from her face, and stared at her mother with a look which spoke wonder and fright.

The young student knit his brows, and then turned wearily back to the books on his desk.

"Dear me," cried Mrs Leslie, "who can that possibly be? Oliver, come from the window, sir, this instant, you will be seen! Juliet, run—ring the bell—no, go to the stairs, and say, 'not at home.' Not at home on any account," repeated Mrs Leslie nervously, for the Montfydget blood was now in full flow.

In another minute or so, Frank's loud boyish voice was distinctly heard at the outer door.

Randal slightly started.

"Frank Hazeldean's voice," said he; "I should like to see him, mother."

"See him," repeated Mrs Leslie in amaze, "see him!—and the room in this state!"

Randal might have replied that the room was in no worse state than

usual; but he said nothing. A slight flush came and went over his pale face; and then he leant his cheek on his hand, and compressed his lips firmly.

The outer door closed with a sullen inhospitable jar, and a slipshod female servant entered with a card between her finger and thumb.

"Who is that for?—give it to me, Jenny," cried Mrs Leslie.

But Jenny shook her head, laid the card on the desk beside Randal, and vanished without saying a word.

"Oh look, Randal, look up," cried Oliver, who had again rushed to the window; "such a pretty gray pony!"

Randal did look up; nay, he went deliberately to the window, and gazed a moment on the high-mettled pony, and the well-dressed high-spirited rider. In that moment changes passed over Randal's countenance more rapidly than clouds over the sky in a gusty day. Now envy and discontent, with the curled lip and the gloomy scowl; now hope and proud self-esteem, with the clearing brow, and the lofty smile; and then all again became cold, firm, and close, as he walked back to his books, seated himself resolutely, and said half-aloud,—

"Well, KNOWLEDGE IS POWER!"

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs Leslie came up in fidget and in fuss: she leant over Randal's shoulder and read the card. Written in pen and ink, with an attempt at imitation of printed Roman character, there appeared first, 'MR FRANK HAZELDEAN;' but just over these letters, and scribbled hastily and less legibly in pencil, was—

'Dear Leslie,—sorry you are out—come and see us—*Do!*'

"You will go, Randal?" said Mrs Leslie, after a pause.

"I am not sure."

"Yes, *you* can go; *you* have clothes like a gentleman; *you* can go anywhere, not like those children;" and Mrs Leslie glanced almost spitefully on poor Oliver's coarse threadbare jacket, and little Juliet's torn frock.

"What I have I owe at present to Mr Egerton, and I should consult his wishes; he is not on good terms with these Hazeldens." Then glancing towards his brother, who looked mortified, he added with a strange sort of haughty kindness, "What I may have hereafter, Oliver, I shall owe to myself; and then, if I rise, I will raise my family."

"Dear Randal," said Mrs Leslie, fondly kissing him on the forehead, "what a good heart you have!"

"No, mother; my books don't tell me that it is a good heart that gets on in the world; it is a hard head," replied Randal with a rude and scornful candour. "But I can read no more just now; come out, Oliver."

So saying, he slid from his mother's hand and left the room.

When Oliver joined him, Randal was already on the common; and, without seeming to notice his brother, he continued to walk quickly and with long strides in profound silence. At length he paused under the shade of an old oak, that, too old to be of value save for firewood, had escaped the axe. The tree stood on a knoll, and the spot commanded a view of the decayed house—the old dilapidated church—the dismal dreary village.

"Oliver," said Randal between his teeth, so that his voice had the sound of a hiss, "it was under this tree that I first resolved to—"

He paused.

"What, Randal?"

"Read hard; knowledge is power!"

"But you are so fond of reading."

"I!" cried Randal. "Do you think, when Wolsey and Thomas-à-Becket became priests, they were fond of telling their beads and pattering Aves?—I fond of reading!"

Oliver stared; the historical allusions were beyond his comprehension.

"You know," continued Randal, "that we Leslies were not always the beggarly poor gentlemen we are now. You know that there is a man who lives in Grosvenor Square, and is very rich—very. His riches come to him from a Leslie; that man is my patron, Oliver, and he is very good to me."

Randal's smile was withering as he spoke. "Come on," he said, after

a pause—"come on." Again the walk was quicker, and the brothers were silent.

They came at length to a little shallow brook, across which some large stones had been placed at short intervals, so that the boys walked over the ford dryshod. "Will you pull me down that bough, Oliver?" said Randal abruptly, pointing to a tree. Oliver obeyed mechanically;

and Randal, stripping the leaves, and snapping off the twigs, left a fork at the end; with this he began to remove the stepping-stones. "What are you about, Randal?" asked Oliver, wonderingly.

"We are on the other side of the brook now; and we shall not come back this way. We don't want the stepping-stones any more!—away with them!"

CHAPTER V.

The morning after this visit of Frank Hazeldean's to Rood Hall, the Right Honourable Audley Egerton, member of parliament, privy councillor, and minister of a high department in the state—just below the rank of the cabinet—was seated in his library, awaiting the delivery of the post, before he walked down to his office. In the meanwhile, he sipped his tea, and glanced over the newspapers with that quick and half-disdainful eye with which your practical man in public life is wont to regard the abuse or the eulogium of the Fourth Estate.

There is very little likeness between Mr Egerton and his half-brother; none indeed, except that they are both of tall stature, and strong, sinewy, English build. But even in this last they do not resemble each other; for the Squire's athletic shape is already beginning to expand into that portly embonpoint which seems the natural development of contented men as they approach middle life. Audley, on the contrary, is inclined to be spare; and his figure, though the muscles are as firm as iron, has enough of the slender to satisfy metropolitan ideas of elegance. His dress—his look—his *tout ensemble*, are those of the London man. In the first, there is more attention to fashion than is usual amongst the busy members of the House of Commons; but then Audley Egerton had always been something more than a mere busy member of the House of Commons. He had always been a person of mark in the best society, and one secret of his success in life has been his high reputation as 'a gentleman.'

As he now bends over the journals, there is an air of distinction in the

turn of the well-shaped head, with the dark-brown hair—dark in spite of a reddish tinge—cut close behind, and worn away a little towards the crown, so as to give additional height to a commanding forehead. His profile is very handsome, and of that kind of beauty which imposes on men if it pleases women; and is therefore, unlike that of your mere pretty fellows, a positive advantage in public life. It is a profile with large features clearly cut, masculine, and somewhat severe. The expression of his face is not open, like the Squire's; nor has it the cold closeness which accompanies the intellectual character of young Leslie's; but it is reserved and dignified, and significant of self-control, as should be the physiognomy of a man accustomed to think before he speaks. When you look at him, you are not surprised to learn that he is not a florid orator nor a smart debater—he is a "weighty speaker." He is fairly read, but without any great range either of ornamental scholarship or constitutional lore. He has not much humour; but he has that kind of wit which is essential to grave and serious irony. He has not much imagination, nor remarkable subtlety in reasoning; but if he does not dazzle, he does not bore: he is too much the man of the world for that. He is considered to have sound sense and accurate judgment. Withal, as he now lays aside the journals, and his face relaxes its austerer lines, you will not be astonished to hear that he is a man who is said to have been greatly beloved by women, and still to exercise much influence in drawing-rooms and boudoirs. At least no one was surprised when the great heiress Clementina Leslie, kinswoman and ward to Lord

Lansmere—a young lady who had refused three earls and the heir-apparent to a dukedom—was declared by her dearest friends to be dying of love for Audley Egerton. It had been the natural wish of the Lansmeres that this lady should marry their son, Lord L'Estrange. But that young gentleman, whose opinions on matrimony partook of the eccentricity of his general character, could never be induced to propose, and had, according to the *on-dits* of town, been the principal party to make up the match between Clementina and his friend Audley; for the match required making-up, despite the predilections of the young heiress. Mr Egerton had had scruples of delicacy. He avowed, for the first time, that his fortune was much less than had been generally supposed, and he did not like the idea of owing all to a wife, however much he might esteem and admire her. L'Estrange was with his regiment abroad during the existence of these scruples; but by letters to his father, and to his cousin Clementina, he contrived to open and conclude negotiations, while he argued away Mr Egerton's objections; and, before the year in which Audley was returned for Lansmere had expired, he received the hand of the great heiress. The settlement of her fortune, which was chiefly in the funds, had been unusually advantageous to the husband; for though the capital was tied up so long as both survived—for the benefit of any children they might have—yet, in the event of one of the parties dying without issue by the marriage, the whole passed without limitation to the survivor. In not only assenting to, but proposing this clause, Miss Leslie, if she showed a generous trust in Mr Egerton, inflicted no positive wrong on her relations; for she had none sufficiently near to her to warrant their claim to the succession. Her nearest kinsman, and therefore her natural heir, was Harley L'Estrange; and if he was contented, no one had a right to complain. The tie of blood between herself and the Leslies of Rood Hall was, as we shall see presently, extremely distant.

It was not till after his marriage that Mr Egerton took an active part in the business of the House of Com-

mons. He was then at the most advantageous starting-point for the career of ambition. His words on the state of the country took importance from his stake in it. His talents found accessories in the opulence of Grosvenor Square, the dignity of a princely establishment, the respectability of one firmly settled in life, the reputation of a fortune in reality very large, and which was magnified by popular report into the revenues of a Croesus. Audley Egerton succeeded in Parliament beyond the early expectations formed of him. He took, at first, that station in the House which it requires tact to establish, and great knowledge of the world to free from the charge of impracticability and crotchet, but which, once established, is peculiarly imposing from the rarity of its independence; that is to say, the station of the moderate man who belongs sufficiently to a party to obtain its support, but is yet sufficiently disengaged from a party to make his vote and word, on certain questions, matter of anxiety and speculation.

Professing Toryism, (the word Conservative, which would have suited him better, was not then known,) he separated himself from the country party, and always avowed great respect for the opinions of the large towns. The epithet given to the views of Audley Egerton was "enlightened." Never too much in advance of the passion of the day, yet never behind its movement, he had that shrewd calculation of odds which a consummate mastery of the world sometimes bestows upon politicians—perceived the chances for and against a certain question being carried within a certain time, and nicked the question between wind and water. He was so good a barometer of that changeful weather called Public Opinion that he might have had a hand in the *Times* newspaper. He soon quarrelled, and purposely, with his Lansmere constituents—nor had he ever revisited that borough, perhaps because it was associated with unpleasant reminiscences in the shape of the Squire's epistolary trimmer, and in that of his own effigies which his agricultural constituents had burned in the corn-market. But the speeches which produced such indignation at Lansmere, had delighted one of the

greatest of our commercial towns, which at the next general election honoured him with its representation. In those days, before the Reform Bill, great commercial towns chose men of high mark for their members; and a proud station it was for him who was delegated to speak the voice of the princely merchants of England.

Mrs Egerton survived her marriage but a few years; she left no children; two had been born, but died in their first infancy. The property of the wife, therefore, passed without control or limit to the husband.

Whatever might have been the grief of the widower, he disdained to betray it to the world. Indeed, Audley Egerton was a man who had early taught himself to conceal emotion. He buried himself in the country, none knew where, for some months: when he returned, there was a deep wrinkle on his brow; but no change in his habits and avocations, except that, shortly afterwards, he accepted office, and thus became more busy than ever.

Mr Egerton had always been lavish and magnificent in money matters. A rich man in public life has many claims on his fortune, and no one yielded to those claims with an air so regal as Audley Egerton. But amongst his many liberal actions, there was none which seemed more worthy of panegyric, than the generous favour he extended to the son of his wife's poor and distant kin-folks, the Leslies of Rood Hall.

Some four generations back, there had lived a certain Squire Leslie, a man of large acres and active mind. He had cause to be displeased with his elder son, and though he did not disinherit him, he left half his property to a younger.

The younger had capacity and spirit, which justified the paternal provision. He increased his fortune; lifted himself into notice and consideration, by public services and a noble alliance. His descendants followed his example, and took rank among the first commoners in England, till the last male, dying, left his sole heiress and representative in one daughter, Clementina, afterwards married to Mr Egerton.

Meanwhile the elder son of the fore-mentioned squire had muddled and sotted away much of his share in the

Leslie property; and, by low habits and mean society, lowered in repute his representation of the name.

His successors imitated him, till nothing was left to Randal's father, Mr Mauder Sluggo Leslie, but the decayed house which was what the Germans call the *stamm schloss*, or "stem hall" of the race, and the wretched lands immediately around it.

Still, though all intercourse between the two branches of the family had ceased, the younger had always felt a respect for the elder, as the head of the house. And it was supposed that, on her deathbed, Mrs Egerton had recommended her impoverished namesakes and kindred to the care of her husband. For, when he returned to town after Mrs Egerton's death, Audley had sent to Mr Mauder Sluggo Leslie the sum of £5000, which he said his wife, leaving no written will, had orally bequeathed as a legacy to that gentleman; and he requested permission to charge himself with the education of the eldest son.

Mr Mauder Sluggo Leslie might have done great things for his little property with those £5000, or even, (kept in the three-per-cent) the interest would have afforded a material addition to his comforts. But a neighbouring solicitor having caught scent of the legacy, hunted it down into his own hands, on pretence of having found a capital investment in a canal. And when the solicitor had got possession of the £5000, he went off with them to America.

Meanwhile Randal, placed by Mr Egerton at an excellent preparatory school, at first gave no signs of industry or talent; but just before he left it, there came to the school, as classical tutor, an ambitious young Oxford man; and his zeal, for he was a capital teacher, produced a great effect generally on the pupils, and especially on Randal Leslie. He talked to them much in private on the advantages of learning, and shortly afterwards he exhibited those advantages in his own person; for, having edited a Greek play with much subtle scholarship, his college, which some slight irregularities of his had displeased, recalled him to its venerable bosom by the presentation of a fellowship. After this he took orders,

became a college tutor, distinguished himself yet more by a treatise on the Greek accent, got a capital living, and was considered on the high road to a bishopric. This young man, then, communicated to Randal the thirst for knowledge; and when the boy went afterwards to Eton, he applied with such earnestness and resolve that his fame soon reached the ears of Audley; and that person, who had the sympathy for talent, and yet more for purpose, which often characterises ambitious men, went to Eton to see him. From that time, Audley evinced great and almost fatherly interest in the brilliant Etonian; and Randal always spent with him some days in each vacation.

I have said that Egerton's conduct, with respect to this boy, was more praiseworthy than most of those generous actions for which he was renowned, since to this the world gave no applause. What a man does within the range of his family connections, does not carry with it that *clat* which invests a munificence exhibited on public occasions. Either people care nothing about it, or tacitly suppose it to be but his duty. It was true, too, as the Squire had observed, that Randal Leslie was even less distantly related to the Hazeldeans than to Mrs Egerton, since Randal's

grandfather had actually married a Miss Hazeldean, (the highest worldly connection that branch of the family had formed since the great split I have commemorated.) But Audley Egerton never appeared aware of that fact. As he was not himself descended from the Hazeldeans, he never troubled himself about their genealogy; and he took care to impress it upon the Leslies that his generosity on their behalf was solely to be ascribed to his respect for his wife's memory and kindred. Still the Squire had felt as if his "distant brother" implied a rebuke on his own neglect of these poor Leslies, by the liberality Audley evinced towards them; and this had made him doubly sore when the name of Randal Leslie was mentioned. But the fact really was, that the Leslies of Rood had so shrunk out of all notice that the Squire had actually forgotten their existence, until Randal became thus indebted to his brother; and then he felt a pang of remorse that any one save himself, the head of the Hazeldeans, should lend a helping hand to the grandson of a Hazeldean.

But having thus, somewhat too tediously, explained the position of Audley Egerton, whether in the world or in relation to his young *protegé*, I may now permit him to receive and to read his letters.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr Egerton glanced over the pile of letters placed beside him, and first he tore up some, scarcely read, and threw them into the waste-basket. Public men have such odd out-of-the-way letters that their waste-baskets are never empty: letters from amateur financiers proposing now ways to pay off the National Debt; letters from America, (never free!) asking for autographs; letters from fond mothers in country villages, recommending some miracle of a son for a place in the king's service; letters from freethinkers in reproof of bigotry; letters from bigots in reproof of freethinking; letters signed Brutus Redivivus, containing the agreeable information that the writer has a dagger for tyrants, if the Danish claims are not forthwith adjusted; letters signed Matilda or Caroline,

stating that Caroline or Matilda has seen the public man's portrait at the Exhibition, and that a heart sensible to its attractions may be found at No. — Piccadilly; letters from beggars, impostors, monomaniacs, speculators, jobbers — all food for the waste-basket.

From the correspondence thus winnowed, Mr Egerton first selected those on business, which he put methodically together in one division of his pocket-book; and secondly, those of a private nature, which he as carefully put into another. Of those last there were but three — one from his steward, one from Harley L'Estrange, one from Randal Leslie. It was his custom to answer his correspondence at his office; and to his office, a few minutes afterwards, he slowly took his way. Many a

passenger turned back to look again at the firm figure, which, despite the hot summer day, was buttoned up to the throat; and the black frock-coat thus worn, well became the erect air, and the deep full chest of the handsome senator. When he entered Parliament Street, Audley Egerton was joined by one of his colleagues, also on his way to the cares of office.

After a few observations on the last debate, this gentleman said—

"By the way, can you dine with me next Saturday, to meet Lansmere? He comes up to town to vote for us on Monday."

"I had asked some people to dine with me," answered Egerton, "but I will put them off. I see Lord Lansmere too seldom, to miss any occasion to meet a man whom I respect so much."

"So seldom! True, he is very little in town; but why don't you go and see him in the country? Good shooting—pleasant old-fashioned house."

"My dear Westbourne, his house is '*nimum vicina Cremona*,' close to a borough in which I have been burned in effigy."

"Ha—ha—yes—I remember you first came into Parliament for that snug little place; but Lansmere himself never found fault with your votes, did he?"

"He behaved very handsomely, and said he had not presumed to consider me his mouthpiece; and then, too, I am so intimate with L'Estrange."

"Is that queer fellow ever coming back to England?"

"He comes, generally every year, for a few days, just to see his father and mother, and then goes back to the Continent."

"I never meet him."

"He comes in September or October, when you, of course, are not in town, and it is in town that the Lansmeres meet him."

"Why does not he go to them?"

"—a man in England but once a year, and for a few days, has so much to do in London, I suppose."

"Is he as amusing as ever?"

Egerton nodded.

"So distinguished as he might be!" continued Lord Westbourne.

"So distinguished as he is!" said Egerton formally; "an officer selected for praise, even in such fields as Quatre Bras and Waterloo; a scholar, too, of the finest taste; and as an accomplished gentleman, matchless!"

"I like to hear one man praise another so warmly in these ill-natured days," answered Lord Westbourne. "But still, though L'Estrange is doubtless all you say, don't you think he rather wastes his life—living abroad?"

"And trying to be happy, Westbourne? Are you sure it is not we who waste our lives? But I can't stay to hear your answer. Here we are at the door of my prison."

"On Saturday, then?"

"On Saturday. Good day."

For the next hour, or more, Mr Egerton was engaged on the affairs of the state. He then snatched an interval of leisure, (while awaiting a report, which he had instructed a clerk to make him,) in order to reply to his letters. Those on public business were soon despatched; and throwing his replies aside, to be sealed by a subordinate hand, he drew out the letters which he had put apart as private.

He attended first to that of his steward: the steward's letter was long, the reply was contained in three lines. Pitt himself was scarcely more negligent of his private interests and concerns than Audley Egerton—yet, withal, Audley Egerton was said by his enemies to be an egotist.

The next letter he wrote was to Randal, and that, though longer, was far from prolix: it ran thus—

"Dear Mr Leslie,—I appreciate your delicacy in consulting me, whether you should accept Frank Hazeldean's invitation to call at the Hall. Since you are asked, I can see no objection to it. I should be sorry if you appeared to force yourself there; and for the rest, as a general rule, I think a young man who has his own way to make in life had better avoid all intimacy with those of his own age who have no kindred objects nor congenial pursuits."

"As soon as this visit is paid, I wish you to come to London. The report I receive of your progress at

Eton renders it unnecessary, in my judgment, that you should return there. If your father has no objection, I propose that you should go to Oxford at the ensuing term. Meanwhile, I have engaged a gentleman who is a fellow of Balliol, to read with you; he is of opinion, judging only by your high repute at Eton, that you may at once obtain a scholarship in that college. If you do so, I shall look upon your career in life as assured.

"Your affectionate friend, and
sincere well-wisher,
A. E."

The reader will remark that, in this letter, there is a certain tone of formality. Mr Egerton does not call his *protégé* "dear Randal," as would seem natural, but coldly and stiffly, "Dear Mr Leslie." He hints, also, that the boy has his own way to make in life. Is this meant to guard against too sanguine notions of inheritance, which his generosity may have excited?

The letter to Lord L'Estrange was of a very different kind from the others. It was long, and full of such little scraps of news and gossip as may interest friends in a foreign land; it was written gaily, and as with a wish to cheer his friend; you could see that it was a reply to a melancholy letter; and in the whole tone and spirit there was an affection, even to tenderness, of which those who most liked Audley Egerton would have scarcely supposed him capable. Yet, notwithstanding, there was a kind of constraint in the letter, which perhaps only the fine tact of a woman would detect. It had not that *abandon*, that hearty self-outpouring, which you might expect would characterise the letters of two such friends, who had been boys at school together, and which did breathe indeed in all the abrupt rambling sentences of his correspondent. But where was the evidence of the constraint? Egerton is off-hand enough where his pen runs glibly through paragraphs that relate to others; it is simply that he says nothing about himself—that he avoids all reference to the inner world of sentiment and feeling. But perhaps, after all, the man has no sentiment

and feeling! How can you expect that a steady personage in practical life, whose mornings are spent in Downing Street, and whose nights are consumed in watching Government bills through a committee, can write in the same style as an idle dreamer amidst the pines of Ravenna or on the banks of Como.

Audley had just finished this epistle, such as it was, when the attendant in waiting announced the arrival of a deputation from a provincial trading town, the members of which deputation he had appointed to meet at two o'clock. There was no office in London at which deputations were kept waiting less than at that over which Mr Egerton presided.

The deputation entered—some more or so of middle-aged, comfortable-looking persons, who nevertheless had their grievance—and considered their own interests, and those of the country, menaced by a certain clause in a bill brought in by Mr Egerton.

The Mayor of the town was the chief spokesman, and he spoke well—but in a style to which the dignified official was not accustomed. It was a slap-dash style—unceremonious, free, and easy—an American style. And, indeed, there was something altogether in the appearance and bearing of the Mayor which savoured of residence in the Great Republic. He was a very handsome man, but with a look sharp and domineering—the look of a man who did not care a straw for president or monarch, and who enjoyed the liberty to speak his mind, and "wallop his own nigger!"

His fellow-burgers evidently regarded him with great respect; and Mr Egerton had penetration enough to perceive that Mr Mayor must be a rich man, as well as an eloquent one, to have overcome those impressions of soreness or jealousy which his tone was calculated to create in the self-love of his equals.

Mr Egerton was far too wise to be easily offended by mere manner; and though he stared somewhat haughtily when he found his observations actually pooh-pooled, he was not above being convinced. There was much sense and much justice in Mr Mayor's arguments, and the statesman

civilly promised to take them into full consideration.

He then bowed out the deputation; but scarcely had the door closed before it opened again, and Mr Mayor presented himself alone, saying aloud to his companions in the passage, "I forgot something I had to say to Mr Egerton; wait below for me."

"Well, Mr Mayor," said Audley, pointing to a seat, "what else would you suggest?"

The Mayor looked round to see that the door was closed; and then, drawing his chair close to Mr Egerton's, laid his forefinger on that gentleman's arm, and said, "I think I speak to a man of the world, sir."

Mr Egerton bowed, and made no reply by word, but he gently removed his arm from the touch of the forefinger.

MR MAYOR.—"You observe, sir, that I did not ask the members whom we return to Parliament to accompany us. Do better without 'em. You know they are both in Opposition—out-and-outers."

MR EGERTON.—"It is a misfortune which the Government cannot remember, when the question is whether the trade of the town itself is to be served or injured."

MR MAYOR.—"Well, I guess you speak handsome, sir. But you'd be glad to have two members to support Ministers after the next election."

MR EGERTON, smiling.—"Unquestionably, Mr Mayor."

MR MAYOR.—"And I can do it, Mr Egerton. I may say I have the town in my pocket; so I ought, I spend a great deal of money in it. Now, you see, Mr Egerton, I have passed a part of my life in a land of liberty—the United States—and I come to the point when I speak to a man of the world. I'm a man of the world myself, sir. And if so be the Government will do something for me, why, I'll do something for the Government. Two votes for a free and independent town like ours—that's something, isn't it?"

MR EGERTON, taken by surprise.—"Really, I—"

MR MAYOR, advancing his chair still nearer, and interrupting the official.—"No nonsense, you see, on one side or the other. The fact is that I've taken it into my head that

I should like to be knighted. You may well look surprised, Mr Egerton—trumpery thing enough, I dare say; still, every man has his weakness, and I should like to be Sir Richard. Well, if you can get me made Sir Richard, you may just name your two members for the next election—that is, if they belong to your own set, enlightened men, up to the times. That's speaking fair and manful, isn't it?"

MR EGERTON, drawing himself up.—"I am at a loss to guess why you should select me, sir, for this very extraordinary proposition."

MR MAYOR, nodding good-humouredly.—"Why, you see, I don't go all along with the Government; you're the best of the bunch. And maybe you'd like to strengthen your own party. This is quite between you and me, you understand; Honour's a jewel."

MR EGERTON, with great gravity.—"Sir, I am obliged by your good opinion; but I agree with my colleagues in all the great questions that affect the government of the country, and—"

MR MAYOR, interrupting him.—"Ah, of course, you must say so; very right. But I guess things would go differently if you were Prime Minister. However, I have another reason for speaking to you about my little job. You see you were member for Lausmere once, and I think you came in but by two majority, eh?"

MR EGERTON.—"I know nothing of the particulars of that election: I was not present."

MR MAYOR.—"No; but, luckily for you, two relatives of mine were, and they voted for you. Two votes, and you came in by two! Since then, you have got into very snug quarters here, and I think we have a claim on you—"

MR EGERTON.—"Sir, I acknowledge no such claim; I was and am a stranger to Lausmere; and, if the electors did me the honour to return me to Parliament, it was in compliment rather to—"

MR MAYOR, again interrupting the official.—"Rather to Lord Lausmere, you were going to say; unconstitutional doctrine that, I fancy. Peer of the realm. But, never mind, I know the world; and I'd ask Lord Lausmere to do my affair for me, only I hear he is as proud as Lucifer."

MR EGERTON, in great disgust, and settling his papers before him.—“Sir, it is not in my department to recommend to his Majesty candidates for the honour of knighthood, and it is still less in my department to make bargains for seats in Parliament.”

MR MAYOR.—“Oh, if that’s the case, you’ll excuse me; I don’t know much of the etiquette in these matters. But I thought that, if I put two seats in your hands, for your own friends, you might contrive to take the affair into your department, whatever it was. But, since you say you agree with your colleagues, perhaps it comes to the same thing. Now, you must not suppose I want to sell the town, and that I can change and chop my politics for my own purpose. No such thing! I don’t like the sitting members; I’m all for progressing, but they go *too* much a-head for me; and, since the Government is disposed to move a little, why I’d as lief support them as not. But, in common gratitude, you see, (added the Mayor, coaxingly,) I ought to be knighted! I can keep up the dignity, and do credit to his Majesty.”

MR EGERTON, without looking up from his papers.—“I can only refer you, sir, to the proper quarter.”

MR MAYOR, impatiently.—“Proper quarter! Well, since there is so much humbug in this old country of ours, that one must go through all the forms and get at the job regularly, just tell me whom I ought to go to.”

MR EGERTON, beginning to be amused as well as indignant.—“If you want a knighthood, Mr Mayor, you must ask the Prime Minister; if you want to give the Government information relative to seats in Parliament, you must introduce yourself to Mr — the Secretary of the Treasury.”

MR MAYOR.—“And if I go to the last chap, what do you think he’ll say?”

MR EGERTON, the amusement preponderating over the indignation.—“He will say, I suppose, that you must not put the thing in the light in which you have put it to me; that the Government will be very proud to have the confidence of yourself and your brother electors; and that a gentleman like you, in the proud posi-

tion of Mayor, may well hope to be knighted on some fitting occasion. But that you must not talk about the knighthood just at present, and must confine yourself to converting the unfortunate political opinions of the town.”

MR MAYOR.—“Well, I guess that chap there would want to do me! Not quite so green, Mr Egerton. Perhaps I’d better go at once to the fountain-head. How d’ye think the Premier would take it?”

MR EGERTON, the indignation preponderating over the amusement.—“Probably just as I am about to do.”

Mr Egerton rang the bell; the attendant appeared.

“Show Mr Mayor the way out,” said the Minister.

The Mayor turned round sharply, and his face was purple. He walked straight to the door; but, suffering the attendant to precede him along the corridor, he came back with a rapid stride, and, clenching his hands, and, with a voice thick with passion, cried, “Some day or other I will make you smart for this, as sure as my name’s Pick Avenel!”

“Avenel!” repeated Egerton, recoiling, “Avenel!”

But the Mayor was gone.

Audley fell into a deep and musing reverie which seemed gloomy, and lasted till the attendant announced that the horses were at the door.

He then looked up, still abstractedly, and saw his letter to Harley L’Estrange open on the table. He drew it towards him, and wrote, “A man has just left me, who calls himself Aven—” in the middle of the name his pen stopped. “No, no,” muttered the writer, “what folly to reopen the old wounds there,” and he carefully erased the words.

Audley Egerton did not ride in the Park that day, as was his wont, but dismissed his groom; and, turning his horse’s head towards Westminster Bridge, took his solitary way into the country. He rode at first slowly, as if in thought; then fast, as if trying to escape from thought. He was later than usual at the House that evening, and he looked pale and fatigued. But he had to speak, and he spoke well.

THE RISE, POWER, AND POLITICS OF PRUSSIA.

If there is such a thing in diplomacy as a natural ally, Prussia is the natural ally of England. Each possesses exactly what the other wants—the power of Prussia consisting in an immense army, the power of England in an unrivalled fleet: for though the British troops have shown themselves at least equal to any troops in the world, the genius of the nation looks chiefly to naval pre-eminence; and though, in the course of time, Prussia may be in possession of naval honours, nothing can be clearer than that its present strength depends on its soldiery.

The close alliance of England with Prussia is now a century old. We find the great Lord Chatham taking the most open interest in the successes of Frederick II., and establishing the principle that the independence of Prussia is essential to the balance of Europe. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the north of Germany was divided among a cluster of petty sovereignties—of all forms of a national system the surest to foster political intrigues, to invite the intermeddling of foreigners, the one to offer the strongest inducements to invasion, and to provide the feeblest means of defence. The formidable power of France, within twenty miles of England, must always fix the eye of the English statesman; and no more essential operation for our national tranquillity could be conceived than the solid establishment of a kingdom on the northern frontier of France, which might make that proverbially impetuous and ambitious nation aware, that an attempt to assault England could not be made without incurring the hazard of an assault on her own most exposed frontier.

But another power had arisen to render the balance of Europe still more precarious. Russia, at the beginning of the century, known but as a land of semi-barbarism, had sud-

denly started into a massive force, which threatened the absorption of Germany. Possessing the highest advantages for a great military empire, with harbours commanding the North, a population of sixty millions, a territory almost boundless and almost unassailable, and a government which, under all the changes of individual character in its princes, has retained in its policy the same character of continual progress, of restless interference in European politics, and of bold ambition—Russia must, in all the views of the English statesman, assume an interest of the most pressing order. To interpose an iron barrier to the ambition of Russia necessarily became the principle of English policy, and the English politician naturally looked for that barrier in the vigorous administration and steady strength of the resources of Prussia.

The eighteenth century may be called the Century of Sovereigns. There was no period, before or since, in which so many remarkable personages sat on the thrones of Europe—William III., Louis XIV., Charles XII., the Czar Peter, Maria Theresa of Austria, Catherine II., and Frederick II. of Prussia—each possessed either of great intellectual or great political qualities; all capable of distinction, if they had been born in the humbler conditions of mankind: but all developing, in the duties and labours of thrones, those qualities in a degree which made them, for their day, the great impulses of Europe, and which have placed them in an immovable rank among the high recollections of history.

But, to the Englishman, whether politician or philosopher, Prussia is the most important, from its position, the nature of its connexion with our country, the singularity of its origin, and the especial dependence of its

early advance to sovereignty on the vigour of an individual mind.

Gibbon remarks that the oldest royal genealogy of Europe scarcely ascends to the eighth century. The genealogy of the Prussian throne, whether by the zeal of the herald, or the truth of the historian, nearly reaches that cloudy period. Its pedigree is dubiously traced up to the founder of the great Swabian family of Hohenzollern, of whom the first supposed ancestor was a Count Thasso of Zollern. The family then either fell into obscurity, or rested in contentment with its ancestral possessions, until the thirteenth century, when it started on the national eye as the Burgraves of Nurnberg. But it again slumbered for eight generations, until the difficulties of the Emperor Sigismund drove him to apply to the resources of the family, then probably grown rich, as the chief personages of an opulent German community. The service was repaid by the Viceroyalty of Brandenburg, and the subsequent donation of the actual territory, with the title of Elector, and the office of archchamberlain of the empire.

The imperial gratitude probably continued to be reminded of its duties by fresh loans, for the electorate continued to receive frequent additions of territory, until, early in the seventeenth century, the annexation of the duchy of Prussia placed the Elector in an imposing rank among the dependant princes of the Continent. In the middle of this century a man of distinguished ability, fortunately for Prussia, ascended the electoral throne. Germany was then ravaged by the memorable Thirty Years' War. Frederick the Great afterwards expressed the embarrassments of the new reign in a few pithy words, as was his custom: "My great ancestor," said this graphic describer, "was a prince without territory, an elector without power, and an ally without a friend."

But talent and time are the true elements of success in every condition of life. By economy the Elector restored his finances; by common sense he reclaimed his half-savage subjects; and by sound policy he continued to augment his dominions, without doing

violence to his neighbours. The peace of Westphalia, (1648,) which established the imperial system, gave him the additional importance attached to the possession of the archbishopric of Magdeburg, of Halberstadt, and of the actual sovereignty of ducal Prussia, hitherto held as a Polish fief.

But those were the victories of peace; he was at length forced to exhibit his qualities for war. In 1674, as a prince of the empire, he was compelled to furnish his contingent to its army against France. Louis XIV., in revenge, let loose the Swedes in Pomerania to invade Brandenburg. The reputation of the Swedish troops, had risen to the highest rank in the Thirty Years' War, and they were regarded as all but invincible. The Prussian Elector, justly alarmed at this new peril of his dominions, appealed to his allies. But German alliances (in those days at least) were slippery, and German succours are habitually slow. Wearied by their delays, the Elector determined to act for himself. Breaking up from Franconia, he transferred his little army of eight thousand men suddenly to Magdeburg. The Swedes, encamped on the Havel, and contemptuous of Prussian strategy, took no trouble to ascertain his movements. The whole expedition was conducted with equal vigour and dexterity. On his arrival in Magdeburg, the gates were kept shut for four-and-twenty hours: thus all intelligence to the enemy was cut off. At nightfall he sallied forth; by daybreak he reached and assaulted the Swedish headquarters, took their baggage and cannon, and hunted the troops from post to post until their dispersion was total.

This battle was one of the instances in which the most important results have followed from slight events. The battle would have been in later times scarcely more than an affair of advanced guards, for the Swedes had but eight thousand, and the Prussians engaged were but five thousand five hundred. But, to have beaten the most distinguished soldiery in Europe, to have surprised the most disciplined, and to have gained the victory with inferior numbers, instantly drew the eyes of Europe on the Elector. His

dominions were subjected to no further insult; the character of the Prussian army was raised; and Prussia made the first actual stride to northern supremacy.

This eminent man died in 1688, after a career which earned the panegyric even of his fastidious descendant, Frederick II., who thus described him almost a hundred years after :—

"He possessed all the qualities which can make a man great, and Providence afforded him abundant opportunities of developing them. He gave proofs of prudence at an age when youth, in general, exhibits nothing but errors. He never abused the heroic virtues, but applied his valour to the defence of his dominions, and the assistance of his allies. He had a sound judgment, which made him a great statesman; and was active and affable, which made him a good sovereign. His soul was the seat of virtue; prosperity could not inflate, nor adversity depress it. He was the restorer of his country, the arbiter of his equals, and the founder of the power of Brandenburg. *His life was his panegyric.*"

Frederick, the eldest son of the great elector, by his marriage with a sister of George I. then Elector of Hanover, became connected with English politics; sent six thousand men to the assistance of the Prince of Orange in his invasion of England; joined the Allies, with twenty thousand men, in revenging the havoc of the Palatinate; and, in the Grand Alliance of 1691, sent fifteen thousand troops to join the army of William III.

But Prussia was continually progressive, and in 1700 she was to make that advance in rank of which nations are as ambitious as their princes. In this year Prussia obtained from the Emperor the long-coveted title of kingdom; and the monarch, as Frederick I., took his place among European sovereigns. He died in 1713, and was succeeded by the prince-royal, Frederick-William. The character of the deceased monarch was, long after, given with epigrammatic contemptuousness by Frederick II.

"In person short and deformed, with a haughty manner and a commonplace countenance, violent from temper, mild from carelessness; he confounded vanities with acts of greatness, and was fonder of show than of utility. He sold

the blood of his subjects to England and Holland, as the Tartars sell their cattle to the Podolian butchers for slaughter; he oppressed the poor to make the rich fatter still. He wished to pledge the royal domains to buy the Pitt diamond; and he sold to the Allies twenty thousand men, to have it said that he kept thirty thousand."

Royal extravagance is never pardoned, and the memory of this princely spendthrift prepared popularity for his rigid successor. The *Memoirs of the Margravine of Bareith* have thrown that successor into ridicule; and it must be acknowledged, that his early acts were calculated to throw all the courtiers of Europe into mingled astonishment and indignation. Immediately on his accession, he ordered the grand-marshal of the palace to bring him the list of the royal establishment. The king took a pen, and crossed out the whole. The grand-marshal, in horror at this sweeping style of reform, lost his speech, and fled from the royal presence. Meeting an officer in the antechamber, the latter, seeing his countenance of consternation, asked what had happened. The grand-marshal showed him the list, and the officer translated it for the benefit of the levee—"Gentlemen, our good master is dead, and the new king sends you all to the d—!"

The twenty-six trumpeters, who supplied the place of conversation at the royal dinners, were scattered among the regiments. The hundred Swiss—the decorated slaves, whom Switzerland, with all her boast of freedom, was in the habit of sending to play the menial to the European sovereigns—were dismissed to do duty in the ranks of the line. The hoards of pearls and diamonds, and gold and silver plate, which it had been the pride and the folly of the late king to amass, were sold to pay his debts and to raise troops.

The old court had been overrun with French fashions, the French language—everything French. The king set about reforming those anti-national propensities: he dressed the regimental provosts, or army floggers and executioners, in the full French costume, to render it ridiculous; the embroidered coats and huge wigs of his privy councillors and chamberlains

he ordered to be worn by the court fool on gala days.

But the discipline of the Prussian army was the peculiar distinction of this singular reign. Of all European nations, Prussia is the one to which an army is the most important. The exposed condition of a long and irregular territory, wholly without a natural frontier, with neither mountain range nor bordering river for its protection, and surrounded by warlike and powerful nations, required an army, to keep it in existence. The Alps or Pyrenees, the Rhine and the Danube, the Dniester and the Po, might protect their several countries from invasion; but the levels of Prussia required a force always on foot, prompt and prepared. To *frontierless* Prussia a powerful army was as peculiarly essential as a Royal Navy is to the British Isles. In all the early difficulties of his predecessor's debt, the king had raised the Prussian army to upwards of forty thousand men; and, before he died, his muster-roll amounted to nearly eighty thousand of the finest troops on the Continent. It gives a curious contrast of the nature of belligerency in the nineteenth century, to know that the Prussian army now reckons three hundred thousand men, and that, on the first rumour of war, it would probably number half-a-million.

The new school of finance makes inquiries of this kind important; for since every country must be prepared to defend itself, and troops require to be paid, the whole question of national safety depends on the national force. The Manchester financiers tell us that reduction is the true secret of strength, and that fleets and armies are only provocatives to war. The older school held, that to be prepared for war was the best security for peace; that the reduction which extinguished the national force was only an invitation to insult; and that it was a wiser policy to give the soldier his pay for our protection, than to give an invader every shilling we were worth in the shape of plunder. Frederick-William was of the old school; and, by showing that he was always prepared for war, he secured peace, even in the most quarrelsome of all countries, Germany, through a reign of twenty-

seven years. The organisation of the Prussian army was even then a phenomenon in Europe: its provision, its government, its recruiting, and, above all, its manœuvring, attracted universal admiration, and doubled the impression of its numbers on the general mind.

These facts have an interest beyond their mere effect at the time; they are the testimonials of talent, evidences of the power of mind, encouragements to original conception, substantial declarations that men should always try to invigorate, improve, and advance inventions, however apparently perfect. There is always a field beyond.

Why a German duchy was suffered thus to rise into European influence—to extend from a province into a territory, now containing sixteen millions of souls, and to change from a dependent electorate into a kingdom, now acting as the barrier of Northern Germany against the gigantic monarchy of St Petersburg—is a question which ought to be asked by the politician, and which may well excite the study of the philosopher.

The true value of history consists in developing *principles*. Memoirs and biographies, the anecdotes of vigorous minds, and the narratives of leading events, all have their obvious value; but history has a distinction of its own. It is more than a tissue of striking recollections; it is superior to a fine arrangement of facts; it is the spirit of great facts, a *system* displaying the *science* of influential things.

Events are, of course, its material, but it is only as the materials of architecture furnish the means of erecting the palace or the temple: the mind of the architect must supply the beauty and grandeur of the edifice. Without that constructive genius, history is only a compilation.

It is certainly in no superstition, that we strongly incline to account for the rise of Prussia in the necessity of a protection for Protestantism in Northern Germany. The whole tenor of its annals substantiates the conception. Prussia, at an early period, felt a singular sympathy with the Protestantism of Germany. The especial scene of persecution was Poland, where

neither royal compact nor popular declaration was able to secure the faith of the Scriptures from the outrages of Romanism. The Treaty of Oliva, in 1660, had, like the Edict of Nantes, been the charter of Protestantism; but, like the Edict, it had been broken, and the life of the Polish Protestant was a scene of suffering. The "Great Elector" had signalised his Christianity, and perhaps raised his country, by giving protection to the sufferers. His descendant, Frederick-William, followed his honourable example. When the Starost Umruh, in 1713, was sentenced to have his tongue cut out, and to be beheaded, for his Protestant opinions, he fled to Prussia, and was protected by Frederick-William. The Diet of Grodno commenced a persecution by declaring the Polish Protestants to have forfeited both their civil and religious privileges. Frederick-William answered this act of infidelity and tyranny by a royal remonstrance to the diet, and by a letter to the King of England, advocating the persecuted cause. In the Treaty of Stockholm, in 1720, he inserted a stipulation, binding the Swedish Government to make common cause with the Protestants of Germany. In Western Germany, persecution had long exhibited its irrational policy, and exercised its cruel power. At Heidelberg, Popish advisers and confessors had poisoned the mind of the Elector, and acts of violence had taken place. The Protestants, in their distress, applied to Prussia. The King, in conjunction with the British monarch, and the Elector of Hesse, adopted their defence; issuing, at the same time, the effective menace that, if the persecution in the Palatinate were not stopped, he would shut up every Romish chapel, convent, and institution, and sequester every dollar of their revenue in Prussia, while the persecution lasted.

The same impulse acted throughout the century. Frederick II. was an infidel: the national policy continued unchanged. As a Voltairist, he was an ostentatious advocate of toleration, which, though in both Frederick and his teacher the work of the scoffer, yet produced the effect of forbidding all religious tyranny. Even the war for the possession of Silesia, though

difficult to be explained in its question of right, had the result of weakening the Popish influence in Germany. Maria-Theresa was the prop of Popery, while Frederick II. was universally regarded as the champion of Protestantism; and his final success, by enfeebling the supremacy of the empress, showed that a kingdom of Protestantism possessed the means of resisting an empire of Popery hitherto supposed irresistible. If Prussia had been crushed in that contest, the *prestige* of Popery would again have risen to its old height in Germany, Protestantism would unquestionably have felt the blow to its foundations, and the probable consequence would have been to throw the Continent at the feet of Rome.

Frederick the Great was born on the 21st of January 1712, in the palace at Berlin. At his baptism, the sponsors were at least sufficiently numerous and stately; they were the Emperor Charles VI., the Dowager-empress, the Czar Peter, the States-general of Holland, the Canton of Berne, the Electant Prince of Hanover, and the Dowager-duchess of Mecklenburg.

Frederick was born Prince of Prussia and Orange; but after the cession of Orange to France, by the Peace of Utrecht, the name was given up, though the Crown of Prussia retained the title and the arms.

The popular feeling, on this occasion, was connected with a simple yet curious circumstance. An American Aloe, which had been forty-four years in the royal garden, suddenly threw out a profusion of blossoms. Thousands flocked to see this fine production of nature, which, on a stem thirty-one feet high, exhibited 7277 blossoms! The multitude gave it an almost mystic meaning, and conceived the plant (which, in all this profusion of beauty, was decaying) to be emblematic of the failing health of the old king, and the new prospects of honour under his grandson. Poems and pictures of the Aloe were spread through the kingdom. The omen was as imaginative as one of the poetic superstitions of Greece, and the imagination was realised.

The education of the future possessor of a sceptre is an important

topic. In Germany the education of the higher orders generally embraces a sort of encyclopædia of accomplishments. The young heir to the throne thus learned music and painting, in addition to mathematics and languages. In music he became a proficient, and with his favourite instrument, the flute, could sustain his part in an orchestra. But, the chief object of his education, as that of all the German princes, being military, he learned all of the art of war that could be taught; the perfection of the art he was yet to learn in the field, and give evidence of his acquirement only in his memorable victories.

One misfortune of this education possessed and perverted him through life. Germany was, in literature, but a province of France. The licentiousness of French sentiment had tempted the rising generation to abandon the manly feelings of the Reformers.* It is to the honour of our country that the principles of true religion, like those of true liberty, then found their defence within her borders; and in the existing, and still darker, period of German infidelity, the battle is still fought by the theology of England.

Adversity seems essential to the education of all great princes. Frederick was not without his share of this stern pupillage. The eccentricities of his royal father, his own waywardness, and the roughness of court discipline, produced continual collisions in the royal family, and the prince remained for some years in a kind of honourable exile from Berlin. During this period, however, he cultivated his powerful understanding to its height; but made the singular mistake of believing that he was born for a hermit, a sentimentalist, and a writer of French verses. In this fantastic spirit, he gave his immediate friends names from Greece and Rome; and was surrounded by Hephæstion, Diophanes, Cæsarion, and Quintus Icilius. Even the place of his retirement, Rheinsberg, was transformed into Remusberg, to meet a tradition that Remus was not killed by Romulus, but, flying from Rome, had settled in the spot which was afterwards to teach sentiment and solitude to the Prince of Prussia.

Those are traits worth remembering in the history of human nature. Who

could have conceived the most daring of warriors, the most subtle of politicians, and the most ambitious of kings, in the writer of letters such as these?—

“My house, indeed, is not a place for those who are fond of noisy pleasures; but are not tranquillity, quiet, and the search for truth, to be preferred to the giddy and turbulent diversions of this world?”

“On the 25th I am going to Amaltheu, my beloved garden at Ruppín. I am quite impatient to see again my vines, my cherries, and my melons; there, free from all useless cares, I shall live entirely for myself. My whole soul is now intent on philosophy. It renders me incomparable services, and I am deeply indebted to it. My spirit is less agitated by impetuous emotions. I repress the first working of my passions, and I never make a choice until I have maturely considered it.”

All his letters are in the same strain of studious quiet, of steady self-control, and of systematic love of retirement. He sometimes even turns enthusiast, and he thus writes to Voltaire, then known chiefly as the author of the *Henriade*—(his worse celebrity, as the impugner of all religion, was still at a distance.) In a letter, in 1738, he addresses the Frenchman in this rapturous effusion:—

“At Rheinsberg, to be perfectly happy, we want only a Voltaire. But, though you live far from us, still you are in our midst. Your portrait adorns my library; it hangs over the bookcase which contains our Golden Fleece, immediately above your works, and opposite to the place where I generally sit, that I may always have it in my view. I might almost say, that your picture is to me as the statue of Memnon, which, when the sun’s rays fell on it, emitted harmonious sounds, and imparted inspiration to the mind of every one who looked upon it.”

In another letter he writes—

“In pagan antiquity, men offered to the gods the first fruits of the harvest and of the vintage. . . . In the Romish church, they devote not only the firstborn, not only the younger sons, but whole kingdoms, as we see in the instance of St Louis, who renounced his in favour of the Virgin Mary. For my part, I have no first fruits of the earth, no children, and no kingdom to devote; but I devote to you the first fruits of my muse in the

year 1739. Were I a pagan, I would address you by the name of Apollo; were I a Papist, I might have chosen you for my patron saint, or my confessor; but, being none of these, I am content to admire you as a philosopher, to love you as a poet, and to esteem you as a friend."

But this romance was soon to be exchanged for reality; the elegancies of royal idleness were to be forgotten in the sound of cannon, and the fictions of a pampered fancy were to be thrown into the shade by the vicissitudes of one of the most sanguinary struggles that Europe had ever seen.

In 1740, Frederick had ascended the throne. He was at Potsdam, and confined to his chamber by illness, when the death of the Emperor Charles was announced to him. This event broke up the peace of Germany.

The Emperor, Charles VI., having no issue after a marriage of four years, established a new law of succession, known as the Pragmatic Sanction. The heirship of Austria had hitherto been limited to males; but, by the new law, the undivided monarchy was to devolve first to his own daughters, or, if they should not be living at the time of his death, to the daughters of his elder brother Joseph, Electresses of Saxony and Bavaria, and so on, always to the nearest relatives.

The death of the Emperor obviously threatened to involve all Europe, and especially Germany, in convulsion; for the mere publication of the Pragmatic Sanction, in 1724, had produced counter declarations from no less than three princes of the empire, who regarded their rights as invaded. The Elector of Bavaria, who was married to a daughter of the Emperor Joseph I., founded a claim to the Austrian dominions on the will of Ferdinand I.; France was disposed to enter into an alliance with Prussia; Sweden and Russia would have been inevitably involved in the war. And it was of this complication of events that the young Prussian monarch took advantage to make an assault upon Austria. For one hundred years Prussia had complained of the loss of Silesia. Her successive kings had severally impeached its seizure by Austria, and the Great Elector had still earlier bequeath-

ed the recovery of the province to the gallantry, or the good fortune, of his successors. Frederick, now at the head of a powerful army, with a full treasury, and seeing an approaching contest for the possession of Austria itself, regarded this as a favourable moment for the recovery of his ancestral territory.

Frederick, having now completed all his preparations, sent an envoy to Vienna, to offer his alliance to Maria-Theresa, and his vote to her husband at the election of emperor, provided she would give up Silesia. But knowing the contempt with which the Austrian cabinet regarded the minor princes of Germany, and also knowing the advantage of promptitude, where the object is possession, he at once set his army in motion for the Silesian frontier. His proposal was, as he had foreseen, rejected; and on its rejection, without a moment's delay, he rushed over the frontier. He found, as he had expected, the Austrian government wholly unprepared. The whole disposable force of Austria, for the defence of Silesia, amounted to 3000 men. The invading army amounted to 28,000. Breslau the capital, Glogau the principal fortress, every town, speedily fell before him. In a note to his friend Jordan, who had attempted to dissuade him from the enterprise, he wrote, in a mixture of scoffing and exultation—

"My gentle Mr. Jordan, my kind, my mild, my peace-loving M. Jordan, I acquaint your serenity that Silesia is as good as conquered. I prepare you for most important plans, and announce to you the greatest luck that the womb of fortune ever produced. For the present this must be enough for you. Be my Cicero in defending my enterprise; in its execution I will be your Cæsar."

We now advert to the distinguished public servant whose correspondence throws the principal light on this important period of our foreign policy—the British envoy to the court of Berlin.

Andrew Mitchell was born in Edinburgh in 1708, son of one of the ministers of St Giles's, king's chaplain for Scotland. His mother, Margaret Cunningham, was a descendant of Lord Glencairn. Mitchell adopted the law as his profession, was

admitted to the Middle Temple, and was called to the English bar in 1738. Besides a knowledge of the Scotch law, he was a man of general and rather elegant acquirement, having left among his papers observations on the Ciceronian philosophy, on the chief European histories, on morals, models, statues, and classic objects in general. He was also a member of the Royal Society.

Mitchell was evidently either sustained by active interest, or an opinion of his talents; for on the appointment of the Marquis of Tweeddale to the secretaryship for Scotland, he fixed on Mitchell as his under-secretary. In 1747, he was elected member for the county of Aberdeen. In 1756, he was appointed as British representative at the court of Frederick II.

In the more decorous style of modern diplomacy, we can seldom find examples of the court-candour with which the royal personages of the last age spoke of each other. George II. called Frederick-William "my brother the corporal." Frederick-William called George II. "my brother the dancing-master." Of course those opinions made their way to the last ears which ought to have heard them, and they left stings. But the necessities of the time overcame the bitterness of the sarcasms. Some of the letters of the elder Horace Walpole, "Sir Robert's brother, who had been ambassador at Paris and the Hague, then the chief scenes of foreign diplomacy, probably expressed the chief feeling of English public men in his day, as they certainly were soon embodied in their policy. Of Frederick II. he says,—

"I know the character of that prince. I know how little he is to be trusted, and I would not have trusted him without good security for the execution of his engagements. . . . I need not tell you that the house of Brandenburg is a rising house. The economy of the late king, the spirit of discipline he introduced into his army, the ambition, talents, and active genius of the present monarch, must render that house a powerful friend or formidable enemy."

He gives an equally decisive opinion of the Austrian policy—

"I apprehend that the principal object of the court of Vienna will be to distract,

divide, and devour the Prussian dominions. Their pride, their vengeance, and, above all, their bigotry will naturally lead them to destroy a Protestant power that has dared to offend them." •

At length it was ascertained that a private negotiation had been commenced between Austria and France, the result of which must expose the Electoral dominions to invasion by France. An alliance with Prussia was immediately concluded. The account subsequently given by Thiebault, in his *Memoirs of the Prussian Court*, gives a strong impression of Mitchell's maunliness and intelligence:—

"Sir Andrew Mitchell, Knight of the Order of the Garter, [a mistake for the Bath,] had been for several years the English ambassador at Berlin, when I first arrived there. Some time, however, elapsed before I had the least acquaintance with him, not only because it was little to be expected that Englishmen should be desirous of the society of Frenchmen, but also because Sir Andrew Mitchell was of the number of those meritorious characters who stand in no need of perpetual society for existence, and have the philosophy to prefer being occasionally alone. When he first arrived in Berlin, he had caused the persons who necessarily invited him to their houses considerable perplexity; for he played at no game of cards, so that his hosts constantly said,—'What shall we do with the Englishman, who never plays at cards?' In a few days, however, the contest was, who should withhold himself from the card-table, and have the advantage of conversing with a man in whom they had discovered every requisite to afford the highest pleasure in colloquial intercourse. In reality, his understanding was no less admirable than the virtues of his character. Of this I cannot give a more substantial proof, than by observing that he was united in the strictest bonds of friendship with the author of *L'Esprit des Loix*."

Some of the shrewd *bons-mots* of the diplomatic Scot are given by the Frenchman. On one occasion, when the English mail had three times been due, the king said to him at the levée—"Have you not the spleen, M. Mitchell, when the mail is thus delayed?" The reply was,—“No, Sire, not when it is delayed, but often enough when it duly arrives.”

The English cabinet having promised to send a fleet to the Baltic, to

prevent the Russians from sending troops against the king, and the fleet not appearing, Frederick was chagrined; at length he ceased to invite the envoy to the royal table. One day some of the servants, meeting him, asked,—“Is it dinner-time, M. Mitchell?” The significant retort was,—“Gentlemen, no fleet, no dinner.” This was told to Frederick, and the invitations were renewed.

The next *bon-mot* is happier still. After the taking of Port Mahon, and the retreat of the unfortunate Admiral Byng, the king, meeting the envoy, said,—“You have made a bad beginning, M. Mitchell; your trial of Admiral Byng is but a bad plaster for the disease; you have made an unlucky campaign.” “Sire,” observed Mitchell, “we hope, with God’s assistance, to make a better one next year.”

“With God’s assistance, sir! I did not know that you had such an ally,” said the king.

“We hope we have, Sire; and he is the *only one* of our allies that costs us nothing,” was the pungent reply.

In the latter portion of the war against Napoleon, it was the custom to send British officers to attend the headquarters of the Allies, and diplomatists frequently moved along with the armies. But the instance of Mitchell’s moving along with the Prussian monarch was, we believe, the first example of the kind. On this subject, we have a lively letter from the Earl of Holderness, then Secretary of State to the envoy:—

“Dear Sir,—I heartily wish you health and success in the new trade you are going to undertake. However, do not grow too much a soldier, and set a bad precedent for the rest of your black brethren of the ink-bottle. Observation is our business, not fighting. Remember, if you do get a knock of the pate, *vous en emporterez la prime, et l’on dira—Que diable y avoit-il à faire.* Yet I would not advise you to follow the steps of the minister of Mayence at Dettingen, who, during the time of action, came up to Lord Granville’s coach, crying out, ‘*Je proteste contre toute violence.*’

“I can find no trace in the office books of any particular allowance made to Foreign Ministers for such sort of expeditions; but I am persuaded I shall adjust it easily with the Duke of New-

castle. Once more, adieu. Our constant toast now here is, ‘Success to the King of Prussia.’ He grows vastly popular among us. For my part, I always add a gulp more to my old friend Mitchell.”

A letter from the envoy, addressed to the King of Prussia, makes the formal request that he may be allowed to follow the headquarters—a permission which was immediately conceded by the king. The object of this request, (suggested by the English Ministry,) was twofold—to have an intelligent observer of the politics of Prussia on the spot; and to supply George II. with anecdotes of war, for which he conceived himself to have a peculiar talent: and on which subject the despatches of the envoy were always read by him with peculiar interest.

The envoy was not long without material. Before he left Berlin, he had the following despatch to write to the Earl of Holderness—

“My Lord,—This morning, about seven o’clock, Monsieur Oppen, an officer in the Guards, arrived here from the Prussian army. He had no letters, only a scrap of paper without date, which he was directed to deliver to the queen-mother, in which was written with a pencil, in the king’s own hand, that his troops had beaten the Austrians, *plate couture*, that he reckoned his loss about two thousand, and that of the Austrians at four thousand men.”

This was a hard-fought but indecisive action. The Austrians, under Marshal Browne, were the assailants; and the engagement continued from morning till past mid-day, when they retreated; but they numbered two-thirds more than the Prussians, their force being nearly seventy thousand to about forty thousand.

But a more important success immediately followed. The Saxon army, amounting to sixteen thousand, had been surrounded in their fortified camp at Pirna; the fortifications were so strong that the only hope of reducing them was by famine. To the universal astonishment, they suddenly quitted this impregnable position, and marched into a defile, where they could neither advance nor retreat. The king offered them conditions, which they accepted; and

Mitchell, who had waited at Berlin only for the royal permission to join the army, arrived just in time to see the surrender; and what was more curious still, the quiet transfer of their allegiance to the Prussian service. He thus writes—

“October 21, 1756.

“On Sunday the 17th, the Saxon troops, preceded by their general officers, crossed the Elbe. . . . Thence they marched into a plain in the neighbourhood, and, after passing between two battalions of Prussian Guards, they were received by the battalions of the Prince of Prussia's regiments, drawn up on the right and left. They were then formed into a hollow square, and had the articles of war read, and the military oath administered to them, in the presence of Prince Maurice of Anhalt-Dessau, or of Prince Ferdinand, the King of Prussia's brother. The soldiers were all armed; but the officers, almost to a man, refused to enter into the Prussian service.

“The whole Saxon army consisted of sixteen thousand, of which three thousand were horse and dragoons. The soldiers are extremely well-looking, mostly young men, and do not seem to have suffered for want of provisions during the blockade of five weeks. The cavalry have suffered more—many of their horses are ruined.”

But we are not to suppose that this association with the mighty of the earth, and these exhibitions of capitulating armies were without their drawbacks. The Prussian king's politics were always subtle, the English cabinet was already tottering, and the campaign was already prolonged into winter. The envoy's correspondence at length sinks into complaint, and his description of his harassed life might make a man shrink from the honours of travelling diplomacy. He writes in November from Seidlitz—

“I am here in a very awkward situation—quite out of my element; and though I have great reason to be satisfied with the King of Prussia's manner of treating me, I wish I was at Berlin again, or rather in England, notwithstanding the absurd speeches that I should hear in parliament.

“The Prussian camp is no place of pleasure. Neither convenience nor luxury dwell here. You are well provided with everything, if you bring it along with

you. I find I must increase my equipage, or starve. *All my family are like spectres.* It is true I am fed at the king's table, because he desired me to leave my equipage at Dresden. The Duke of Newcastle has this *encouraging* paragraph in his letter: ‘I will forward your demands for the expenses of your journey, whenever you send them over in a *proper manner* to my Lord Holderness.’ I have spent a great deal of money, and have *hardly* the necessaries of life, and *none* of its comforts.”

Correspondence of this intimate kind gives us a true view of that life which the world in general sees so gilded and glittering. It thus has a value superior to even its historical interest. It tells the humbler conditions of life to be content with their fate; and perhaps demonstrates that, like the traveller among mountains, the higher man goes, the more slippery is his path, and the more stormy his atmosphere. The Secretary of State thus writes:—

“November, 1766.

“Mr Pitt [Chatham] has been laid up with a severe fit of the gout ever since his nomination to office, which has greatly retarded business. I think his opinions on foreign affairs, *now he is in place*, are exactly the same with mine, however different they were some time ago. *Tempora mutantur et nos, &c.*—I hope you will never find that maxim applicable to your old friend in Arlington Street. I knew long ago of some *private letters* written to you by the Duke of Newcastle. You were in the right not to discover a secret intrusted to you; but though—for reasons you know—I bore this from him, such matters must cease for the future with others. I therefore insist that I may know directly if any other person in the Administration offers to correspond with you. While I remain in business, I will do the duty of my office *myself*, and without submitting to those disagreeable interruptions I have met with from others; nor will I henceforward be led by persons of my own age, and less experience.

“In short, dear Mitchell, if I stay in, I must now have my share of the cake; and if you hear I continue, depend upon it I have succeeded in what I think just and reasonable pretensions. A volume would not explain to you the transactions of these last six weeks. We have five Administrations in one day, and none existing at night.

“The parliament will produce a motley scene next week; you are happy to be out of the scrape.”

The next campaign was one of still greater political perplexity, and of still more desperate fighting. It was signalised by the then unheard-of number of four pitched battles; but the French war has since accustomed history to more ruinous and more frequent conflicts. The first engagement was the battle of Prague, thus hastily sketched in a flying despatch to Lord Holderness:—

“May 6.

“I have the honour to acquaint your lordship that this day, a little before ten o'clock in the morning, a general engagement began between the Prussian and Austrian armies, which lasted till half an hour past two in the afternoon. The fire of the artillery and small arms was dreadful; but I can yet give no account of particulars on either side. All we know is, that the left of the Prussians, commanded by the king, attacked the right of the Austrians, and, after a very obstinate resistance, drove them from the field of battle. The Prussian hussars and cavalry are now in full pursuit of them, and the right wing of the Austrians are now retiring towards the Zsawa. The right of the Prussians attacked the left of the Austrians, have likewise defeated them, and drove them towards the Moldau. A great part of their infantry have thrown themselves into Prague.

“The place where this action happened is in the high grounds on the other side of Prague. The King of Prussia's army, after the junction with Marshal Schwerin, might be seventy or eighty thousand men; and that of the Austrians upwards of one hundred thousand—the deserters say one hundred and fifty thousand.

“I can say nothing of the loss on either side, which must be considerable. But the whole Prussian army are now in tears for the loss of Marshal Schwerin, one of the greatest officers this, or perhaps any country, has produced, and one of the best of men. The King of Prussia is well, but greatly afflicted for the loss of Marshal Schwerin.”

This victory cost a terrible sacrifice of human life. The victors had eighteen thousand men *hors-de-combat*; the vanquished had twenty-four thousand killed, wounded, and taken. The struggle was long doubtful. At one period of the day, the Prussian infantry, moving through a defile, recoiled from the showers of ball which swept the head of the defile; the Marshal rushed forward to the front, and, taking a standard from its

bearer, led back the column, and charged the enemy. In this charge the gallant old man was struck by a ball, and fell. He was seventy-two.

This battle was useless, for all its fruits were lost immediately after; but in a military sense it was justifiable, for it was fought to prevent the junction of Marshal Dann with General Browne, whose army protected Prague. Its effects in England, however, were greatly to increase the popular feeling in favour of Frederick. A letter from Lord Holderness gives a strong picture of the public excitement:—

“May 20, 1757.

“Dear Mitchell, —A fishing-boat despatched by Colonel Yorke, (Sir Joseph,) brought us, last night, the news of the great and glorious victory obtained by the King of Prussia, near Prague, on the 6th inst., which fortunate event has filled the Court and the whole nation with the highest joy, and raised the admiration we already had of his Prussian Majesty's heroism to the highest pitch. Women and children are singing his praises; the most frantic marks of joy appear in the public streets: he is, in short, become the idol of the people. It only remains that we make a proper use of those advantages, and neither suffer ourselves to be elated beyond bounds, or to lose precious moments.”

But, from the beginning, the struggle was unequal between Austria and Prussia. Nothing but a miracle could make a country then but of five millions vanquish a country of thirty; and the prodigious rapidity with which the Austrian armies were recruited after the severest losses, made perpetual battles actually necessary to keep them at bay. The Prussians had blockaded Prague. An Austrian force of forty-two thousand, or upwards, was advancing to raise the blockade; and Frederick, with his usual promptitude, rushed to meet it on its march, with thirty-two thousand. The armies met at Kaurzim, (better known as Kolin.) The battle began at noon, and was carried into night. The Prussians attacked: the Austrian positions were too strong for even the impetuosity and the perseverance of their brave assailants. The Prussians, after driving them from two heights, were ascending the third, when, from some mistake, their flank

was exposed. The Austrian cavalry, then the finest on the Continent, took instant advantage of the misfortune, charged, and threw the whole movement into confusion. The battle was lost; and though the king retained the honour of the day by resting that night on the field, the result was unequivocal, in a retrograde march next day, and the raising of the blockade of Prague.

This battle diminished his army by thirteen thousand men! The king exposed himself with almost desperation. At last his staff remonstrated with him on his gallant obstinacy, and one of his officers even exclaimed, "Does your Majesty mean to storm those batteries alone?"

Frederick was now in the deepest distress. The Austrian hussars had advanced to the gates of Berlin, and even levied a contribution on the city. The scandalous convention by which the Hanoverian army laid down its arms, let loose its French assailants; and Prussia was about to be crushed by a weight of force then unexampled in European hostilities. On this occasion the envoy speaks in the spirit of a man who saw no hope for the king, but to save himself by a negotiation in which he must concede everything, or take his chance of an honourable death in the field. But he strikingly reminds the British Cabinet of the probable consequences of disaster to Prussia.

"If the King of Prussia should be ruined, or obliged, from necessity, to throw himself into the arms of France, (which he has no inclination to do,) my duty obliges me to put your lordship in mind what the situation of England will be next year, without a single friend on the Continent to resist the whole undiverted power of France, instigated by the malice of the house of Austria, against which too early and too vigorous preparations cannot be made, and I most heartily wish they may be effectual.

"I have but one imagination which comforts me, which arises from the insatiable ambition of the French. They have already ruined a great part of Germany, and reduced the house of Brandenburg; they are at this moment masters of Germany, and have the Empress-Queen almost as much in their power as they have the King of Prussia. Now, it is not consistent with common sense to leave the house of Austria possessed of a greater

degree of power than it ever had, and without a rival in the empire. I therefore flatter myself they will find some pretence to save the King of Prussia, which may embroil them with their new ally, and give a breathing-time to England."

The British envoy, sagacious as he certainly was, here adopted the common error of conceiving that the safety of England depended on her Continental allies. The cry has been repeated in every war in which England has been subsequently engaged; and the British diplomatist at foreign courts has habitually employed his ingenuity in the elaborate effort to warn us that the national existence depended at one time on the triumph of Prussia; at another, of Austria; or, at another, of Spain. All these are follies. The whole Continent, not merely alienated from us, but combined against us, was not able to shake the strength of England, during the last and bloodiest of all wars, urged by the last and bloodiest of all ambitions. In this foolish spirit, it has been echoed from one desponding party to another, that England was saved from ruin by the march from Moscow, then by the battle of Leipzig, then by the battle of Waterloo. England would have survived, if Napoleon had grasped every province of Prussia, if Leipzig had been a field of German massacre, and if Waterloo had only exhibited the bravery without the fortune of the British army. This style of talking is trifling and pusillanimous—it exhibits an utter forgetfulness of history, and an utter ignorance of the actual capacities of the country. England, if true to herself, is unconquerable, and might look on Continental battles with no more personal consideration of the consequences than if they were battles in the clouds. Still, it will fully be admitted, that our Continental alliances ought to be scrupulously sustained; that, in the event of war with any of the Continental powers, it must be of importance to have as few enemies, and as many friends as we can; and that there can be no more short-sighted sense of the true interests of England than insult to foreign thrones, under the shallow pretext of forwarding the privileges of the people. Monarchs are the

natural allies of a monarchy—rebels are the natural enemies of all government; and the attempt to create liberty on the Continent, by encouraging the absurdities of the rabble, is only to waste the noble influence of England in the most hopeless of all projects, and to degrade the national character by the abuse of the national principles.

The proverbial uncertainty of war was now about to be vividly illustrated by a new phase of Frederick's varied career. The French army, under the Prince Soubise, had poured into the centre of Germany in great force, and Marshal Keith, a gallant Scot, distinguished in the service of Prussia, was sent to check their irruption. The result was one of the most extraordinary victories on record. Frederick had arrived at Rosbach with but eighteen thousand men; the French and Imperialists, amounting to sixty thousand, made sure of his capture. It was even said that the Prince de Soubise had already sent a courier to Paris announcing it, and the ruin of the whole army. The French officers, in the spirit of their nation, actually scoffed at the idea of war with so small a kingdom as Prussia. They said "it was doing Monsieur le Marquis de Brandenburg too much honour to carry on a sort of war with him."

On the 6th of November, Soubise advanced; the King then formed his plan of attack. It was to fall on the enemy before they had time to form. The general of cavalry, Seydlitz, was to turn the enemy's horse, and fall on their infantry in the act of formation. The two armies moved parallel to each other, until Seydlitz had turned the enemy's right unseen. The Prussian infantry were in movement after him; but seeing, with the quick eye of a thorough soldier, a favourable moment, he galloped in front of his squadrons, threw up his meerschaum in the air, as the signal for attack, and plunged into the enemy's columns. Two Austrian cuirassier regiments and two French battalions fought stoutly, but they were overwhelmed. All thenceforth was confusion. Though the king's infantry had scarcely been engaged, the enemy's infantry had been driven together in a mass, and,

on nightfall, had broken up. By six in the evening the victory was complete. Six thousand prisoners were taken, with five generals and three hundred officers. The Allied army lost, on the whole, ten thousand men; the Prussians about four hundred in killed and wounded. They took seventy guns, fifteen standards, &c.

This victory spread universal exultation through Germany. It was scarcely to be called a German defeat, for the weight of the action fell on the French. It was regarded as a trial of strength between the German and the Frenchman. The victory made the king a National champion.

Many years after the battle, the inhabitants of the vicinity erected a pillar as its memorial. In the disastrous days of Prussia in our time, Napoleon, after surveying the scene of the battle, ordered the pillar to be conveyed to Paris. But, on the day before the first entrance of the Allies into Paris, in 1814, the veterans of the Invalides threw the pillar into the Seine, that it might not be restored to the Prussians. After the victory of Leipzig, however, an iron column was placed on the site of the old memorial.

The victory gave occasion to one of Frederick's *bons-mots*. The conversation at table turned on the comparative style of living among the German princes; the king pronounced that of the Prince Hildburghausen to be the most magnificent, "for," said he, "he keeps thirty thousand runners." (The prince had commanded the German troops who were beaten along with Soubise.)

But all was vicissitude in this campaign. While the king was triumphing in one quarter, he was all but ruined in another. The Duke of Bevern, commanding in Silesia, was attacked by a force so overpowering that the province was soon in the hands of the Austrians. Their purpose was now to fall upon the king, and extinguish him. Frederick, in this knowledge, made an appeal to the loyalty of his generals; and, declaring that he had no alternative but victory or death, offered to give his dismissal to any officer who was unwilling to follow him farther. The whole levée burst into protestations of fidelity; and the

king marched to fight the Austrians at Leuthen, under the command of Prince Charles of Lorraine, assisted by the most distinguished of their generals, Marshal Daun. But this was the battle of despair. In the king's last speech to his officers, he said—"Should I fall, and not be able to remunerate the services which you have rendered me, the country must do it. Now, go to the camp, and repeat to the regiments what I have said to you."

On the morning of the 5th, at day-break, the Prussians moved. On their march they fell in with cavalry pushed forward under the well-known General Wostitz. The Austrians were instantly overwhelmed, and Wostitz, furious at his misfortune, rushing into the midst of the Prussian cavalry, received fourteen wounds, of which he died two days after.

Among the prisoners was a deserter, a Frenchman. The king questioned him, "Why did you leave me?" "The fact is," answered the deserter, "things were going on very badly with us." "Come, come," replied Frederick, probably amused by the fellow's nonchalance in a moment of such peril to himself, "let us fight another battle to-day. If I am beaten, we shall desert together to-morrow." He then sent him back to join his old regiment.

The king's manoeuvre, on his advance, was so dexterous that, even to the experienced eye of Daun, he appeared to be in retreat. "The Prussians are off," said he to Prince Charles; "let us not disturb them." The cautious marshal always practised the maxim of "a bridge of gold for a retreating enemy." But the hasty Prince resolved on a battle. He was speedily to feel the hazard of such an antagonist as Frederick. The manoeuvre was intended to throw the whole force of the Prussians on the Austrian left wing. It succeeded perfectly. The wing was turned, and, after a brief resistance, was driven from the field. The village of Leuthen, the centre of their position, was then stormed; but the Austrian artillery was powerful, and every attack cost great slaughter. The battle was now for a while doubtful—but it was at last decided by a

charge of cavalry. The Austrian general, Luchesi, had attempted to fall with his troopers on the Prussian flank; but, in the act, he was unexpectedly charged by the main body of the Prussian cavalry. Luchesi fell, his cavalry were broken, and the battle was at an end. The rest was the capture of the separate posts of the Austrians, and the pursuit of the right wing, which, though not engaged, had disbanded. This success was unexampled. The Prussians took twenty thousand prisoners, one hundred and sixteen guns, fifty-one pair of colours, and four thousand baggage waggons. The Austrians left seven thousand four hundred men on the field. The victors lost, in killed and wounded, six thousand men. This victory produced a prodigious effect on the public opinion of Europe. To have won two pitched battles, with inferior numbers, and in the midst of political difficulties, with all his conquests torn from him, and his capital insulted and laid under contribution, appeared like the work of romance. The king was, from that moment, the first of European generals. He was the invincible Frederick the Great in German lips; the Protestant hero, by a still more honourable title, in England. Germany then first felt that she had poets, and a theme for poetry. Bards sprang up on every side, and the Prussian king's exploits were sung in palace, cottage, and bivouac. The war-songs of Glein exhibited the true fire of poetry, and form stirring and noble records of the time to this day.

Mitchell's correspondence, on this important occasion, was exulting. On the 9th December, he writes—

"My Lord,—This moment a chasseur has arrived from Silesia, with the news of a complete victory obtained by his Prussian Majesty on the 5th, between Neumarkt and Lissa. The chasseur was present in, and despatched from the field of battle. . . . In a letter from the king to his brother, Prince Henry, he says he had taken eight thousand prisoners, many standards, colours, and cannon that he had attacked with his right, *et qu'il avait refusé la gauche*," which had succeeded perfectly well, *parce qu'il avait tourné l'ennemi*."

The envoy, in his subsequent let-

ters, collects intelligence from all quarters, and sends it in fragments.

"We have yet no relation of the *victory of victories*, but there are letters from the King of Prussia which say that he expected soon to be master of Breslau, and of the garrison and wounded in that town, amounting to ten thousand men. He computes the loss of the Austrians at thirty thousand. What I write is almost incredible; but two miracles, in the space of one month, two victories gained by the same handful of men—for the Prussian army; in the first action of the 5th of November, did not exceed eighteen thousand, and in the last might be from thirty to thirty-five thousand—have, I hope, restored affairs to a situation I never expected to see them in."

The merit of this diligence may be estimated from the difficulty of correspondence in those days of convulsion. In his first despatch on this subject, so important to the English cabinet, he says,—

"In case this letter should be stopped, I have prevailed with a Jew to write to his correspondent at the Hague a letter in *Hebreu*, which contains further particulars, &c., which he is directed forthwith to communicate to Colonel Yorke, (the British Resident with the States of Holland.)"

We then have a curious specimen of the spirit of diplomacy.

"TO THE EARL OF HOLDERNESSE.

"December 1757.

"My Lord,—I have had some suspicion that Prince Henry is paving the way to a negotiation with France, without the knowledge of the king his brother.

"The prince is very vain, and hates his brother, of whose greatness he is jealous; at the same time, he has talents, but more cunning than real parts, and is French to the bone.

"I live well with him, but have carefully watched him. He owed to me the other day that he had taken upon himself to release Monsieur Martinfort, *commissaire des vivres* to Soubise's army, taken at the battle of the 5th of November. The pretence for releasing him is, that Martinfort has no rank in the army, and therefore cannot be exchanged; and that he will prevail on the Prince of Soubise to release, in his room, a Prussian counsellor, who was carried off as a hostage by the French.

"I know the prince's way of thinking—ambition is his only principle. He

imagined—looking on the state of the King of Prussia's affairs as desperate—that he should have the glory of making peace. For this purpose, he first began to show an enormous partiality to the French officers, and to hold frequent and long conferences with Martinfort, who is a shrewd, sensible man; and I am convinced that the prince flatters himself that he shall bring about something by his means. I judge it necessary to give your lordship these hints, that Martinfort may be properly watched in Paris."

Napoleon, in his memoirs of the campaigns of the great European generals, gave a high place to the battle of Leuthen, pronounced it a masterpiece, and declared it of itself sufficient to fix Frederick in the foremost rank of generalship.

During this memorable year, the envoy frequently attended the headquarters, and shared not merely the privations but the dangers of the campaign. Of this period he kept a diary, containing the more remarkable particulars, and giving a curious picture of the harassing life, even of the highest rank, once engaged in war. But of this service there was soon to be an interruption. The Hanoverian Convention had soured the King of Prussia's mind against the English cabinet: the failure of the expedition against Rochfort—a failure, however, which arose simply from a precipitate embarkation, (for the English troops had, until that moment, driven everything before them)—and the delay of sending a fleet to the Baltic, were topics of irritation at the Prussian court, which, of course, were first visited on the head of the envoy, and which, in turn, he visited (with whatever reserve) on the head of the British cabinet. But Chatham had then succeeded to the direction of affairs, and he was not a man to take remonstrance patiently. The immediate result was the mission of Yorke to Berlin, and the recall of Mitchell. But another change in the public councils made Yorke's mission only temporary, and Mitchell was ordered to remain "until further orders."

The brilliant successes of Rosbach and Leuthen had raised the King's military name to the highest rank, but they only increased the number of his enemies. The Russians, fresh

in the field, admirably equipped for the campaign, and longing to gather German laurels, had poured down upon his army, exhausted as it was by incessant fighting, and almost hopeless of seeing an end to the war, but still proud of their reputation, and confident in their King. A letter from the envoy to Lord Holderness gives an animated though brief account of their first collision.

"FIELD OF BATTLE, ZORNDORF,
26th August 1758.

"My Lord, I have the satisfaction to acquaint your Lordship, that yesterday, after an action which lasted *ten hours*, the King of Prussia has gained a victory over the Russian army, taken many pieces of cannon, and many colours and standards.

"The army marched in four columns. The whole cavalry made the fourth column. They arrived in a large open plain, edged with woods, about eight o'clock in the morning, and formed very quickly, as they had marched in order of battle. At nine in the morning, the whole army was formed. The vanguard began the action before the village of Zorndorf, which had been set on fire by the enemy; and as soon as the King of Prussia thought that he had gained their flank, he ordered the attack to be made by his left wing, while he refused his right. The cavalry, commanded by General Seidlitz, formed a fourth line, which, after the infantry should have broken in upon that of the enemy, were to act on either flank, as occasion should offer.

"The fire of the artillery was terrible on both sides, and continued almost without interruption till the end of the battle. What added to the horror of the spectacle was, that the Cossack and Calmucks had set fire to the villages all round, and a great number of Russian powder-waggons blew up in the woods which surrounded the field."

This was a tremendous conflict, and the particulars of the loss on both sides made it amount to nearly 24,000, killed and wounded, of which the Prussian loss was about 4000. The Russians lost ninety pieces of cannon, standards, and several military chests, containing 858,000 roubles. The subsequent despatches give us some idea of the feelings of men in the field, even though not actually combatants. In one of these the envoy says,—

"I have had many unpleasant moments of late—we were upon the very brink of

destruction. The Russians fought like devils. The King of Prussia's presence of mind saved us all. There are many particulars which I would willingly write, but I am almost dead with fatigue. *Would to God I were out of this scene of horror and bloodshed.*"

All now was anxiety.

"Last night the King of Prussia called me to him, between seven and eight o'clock, just after the battle ended, and told me that he had not time to write to the King (George II.) that night. He desired I should delay despatching a courier to England till the affair was ended; that, in the mean time, he would write a short letter to Berlin to keep up their spirits."

Such is the life of kings and generals.

"As the Russians continue firm in their position, I fear we shall have *another action to-morrow*, for which we are by no means well prepared."

It is remarkable, in nearly all the great Prussian victories, how much the King owed to his cavalry. The battles of Rosbach and Leuthen were actually won by cavalry charges, and the value of cavalry seems to have been fully appreciated by Frederick. It is equally remarkable, that they scarcely appear to have been used since, except to repulse a charge, or to follow a broken enemy. There is a fashion in those things. Napoleon relied on artillery. Wellington relied on infantry. The Russian and German generals, in the French war, relied upon redoubts and fieldworks—a tactic perhaps partly imposed on them by the nature of their troops, which were new to discipline, and, though brave, were unprepared for manœuvring. But novelty has great effect in war, and the first general who will try the momentum of cavalry on a large scale will probably beat his enemy. The common objection, that cavalry costs too much to bring it into the field in force, is absurd: nothing can be too costly which wins the battle.

The envoy now went to Dresden, where the Austrian generals had collected a force, and commenced the siege. Here he was the spectator of some severe attacks, and had his share in the wretchedness of war. On the Austrian demonstration, the general commanding in the city ordered the

suburbs to be set on fire, to deprive the enemy of their cover for the assault.

"On the 10th, about three in the morning, General Schmettau set fire to the suburb adjoining the Pirna Gate, and to many of the houses built on the edge of the fosse; apprehensive that they might be occupied by the enemy. I will not describe to your Lordship the *horror of this night*, nor the terror and confusion it struck into the poor inhabitants, as the whole town seemed to be environed with flames. I mounted into one of the steeples, from which I saw the most melancholy prospect—the poor frightened inhabitants running from the burning suburbs, with the wretched remains of their furniture, towards the Great Garden, and the whole circuit of the town appearing in flames, ruins, and smoke."

Marshal Daun next day remonstrated against this act, as contrary to the laws of war. The Prussian general replied "that the Marshal knew better, and that he must do his duty; but that if the Marshal wished to save the rest of the suburbs, he had only to withdraw his troops." Daun replied "that he would receive no directions *how* he was to attack." The military repartees passed away, but the people were ruined.

The name of Dresden was familiarised to English ears in the last war by the battles fought round it, and the sufferings of its inhabitants. It is difficult to think of those calamities, and of the calamities to which every Continental city is exposed in the first breaking out of hostilities, without a sense of the superior security of our country, and, it is to be hoped, without a sense of the gratitude due for that security to the Supreme Disposer of the fates of nations. Of war England knows little but by her victories.

The close of the Seven Years' War, in 1763, released the envoy from the more arduous part of his service; and in 1765 he returned to England, and was made a Knight of the Bath, then an honour much more restricted than now—the number being few, and the reward unshared, but by public ministers and military men of the first distinction. His health at this period had been declining, and, retaining his envoyship to the last, and with the same vigour of faculties, he died by a short illness in June 1771. Sir Andrew Mitchell was evidently a man of high

spirit, clear understanding, and active intelligence. His Journals are brief, yet interesting; and if, instead of writing a Diary, he had given us a History, no man would have rendered a more important account of one of the most important periods of Europe.

The remaining career of Frederick we pass, as a portion of universal history. His battles, his share in the fatal partition of Poland, the vigorous administration which raised Prussia from a third-rate state to a first, and from a population of five millions to one of three times the number, are matters of high interest to the political philosopher. In the character of Frederick II., there was much that no man of religious principle can applaud; but the habits of France had been rendered infidel by the effects of Popery on a lively and ingenious people. The religion which Voltaire and his followers saw from day to day was *not* Christianity—the miracles of supposed saints, and the worship of a supposed Queen of Heaven, which revolted the common sense of mankind, extinguished the implicit faith of these keen-witted Frenchmen. The infidel was only a scoffer at a graver infidelity. The wit of the Frenchman made his scoff popular; and the German, destined to be always an imitator, was proud to follow the laugh, without attempting to examine the logic, of Voltaire.

The later history of Prussia has grown in importance with the growing pressure of our time. Prussia is no longer a struggling state; she is a great European power. No longer a dependent on the policy of Europe, she constitutes a prime mover of that policy. The French have trampled her under foot, apparently only to give her the great lesson that the strength of a nation is in the national virtue. The cause, which was lost by the army, was restored by the population. There was no army in Europe which fell into such instant ruin; there was no population of Europe which started on its feet with such invincible vigour. No defeat was so desperate, no victory so memorable. The peasant restored the monarchy.

Prussia has since been scourged in the common insurgency of the Continent; yet even that suffering will be

of infinite value, if it shall remind her that the safety of thrones is in the religion of the people. The connexion is evident. Revolution is the natural tempter of man; it offers opulence to the poor, rank to the vain, agitation to the active, and power to the ambitious. To resist these original stimulants of our nature, what is there in the arm of kings, in the frowns of law, or in the morals of philosophy? There must be a protector, not to be found among the dubious impulses or infirm decencies of this world. That only protector is Religion!

Germany is irreligious. Its Protestant population is infidel, its Popish is sunk in the depths of superstition. In neither is it *Christian*. Individuals may still *protest*, in the once famous laud of Protestantism; but the volumes with which Germany is now inundating the world are hostile to every principle of the Gospel. Germany must return to the Bible before her monarchs can sit safely in their palaces. The offer of Constitutions to their people is only the offer of wine to the intoxicated. It is the abuse of a noble gift, and the conversion of a source of natural vigour into the nutriment of a habitual vice. Prussia has now a great vocation. Whatever share of rational liberty exists in Germany is to be sought for at her hands. She possesses the most enlightened intellect, the most vigorous learning, and the most inquiring spirit of Germany. Every man who wishes well to the progress of the Continent must give his aspirations to the progress of Prussia. But her superior advantages will only insure the keener suffering, unless guided by superior virtue.

Her late interference in the war of the Northern Duchies was suspicious; and the passion for naval power, and the hope of acquiring the protectorate of Northern and Central Germany, may have betrayed her into encroachments on her neighbours. But these dreams seem to be past; and it must depead wholly on herself whether she shall disappoint a noble experiment, or shall establish an imperishable name; whether her emblem shall be the scaffold or the altar; whether she shall be the great magazine of political combustion, or the great armoury of political defence to Europe; whether the shade of the royal tree shall shelter the fugitive principles of rational freedom, or direct the lightnings upon them. There can be no question that we live in times of vast political peril: the pealing of the tempest has scarcely sunk behind our march, when clouds gather on it before. New expedients are required to revive the preservative power of old principles. Religion is on its trial among ourselves; but *here* it will not meet its catastrophe. The Continent will be the scene of the great conflict; and Prussia, more probably than any other portion of the Continent, will witness the severity of the struggle. It may be decided even within the lapse of a few years, and by the exercise of her own wisdom; whether her throne shall stand forth the barren centre of German revolution, or a magnificent creation of power—a central temple to which the nations of the Continent shall come for the sacred fire, appointed to administer virtue to the living generation, and illustrate posterity.

HOURS IN SPAIN.

THE neglect of Spanish literature is perhaps, after the decay of Spanish power, the most striking instance of the precarious tenure of greatness that modern history can supply. Various causes have contributed to this result; none more powerfully perhaps than that ecclesiastical domination which included all that could embellish and exalt our nature in the sphere of its malignant activity, and after poisoning the sources of material prosperity—after making the river, the forest, and the mine useless to their possessors—after turning the land of corn, and wine, and oil into a wilderness—extended its destructive conquest to the informing soul of its inhabitants, and to the ruin of commerce added the extermination of thought itself.

There were many causes which contributed to the triumph of this influence in Spain. The long war against the Moors, carried on with such unequalled pertinacity, and terminated by such complete success, could hardly fail to prolong and exasperate the feelings of religious antipathy, and to make the bigotry, which so many generations had identified with patriotic feeling, precious and venerable to their descendants. And as in France it must for many centuries have been the great object of every true patriot to fortify and to consolidate, at the sacrifice even of constitutional principle, the central power which alone could protect her from invasion, and prevent her from being reduced to the state of wretched insignificance to which a minute subdivision of power into petty principalities had degraded Germany,—so in Spain, national pride mingled itself with religious principle; the hostility of race combined with the hatred of sect; and if the latter made the former furious, the former made the last implacable. The Saxon submitted to the Norman. But the Spaniard, under circumstances far less favourable to resistance, never for one moment abandoned his hostility to the Moor. Again, when Louis the Fourteenth had been compelled by adverse fortune to surrender the cause of his own grandson, the Spanish

peasant, without resources, without commerce, without fleets, without armies, adhered with inflexible fidelity to the cause he had once embraced, and in spite of Blenheim and Ramilies and Oudenarde—in spite of Marlborough, Eugene, and Peterborough—kept the sovereign of his affections on the throne;—and finally, when the rest of Continental Europe quailed before the first of conquerors, the spirit which had triumphed at Almanza and Granada showed itself once more to be invincible, and taught mankind the memorable lesson that “all was not lost” where hatred was immortal, and the determination of resistance not to be overcome. Such a nation must leave an imperishable mark in history. As, however, these elements of pride and bigotry acquired an ascendancy in the Spanish character, it gradually sank into a sullen apathy of unsocial indolence, which its declining influence and repeated mortifications tended materially to confirm. Shut up behind the barrier of the Pyrenees—living only in the past, consoling itself by the recollections of former grandeur for the consciousness of actual insignificance and decay; the slave of priests, the victim of kings—it clung to habits unknown in the rest of Europe, and to feelings with which all sympathy had long since passed away. The language, which in the sixteenth century had been spoken in every court of Europe, was unknown—the writers, whom the giant intellects that surrounded the throne of our Elizabeth had studied with so much care, were forgotten. In spite of her noble colonies, in spite of her glorious dialect, in spite of writers more nearly approaching the great models of antiquity in the exquisite perfection of style than those of any modern country, in spite of a drama the wealth of which was inexhaustible Spain ceased to have any influence on the progress of human thought and action. Her vast empire was a corpse from which life had fled. So complete was the ignorance of Spanish literature, that Montesquieu said

of the Spaniards, without incurring the charge of having sacrificed truth to epigram, "Le seul de leurs livres qui soit bon est celui qui a fait voir le ridicule de tous les autres:" a singular proof of literary ingratitude in the countryman of Molière, Corneille, and Le Sage—and a still more remarkable proof of the fluctuation of national studies in a country where, scarce a century before, ignorance of Spanish would have been looked upon as a proof of the most barbarous rusticity.

In France, says Cervantes, there is no one man or woman who does not learn Spanish. "En Francia, ni varon ni muger dexa de aprender la lengua Castellana."

To the effect of this very circumstance the growing indifference to Spanish literature may, in some measure, be ascribed. During the palmy state of Spanish greatness, the Spaniard, finding his language, as the French is now, the received organ of social intercourse throughout Europe, seldom vouchsafed to study modern languages. Nor, indeed, were such studies congenial to the taste and temper of that fastidious and haughty nation. In earlier days, poetical traditions and popular ballads had wandered across the Pyrenees. The songs of the Troubadours, and the effusions in the tongue of Oc, had, by means of the kindred dialect of Catalonia, exercised great influence over Castilian poetry. But, towards the end of the fifteenth century, the connection between French and Spanish literature was altogether interrupted: as the language of Catalonia sank to the level of a mere provincial dialect, the channel of communication was blocked up. The family relations between the different members of the houses of Hapsburg and Bourbon could not fill up the chasm which nature had placed between the inhabitants of different sides of the Pyrenees, and which centuries of almost incessant warfare had contributed to widen; and as the provinces of Berno and Languedoc became scandalous as the seats of heresy, everything that came from France was looked upon with aversion and distrust. Still stronger and more insurmountable were the barriers

against English literature. He who will read the *Dragontea* of Lope de Vega, the most amiable of authors, and the ode of Gongora, *Al armamento de Felipe segundo contra Inglaterra*, may form some idea of the scorn and hatred with which the Spaniard, proud of his race, proud of his victories, proud of his language, and, above all, tenacious to madness of the unsullied purity of his faith, looked upon the piratical English, twice apostates from the Holy See, who spoke a barbarous dialect, unknown to the nations of the South, clogged with consonants and monosyllables, incapable of sonorous cadences, and in every respect the opposite of his own. Even at the present day, it is remarkable that Southey—with all his faults, the best writer of English prose that our age has produced—was deeply versed in Spanish literature; and in spite of our acquisitions in physical science, a native of the South, to whom his own beautiful dialect is familiar, might be forgiven when he reads the clumsy prose and prosaic verse of the present day, if he reflect with delight on the Ciceronian eloquence of Cervantes, and the finished periods of Saavedra Faxardo. A Spanish artisan would be ashamed to write like our learned men, or to speak like many members of the House of Commons—so true and so universal is the doctrine of compensation. In the year 1754, Velasquez assures us that there was in Spain no single translation of an English author. But the aversion was not reciprocal. In the days of our great Elizabeth, when the English intellect was at a height from which it has ever since been travelling downwards, Spanish novels and romances were diligently studied, and perpetually translated. There is strong evidence to show that the great dramatists of that day were not ignorant of the Spanish stage.

A translation, or rather an abridgment, of the *Celestina*, was printed in London in 1530, and in 1580 the story was acted in a London theatre.

But as all our readers may not have heard—and many of them probably have not read a line of the *Celestina*—we will, before we proceed farther, explain the nature of this most remarkable—and if the age

when it was written be considered—this quite unequalled production.

The *Celestina*, or *Tragi-comedia di Calisto y Melibea*, is the title of a book which appeared at Salamanca in the year 1500. It is named from the principal person, a procuress, who is the instrument by which all the events that it describes are brought about. It is the work of two authors. The name of the first, who wrote the first act only, cannot certainly be determined. Some ascribe it to Juan de Mena, and some to Rodrigo Cota. The language seems to prove that the date of the first act cannot be much earlier than the end of the fifteenth century, or than that of the twenty acts added to it by the Bachelor, Fernando de Rozas, by whom the whole was published. The work was received with universal, but, if its merit be considered, not with excessive approbation. This is testified by the numerous editions which succeeded each other with great rapidity, not only throughout Spain, but in Venice, Milan, and Antwerp; and translations of it were eagerly studied in France, England, Italy, and Germany. The great length of the *Celestina* proves that it never could have been intended for the stage; but its influence on the dramatic literature of Spain has been, nevertheless, considerable. For the language of the dialogue is so exquisitely beautiful—the representations it contains are so vivid—and the pathos of several passages so touching.—above all, the characters are drawn with so much spirit and truth of colouring, that it became the favourite model of the great Spanish dramatists of the sixteenth century.

To enter into a detailed account of this beautiful composition would be mere pedantry. It might, perhaps, be agreeable to an age which receives with exultation and delight prose translations of the most beautiful poetry, and places equestrian statues over archways; but it must fill every one to whom the rudiments of taste are not absolutely unknown—every one for whom eloquence and poetry are not merely a dead letter—with unspeakable disgust. It would bear

the same resemblance to the original that a corpse does to the body animated by an informing spirit. The plot is extremely simple. Calisto, a youth of high birth, cherishes the most passionate love for the beautiful Melibea. In order to gratify his passion, he has recourse to Celestina, and by her arts and love-potions, and intrigues, he at length accomplishes his object. They meet at her house; and while

“Imparadised in one another's arms,”

the servants of Calisto quarrel, a conflict ensues, in which Celestina loses her life. The law interferes, seizes upon the malefactors, and condemns them to the gallows. The friends of the servants agree to revenge their death. They beset the house, in which Calisto and his beloved have met again. Calisto, who wishes to encounter them, is slain. Melibea, distracted with remorse and sorrow, and resolved not to survive her lover, ascends a lofty tower, and, after informing her parents of her errors, and of the death of him who shared them, precipitates herself from its summit. Such is the outline of this primitive effort of dramatic art, the eloquence of which is as various and astonishing as the plot is simple and inadequate. There are passages in it which may remind the reader of *Clarissa Harlowe*; and it is very possible that it may have suggested hints to Richardson. Bouterwek's remarks upon the *Celestina* are trivial and insignificant.

“I may boldly say it, because I have seen it,” says Stephen Gosson, in 1581, writing under the influence of those puritanical feelings which were soon to play so conspicuous a part in our dramatic history, “that the *Palace of Pleasure*, the *Golden Ass*, the *Aethiopian History*, *Amadis of France*, and the *Round Table*, indecent histories in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, have been thoroughly ransacked to furnish the playhouses in London.” Robert Green, the author of *Friar Bacon*, one of the most eminent of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors, tells us that he had travelled in Spain. There are several expressions in Shakespeare which indicate an ac-

quaintance with Spanish literature—among others, the remarkable phrase, “this is mischief malikin,” which is evidently a corruption of “mucho malhecho.” The origin of the *Taming of the Shrew* is Spanish. The alternate rhymes of *Love’s Labour Lost* prove, beyond a doubt, a Spanish model. The advice from Polonius to his son is said to be a literal translation from a Spanish dramatist. The resemblance between *Twelfth Night* and an anonymous comedy, *La Española in Florencia*, is too striking to be merely accidental. It is, indeed, most improbable that Shakspeare, who was acquainted with French, and has inserted in his works—in the *Tempest* for instance—several paraphrases of Montaigne, should have been ignorant of Spanish, which was not only a more popular language, but one which contained far more to reward and stimulate the labour of the student. And here we may observe, that the prodigy of the Spanish stage, Lope de Vega—the “monster of nature,” as Cervantes calls him, and certainly the most surprising instance of the combination of facility and genius which the modern world has seen—was born on the 25th November 1562, at Madrid, two years before Shakspeare. If we pursue our examination of the influence of Spanish literature on the English drama, we shall find a close resemblance between Fletcher’s beautiful play of the *Elder Brother*—which was mutilated to please our barbarous grandfathers by Cibber,—and Calderon’s *Two Effects from one Cause*, (*De una Causa dos Efectos*;) the *Maid of the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, and Lope’s *Quinta de Florencia*: Webster’s *Duchess of Malfi*, and Lope de Vega’s *Mayor Domo de la Duquesa de Amalfi*. So the *Señora Cornelia*, a novel of Cervantes’, is the foundation of the brilliant play of the *Chances*. The third scene of the third act of the *Little French Lawyer*, is taken from the fourth chapter of the second part of the first book of Aleman’s *Guzman d’Alfarache*. The *Knight of the Burning Perle*, shows that *Don Quixote* was commonly read in England. The *Spanish Gipsy* of Middleton and Rowley, and *Beggars’ Bush* of Fletcher, are taken

from the *Fuerza de la Sangre*, and *Gitanilla* of Cervantes; and the plan of *Love’s Pilgrimage* is borrowed from the *Dos Doncellas* of the same author. The *Spanish Curate* is taken from the *Gerardo* of Gonzalo de Cerpedes; and *The History of Alphonso, or a Wife for a Month*, is that related by many Spanish writers of Sancho, the eighth King of Leon. To this list may be added a remarkable passage in Milton’s *Arctopagitica*, in which he alludes to Spanish poetry as we should allude to Manzoni and Lamartine. “The villages also must have their visitors, to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads even to the gamut of every municipal fiddler; for these are the countryman’s Arcadias and his Monte Mayors.” In 1663 was printed, *The Adventures of Five Hours*, from the Spanish comedy, *Los Enpeños de Seis Horas*. Lord Digby’s *’Tis better than it was* is taken from Calderon’s *Mejor está que estaba*. His *Worse and Worse from Peor está que estaba*. His *Elvira, or the Worst not always True*, from Calderon’s *No siempre lo Peores Cierto*. There can be little doubt, as a careful and elaborate writer, Shack, remarks in his instructive work on the Spanish stage, that a more accurate inquiry than has yet been instituted into the English drama, would lead to the conclusion, that many of the works of Lope de Vega were familiar to the great writers of Elizabeth’s time; not, indeed, that it is contended, or that with any shadow of plausibility it can be maintained, that the Spanish is the origin of the English drama, or, indeed, that it ever exercised a decided influence on the English stage. The rapid intrigue, the brilliant accumulation of incidents, which the peasant of the South follows with delight and ease in scenic representation, would confound and bewilder the most educated classes of which a Northern audience is composed. Let an English or German reader try the experiment of reading one of Calderon’s most agreeable plays, *Tambien, hay duelo en las Damas*, which may be freely translated, “There may be Trust in Women,” and see whether, even in the quiet of his study, his brain does not grow dizzy with

the complicated intrigue that it describes.

The truth is, that both in Spain and England, the drama, at the period of its greatest splendour, was drawn from the junmost sources of the national character and genius. It spoke the language of the different races amid which it appeared, and the peculiarities of each were wrought into the stamina of its existence. Before that time, and while it was seeking the track which it was to illuminate with such a flood of glory, before the days of Shakspeare and Lope de Vega, its effects had been feeble and unsuccessful. *Ferrex and Porrex*, *Ralph Royster*, *Doyster*, *Damon and Pythius*, bear, like the contemporary works of Spanish and Italian authors, traces of the attempt to substitute, as in the *Sophonisba* of Trissino, a cold, stiff, and affected imitation of ancient models for the appeal to those passions, and the image of those manners, with which man has an unchangeable and an everlasting sympathy. In the rude comedies of that day, as in the Spanish farces in the middle of the sixteenth century, coarse buffoonery and the realities of vulgar detail predominate. After this phasis, there may be still observed, in the dramatists of the day, a want of power to manage the materials which they had just begun to discover and appreciate. In the plays of Green, as well as of Juan de la Cueva, the sudden and inartificial incidents, the actions without a motive, and the want of a regularly constructed plot, betray the authors' want of experience and self-command. Marlow and Christoval de Vives resemble each other in their love of what is horrible and extravagant, and their use of a turgid and inflated diction. Neither in Peele, Kyd, or Lily, in our country, nor in Argueda, Artieda, or Cervantes, (considered exclusively as a dramatist,) in the other, is any fixed, systematic, matured, independent, national drama distinctly to be traced. They were, however, the harbingers, in their respective lands, of the meridian light which was fast travelling to its maturity of splendour, and rejoicing as a giant to run its course. A lustre then was shed over the Western skies, which more than rivalled the earlier glories of the East. How did this

come to pass? to what are we to ascribe the surprising resemblance of dramatic literature, in so many essential points, of Spain and England? this simultaneous outbreak of genius, this selection of the same path, and this arrival at the same goal—a goal which the utmost exertions of other modern nations have never enabled them to come within sight of, much less to reach? What is the seed of the noble and stately plant that shot up at once in such prodigality of magnificence? Shall we content ourselves with the cant of a romantic school, which, after it had wearied the Continent, has, of course, been put forward as a great discovery by our wretched sciolists, in explanation of this curious epoch in the history of the human mind? Or shall we look to the national feelings, sympathies, tastes, and legends, which the masters of the Greek, as well of the Spanish and of the English drama, unveiled in their immortal creations to the very depths? This is the true reason why these nations alone possess a drama of their own—this is the reason which accounts for the triumph of ancient as well as modern art—not an ambiguous and obscure phrase, but a principle which must insure the originality of the drama, so long as man is man.

If we pursue the comparison between the drama of Spain and England, we shall find the period of its golden age far more circumscribed in the latter than in the former. In the latter, it cannot be said to reach beyond the time of Charles the First; and from the time of Shakspeare its decline is visible. But in Spain, from the end of the sixteenth to the beginning of the eighteenth century, during a period when poetry was almost forgotten throughout the rest of Europe, the stream of the Spanish drama held on its majestic course, supplied from an ever-gushing fountain, and reflecting from its radiant surface all the varieties of human life. If Shakspeare has reached the very summit of all poetry, and a height to which no Spanish dramatist has ascended, the interval which divides him from every other of his countrymen is enormous. But the drama in Spain is not bound up with a single name, or with individual

genius; it can exhibit a galaxy of light, and many constellations contribute to its lustre.

The starry host, of which Lope de Vega and Calderon de la Barca are the Lucifers, far surpasses in numbers and splendour that which any other country can exhibit; nor would the dull, brutal, stupid, hard-hearted, and obscene ribaldry which (Congreve excepted) is the prevailing characteristic of the popular writers of Charles the Second's time, and especially of Wycherley, have been endured by the Spanish peasant for a moment.

Christoval Saavedy de Figueroa, who lived towards the end of the sixteenth and about the beginning of the seventeenth century, was of all enemies to the theatre of his day the most bitter and the most implacable. The influence of the priesthood had been early turned against the drama, especially on the grounds which had induced the Catholic Church of all ages to oppose itself to the drama, but in reality because the secular plays had superseded the rude and gross religious representations from which they sprang in Spain, as well as in France and England, and which had long been a principal means by which the priests had preserved their influence over the vulgar. Figueroa's animadversions are to be found in two works, one, the *Playa universal de todas las Ciencias*, published at Madrid, 1615; the other, *Advertencias utilissimas a la Vida humana*, Madrid, 1617. The writer complains that the nourishment which the writers of plays furnish for the diseased appetites of the vulgar is poisonous; and that, far from intermixing with their levity any moral or instructive sentences, the sole object of the writers is to provoke the laughter of the audience. Hence men, who are scarcely able to read, venture to write comedies, as is proved by the *Tailor of Toledo*, the *Weaver of Seville*, and other instances of success equally disgraceful. "Hence it happens that scandalous comedies, full of obscene language and trivial conceptions, are represented on the stage, in which all respect for sovereigns is trampled under foot, together with the rules of reason and morality. In these pieces the valet speaks without shame, the maid with-

out modesty, and the old man without discretion."

In the *Pasagero*, which is a dialogue, the principal person says that "if Plautus and Terence were now living they would be driven from the stage, as a certain person, (Lope de Vega,) who considers himself beyond all rule, has invented a particular kind of farce, as lucrative as it is monstrous." But the exhortations of Figueroa were in vain. The passion for writing plays, far from diminishing, increased with tenfold fury, in spite of the Church and the critic, and even Philip the Second's edict. Nor can it be denied that, amid the prodigious and almost incredible mass of plays which increased with every year, some were of a very moderate description. But the very worst were above the level of the great majority of plays in other countries, and especially in our own. It would be difficult to find a single play in the time of Lope de Vega or of Calderon, in which some redeeming quality, happy incidents, or fiery invective, or beautiful language did not appear. Some of these writers, however, acquired an imperishable reputation. Of these, Gabriel Tellez, who wrote under the name of Tirso de Molina, was the most illustrious.

It may be quoted, as a proof of the profound disregard for Spanish literature in Europe, that Bonterwek never mentions this extraordinary dramatist; and that Schlegel, who affected such profound knowledge of the Spanish drama, and whose remarks on Euripides and Molière are so thoroughly unjust and absurd, has been to all real purpose equally silent concerning him; though no man, not even Lope de Vega, or Calderon himself, whom Schlegel praises (not because he was a great poet, but because he was a bigoted Roman Catholic,) bears a stronger impress of true Castilian genius, or is more identified with the drama of his country. Gabriel Tellez was considerably younger than Lope de Vega: he was born about 1570. Little is known of his life till he became a monk at Madrid. He became a doctor of theology, and died in 1648, prior of the monastery at Soria. His comedies are second only, in point of number, to those of

Lope de Vega—a circumstance which makes Schlegel's absolute omission of all but his very name, and perhaps of that, the more unpardonable; and he was, besides, the author of many other works—among others, of a defence of the national drama of Spain against the champions of the unities. This was written twelve years before *The Cid* of Corneille, and therefore anticipated a controversy to which we invariably assign a more recent, as well as a Gallic origin. The following are extracts from this admirable vindication.

"The delightful interest excited by the drama, the skill of the actors, and the succession of various incidents, make the time appear so short, that no man, though the representation had lasted three hours, would find ought to censure but its brevity. This at least was the judgment of the unprejudiced—I mean of those who attend a dramatic representation, not so much to find fault as to procure for themselves a poetical gratification. The drones who do not themselves know how to labour, but how to rob the industrious bees, could not indeed renounce their nature, and plunged their stings, with a malignant hum, into the honeyed treasures of genius. One says the piece is intolerably too long; another says it is unseemly; a pedantic historian said the poet should be chastised, because he has, against the truth of Portuguese history, made the Duke Pedro of Coimbra a shepherd—though he was in fact slain in battle against his cousin, King Alonzo, and left no posterity. It is an affront to the house of Aveiro, and its great duke, that the daughters of the last should be described as reckless damsels, who, in defiance of all the laws of decency, turn their garden into a scene of their licentiousness—as if the liberties of Apollo were tethered to historical accuracy, and might not raise the fabric of poetry on true historical foundations. In the mean time there were not wanting defenders of the absent poet, who maintained his honour, and struck to earth the argument of the envious censors; although besotted minds, who are in love with their own opinion, and display their acuteness rather in the censure of others' works than in any productions

of their own, never will allow that they are overcome. . . . Among many absurdities," says the critic to be refuted, "it has most shocked me to observe the impudence with which the poet has transgressed the limits assigned to their art by the inventors of the drama; for though the action required by them is one which is complete in twenty-four hours at the most, he has crowded months into his play, crammed with love adventures; and even that time is not long enough for ladies of rank and education to fall blindly in love with a shepherd, to make him their secretary, and enable him to decipher their real purpose amid the riddles with which it is expressed. . . . Moreover, I am at a loss to comprehend with what propriety a piece, in which dukes and counts make their appearance, can be called a comedy." So far the malignant censor proceeds, when he is interrupted by Don Alejo, the other speaker in the Dialogue. "I cannot assent to your opinion, inasmuch as, setting aside the rule that, in common courtesy, the guest is bound not to quarrel with the viands set before him, this particular comedy does comply with the rules which still are valid; and, in my opinion, which is common to all who are free from prejudice with myself, the dramas actually represented in our Spain have a great advantage over those of antiquity, although they depart from the rules laid down by the creators of the stage. If they establish this principle, that a play should only represent such transactions as can by possibility be compressed within the space of twenty-four hours—can there be a more flagrant absurdity than that a man in his senses should, in so short a period, fall passionately in love with a woman equally in possession of hers, and carry the matter on so rapidly, that the love, which is announced in the morning, ends in a marriage at night? Is that time enough to represent jealousy, despair, hope—in short, all the passions and incidents, without which love is a mere word, without any signification? These evils are, according to the judgment of all persons competent to form an opinion, far greater than those arising from the circumstance that the spectators,

without moving from their seats, see and hear things which must occupy several days. For as he who reads a history of a few pages, informs himself of events which have occurred in remote countries during many centuries, even so may comedy, which is the image and representation of that on which it is founded, in describing the events which befall two lovers, paint in the most vivid colours all that can take place on such an occasion; and as it is improbable that all these incidents should occur in one day, may feign also for itself the longer time, of which it stands in need. Not improperly has poetry been called a living picture; and as the pencil represents on a few feet of canvass remote distances, which cheat the eye with an appearance of reality, so must the same privilege be conceded to the pen; and so much the rather, as the latter is incomparably more energetic than the former, inasmuch as articulated syllables are more intelligible than silent images, which can explain thought by signs only. And if you object to me, that, under pain of being esteemed presumptuous and ungrateful, we must obey the precepts of the first inventors of the drama, I reply to you, that we owe them indeed reverence for having triumphed over the difficulties which belong to a beginning in any matter, but that we are bound to bring what they have discovered to perfection; so that, without impairing the substance, we may change the manner of proceeding, and improve it by the lessons of experience.

"It were indeed a precious state of things if the musician, because the inventors of music studied harmony of sound from the blows of the hammer on the anvil, were at the present day to use the instruments of Vulcan, and incur censure because they introduced a harp with strings, and thus brought to perfection what originally was imperfect. Herein it is that art differs from nature, because what the one has established since the creation remains immutable—as the pear-tree always produces pears, and the oak its acorns (for we shall not now stop to consider the exceptions arising from soil and climate, and the skill and graftings of the gardener); while in

art, the roots of which grow in the shifting qualities of men, use causes the most important changes and modifications. What reason is there for surprise, then, if comedy transgresses the rules of our forefathers, and, according to the analogy of nature and of art, grafts the comic on the tragic, while it combines these opposite kinds of poetry in a fascinating whole, in which sometimes the serious characters of the one, sometimes the ludicrous and playful characters of the other, make their appearance. Moreover, if the pre-eminence of *Æschylus* and *Menander* in Greece, and that of *Terence* and *Seneca* in Rome, were sufficient to make their rules immutable, the excellence of our *Lope de Vega*, the pearl of the *Manzanares*, the *Tully* of Castile, the phoenix of our nation, so far surpasses these in the quantity as well as the quality of his writings, that his authority is abundantly sufficient to weigh down the doctrine I have cited; and as he has brought comedy to the perfection and consummate refinement in which we now behold it, we must think ourselves fortunate in having such a teacher, and zealously defend his school of poetry against its passionate antagonists. For when he says, in many passages of his writings, that he has deviated from the rules of the ancients only out of condescension to the taste of the multitude, this is only said from the modesty of his nature, and in order that the malevolence of the ignorant should not ascribe that to arrogance which is in fact aiming at perfection. But it is incumbent on us who are his followers, for the reasons which I have enumerated, as well as many others which I will not now allege, to look upon him as the reformer of the new comedy, and to hold in honour modern writers as more beautiful and more instructive than those of former ages." It is difficult to conceive a more ingenious and solid defence of the Spanish drama than *Tellez* has here put forward; and it is time to examine how far his practice exemplifies his theory. Many of our readers will be surprised to hear that *Tirso de Molina*, or *Gabriel Tellez*, is the first author who brought *Don Juan* and the famous story of the

statue-guest upon the stage, under the title of the *Burlador de Sevilla*, or the *Convidado de Piedra*. The name of the hero is Don Juan Tenorio. The story still lives in the tradition of the people of Seville, in which city the Tenorios were a distinguished race, though the name exists no longer. It was one of the famous twenty-four, the "*veinti-cuatro*" of Seville. The basis of the story is, that, after seducing the daughter of the Comendador Ulloa, Don Juan killed the father, who was buried in the convent of San Francisco. Don Juan's birth and connections placed him above the reach of legal punishment; but the monks of San Francisco contrived to get him within their walls, where they put him to death, and propagated a rumour that Don John had gone to the chapel in which the statue of the Comendador was placed, for the purpose of insulting his memory, when the statue had seized him and precipitated him into the infernal regions. Such is the legend on which rests *El Burlador de Sevilla*. It became extremely popular in Spain, and even more so in foreign countries. In 1620 it was transplanted to the Italian stage. Three translations of it appeared in France, under the not very happily chosen title of the *Péstein de Pierre*; the first in 1659 by De Villiers; the second 1661, by Dorimon; the third 1665, by Molière. In Spain the same subject was dramatised by Zamora, in a play which still keeps possession of the stage.

As a specimen, we subjoin a translation from one of his most amusing plays, *The Pious Martha*,

Martha.—Forgive me, brother,—stay.

Felip.—Yes, if you kiss upon your knees my hand.

(*Martha kneels.*)

Martha.—This is an act to mortify the flesh.

The Father.—What matchless virtue!

Martha, (*aside*).—Were I to say the truth, the kiss was honey.

As a farther specimen of Molina's style, we subjoin the following translation. The lover and his friend Pas-

(*Martha la Piadosa*.) in which long before the *Tartuffe*, and in Spain, hypocrisy was exposed to ridicule. A girl, in order to get rid of a rich and aged suitor, pretends to be seized with a fit of piety, and an aversion to marriage. Her father, after some little resistance, allows her to follow the bent of her inclination without restraint, under pretence of visiting the sick in hospitals. She contrives to obtain repeated interviews with her favoured lover, who—the trait is thoroughly Spanish—has killed her brother in a duel; and at last to procure admittance for him, under the disguise of a palsied and penniless student, into her father's house to teach her the Latin grammar. Some of the scenes are in the highest vein of comedy:—one, where the student pretends to faint from weakness, and her father desires her to hold him up, and bid him lean upon her without scruple; another where the lady, having given vent to her jealousy in a very vivid exclamation which her father overhears, escapes from the detection of her hypocrisy by pretending that the student has said it, and that she is repeating it in anger. The expression is tantamount to "By heavens!" (*vive Dios*;) and the father tells her she is too severe. The lover pretends that his feelings are too much hurt for him to stay any longer in the house: the father desires the daughter to appease him; and with wit equal to Molière, the girl, in her father's presence, goes down on her knees before her lover, and kisses his hand, which is the only condition upon which he has said that he will remain.

trana, a man full of dry caustic wit, are present at a bull-fight. The following dialogue ensues:—

Pastrana.—Think not to see me at the bull-fight here,
Unless indeed upon the platform perched,
Or looking from a window.

Felip.—Friend Pastrana,
That is a woman's post, and not a man's,
Unless he's wool and water. Let us dare

What fate may bring us, so may we acquire
Perchance eternal blazon and renown.

Pastrana.—No, brother; death sits on the pointed horn.

Felip.—Talk not so fondly; but that well I know
Your lofty spirit and your courage tried,
I'd call it cowardice.

Pastrana.—I give you leave.
Call my resolve by any name you please,
So long as we remain no longer here.

Felip.—And can it be that you, who swallow men,
Now tremble at a beast?

Pastrana.—'Tis true, indeed.

Wonder at my opinion as you may,
To fight with two men, or with three men, oft
Is valour rather than temerity.
Since courtesy or valour furnish means
Of safety—and much more the cunning art
Taught by Cararvza of the dextrous thrust,
Strait or oblique—the science of revenge.
Then one may say, if one is hardly pressed,
“Sir, my experience shows me, that your wor-ship
Is an epitome of human valour;
So I will never haunt this street again.
Nor speak with Donna Mencía any more.
And if you will accept me as a friend,
My services attend you from this day.”
Words soft as these control a gentleman—
Money the robber. If your foe be brave,
He must to greater pride and courage yield.
In short, there's always hope, however fierce
His wrath and keen his passion for revenge,
To soothe the fury of the incensed man,
If he be one whom gold or breeding win.”
But when a bull has rent your cloak to shreds,
And bellows at the shoulders of its owner,
In hot pursuit—then try your time—advance,
And whisper in the yelling monster's ear,
“Sir Bull, a gentle bearing sets off valour—
Put some restraint upon your boiling rage.
Indeed, that constant tossing of the head
Can only suit a madman or a fool.”
And you will see the fruit of your advice.
Offer your friendship to him, turn your head,
You'll find the light at once shine through your back,
Through two clear holes, each half a yard in length.

But the most popular play of this great writer, and one which is always received with the most rapturous applause, is *Gil de las Calzas Verdes*, (*Gil of the Green Trousers*.) A lady has been abandoned by her lover for a rich beauty of Madrid. She calls herself Don Gil—follows him thither, dresses herself in male attire, of which the green trousers are the most conspicuous part—torments him with letters from the convent where he supposes her to be, describing her suffering, her illness, and at last her death; interrupts his remittances, destroys his credit, carries off his mistress, who falls desperately in love with her; thwarts him at every turn;

obliges him to believe that he is really haunted by the ghost of her whom he has wronged; and at last causes him to be arrested for her murder. The rage, amazement, confusion, repentance and despair of the faithless lover are portrayed in the most brilliant colours. Do what he will, mean what he will, attempt what he will, Gil of the Green Trousers, though invisible, has been beforehand with him. He goes to his bankers: the check is paid to Don Gil of the Green Trousers. He endeavours to mislead his intended father-in-law: the plot is unravelled by Don Gil of the Green Trousers. He tries to soften his mistress: she raves of nothing but

Don Gil of the Green Trousers. As Don Gil is so successful with his green trousers, other suitors of the Madrid lady dress in green trousers, and assume his name in the dark under her window. There are at one time four persons in the street, each calling himself Gil with the Green Trousers. The faithless suitor of the true Gil is one of them. His rival challenges him; but no sooner does the challenged see the fatal garment, than his conscience smites him, and he addresses his furious rival as the ghost of his injured mistress.

"O soul most innocent! by that sweet love
Which once thou cherished for me, and which now
Delights my memory, I charge thee, rest.
My punishment, thy rigour, are complete.
If haply to disturb my present love,
Thou hast assumed a body here on earth,
And at Madrid calling thyself Don Gil,
In such attire, and bearing such a name,
Dost meditate to wreak revenge on me,

O cease, blest spirit! from thy fierce pursuit "

The other lover, who hears this grotesque invocation, thinks it a mere trick of his rival to escape a duel, and overwhelms him with every epithet of abuse.

The play ends by the marriage of Don Gil with her fickle suitor. We are almost ashamed to add, that this was the favourite play of Ferdinand

VII., and was ordered for him on all solemn occasions by the municipality of Madrid. Without the refinement of Calderon or Lope de Vega, Molina surpasses both in his verve and gaiety. His satire is unlimited; it spares neither the authorities of earth, nor the ministers of heaven—nay, it does not even spare the great national amusement. Epigram after epigram is poured out upon every object that attracts his notice; his brilliant and sparkling wit is inexhaustible; and his "malice" as boundless as it is subtle. Of all French writers, it has been said, by a very competent judge, that he resembles Beaumarchais most closely; and however strange it may seem, that the Spanish men of the seventeenth century should bear so close an analogy to the Parisian *bel esprit* of the eighteenth, the remark is undoubtedly correct. We have dwelt more especially on this writer, because he is not well known in Europe, and because even Mr Ticknor, in his accurate and valuable work on Spanish literature—a work we hail both for what it proves, and for what it makes us expect, with the greatest delight—has failed to do him complete justice. Shack seems to us to have appreciated him more justly in his excellent and useful dissertation. But our limits are exhausted for the present.

MODERN STATE TRIALS.

PART II.

IMPELLED by motives which we own to be with difficulty effectively justifiable, and which we must resolve into an overmastering anxiety to behold how doomed human nature can confront terror-inspiring circumstances, felt sufficient to palsy one's own soul, we found ourselves, on Sunday morning, the 5th of July 1840, in the front seat of the stranger's gallery in the Chapel of Newgate, in order to hear the condemned sermon preached to Benjamin Courvoisier, and witness the demeanour of one who was to be publicly strangled on the ensuing morning, and in the ensuing evening buried within the precincts of the prison. Callous must he have been who could witness the scene of that morning without being profoundly affected. It was the house of God; and yet, (with reverence be the allusion made,) in one sense, alas! a *den of thieves*—of outcasts from society: whose laws they had, or were charged with having, disregarded and openly violated. Some were there under the pressure of violent suspicion—amounting to a moral, soon to pass into a legal, certainty—of various kinds and degrees of guilt: others bore the blighting brand of established crime, and were suffering, or about to suffer, its penalty. With what feelings would they enter the house of Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity—to Whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from Whom no secrets are hid! Would any of that guilty throng take their places there, brutally ignorant, indifferent, reckless, or desperate? Would their polluted souls be swelling with ill-suppressed feelings of impiety and blasphemy? Would any approach with broken and contrite spirits, having been shaken, by the stern hand of offended human law alone, out of a life's lethargy and insensibility? How would the holy

accents of warning, of expostulation, of mercy, of dread denunciation, sound in the ears of those who were presently to fill that dismal chapel—dismal, only from its locality, and the character of its occupants? With what feelings would *one* enter—the death-doomed—for whom, and for whom alone, was reserved that solitary, central, ominous black bench? who was so terribly far advanced in his passage from a human tribunal to that of the dread Eternal!—on whose brow already faintly glistened the dread twilight between here and hereafter,—the black night of time breaking before the dawning of an eternal day!

They come! Yonder gallery, curtailed off, is filling with the female prisoners; no sounds audible but their rustling dresses, and perhaps a half-choked sigh or sob. It is well, poor souls! that you are hidden from the public gaze—from the rude eye of your male comrades in crime! *They* are now entering below, silent and orderly, the eye of the governor upon them, as they are led by burly turnkeys and inspectors to their appropriate places, classed as untried and convicted—the latter according to their respective kinds and degree of punishment. All, at length, are seated. What an assemblage! Almost all clad in prison costume; many with sullen, determined countenances—others with harassed features and downcast look—one or two exhibiting unequivocally an air of insolent and reckless defiance—but all conscious of the stern surveillance under which they sat. Alas, *those boys!* some already, others about to be, condemned—all gazing, terror-struck, at the black seat in the centre!

The chaplain enters the desk immediately under the pulpit, which, attached to the blank wall, faces the communion-table. *He*, also, casts an ominous glance at the black bench

before him, in the centre of the floor, to which all faces are directed, amidst moody and troubled silence. At length a door on the left is heard being unbolted; a turnkey enters, followed by the great criminal—one whose name was ringing in the ears of the public—one on whom every eye is instantly fixed with sickening intensity. It is Courvoisier—the monster who, a few weeks before, had barbarously murdered his sleeping lord!—He was led to his seat, a glass of water being placed near him, in case of his faintness, and on one side of him sat a turnkey. Courvoisier knelt down; and then, a prayer-book having been given him, (which he held in an untrembling hand,) took his seat, not far from the reading-desk, covering his eyes for a few moments with his left hand. His demeanour was signally calm and self-possessed, and his motions were deliberate. He was a man about twenty-four years of age. His countenance wore such an expression of pensive good-nature and docility, as rendered it a consolatory reflection that he had unequivocally and spontaneously confessed the fiendish act of which the law had pronounced him guilty, and for which, under holy sanctions, it was on the morrow to take away his life.* Yes—there he sat, where we had seen sitting, also, his blood-stained predecessor Greenacre; and, moreover, Fauntleroy the forger; also a young banker's clerk—a widowed mother's sole support, her only child—for forging a trifling check. Alas, alas! how he wept during the whole service!—but how calmly he behaved the next morning on the gallows!

After gazing long and earnestly on the central figure in the gloomy picture, our eyes were casually attracted by a very different one,—that of a youth sitting on the steps of the altar, as though he had been a privileged spectator. We regarded him as a friend of some subor-

dinate functionary of the gaol. He seemed a silly, vulgar, little dandy, who had put on his very best clothes for the occasion. He looked about eighteen or nineteen years old, and was of slender figure, and a little under the average height. His hair was full and curly—displayed in a very affected style. He wore a sort of second-hand blue surtout with velvet collar, a black satin stock, a light figured waistcoat, and light slate-coloured trousers—the latter a trifle too short, and strained down by a pair of elongated straps, so as to reach as nearly as possible to the brightly-polished boots. Beside him was a hat, of which he seemed very careful, and smoothed it round delicately, once or twice, with his hand. His eyes were quick, and inquisitive; and he seemed to share the interest with which others contemplated Courvoisier. Several times, during the service, his fingers passed jauntily through his hair, as if to dispose it effectively round his temples. A prayer-book was handed to him, to which he seemed tolerably attentive; but during the sermon he was evidently more occupied with his dress than the exciting and instructive topics of the chaplain—frequently pulling off and putting on his gloves, and arranging different portions of his dress, as though he feared they did not sit upon him sufficiently becomingly. When, however, the chaplain addressed himself personally, and with fearful solemnity, to the murderer before him, the young occupant of the altar-steps was roused into attention, and he listened a few minutes—his eyes fixed now on the preacher, then on the condemned. When the service was over, Courvoisier (whose demeanour had been throughout most satisfactory—solemn, composed, and reverent) was beckoned out to the door through which he had entered, and he obeyed, walking with complete self-possession.—We had looked our last on him!—"Do you see that young

* How must the following verses in the Psalms of the day have affected him, if the wretched being were not too bewildered to appreciate them!—"Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me, for I am desolate and in misery. The sorrows of my heart are enlarged; O bring thou me out of my troubles. Look upon my adversity and misery, and forgive me all my sins."—Ps. xxv. 15, 16, 17. "O shut not up my soul with the sinners, nor my life with the blood-thirsty."—Ps. xxvi. 9. If the murderer's heart did not thrill when these last words were read out by the chaplain, with fearful distinctness, it must have been the only one that did not.

fellow on the altar-steps?—do you know who he is?" said a gentleman who approached us for the purpose. "No; he seems a vulgar little puppy," we exclaimed, "whoever he may be." "It is Oxford, who shot at the Queen, and is to be tried this week!" was the reply; and while we turned round to gaze at him, he was in the act of quitting the chapel, holding his hat very carefully, and gazing towards the gallery with an expression of cheerful inquisitiveness. Had it occurred to him that, in all human probability, a week or two would behold *him* an occupant of the black bench just quitted by the murderer?

Yes! that was Edward Oxford, the little catiff, first of a small and ignominious series of similar ones, who had, on the preceding 9th of June, twice deliberately fired at his young Queen, as she was driving, in fancied security, with her consort, up Constitution Hill, and on each occasion apparently with ball! The following was his own free-and-easy account of the matter, on being examined before the Privy Council:—

"A great many witnesses against me. Some say I shot with my left, others with my right. They vary as to the distance. After I had fired the first pistol, Prince Albert got up, as if he would jump out of the coach, and sat down again, as if he thought better of it. Then I fired the second pistol. This is all I shall say at present."

(Signed) "EDWARD OXFORD."

In the case of this young miscreant, (for it is difficult to speak of him temperately,) however, was, within four days' time, to be resolved a problem of unspeakable difficulty and moment, by such means as the law of the country could command,—viz., responsibility or irresponsibility for criminal acts, according to the state of mind existing at the time of committing them. It is needless to affirm that this is a question of public, permanent, universal interest; one in which every individual, young or old, *may* become personally concerned; one which no humane jurist, practical or speculative, can approach without lively anxiety; one worthy of frequent and deep consideration by every one concerned in the administration of criminal justice. To punish an

individual utterly unconscious of the difference between right and wrong at the time of committing the alleged crime, shocks one's sense of natural justice, and confounds all the principles on which it can be administered by man. How can we hang a maniac who, in a paroxysm of madness, kills the keeper who was endeavouring to soothe or to restrain him? Or one who shoots another whom, under the veritable and sole influence of delusion, he believed to be in the act of killing *him*, and that he was therefore acting solely in self-defence? These are plain cases, as stated; but still they require, of course, very clear proof of the facts from which the law is to deduce a perfect irresponsibility for his acts. The subject is one environed with immense practical difficulties, which are often unexpectedly visible in applying apparently clear and correct principles to simple combinations of fact. The most sagacious judges, the most conscientious juries, have grievously miscarried in such cases; some sending persons to the scaffold under circumstances far weaker than those held by others demonstrative of irresponsibility, and, consequently, demanding an acquittal. Many painful and dreadful cases might be cited; but two shall suffice. In the year 1837, an industrious, affectionate, poverty-stricken father strangled his four children, avowedly to prevent their being turned into the streets. They all slept in one room. Having strangled two, he left the room; but, after meditating for some time, came to the conclusion that he might as well be hanged for killing all four; on which he returned, and strangled the other two—having shaken hands with them before he did it! He then quitted the house, and went to a neighbour's, to whom he did not mention what he had done; but on being apprehended the next day, and taken before the coroner, he confessed the above facts. No witness had ever observed a trace of insanity about him. The physician to a lunatic asylum offered to prove that the prisoner's grandmother and sister had been under his care, the latter for entertaining a desire to destroy herself and her children—evidence which the judge rejected; and under his direction the jury convicted, and he passed

sentence of death on the prisoner.* In the year 1845, a young servant girl, quiet and docile, having taken a knife from the kitchen, on some trivial pretence, went up to the room where her master's child lay, and killed it. She then went down stairs, and told the horrifying fact to her master. She was quite conscious of the crime she had committed, and showed much anxiety to know whether she would be hanged or transported. There was not the slightest tittle of evidence that she had been labouring under any delusion: yet she was acquitted on the ground of insanity!† Can anything be more grievously unsatisfactory than such a state of things as this, in the administration of the criminal justice of the country? One of the causes which conduced to such results was the too ready deference paid to speculative medical men, professing to have made disordered intellects their peculiar study, and who came forward, from time to time, confidently and authoritatively pronouncing that such and such circumstances indicated unequivocally the existence of "insanity," of "moral insanity," at the time of the act committed. Nay, they would sit in court, listening to a detail of facts, from which they would then enter the witness-box, and authoritatively declare their opinion that, if such were the facts, the prisoner was *insane*, and therefore irresponsible, when the act in question was committed! Many held that the mere absence of assignable motive indicated such insanity! and many, that the mere committal of the particular act should be so regarded! Notions more dangerous and monstrous cannot be conceived. Well might the late Mr Baron Gurney declare, "that the defence of insanity had lately grown to a fearful height, and the security of the public required that it should be watched."‡ There are two Trials contained in Mr Townsend's first volume, which afford memorable illustrations of the difficulty with which these questions are encountered in our courts of justice. They are those of

Oxford, for shooting at the Queen, and of M'Naughten for the murder of Mr Drummond, the private secretary of the late Sir Robert Peel. In both cases there were acquittals, on the alleged ground of insanity; and we take leave to intimate that, in our opinion, there should have been convictions in both. The escape of the cold-blooded murderer, M'Naughten, who deliberately shot his unsuspecting victim in the back, horrified and disgusted the public. "It had not been anticipated," says Mr Townsend, "and created a deep feeling in the public mind, that there was some unaccountable defect in our criminal law. People of good sense appeared panic-stricken, by this new danger, from venturing into the London streets; and called upon the legislature to discover some preservative against the attacks of insane passengers in public thoroughfares."§ Indignation was loudly expressed in Parliament. In the House of Commons, an honourable Irish baronet moved for leave to bring in a bill to abolish the plea of insanity in cases of murder, except where it could be proved that the person accused was publicly known and reputed to be a maniac; and he asked the House to suspend the standing orders to accelerate the progress of his bill. His motion, however, found no second. A similar casualty had befallen Mr Windham, in 1800, who, in the course of a debate which ensued in bringing in a bill to meet such cases as that of Hadfield, (who had just been acquitted, on the ground of insanity, from the charge of firing at George III.) suggested that an offender, *even if insane*, should be subjected to some sort of punishment, for the sake of example! On the same evening in which the attempt of Sir Valentine Blake was made in the House of Commons, the matter was discussed anxiously in the House of Lords, by Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Cottenham, Campbell, and Denham. Lord Campbell expressed the general feeling of the House, when he said—"There may be great difficulty in convicting per-

* He was subsequently respited, owing to the zealous interference of some medical men, who succeeded in satisfying the Secretary of State of the prisoner's insanity. See TAYLOR'S *Medical Jurisprudence*, p. 792.

† *Rex v. Reynolds*. Taylor's *Med. Jurisp.* p. 801.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 803-4.

§ Vol. i. p. 320.

sons who are not in a state of mind to be responsible for their actions; but it is monstrous to think that society should be exposed to the dreadful dangers to which it is at present liable, from persons in that state of mind going at large.* At length, on the suggestion of the Lord Chancellor, (Lord Lyndhurst,) it was agreed that the judges should be called upon to declare the true state of the criminal law on this momentous subject; and five questions were carefully framed for that purpose, and submitted to them for grave consideration. The following are these questions and answers—both of which, as containing a solemn and authoritative enunciation of the law of the land, we shall present to our readers, whom we request to give them a careful perusal, before proceeding to read what we have to offer on the two trials above alluded to. We are the more anxious that they should do so, because of the recent very remarkable case of Pate, who struck her Majesty with a cane last summer; and whose case was dealt with in strict conformity with the rules which follow:—

QUESTION I.—*What is the law respecting alleged crimes committed by persons afflicted with insane delusion, in respect of one or more particular subjects, or persons:—as for instance, where, at the time of the commission of the alleged crime, the accused knew he was acting contrary to law, but did the act complained of, with a view, under the influence of insane delusion, of redressing or revenging some supposed grievance or injury, or of producing some public benefit?*

ANSWER.—“Assuming that your lordships’ inquiries are confined to those persons who labour under such partial delusions only, and are not in other respects insane, we are of opinion, that, notwithstanding the party did the act complained of with a view, under the influence of insane delusion, of redressing or revenging some supposed grievance or injury, or of producing some public benefit, he is nevertheless punishable according to the nature of the crime committed, if he knew, at the time of committing such crime, that he was acting contrary to law; by which expression we understand your Lordship to mean the law of the land.”

QUESTIONS II. and III. (1).—“What

are the proper questions to be submitted to the jury, when a person alleged to be afflicted with insane delusion, respecting one or more particular subjects or persons, is charged with the commission of a crime (murder, for example) and insanity is set up as a defence?”

(2.) “In what terms ought the question to be left to the jury, as to the prisoner’s state of mind at the time when the act was committed?”

ANSWERS.—“The jury ought to be told, in all cases, that *every man is presumed to be sane, and to possess a sufficient degree of reason to be responsible for his crimes, until the contrary be proved to their satisfaction*; and that, to establish a defence on the ground of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of the committing of the act, the party accused was labouring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing; or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong. The mode of putting the latter part of the question to the jury, on these occasions, has generally been whether the accused, at the time of doing the act, knew the difference between right and wrong—which mode, though rarely if ever leading to any mistake with the jury, is not, as we conceive, so accurate when put generally and in the abstract, as when put to the party’s knowledge of right and wrong with respect to the very act with which he is charged. If the question were to be put as to the knowledge of the accused, solely and exclusively with reference to the law of the land, it might tend to confound the jury, by inducing them to believe that an actual knowledge of the law of the land was essential in order to lead to a conviction, whereas the law is administered upon the principle that every one must be taken conclusively to know it, without proof that he does know it. If the accused was conscious that the act was one which he ought not to do, and if that act was at the same time contrary to the law of the land, he is punishable; and the usual course, therefore, has been to leave the question to the jury—whether the party accused had a sufficient degree of reason to know that he was doing an act that was wrong; and this course, we think, is correct, accompanied with such observations and explanations as the circumstances of each particular case may require.”

QUESTION IV.—“If a person, under an insane delusion as to the existing facts,

commits an offence in consequence thereof, is he thereby excused?

ANSWER.—“The answer must of course depend on the nature of the delusion; but making the same assumption as we did before—that he labours under such partial delusion only, and is not in other respects insane—we think he must be considered in the same situation, as to responsibility, as if the facts with respect to which the delusion exists were real. For example—if, under the influence of his delusion, he supposes another man to be in the act of attempting to take away his life, and he kills that man, as he supposes, in self-defence, he would be exempt from punishment. If his delusion were that the deceased had inflicted a serious injury to his character and fortune, and he killed him in revenge for such supposed injury, he would be liable to punishment.”

QUESTION V. “Can a medical man, conversant with the disease of insanity, who never saw the prisoner previously to the trial, but who was present during the whole trial and the examination of all the witnesses, be asked his opinion as to the state of the prisoner’s mind at the time of the commission of the alleged crime, or his opinion whether the prisoner was conscious, at the time of doing the act, that he was acting contrary to law, or whether he was labouring under any and what delusion at the time?”

ANSWER.—“We think the medical man, under the circumstances supposed, cannot in strictness be asked his opinion in the terms above stated; because each of those questions involves the determination of the truth of the facts deposed to, which it is for the jury to decide; and the questions are not mere questions upon a matter of science, in which case such evidence is admissible. But where the facts are admitted, or not disputed, and the question becomes substantially one of science only, it may be convenient to allow the question to be put in that general form, though the same cannot be insisted on as a matter of right.”

Such being the authoritative enunciation of the law by its legitimate exponents, which superseded the necessity of legislative interference, it is right to observe that it has by no means satisfied the professors of medical jurisprudence, and the members of

the medical profession. One of them, Mr Taylor, has observed,* that the law here appears to “look for a consciousness of right and wrong, and a knowledge of the consequences of the act.” This legal test “is insufficient for the purpose intended: it cannot, in a large majority of cases, enable us to distinguish the insane homicide from the sane criminal. . . . A full consciousness of the illegality or wrongfulness of the act may exist in a man’s mind, and yet he may be fairly acquitted on the ground of insanity. . . . There are no certain legal or medical rules whereby homicidal mania may be detected. Each case must be determined by the circumstances attending it; but the true test for irresponsibility in these ambiguous cases appears to be, whether the individual, at the time of committing the act, had, or had not, a sufficient power of control to govern his actions. If, from circumstances, it can be inferred that he had this power, he should be made responsible, and rendered liable to punishment. If, however, he was led to the perpetration of the act by an uncontrollable impulse, whether accompanied by deliberation or not, then he is entitled to an acquittal as an irresponsible agent.”† This doctrine is utterly repudiated, however, by our judges, as will appear from two very decisive instances. In directing the jury, in Pate’s case, in July last, Mr Baron Alderson thus somewhat sarcastically disposed of the dangerous plea of “uncontrollable impulse.”—“The law does not recognise such an impulse. If a person was aware that it was a wrong act he was about to commit, he was answerable for the consequences. A man might say that he picked a pocket from some uncontrollable impulse; and in that case the law would have an uncontrollable impulse to punish him for it!” Another acute and eminent judge, Baron Rolfe, on a recent occasion, in trying a boy aged twelve years, for deliberately and cunningly poisoning his aged grandfather, thus gravely dis-

* *Medical Jurisprudence*, p. 794, 3d edition. This is, in our opinion, the best book extant on medical jurisprudence.

† *Ibid.* p. 798.

pelled this favourite delusion of the medical jurists.—“The witnesses called for the defence had described the prisoner as acting from ‘uncontrollable impulse.’ In my opinion, such evidence ought to be scanned by juries with very great jealousy and suspicion, *because it may tend to the perfect justification of every crime that may be committed.* What is the meaning of not being able to resist moral influence? Every crime is committed under an influence of such a description, and the object of the law is to compel persons to control these influences. If it be made an excuse for a person who has committed a crime, that he has been goaded to it by some impulse, which medical men may choose to say he could *not* control, I must observe, that such a doctrine is fraught with very great danger to society.” This stern and sound good sense prevailed; and the youthful murderer was convicted. We have been thus full and distinct in explaining the wholesome doctrine of our English law, because of its immense importance; and we desire it to be understood, far and wide, especially by the medical profession, that these fashionable but dangerous modern paradoxes, borrowed from Continental physicians, concerning the *co-existence of moral insanity with intellectual sanity*, will not be tolerated in English courts of justice.

Let us now proceed to deal with the two remarkable cases of Oxford and M’Naughten—the former of whom was placed at the bar of the Old Bailey four days after the execution of Courvoisier.

It is unspeakably painful, and humiliating, and disgusting, to reflect that our Queen, who has always shown a disposition to intrust herself unservedly among her subjects, should have been subjected to no fewer than

five public outrages—the last of which inflicted actual injury on the royal person,—that of a lady, a young queen, ascending the throne of this mighty empire at the age of eighteen!—outrages in every instance perpetrated by despicable beings of the male sex, properly characterised by Mr Townsend as “crazed knaves, or imbecile monomaniacs.” First came, on the 10th June 1840, Edward Oxford, aged nineteen; then, on the 30th May 1842, John Francis, aged twenty; then, on the 3d July 1842, John William Bean, a deformed stripling aged seventeen; then, on the 19th May 1849, William Hamilton; finally—God grant that the degraded series may never be increased!—on the 27th June 1850, Robert Pate—alas! a gentleman of birth and fortune, and who had recently borne her Majesty’s commission!

We shall place our readers, briefly and distinctly, in possession of the state of the law applicable to wilfully injuring, or attempting to injure the royal person. Its progress is painfully interesting. The attempt to inflict, and the actual infliction of such injury, are of course high treason; both the trial and punishment being attended, till recently, with all the solemn formalities of high treason as explained in our last Number. This heinous offence comes under the first head of the statute of treason. (25 Edward III. c. 2.) viz., “When a man doth *compass* or *imagine** the death of our Lord and King.” By “compass and imagine” is signified the purpose or design of the mind or will, evidenced by an open or overt act. On the 15th May 1800, James Hadfield fired a horse-pistol, loaded with two slugs, at King George III., as he was entering his box at Drury Lane Theatre.† He was tried for high treason in the Court of Queen’s

* “Is it not extraordinary,” asked the learned Mr Barrington, (*Observations on the Ancient Statutes*, p. 270.) “that the life of an Englishman prosecuted by the crown should continue to depend upon the critical construction of two absolute French words?” (*sait compasser out imaginer la mort notre seigneur le roi.*) There is practically no force in these remarks, made nearly a century ago, as the words have a perfectly defined and recognised legal signification, and which is that mentioned above.

† His Majesty’s noble demeanour—calm, courageous, and dignified—on that agitating occasion, has always been justly applauded. The audience was of course highly excited; and Mr Sheridan composed, on the spur of the moment, the following

Bench, and defended by Mr Erskine with splendid eloquence.* He was acquitted on the ground of insanity, committed at once to Bedlam, and died there in January 1841, after forty years' incarceration. In the course of his defence, Mr Erskine made an observation which led to an immediate interposition of the legislature. In speaking of the state of the law which interposed protective delay in cases of high treason, Mr Erskine observed: "Where the intent charged affected the *political character* of the sovereign, the delay, and all the other safeguards provided, were just and necessary; but a mere murderous attack on the King's person, not at all connected with his political character, seemed a case to be ranged and dealt with like a similar attack upon any private man."† On the 28th July in the same year, were passed statutes 39 and 40 Geo. III. c. 93, carrying out Mr Erskine's judicious suggestion, by enacting that, where the overt act of this head of treason should be the assassination of the King, or any direct attempt against his life or person, whereby his life might be endangered or his person suffer bodily harm, the *trial* should be conducted in every respect like a simple trial for murder; but, on conviction, the sentence should be pronounced and carried into effect as in other cases of high treason. On the same day was passed another statute—also occasioned by the trial of Hadfield—that in all cases of trial for treason, murder, or felony, if evidence be given of the prisoner's insanity at the time of the commission of the offence, and he be acquitted, the jury shall be required to find specially whether he was insane at the time of committing the offence, and to declare whether

they acquit on account of such insanity; and if they do, the court shall order the prisoner to be confined in strict and safe custody during his Majesty's pleasure. Under the former of these two wholesome statutes were tried Oxford and Francis, the latter being convicted of having fired a pistol against the Queen, loaded with powder and "certain other destructive materials and substances unknown;" on which sentence of death was pronounced by Chief-Justice Tindal, as in other cases of high treason. He sobbed piteously‡ on being convicted; but after two consultations of the Cabinet had been held on his case, his life was spared, in contemptuous clemency to the worthless offender, and in deference to the humane feelings of her Majesty, and he was transported for life. Within almost one month after this questionable act of mercy, her Majesty was subjected to a similar outrage—a pistol being presented towards her, by Bean, on Sunday, as she was going to the Chapel Royal. The pistol was cocked, and the click of the hammer against the pan was heard, but there was no explosion; and the pistol was loaded with only powder, wadding, and one or two minute fragments (about the size of ordinary shot) of pipe. He was tried for misdemeanour, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in the penitentiary: Lord Abinger remarking, at the conclusion of the trial, that "whipping at the cart's tail should be the petty sentence in future." The public disgust and indignation demanded some more effectual remedy to be provided for such disgraceful cases, should any unhappily occur in future; and within a fortnight of Bean's conviction—viz. on the 16th July 1842—was passed statute 5 & 6 Vict. c. 51, entitled "An act for pro-

spirited addition to the National Anthem. It was sung by Mrs Jordan thrice that evening:—

"From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God shield the King!
O'er him thine arm extend;
For Britain's sake defend
Our father, prince, and friend—
God save the King!"

* Sir William Follett, (then Solicitor-general,) in addressing the jury in prosecuting M'Naughten, alluded to the speech of Mr Erskine as one of the most eloquent and able speeches, probably, that was ever delivered at the bar.

† Adolphus's *Hist. of England*, vol. vii. p. 277.

‡ Townsend, vol. i. p. 104.

viding for the further security and protection of her Majesty's person;" and recites the expediency of extending the provisions of statute 39 & 40 Geo. III. c. 93, to "any attempt to injure in any manner whatsoever the person of the Queen," and of "making further provision by law for the protection and security of the person of the sovereign of these realms." It then proceeds to enact, that—

"If any one shall wilfully discharge or attempt to discharge, or point, aim, or present, at or near to the person of the Queen, any gun, pistol, or other description of firearms, or of other arms whatsoever—whether the same shall or shall not contain any explosive or destructive material; or discharge, or attempt to discharge, any explosive substance or material near to the Queen's person; or wilfully strike, or attempt to strike, or strike at the Queen's person with any offensive weapon, or in any other manner whatsoever; or wilfully throw or attempt to throw any substance, matter, or thing whatsoever at or upon the Queen's person, with intent to break the public peace, or whereby the public peace may be endangered, or to alarm her Majesty; or if any person shall, near to the Queen's person, wilfully produce or have any gun, pistol, or other description of firearms, or other arms whatsoever, or any explosive, destructive, or dangerous matter or thing whatsoever, with intent to use the same to injure the Queen's person or alarm her Majesty, the offender shall be guilty of a high misdemeanour, and liable at the discretion of the Court to be transported for seven years, or imprisoned with or without hard labour for any period not exceeding three years; and during such imprisonment to be publicly or privately whipped, as often and in such manner and form as the Court shall direct, not exceeding thrice."

This salutary statute (proposed by the late Sir Robert Peel) was passed unanimously; Lord John Russell justly remarking, that "as the offence to be punished was that of bad and degraded beings, a base and degrading punishment was most fitly applied to it." Her Majesty enjoyed a seven years' respite from the insufferable annoyance to which she had been subjected—viz., till the 19th May 1849—when, about four o'clock in the afternoon, as she was driving in an open carriage with three of her children, a pistol was fired in the direc-

tion of the carriage by "one William Hamilton, an Irish bricklayer." The pistol was fired point-blank at the person of General Wemyss, one of her equerries, who happened to be in the line of her Majesty's person. This stolid wretch was tried on the 14th June ensuing, under the above statute, when he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to be transported for seven years. Again, on the 12th of July last, it was rendered lamentably necessary to call this statute into operation, and with the like effect as in the preceding case: but we shall reserve our observations upon the case of Pate till after we have completed what we have to offer on those of Oxford and McNaughten. We have just returned from an examination of those two notorious persons in Bethlehem Hospital, and shall by and by convey to the reader the result of our own careful observations, made since the earlier portions of this article were committed to the press.

OXFORD'S CASE.

The judges who presided at the trial—which took place at the Old Bailey, and lasted three days, (the 9th, 10th, and 11th July 1840)—were Lord Denman, Baron Alderson, and Justice Maule. The counsel for the crown were—the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, (Sir John Campbell and Sir Thomas Wilde), Sir Frederick Pollock, the present Mr Justice Wightman, Mr Adolphus, and Mr Gurney; those for the prisoner were the late Mr Sydney Taylor and Mr Bodkin. The indictment contained two counts—respectively applicable, in precisely the same terms, to the two acts of firing—charging that Oxford, "as a false traitor, maliciously and traitorously did compass, imagine, and intend to put our lady the Queen to death; and, to fulfil and bring into effect his treason and treasonable compassing, did shoot off and discharge a certain pistol loaded with gunpowder and a bullet, and thereby made a direct attempt against the life of our said lady the Queen,"—in the words of statute 39 and 40 Geo. III., c. 93, § 1. The trial, as already observed, differed in no respect from an ordinary trial for felony; and neither the Crown nor the prisoner challenged a single jury-

man. "Oxford," says Mr Townsend, "stepped into the dock with a jaunty air, and a flickering smile on his countenance; glanced at the galleries, as if to ascertain whether he had a large concourse of spectators; and, leaning with his elbow on the ledge of the dock, commenced playing with the herbs* which were placed there before him. He kept his gaze earnestly fixed on the Attorney-general during the whole of his address, twirling the rue about in his fingers, and became more subdued in manner towards the close of the speech."† The facts constituting the outrage lie in a nutshell: The prisoner was seized instantly after having discharged two pistols, as the Queen and the Prince-consort were driving up Constitution Hill, in a low open carriage. He had been observed, for some time before the approach of the royal carriage, walking backwards and forwards with his arms folded under his breast. As the carriage approached, he turned round, nodded, drew a pistol from his breast, and discharged it at the carriage, when it was nearly opposite to him. As it advanced, after looking round to see if he were observed, he took out a second pistol, directed it across the other to her Majesty, who, seeing it, stooped down: and he fired a second time—very deliberately—at only about six or seven yards distance. The witnesses spoke to hearing distinctly a sharp whizzing sound "close past their own ears." The prisoner, on seeing the person who had snatched from him the pistols mistaken for the person who had fired, said, "It was me—I did it. I give myself up—I will go quietly." At the police-office he said, "Is the Queen hurt?" Some one observed, "I wonder whether there was any ball in the pistol?" on which the prisoner said, "If the ball had come in contact with your head, if it were between the carriage, you would have known it." The witness who spoke to these words appears, however, to have somewhat hesitated when

pressed in cross-examination; but he finally adhered to his statement that the prisoner declared there were balls in the pistols. A few days previously he had purchased the pistols for two sovereigns, about fifty percussion-caps, a powder-flask, which, with a bullet-mould and five bullets fitting the pistols, were found at his lodgings. He had also been practising firing at a target, and, on purchasing the pistols, particularly asked how far they could carry. The Earl of Uxbridge deposed that, when he saw Oxford in his cell, he asked, "Is the Queen hurt?" on which Lord Uxbridge said, "How dare you ask such a question?" Oxford then stated that "he had been shooting a great deal lately—he was a very good shot with a pistol, but a better shot with a rifle." "You have now fulfilled your engagement," said the Earl. "No," replied Oxford, "I have not." "You have, sir," rejoined Lord Uxbridge, "as far as the attempt goes." To that he was silent. The most rigid search was made to discover any bullets; but in vain. Two witnesses, gentlemen of rank, and well acquainted with the use of firearms, spoke confidently to having seen bullet-marks on the wall, in the direction in which Oxford had fired; but the Attorney-general expressed his opinion that the evidence was entitled to no weight, as probably mistaken; declaring himself, however, positive that there must have been balls in the pistols, but that the pistols had been elevated so high that the balls went over the garden-wall. One of the witnesses said to the other, immediately after seizing Oxford, "Look out—I dare say he has some friends:" to which he replied, "You are right—I have." At his lodgings were found some curious papers, in Oxford's handwriting, purporting to be the rules of a secret club or society called Young England; the first of which was, "that every member shall be provided with a brace of pistols, a sword, a rifle, and a dagger—the two latter

* At the Old Bailey, *rue* is placed plentifully on the ledge of the dock: whether in capital cases only, we do not know. The monster Maria Manning furiously gathered the rue that lay before her, and flung it amongst the counsel sitting at the table beneath her!

† Townsend, vol. i. p. 113.

to be kept at the committee-room." A list of members-*factitives*' [sic] names were given. "Marks of distinction: Council, a large white cockade; President, a black bow; General, three red bows; Captain, *two red bows*; Lieutenant, one red bow." There were also found in Oxford's trunk a sword and scabbard, and a black crape cap with *two red bows*—one of the "rules" requiring every member to be armed with a brace of loaded pistols, and to be provided with a black crape cap to cover his face, with his marks of distinction outside. Three letters were also found in his pocket-book, addressed to himself at three different residences, purporting to be signed by "A. W. Smith, *secretary*," and to contain statements of what had taken place, or was to take place, at the secret meetings of the society. They were all headed "Young England," and dated respectively "16th May 1839," "11th Nov. 1839," and "3d April 1840." Oxford said he had intended to destroy these papers in the morning, before he went out, but had forgotten it. All these papers—the "rules" and letters—were sworn by Oxford's mother to be *in his own handwriting*; and it should have been mentioned that there was not a tittle of evidence adduced to show that there were, in fact, any such society in existence, or any such persons as these papers would have indicated; nor, up to the present moment, has there been the least reason for believing that such was the case.

Thus closed the case for the Crown, undoubtedly a very formidable one. No attempt was made by the prisoner's counsel—who appear to have conducted the defence temperately and judiciously—to alter by evidence the position of the proved facts; which, therefore, were allowed to stand before the jury as almost conclusively establishing the case of high treason. Mr Taylor, however, strongly impaired the Attorney general's notion that there had been in the pistols balls, which had gone over the wall; because his own witnesses had spoken decisively to the bullet-marks on the wall; yet no flattened balls had been produced, after all the search that had been made. Mr Taylor, therefore,

inferred that the pistols had contained powder only: "a great outrage, unquestionably, but still not the *treason* charged." There was, again, he contended, there could have been, no *motive* for killing the Queen; and the idea of the 'Treasonable Society' was mere moonshine—a pure invention concocted by a lunatic—one who had inherited insanity, and himself exhibited the proofs of its existence: for Mr Taylor undertook to prove the insanity of Oxford's grandfather, his father, and himself. The proof broke down as far as concerned the grandfather, a sailor in the navy; for it was clear that his alleged violent eccentricities had been exhibited when he was under the influence of liquor. The insanity of Oxford's father was sought to be established by his widow, the mother of the prisoner. If her story, "told with unflinching voice and unshaken nerve," were correct, her husband had undoubtedly been a very violent and brutal fellow, with a dash of madness in his composition. It is possible that the mother, in her anxiety to save her son from a traitor's death on the scaffold, had, by a *quasi pia fraus*, too highly coloured her deceased husband's conduct. If this were not so, she had indeed been an object of the utmost sympathy. He forced her to marry him, she said, by furious threats of self-destruction if she did not; he burnt a great roll of bank-notes to ashes in her presence, because she had refused, or hesitated, to become his wife. He used to terrify her, during her pregnancies, by hideous grimaces, and apish tricks and gesticulations: the results being that her second child was born, and within three years' time died, an idiot. Her husband pursued the same course during her pregnancy with the prisoner, and presented a gun at her head. The prisoner had always been a headstrong, wayward, mischievous, eccentric youth—subject to fits of involuntary laughing and crying. He was absurdly vain, boastful, and ambitious; and wished his mother to send him to sea, where he would have nothing to do but walk about the deck, give orders, and by and by become Admiral Sir Edward Oxford! This was the utmost extent of the *facts* alleged in support of the defence

of insanity. The prisoner's whole life had been traced—in evidence—while he was at school, and in three distinct services; and he had never been confined, or in any way treated as mad. His sister spoke to his going out on the day of the outrage, and detailed a conversation evincing no symptoms of wandering. He used to have books from the library—"The Black Pirate," "Oliver Twist," and "Jack Sheppard." On leaving home that day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he told his sister that he was going to the Shooting Gallery to buy some linen for her to make him some shirts, and to bring home some tea from a particular shop in the Strand. A nursery-maid, to whom he had written a ludicrously-addressed letter a few weeks before, said, "I considered him in a sound state of mind, but sometimes very eccentric:" than which, no words were fitter to characterise the true scope and tendency of all the evidence which had been offered to prove him insane. Of that evidence, according to the genius and spirit, and also the letter of English law, twelve intelligent jurymen were the proper judges, under judicial guidance: and greatly to be deprecated is any attempt to deprive them of their right, and their fellow-subjects—the public at large—of the protection afforded by its unfettered exercise.

We therefore earnestly beg the reader to assume that he is given credit for an average degree of intelligence, and only a moderate amount of moral firmness—to imagine himself a jurymen, charged with the solution of this critical problem. We ask—On the facts now laid before you, do you believe Oxford to have been no more conscious of, or accountable for, his actions, in twice deliberately firing at the Queen, than would have been a baby accidentally pulling the trigger of a loaded pistol, and shooting its fond incautious mother or affectionate attendant?

If Oxford, instead of shooting at the Queen, had shot himself that afternoon: would you, being sworn "to give a just and true verdict according to the evidence," have pronounced him insane—totally uncon-

scious and irresponsible? Would you have declared him such, if required to say *ay* or *no* to that question on a commission of lunacy? Would you have declared his marriage, on that afternoon, null and void, on the ground of his insanity? Would you have declared his will void? or any contract, great or small, which he had entered into? Would you have declared his vote, in a municipal or parliamentary election, invalid? If he had committed some act of petty pilfering or cheating, would you have deliberately absolved him from guilt on the ground of insanity? Would you, in each and every one of these cases, have declared, upon your oath, that you believed Oxford was "*labouring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing,—or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing wrong?*"* We entreat you to forget altogether the enormity of the offence imputed to Oxford—an attempt to take the life of his Queen: dismiss it, and all consideration of consequences, as a disturbing force, and address your reason exclusively to the question last proposed. What would be your sworn answer? We beg you also to bear in mind from whom has proceeded the chief evidence in support of the defence of insanity—a mother, seeking to rescue her son from the fearful death of a traitor; and that the attempt to impugn his mental sanity is not made till after such a terrible occasion has arisen for doing so. Had it been their interest to establish *his sanity*, in order to uphold a will of his bequeathing them a large sum of money, who sees not how all their evidences of insanity would have melted into thin air, and the attempt to magnify and distort petty eccentricities into such, have been branded as cruel, unjust, and disgraceful?

But there came five doctors on the scene, and at their approach the light of reason was darkened. These astute personages—mysterious in their means of knowledge, and confident in their powers of extinguishing the common sense of both judges and jury—came to demonstrate that the unfortunate

* Opinions of the Judges, *ante*, p. 549.

young gentleman at the bar was no more the object of punishment than the unconscious baby aforesaid; no more aware of the nature and consequences of the act which he had done than is the torch with which a haystack is fired, or the bullet, cannon-ball, or dagger with which life is taken away! But let them speak for themselves—these wise men of Gotham—these confident disciples of the “*couldn't help it*” school!

FIRST DOCTOR.—*Question* by the prisoner's counsel and the Court.—“Supposing a person, in the middle of the day, without any suggested motive, to fire a loaded pistol at her Majesty, passing along the road in a carriage; to remain on the spot; to declare he was the person who did it; to take pains to have that known; and afterwards to enter freely into discussion, and answer any questions put to him on the subject: would you, from those facts alone, judge a person to be insane?”

Answer.—“I should.”

THE COURT.—“You mean to say, upon your oath, that if you heard these facts stated, you should conclude ‘that the person would be mad?’”

THE DOCTOR.—“I do.”

THE COURT.—“Without making any other inquiry?”

THE DOCTOR.—“Yes! . . . If, as a physician, I was employed to ascertain whether a person in whom I found these facts was sane or insane, I should undoubtedly give my opinion that he was insane.”

THE COURT.—“As a physician, you think every crime, plainly committed, to be committed by a madman?”

THE DOCTOR.—“Nothing of the kind; but a crime committed under all the circumstances of the hypothesis!”

As to the hypothesis proposed, the reader will not have failed to observe how inapplicable it was to the proved facts. Oxford certainly “remained on the spot” because he could not possibly have got away; there being a high wall on one side, high park railings on the other, and an infuriate crowd, as well as the Queen's attendants, on all sides. He also certainly “declared he was the person who did it;” but how absurd to deny what so many had witnessed?

SECOND DOCTOR.—He is asked the same question which had been proposed to the first Doctor, with the addition of “hereditary insanity being in the family” of the person concerned.

Answer.—“I should consider these circumstances of strong suspicion; but other facts should be sought before one could be warranted in giving a positive opinion.”

Question by the Prisoner's Counsel.—“Are there instances on record of persons becoming suddenly insane, whose conduct has been previously only eccentric?”

Answer.—“Certainly. Supposing, in addition, that there was previous delusion, my opinion would be that he is unsound. Such a form of insanity exists, and is recognised.”

Question by the Counsel for the Crown.—“What form of insanity do you call it?”

Answer.—“Lesion of the will—insanity connected with the development of the will. It means more than a loss of control over the conduct—morbid propensity. Moral irregularity is the result of that disease. Committing a crime without any apparent motive is an indication of insanity!”

Question by the Court.—“Do you conceive that this is really a medical question at all, which has been put to you?”

Answer.—“I do: I think medical men have more means of forming an opinion on that subject than other persons.”

Question.—“Why could not any person form an opinion, from the circumstances which have been referred to, whether a person was sane or insane?”

Answer.—“Because it seems to require a careful comparison of particular cases, more likely to be looked to by medical men, who are especially experienced in cases of unsoundness of mind.”

THIRD DOCTOR.—“I have 850 patients under my care in a lunatic asylum. I have seen and conversed with the prisoner. In my opinion he is of unsound mind. I never saw him in private more than once, and that for perhaps half-an-hour, the day before yesterday; and I have been in court the whole of yesterday and this morning. These are the notes of my interview with him:—A deficient understanding; shape of the anterior part of the head, that which is generally seen when there has been some disease of the brain in early life. An occasional appearance of acuteness, but a total inability to reason. Singular insensibility as regards the affections. Apparent incapacity to comprehend moral obligations—to distinguish right from wrong. Absolute insensibility to the heinousness of his offence, and the peril of his situation. Total indifference to the issue of the trial; acquittal will give him no particular pleasure, and he seems unable to

comprehend the alternative of his condemnation and execution: his offence, like that of other imbeciles who set fire to buildings, &c., without motive, except a vague pleasure in mischief. Appears unable to conceive anything of future responsibility."

Question by the Court.—"Did you try to ascertain whether he was acting *à part* with you, or not?"

Answer.—"I tried to ascertain it as well as I possibly could. My judgment is formed on all the circumstances together."

FOURTH DOCTOR.—To the same general question put to first and second Doctor.—

Answer.—"An exceedingly strong indication of unsoundness of mind. A propensity to commit acts without an apparent or adequate motive, under such circumstances, is recognised as a particular species of insanity, called *lesion* of the will: it has been called moral insanity."

Question.—"From the conversation you have had with the prisoner, and your opportunity of observing him, what do you think of his state of mind?"

Answer.—"Essentially unsound: there seems a mixture of insanity with imbecility. Laughing and crying are proofs of imbecility—assisting me to form my opinion. . . . When I saw him, I could not persuade him that there had been balls in the pistol—he insisted that there were none. He was indifferent about his mother when her name was mentioned. His manner was very peculiar: entirely without acute feeling or acute consciousness—lively, brisk, smart—perfectly natural—not as if he were acting, or making the least pretence. The interview lasted about three quarters of an hour."

LAST DOCTOR.—"A practising surgeon for between three and four years. Had attended the prisoner's family."

Question.—"What is your opinion as to his state of mind?"

Answer.—"Decidedly that of imbecility—more imbecility than anything: he is decidedly, in my judgment, of unsound mind. His mother has often told me there was something exceedingly peculiar about him, and asked me what I thought. The chief thing that struck me was his involuntary laughing: he did not seem to have that sufficient control over the emotions which we find in sane individuals. In Newgate, he had great insensibility to all impressions sought to be made on him. His mother once rebuked him for some want of civility to me; on which he jumped up in a fury, at the moment alarming me, and saying 'he would

stick her.' I think that was his expression."

Questioned by the Counsel for the Crown.—"I never prescribed for the prisoner, nor recommended any course of treatment, conduct, or diet whatever. I never gave, nor was asked for any advice. I concluded the disease was mental—one of those weak minds which, under little excitement, might become overthrown."

With every due consideration for these five gentlemen, as expressing themselves with undoubted sincerity and conscientiousness; with the sincerest respect for the medical profession, and a profound sense of the perplexities which its honourable and able members have to encounter in steering their course, when called upon to act in cases of alleged insanity—encountering often equally undeserved censure and peril for interfering and for not interfering—we beg to enter our stern and solemn protest on behalf of the public, and the administration of justice, against such "*evidence* of insanity" as we have just presented to the reader. It may really be stigmatised as "The safe committal of crime made easy to the plainest capacity." It proceeds upon paradoxes subversive of society. Moral insanity? Absurd misnomer! Call it rather "*immoral* insanity," and punish it accordingly. Is it not fearful to see well-educated men of intellect take so perverted a view of the conditions of human society—of the duties and responsibilities of its members? Absence of assignable motive an evidence of such insanity as should exempt from responsibility! Inability to resist or control a motive to commit murder a safe ground for immunity from criminal responsibility!—that "criminal responsibility which," as the present Lord Chancellor, in replying for the Crown in Oxford's case, justly remarked, "secures the very existence of society."

Let us look at another aspect of this medical evidence given on this memorable occasion. Doctor the first pronounced his authoritative decision solely on the evidence given in court: influenced, it may be, by his having, many years before, been called in to attend the prisoner's father when labouring under symp-

toms of poisoning by laudanum. Doctor the *second* gave merely speculative evidence, without, as it would seem, having even seen the prisoner, and founded solely on what passed at the trial. Doctor the *third* never saw the prisoner before the trial but once, and then for "*perhaps half an hour*," on the first day of the trial, or the day before it! How potent that half hour's observation! Doctor the *fourth* saw the prisoner with doctor the third, for "*perhaps three-quarters of an hour*!" Doctor the *fifth* was a practising surgeon of not four years' standing—owning how "short a time he had been in practice." Let us only surrender our understandings to this queer quinary, and we arrive at a short and easy solution—very comfortable, indeed, for the young gentleman at the bar, who is doubtless filled with wonder at finding how sagaciously they saw into the thoughts which had been passing through his mind—the precise state of his feelings, views, objects, and intentions, when he fired at the Queen. But in the mean time we ask, can it be tolerated that medical gentlemen should thus usurp the province of both judge and jury? We answer, no! and shall place here on record the just and indignant rebuke of Mr Baron Alderson to a well-known medical gentleman, who had thus authoritatively announced his conclusion on the recent trial of Robert Pate.

Dr —. — "From all I have heard to-day, and from my personal observation, I am satisfied the prisoner is of unsound mind."

BARON ALDERSON.—"Be so good, Dr —, as not to take upon yourself the functions of both the judge and the jury. If you can give us the results of your scientific knowledge in this point, we shall be glad to hear you; but while I am sitting on this bench, I will not permit any medical witness to usurp the functions of both the judge and the jury."

It fell to the lot of Sir Thomas Wilde to reply for the Crown, in Oxford's case, as in that of Frost; and he discharged the responsible duty with his usual clearness and cogency. As to the facts, irrespective of the question of insanity, a single sentence disposed of them.

"What would be the condition of

society—exposed as we all are to such attacks, and the infliction of death by such means—if, with the evidence of previous preparation of the means; the use of balls and pistols; inquiries as to the effect of their discharge, and whether the party was hurt, coupled with admission, incidental and direct, of the fact that balls were in the pistols: what would be the state of society, if evidence like this left an assassin the chance of escape merely because the balls could not be found?"

And, with this terse summary of the proved facts before our eyes, we ask a question of our own: What overwhelming evidence of insanity would not an intelligent and honest jurymen require, to refer such a case to the category of criminal irresponsibility?

Sir Thomas Wilde vigorously and contemptuously crushed under foot the mischievous sophistries of the medical evidence.

"If eccentric acts were proof of insanity, many persons who were wrenching knockers off doors, knocking down watchmen, and committing similar freaks, were laying up a large stock of *veritas* for the conviction of crimes."

"The trick of laughing suddenly, without cause, was so common, that if this were token of imbecility the lunatic asylum would overflow with gigglers!"

"The prisoner had all along displayed a morbid desire to be talked about; and the letters and documents produced had been written with that feeling and object. A criminal should not be permitted to write out for himself a certificate of lunacy!"

"Was his making no attempt to escape, a proof of an unsound mind? If he had made such an attempt, it would have been a great proof of madness! He was surrounded on all sides by the multitude. He took such a reasonable view of his situation, as to see that he had no chance of escape, and gave himself up quietly!"

"The prisoner had been allowed the unrestrained use of firearms and powder, and was well acquainted with their fatal effects on human life. Would his mother have trusted a madman with them! and left her mad son in the same house with her daughter!"

"The medical men went to Newgate pre-disposed and pre-determined to see a madman."

"Suppose the prisoner unfeeling, violent, indifferent to his own fate, and

preferring notoriety to any other consideration: what evidence did that supply of his being in a state of moral irresponsibility?—that moral irresponsibility which secured the very existence of society.”

All this surely sounds like an irresistible appeal to good sense.

Lord Denman directed the jury with corresponding clearness and decision, and also in full conformity with the views of the Solicitor-general, and with the subsequent annunciation of the law by the judges.*

“If you think the prisoner was, *at the time*, labouring under any delusion which prevented him from judging of the effects of the act he had committed, you cannot find him guilty. He might, perhaps, have been labouring under a delusion affecting every part of his conduct, and not directed to one object alone: if that were so at the time of his firing, he could not be held accountable for it. But if, though labouring under a delusion, he fired the loaded pistols at the Queen, knowing the possible result—though forced to the act by his morbid love of notoriety—he is responsible, and liable to punishment.”

“There may be cases of insanity, in which medical evidence as to *physical* symptoms is of the utmost consequence. But as to *moral insanity*, I, for my own part, cannot admit that medical men have at all more means of forming an opinion, in such a case, than are possessed by gentlemen accustomed to the affairs of life, and bringing to the subject a wide experience.”

“The mere fact of the prisoner’s going into the park, and raising his hand against the Queen, is not to be taken as a proof of insanity—particularly if we suppose that he is naturally reckless of consequences. It is a mark, doubtless, of a mind devoid of right judgment and of right feeling; but it would be a most dangerous maxim, that the mere enormity of a crime should secure the prisoner’s acquittal, by being taken to establish his *insanity*. Acts of wanton and dangerous mischief are often committed by persons who *suppose* that they have an adequate motive; but they are sometimes done by those who have no adequate motive, and on whom they can confer no advantage. A man may be charged with slaying his father, his child, or his innocent wife, to whom he is bound to afford protection and kindness; and it is most extravagant to say that this man cannot be found

guilty, because of the enormity of his

The jury, thus charged with the principles of a humane and sound jurisprudence, retired, and after three quarters of an hour’s absence returned with this special verdict: “We find the prisoner, Edward Oxford, guilty of discharging the contents of two pistols; but whether or not they were loaded with ball has not been satisfactorily proved to us—he being of *unsound mind at the time*.” In other words, “We find that he did not fire a pistol loaded with ball because he was not of sound mind!” They were sent back, with a mild intimation that they had not sufficiently applied their minds to the true question—viz., Did the prisoner, ay or no, fire a pistol loaded with ball at the Queen? The foreman, “We cannot decide the point, because there is no satisfactory evidence produced before us, to show that the pistols were loaded with bullets.” They retired, to return with a verdict of “‘Guilty,’ or ‘Not Guilty,’ on the evidence.” After an hour’s absence they finally brought back their verdict, “Guilty, he being at the time insane!”

Lord Denman.—“Do you acquit the prisoner, on the ground of insanity?”

Foreman of the Jury.—“Yes, my Lord; that is our intention.”

Lord Denman.—“Then the verdict will stand thus: ‘Not Guilty, on the ground of insanity.’ The prisoner will be confined in strict custody, as a matter of course.”

“The prisoner,” says Mr Townsend,† “walked briskly from the bar, apparently glad that the tedious trial was over.”

Upon the whole matter we are of opinion,—*First*, That there was very satisfactory evidence that the pistols were loaded with ball, and that the jury ought to have found their verdict accordingly. *Secondly*, If they remained of opinion, to the last, that there was no satisfactory evidence on this point, they ought unquestionably to have pronounced the prisoner Not Guilty, independently of any question as to the prisoner’s state of mind. In Scotland, the jury would, in such a case, have returned a verdict of *Not*

* *Ante*, p. 549.

† Townsend, vol. i. p. 150.

Proven; but in England, deficient evidence—i. e. such as leaves the jury finally in doubt—is regarded as leaving the charge unproved, &c., requiring the verdict of Not Guilty. *Thirdly*, The defence of insanity utterly failed, and the evidence offered in support of it was scarcely worthy of serious consideration. *Lastly*, It is possible that the verdict was given—though by men anxiously desirous of acting with mingled mercy and justice—under a condition of mental irresolution and confusion, and with a deficiency of moral courage. The jury either shrank from the fearful consequences of a verdict of Guilty, on a charge of high treason, and yet feared to let the prisoner loose again upon society; or there was a compromise between those who believed that there *was*, and there *was not*, sufficient evidence of the pistols having contained bullets; and also between those who were similarly divided on the subject of the prisoner's sanity. Thus stood, thus stands, the case; and Oxford has ever since been an inmate of Bedlam: though Mr Taylor, to whose work on *Medical Jurisprudence* we have already referred, and who is a decided and able supporter of that theory of "moral insanity" to which we, in common with all the Judges, are so strongly opposed, admits expressly that, with the exception of McNaughten's case, "there is perhaps none on record, in English jurisprudence, where the facts in support of the plea of insanity were so slight as in that of Oxford."

McNAUGHTEN'S CASE.

The case of Daniel McNaughten, which was tried at the Old Bailey about two years and a half after that of Oxford—viz. on the 3d and 4th March 1843—cannot be approached without a shudder, as one recalls the direful deed for which he was brought to trial—the assassination of Mr Drummond, whom the murderer had mistaken for the late Sir Robert Peel! To a candid philosophical jurist, this case is one of profound interest, and of considerable difficulty. The abrupt interposition of the presiding judge, the late Chief-justice Tindal—

a step very unusual on such an occasion, and especially so in the case of that signally patient and cautious judge—occasioned much remark at the time, and a general, if not almost universal expression of regret that he had not allowed a case of such magnitude to run on to the end, and so have afforded the jury the vast advantage of hearing that consummate lawyer Sir William Follett's commentary upon the case, set up in behalf of the prisoner. The unexpected issue of this dreadful case led, as has been already explained, to Parliamentary discussion, and a solemn declaration by the assembled judges of England of the true principles applicable to such cases. We shall not examine the proceedings as minutely as in the case of Oxford; but we shall endeavour to enable the thoughtful reader to apply to the leading facts the rules of law laid down by the Judges for the conduct of these critical investigations. He can then form an opinion as to what might have been the result, if those principles had been strictly adhered to, and the case had gone on to its legitimate conclusion. It will be borne in mind that, as started at the close of our account of Oxford's case, even Mr Taylor treats the case of McNaughten as an acquittal proceeding on facts, alleged in support of the defence of insanity, "as slight as those in Oxford's case!"

Mr Drummond, the private secretary of the late Sir Robert Peel, then prime-minister, was returning alone to his residence in Downing Street, having just quitted Drummond's banking-house at Charing Cross, in the afternoon of Friday, the 20th January 1843, when a man (Daniel McNaughten) came close behind him, and deliberately shot him in the back with a pistol which he had been seen to take from his left breast. While Mr Drummond staggered away, and the man who had shot him was seen quickly, but deliberately, taking another pistol from his right breast with his left hand, cocking it, and then transferring it to his right hand, he was tripped up by a police officer; and a desperate struggle occurred on the ground, during which the pistol went

* *Medical Jurisprudence*, p. 801.

off—providentially without injuring any one. M'Naughten strove to use his right arm against the officer, but was overpowered, the pistols taken from him, and he was led to the station house. As he went, he said, "*He*" [or "*she*"]—the witness was uncertain which word was used) *shall not break my peace of mind any longer.*" On being searched, a banker's receipt for £745, two five-pound notes, and four sovereigns, and ten copper percussion caps fitting the nipples of the pistols which he had discharged, were found on his person; while bullets exactly fitting the barrels were discovered at his lodgings. The unfortunate gentleman who had been thus assassinated, died after great suffering, on the 25th January. He had borne a strong personal resemblance to the late Sir Robert Peel; and it was beyond all doubt that it had been Sir Robert Peel whom M'Naughten thought he had shot, and had intended to shoot. On the ensuing morning, when asked if he knew whom he had shot, he replied, "It is Sir Robert Peel, is it not?" and on being reminded that what he said might be given in evidence, he replied quickly, "*But you won't use this against me*." He had shortly before said that, when brought before the magistrate, he would "give a reason, a short one," for what he had done; and also observed, that he was an object of persecution by the Tories—that they followed him from place to place with their persecution." He appeared calm; and gave a correct and connected account of his recent travelling movements. He was the natural son of a turner at Glasgow, from which, some months previously, he had come to London, and had then paid a short visit to France. Down to the moment of his committing this appalling act, he had been a man of rigorously temperate habits; and no one with whom he lodged or associated, entertained the slightest suspicion that his reason was in any way affected—though he appeared peculiarly reserved, and even sullen, which his landlady had attributed to his being out of a situation and poor; for, though punctual in his small pay-

ments, he was frugal even to parsimony. She had no idea that he possessed so large a sum as £750. During the previous fortnight, he had been observed loitering so suspiciously in the neighbourhood of Sir Robert Peel's private and official residences as to challenge inquiry, which he parried by casual observations. In the month of November previously, he had remarked to a companion, on being shown Sir Robert Peel's house in Whitehall, "D—n him! Sink him!" or words to that effect. His other remarks were perfectly rational, and his companion entertained no notion "that his mind was disordered." The following two documents in his handwriting, dated in the May and July-preceding the murder, are very remarkable, as indicating great caution, shrewdness, and thrift on the part of the writer. The first was addressed to the Manager of the Glasgow Bank, and is as follows:—

* GLASGOW, 23d May 1842.

"Sir, I hereby intimate to you, that I will require the money, ten days from this date, which I deposited in the London Joint-Stock Bank through you. The account is for £745. The account is dated August 26th 1841, but is not numbered! As it would put me to some inconvenience to give personal intimation, and then remain in London till the eleven days' notice agreed upon has expired, I trust this will be considered sufficient.

"Yours &c.,

"DANIEL M'NAUGHTEN."

Two months afterwards—viz., in July—he purchased the fatal pistols of a gunsmith near Glasgow, giving him very precise directions as to their make; and on the 19th of July replied to the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Spectator* newspaper of the 16th of July:—

OPTIONAL PARTNERSHIP.—"Any gentleman having £1000 may invest them, on the most advantageous terms, in a very genteel business in London, attended with no risk, with the option, within a given period, of becoming a partner, and of ultimately succeeding to the whole business. In the mean time, security and liberal interest will be given for the money. Apply by letter to B. B., Mr Hilton's, Bookseller, Penton Street, Pentonville." *

* Townsend, p. 337.

M'Naughten's answer, which here follows, cannot be too closely scrutinised, and its general tone and tendency too anxiously weighed, by a dispassionate judicial mind, regard being had to the evidence hereafter to be adverted to, with reference to the alleged condition of the writer's mind, long previously to, at, and after the date of the letter.

"GLASGOW, 19th July 1842.

"SIR,—My attention has been attracted to your advertisement in the *Spectator* newspaper, and as I am unemployed at present, and very anxious to obtain some, I have been induced to write, requesting you to state some particulars regarding the nature of the business in which you are engaged. If immediate employment can be given or otherwise, what sort of security will be given for the money, and how much interest? I may mention that I have been engaged in business on my own account for a few years, am under thirty years of age, and of very active and sober habits.

"The capital which I possess has been acquired by the most vigilant industry, but, unfortunately, does not amount to the exact sum specified in your advertisement. If nothing less will do, I will be sorry for it, but cannot help it; if otherwise, have the goodness to write to me at your earliest convenience, and address, D. M. N., 90, Clyde Street, Arderton's front land, top flat."*

He went to London during the same month; appears to have gone for about a fortnight to France, returning to Glasgow; went a second time to London in September, and resided there, in the lodgings which he had formerly occupied, down to the day on which he shot Mr Drummond. His landlady accurately described his habits, and stated that "she never thought him unsettled in his mind;" and, on the very morning of the fatal day, "did not observe anything about his manner." Such was the tenor of all the evidence offered for the prosecution—some of it stretching back to the years 1840, 1841, when he attended anatomical lectures in Glasgow. A Writer to the Signet, who also attended them, and the physician who lectured, expressly declaring that they had never seen anything in him to

indicate "disordered mind," or that "he was not in his right senses."

The following was the statement which he made and signed, when examined on the charge at Bow Street. This document, like the preceding, is worthy of great consideration.

"The Tories in my native city have compelled me to do this. They follow and persecute me wherever I go, and have entirely destroyed my peace of mind. They followed me into France, into Scotland, and all over England: in fact, they follow me wherever I go. I cannot get no rest for them night or day. I cannot sleep at night, in consequence of the course they pursue towards me. I believe they have driven me into a consumption. I am sure I shall never be the man I formerly was. I used to have good health and strength, but I have not now. They have accused me of crimes of which I am not guilty; they do everything in their power to harass and persecute me; in fact, they wish to murder me. It can be proved by evidence. That's all I have to say."†

On Thursday the 2d February—that is to say, exactly a fortnight after the murder—M'Naughten was arraigned at the Old Bailey. When called upon, in the usual manner, to say whether he was Guilty or Not Guilty, he remained silent, with his eyes directed steadily towards the bench. At length, on being authoritatively required to answer, he said, after some hesitation, "I was driven to desperation by persecution." On being told that he must answer, "Guilty," or "Not Guilty," he replied that he was guilty of *firing*. On this Lord Abinger interposed, "By that, do you mean to say you are not guilty of the remainder of the charge—that is, of *intending to murder Mr Drummond*?" The prisoner at once said, "Yes;" on which Lord Abinger ordered a plea of Not Guilty to be recorded. It appears to us that there is great significance in what passed on this occasion.

An application was then made to postpone the trial, on affidavits stating that, by the next session, matured evidence could be adduced to show the insanity of the prisoner when he shot Mr Drummond. The Attorney-general (Sir Frederick Pollock) at

* Townsend, vol. i. p. 338.

† Ibid. p. 345.

once humanely assented to the application, and it was granted; as also ample funds out of the £764 found on the prisoner, to prepare effectively for the defence. Let us here pause for a moment, to contrast the treatment which M'Naughten—whose undisputed act had filled the whole country with horror and indignation—received on this occasion, with that experienced by his predecessor Bellingham, thirty years before, whose case very closely resembled that of M'Naughten in some fearful points. We can with difficulty record calmly that Bellingham's counsel, fortified by strong affidavits of the prisoner's insanity, and that witnesses knowing the fact could be brought from Liverpool and elsewhere, applied in vain for a postponement of the trial, the Attorney-general of that day barbarously, and even offensively, opposing the application, which was consequently at once overruled. Within seven days' time Bellingham shot Mr Percival, was committed, *tried*—if it be not a mockery to use the word—convicted, and executed. On Monday, the 11th May 1811, Bellingham shot his unfortunate victim, and on that day week (Monday, the 18th May 1811) the assassin's dead body lay on the dissecting-table! This vindictive precipitancy affords an awful contrast to the noble temper in which M'Naughten's application was entertained by the Attorney-general, the judge, and the justly-excited country at large. It supplied the eloquent advocate, (the present Solicitor-general, Sir Alexander Cockburn) who was subsequently retained by the prisoner, with a potent weapon of defence, of which he failed not to make effective use. It is not too much to say, that all who can concur in the acquittal of M'Naughten must regard Bellingham as judicially murdered. We concur heartily with M'Naughten's advocate in the remark, that "few will read the report of Bellingham's trial with-

out being forced to the conclusion that he was either really mad, or, at the very least, the little evidence which alone he was permitted to adduce, relative to the state of his mind, was strong enough to have entitled him to a *deliberate and thorough investigation of his case.*" *

On Friday, March 3rd, M'Naughten took his trial before the late Chief-justice Tindal, the late Mr Justice Williams, and Mr Justice Coleridge. The prosecution was conducted by the late Sir William Follett, then Solicitor-general, and the prisoner defended by the present Solicitor-general, then Mr Cockburn, Q. C. Nothing could exceed the temperate and luminous opening statement of Sir William Follett, who, in our judgment, laid down the rules of English law, applicable to the difficult and delicate subject with which he had to deal, with rigorous propriety.

"If you believe," said he, "that the prisoner at the bar, at the time he committed this act, was not a responsible agent—that, when he fired the pistol, he was incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong—that he was under the influence and control of some disease of the mind which prevented him from being conscious that he was committing a crime that he did not know he was violating the law both of God and man—then, undoubtedly, he is entitled to your acquittal. But it is my duty to tell you that nothing short of *that* will excuse him, upon the principles of the English law. To excuse him, it will not be sufficient that he laboured under partial insanity upon some subjects—that he had a morbid delusion of mind upon some subjects, which could not exist in a wholly sane person; that is not enough, if he had that degree of intellect which enabled him to know and distinguish between right and wrong—if he knew what would be the effects of his crime, and consciously committed it; and if, with that consciousness, he *wilfully* committed it."

The witnesses for the prosecution established a case, if unanswerd, of

* We have heard high authorities strongly disapprove of the conviction and execution of Bellingham; and it certainly appears impossible to reconcile with true principles of jurisprudence the different fates awarded to Bellingham and M'Naughten, supposing the facts to be as alleged in each case. A military officer, present at the execution of Bellingham, and very near the scaffold, told us that he distinctly recollects Bellingham, while standing on the scaffold, elevating one of his hands, as if to ascertain whether it were raining; and he observed to the chaplain, in a very calm and natural tone and manner, "*I think we shall have rain to-day!*"

perfect guilt; the facts of the assassination were indisputable, and the evidence of the prisoner's sanity cogent in the extreme. Mr Cockburn addressed the jury at very great length, and in a strain of sustained eloquence and power, his object being to persuade the jury "that the prisoner was labouring, at the time of committing the act, under a morbid [?] insanity, which took away from him all power of self-control, so that he was not responsible for his acts. I do not put this case forward as one of total insanity; it is a case of delusion, and I say so from sources upon which the light of science has thrown her holy beam." Those who have read what has gone before concerning Oxford's case will appreciate this observation of Mr Cockburn, and gather from it his adoption, for the purpose of that defence, of the theory of moral insanity, which he enforced and illustrated by many striking and brilliant observations, calculated to produce a deep and strong impression on the minds of the jury, such as required the utmost exertions of Sir William Pollett in reply, and finally of judicial exposition to efface, if fallacious—or modify to any extent rendered necessary by inaccuracy or exaggeration. Ten witnesses, all of them from Glasgow, were called, for the purpose of establishing the fact that the prisoner had, for some eighteen months previously to January 1843, appeared to labour, and had continually represented himself as labouring, under a persuasion that he was the victim of some such indefinite, mysterious, and incessant persecution as he spoke of in his statement before the magistrate at Bow Street. We are bound to say that the force of this testimony—coming chiefly from persons above all suspicion, and in a superior rank of life—is irresistible as to the existence of such an insane delusion down to the time of his quitting Glasgow. Not a witness, however, gave evidence of his exhibiting that tendency after his last return to London, before his shooting Mr Drummond. The only mention of Sir Robert Peel's name was by one of these ten witnesses, a former fellow-lodger of the prisoner's, who told him, in July 1842, that he had heard Sir Robert Peel speak in the House of Commons; preferred his

speaking to that of Lord John Russell and Mr O'Connell; and said "he thought Sir R. Peel had arrived at what Lord Byron said of him—that 'he would be something great in the state.'" Mr Cockburn asked the witness, "Did you ever, on that or any other occasion, hear him speak at all disrespectfully of Sir Robert Peel?" *Answer*.—"Certainly not." One or two witnesses spoke to singularities of demeanour as early as the years 1835 and 1836. One of his landlords, in the former year, got rid of him as a lodger, "for one reason, in consequence of the infidel doctrines he maintained, and the books of such a character which he was in the habit of reading." One witness, who had succeeded him in his business, remonstrated with him, towards the end of 1842, about his notions as to being persecuted, telling him it was all imagination—that there were no such people as he supposed. He said that, "if he could once set his eyes on them, they should not be long in the land of the living," and became shortly afterwards very much excited. Sometimes he said he was "haunted by a parcel of devils following him." His landlady, seeing the brace of pistols which he had in September, just before his return to London, said—"What, in the name of God, are you doing with pistols there?" He said "he was going to shoot birds with them." I never saw the pistols after that." He told the Commission of Police that the "persecution proceeded from the priests of the Catholic chapel in Clyde Street, who were assisted by a parcel of Jesuits." In August 1842, he told the same witness that "the police, the Jesuits, the Catholic priests, and Tories, were all leagued against him."

Mr Cockburn having thus "laid a broad foundation," says Mr Townsend, "for medical theories, upon them was built, by the nine physicians and surgeons who confirmed each other's theories, a goodly superstructure of undoubted insanity. Had the workings," continues Mr Townsend, sarcastically, "of the troubled brain been as distinctly visible to the eye, as the labours of bees seen through a glass hive, they could not have held the fact to be more demonstratively proved. Positive beyond the possibility of mis-

take, and infallible as theologians, they explained all that might appear without the aid of science inexplicable; and proved, as if they were stating undoubted facts, an irresponsible delusion."

One of the physicians attested his conviction, from an interview with the prisoner shortly before his trial, "as a matter of certainty, that McNaughten was not responsible for his acts!" Well may Mr Townsend add, "By an excess of lenity, the counsel for the prosecution allowed these scientific witnesses to depart from the ordinary rules of evidence, to give their own conclusions from the facts proved, and usurp the province of the jury."* After going through the evidence (if the word can be used with propriety under such circumstances) of the other medical gentlemen, Mr Townsend observes, "Each physician and surgeon, as he stepped into the witness-box, seemed anxious to surpass his predecessor in the tone of decision and certainty; each tried to draw the bow of — (mentioning the first physician who had been called, and who was also called in Oxford's and Pate's case, in which latter he was rebuked by Baron Alderson,†) and shoot, if possible, still farther into empty space." And this gentleman, Dr —, had asserted, under cross-examination by Sir William Follett, "his positive conviction that he could ascertain the nicest shade of insanity! that the shadowy trace of eccentricity, dissolving into madness, could be palpably distinguished!"‡ The last of these confident personages then was permitted to make this extraordinary statement: "I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the prisoner is insane, and that he committed the offence in question whilst afflicted with a delusion under which he appears to have been labouring for a considerable length of time!!!"

We feel constrained to say that this appears to us, in every way, monstrous.

"Nine medical witnesses," significantly observes Mr Townsend, "had now spoken, with a wonderful unanimity of opinion, and the court surrendered at discretion."§

If such a course is to be allowed again in a court of justice, what security have any of us for life, liberty, or property?

Chief Justice Tindal here interposed, to ask Sir William Follett whether he was prepared with evidence on the part of the Crown to combat that of the medical witnesses,—

"Because, if you have not," said the Chief Justice, "we think we are under the necessity of stopping the case. Is there any medical evidence on the other side?"

Sir William Follett,—"No, my Lord."

Chief Justice Tindal, "We feel the evidence, especially that of the last two medical gentlemen who have been examined, and who are strangers to both sides, and only observers of the case, to be very strong, and sufficient to induce my learned brothers and myself to stop the case."¶

After this authoritative intimation from the court, in a capital case, in favour of the prisoner, it would have been obviously to the last degree inexpedient for the Solicitor-General, in his position of peculiar and great public responsibility, to "press for a verdict against the prisoner."** After, therefore, intimating distinctly and respectfully to the jury, that, "after the intimation he had received from the bench, he felt that he should not be properly discharging his duty to the Crown and the public, if he asked them for a verdict against the prisoner," he withdrew, in deference to "the very strong opinion entertained by the Lord Chief-Justice, and the other learned Judges present," that the evidence, especially the medical evidence, sufficed to show that the prisoner, when he shot Mr Drummond, was labouring under insanity. "If he were so," added Sir William Follett, with a pointed

* Townsend, vol. i. p. 398. † Ante, p. 559. ‡ Townsend, vol. i. p. 396. § Ibid. p. 400.

¶ It is said that the two physicians selected by Government to examine the prisoner, in company with those who did so on behalf of the defence, did not differ from them in opinion; and Mr Cockburn taunted Sir William Follett with not having called them, though they sat beside him in court. By that time Sir William Follett might have seen, during the progress of the trial, sufficient to make him distrust medical evidence altogether, come from whom it might!—Ibid. p. 378.

¶ Ibid. p. 400.

** Ibid.

reservation of his own opinion, "he would be entitled to his acquittal." He intimated, however, distinctly, that he adhered to "the doctrines and authorities" on which he had relied in opening the case, "as being correct law; our object being to ascertain whether the prisoner, at the time when he committed the crime, was—at that time—to be regarded as a responsible agent, or whether all control over himself was taken away. The learned judge, I understand, means to submit that question to you. I cannot press for a verdict against the prisoner, and it will be for you to come to your decision."

The Chief-Justice then briefly addressed the jury, offering to go through the whole evidence, if the jury deemed it necessary, which he "thought to be almost unnecessary;" adding—

"I am in your hands; but if, in balancing the evidence in your minds, you think that the prisoner was, at the time of committing the act, capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, then he was a responsible agent, and liable to all the penalties which the law enforces. If not so—and if, in your judgment, the subject should appear involved in very great difficulty—then you will probably not take upon yourselves to find the prisoner guilty. If that is your opinion, then you will acquit the prisoner. If you think you ought to hear the evidence more fully, in that case I will state it to you, and leave the case in your hands. Probably, however, sufficient has now been laid before you, and you will say whether you want any further information."

Foreman of the Jury.—"We require no more, my Lord."

Chief-Justice Tindal.—"If you find the prisoner not guilty, say on the ground of insanity; in which case proper care will be taken of him."

Foreman.—"We find the prisoner not guilty, on the ground of insanity."

We repeat emphatically our deep respect for the late Chief-Justice Tindal, and for his brethren who sat beside him on this momentous occasion; and we also acknowledge the weight due to the observation of Mr Townsend, that "none can form so correct an estimate of the facts proved, and their illustration by science, as those who actually saw what was going on; and the three able Judges who pre-

sided seem to have been fully impressed with the conviction that the prisoner ought not to be considered amenable to punishment for his act, being insensible, at the time he committed it, that he was violating the law of God and man."

And, again, "It is far more just and merciful to take care alike of the accused and of society, by confining in secure custody the doubtfully conscious shedder of blood, than to incur the fearful hazard of putting to death an irresponsible agent.* Nevertheless, we concur in the unanimous opinion of the five law lords, expressed in their places in Parliament—the Lord Chancellor, Lord Brougham, Lord Cottenham, Lord Denman, Lord Campbell—that it would have been better to let the trial proceed regularly to its conclusion. The whole facts of the case demanded, not less than the theories of the medical witnesses, that thorough sifting, and the application of that masterly and luminous practical logic, which both the Solicitor-General and the Chief-Justice were so pre-eminently capable of bestowing. If, after such a dealing with the case, an acquittal on the ground of insanity should have ensued, who could have gainsaid it? At present, see what a candid and scientific writer on medical jurisprudence—as we have several times observed, a strong favourer of the notion of moral insanity—has felt himself compelled to place permanently on record,† with reference to the acquittal of M'Naughten.

"When we find a man lurking for many days together in a particular locality, having about him loaded weapons—watching a particular individual who frequents that locality—a man who does not face the individual and shoot him, but who coolly waits until he has an opportunity of discharging the weapon unobserved by his victim or others—the circumstances appear to show such a perfect adaptation of means to ends, and such a power of controlling his actions, that one is quite at a loss to understand why a plea of irresponsibility should be admitted, except upon the fallacious ground that no motive could be discovered for the act—a ground, however, which was not allowed to prevail in the case of Courvoisier, Francis, and the perpetrators

* Townsend, vol. i. p. 325.

† Taylor's *Medical Jurisprudence*, p. 799.

of other atrocious crimes. Observe the lively sense of his danger, and of his rights and interests, as an accused person, exhibited by M'Naughten almost immediately after committing the act—when, fearful lest an inadvertent admission should be given in evidence against him, he said to the officer—“*But you won't use this against me!*” Note the matter-of-fact astuteness with which he attended to his pecuniary interests in May and July; the total absence of any evidence of the existence of his delusions during his last sojourn in London; the presence of such proof of careful, deliberate, and too successful perpetration, as to time, opportunity, and means; his expression in November towards Sir Robert Peel—“*D—n him!*” But, above all, is to be noted the time when he first gives utterance to anything directly and cogently favouring the notion on which his life depended—his insane delusion with regard to Sir Robert Peel—viz., after he had been for some time incarcerated in Newgate, and when he knew that he was being examined by a physician, in order to ascertain what had been his state of mind at the time in question! Dr Munro has there recorded it.† He said—Mr Salmond, the Procurator-Fiscal, Mr Sheriff Bell, Mr Sheriff Alison, and Sir Robert Peel, might have put a stop to this system of persecution if they would! . . . “*We were afraid of going out after dark for fear of assassination: that individuals were made to appear before him like them he had seen in Glasgow.*” . . . “*That he imagined the person at whom he fired at Charing Cross to be one of the crew—a part of the system that was destroying his health.* He observed, that, when he saw the person at Charing Cross at whom he fired, every feeling of suffering which he had endured for months and years rose up at once in his mind, and that he conceived that he should obtain peace by killing him.”

Surely it would have conduced—especially in the painful excitement of the public mind on the subject at the time—to the satisfactory administration of justice, if it had been allowed Sir William Follett—without his being placed in the insidious position of appearing to press unduly against a prisoner being tried for his life—to combine and contrast these various circumstances, as he, of almost all men, could have best combined and contrasted them. The jury should have

had their minds solemnly and authoritatively directed to the question, for instance, whether this last observation of M'Naughten made to Dr Munro was a spontaneous, genuine indication of utterly subverted mental faculties, continuing from the moment of his shooting Mr Drummond; or an effort of anxious astuteness to give effect to the suggestion which he may have believed would save his life. And, moreover, this and other circumstances should have been accompanied by a direction to the jury, in accordance with that of Lord Denman in Oxford's case,‡ and with the following canon, subsequently laid down by the Judges in their answer to the first question proposed by the Lord Chancellor—viz., “*That notwithstanding the party did the act with a view, under insane delusion, of redressing or retarding some supposed grievance or injury, he is nevertheless punishable, if he knew at the time that he was acting contrary to the law of the land.*” Could M'Naughten be again tried on this charge, this is the precise question which would be left to the jury. Mr Alison, in his *Principles of the Criminal Law of Scotland*,§ thus lays down the rule applicable to such cases, in commenting on that of Bellingham:—

“*Unquestionably, the mere fancying a series of injuries to have been received will not serve as an excuse for murder—for this plain reason, that, supposing it true that such injuries had been received, they would have furnished no excuse for the shedding of blood. On the other hand, however, such an illusion as depriving the pannel of the sense that what he did was wrong amounts to legal insanity, though he was perfectly aware that murder in general was a crime.*”

Responsibility more awful than is devolved upon all parties to the judicial investigation of this question can scarcely be imagined. A deliberate and thorough investigation of every—even the minutest—circumstance adduced, guided steadily by correct legal principles, is demanded imperiously by justice. Difficult—almost hopeless—as may be the attempt to grope into the turbid mind of a madman, to

* *Ante*, p. 562.

† Townsend, vol. i. p. 395.

‡ *Ante*, p. 560.§ *Ante*, p. 549.

¶ P. 638.

ascertain its true condition at a given moment of time, the attempt *must* be made, a decision *must* be pronounced—distinguishing between real and simulated imbecility or madness—between irresponsible insanity and responsible eccentricity. These are questions, we repeat, of infinite importance, of great difficulty; and the interests of the entire community, and of individual members of it, demand a steady adherence to the principles of a humane and enlightened jurisprudence. Recent dreadful instances have served to remove several sources of dangerous error, in dealing with these cases of criminal jurisprudence. No one dare now infer madness from the mere *absence of motive*, and from the *very enormity of the act committed*; nor accord immunity to the fancied victim of “*uncontrollable impulse*.” That is, at all events, a point gained in favour of society. In England, at all events, we sternly repudiate this last sickly and spurious theory, which would place the innocent and virtuous entirely at the mercy of the most base and ruffianly impulses of our fallen nature. It would relax all the bonds of self-restraint, and afford a premium on the indulgence of ungovernable passions.

The recent lamentable case of Robert Pate affords a valuable illustration of the truth of these remarks; and Mr Baron Alderson's charge to the jury not only conduced to the firm administration of justice in the particular case, but was calculated to be of great and permanent public service, by dispelling the morbid and mischievous notions which have latterly prevailed, and exhibiting expressively the stern simplicity and common sense of English law. On the 27th June last, a gentleman, who had only recently sold his commission in the 10th Hussars, and was residing as a gentleman of fortune in London, suddenly struck her Majesty on the forehead a violent blow with a cane, which actually caused blood to flow! He could give no account of his reason for committing this unmanly and infamous outrage; but the defence set up for him was, simply, uncontrollable impulse; and evidence was adduced certainly showing him to be of a very

eccentric character, and actuated by strange whims and delusions. He was tried on the 12th July last at the Old Bailey,* before Baron Alderson, under statute 5 and 6 Vict. c. 51, § 2.* The indictment contained three counts, charging him with striking the Queen “with an offensive weapon—that is, a stick,” with intent (1st) to injure her person; (2d) to alarm her; (3d) to break the public peace. Again came the doctors—one speaking of “some strange sudden impulse, which he was quite unable to control;” and the other confidently pronouncing the prisoner to have been insane. The jury convicted the prisoner on the first and third counts, which the Judge told them had been clearly made out by evidence, discarding the defence of insanity; and the following was the summing-up of Mr Baron Alderson, in strict accordance with the principles laid down in 1843 by the Judges†:—

“The law throws on the prisoner the *onus* of proving that, at the time the offence was committed, he was in an unsound state of mind; and you will have to say, after hearing my explanation of the law, whether this has been made out to your satisfaction. In the first place, you must clearly understand that it is *not* because a man is insane that he is unpunishable; and I must say, that *upon this point there exists a very grievous delusion in the minds of medical men*. The only insanity which excuses a man for his acts is that species of delusion which conduced to, and drove him to commit, *the act alleged against him*. If, for instance, a man, being under the delusion that another man would kill him, killed that other, for, as he supposed, his own protection, he would be unpunishable for such an act; because it would appear that the act was done under the delusion that he could not protect himself in any other manner: and there the particular description of insanity conduced to the offence. But, on the other hand, if a man has a delusion that his head is made of glass, that will be no excuse for his killing a man.” He would know very well that, although his head were made of glass, that was no reason why he should kill another man, and that it was a wrong act; and he would be properly subjected to punishment for that act. These are the principles which ought to govern the decision of juries in such cases. They ought

* Ante, p. 552.

† Ante, p. 549.

to have clear proof of a formed disease of the mind—a disease existing before the act was committed, and which made the person accused incapable of knowing, at the time he did the act, that it was a wrong act for him to do. This is the rule which I shall direct you to be governed by. Try the case by this test. Did this unfortunate gentleman know, at the time, that it was wrong to strike the Queen on the forehead? Now, there is no doubt that he was very eccentric in his conduct; but did that eccentricity disable him from judging whether it was right or wrong to strike the Queen? Is *eccentricity* to excuse a man for any crime he may afterwards commit? The prisoner is proved to have been perfectly well aware of what he had done immediately afterwards, and in the interview which he had had since with one of the medical gentlemen, he admitted that he knew perfectly well what he had done, and ascribed his conduct to some momentary uncontrollable impulse. The law does not acknowledge such an impulse, if the person was aware that it was a wrong act he was about to commit; and he is answerable for the consequences. A man might say that he picked a pocket from some uncontrollable impulse; and in that case, the law would have an uncontrollable impulse to punish him for it. What evidence is there, then, in this case to justify you in coming to the conclusion, that when the prisoner struck the Queen he did not know it was a wrong act—in fact, that what he was doing was wrong? [Mr Baron Alderson then read over the whole of the evidence for the defence, commenting upon it as he proceeded.]—That the prisoner is an object of commiseration is quite clear; and that he should also have been taken better care of is equally true: but the question you have here to decide is, Are you satisfied that, at the time, he was suffering from a disease of the mind which rendered him incapable of judging whether the act he committed towards the Queen was a right or a wrong act for him to do? If you are not satisfied of this fact, you must say that he is guilty; but if you think he was not aware what he was about, or not capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, you will then say that he is not guilty, on the ground of *insanity*."

If the case of M'Naughten had been thoroughly tried out—if the medical witnesses, above all, had been checked, and restrained within their proper province, as they were by Baron Alderson—and if the summing up by the Chief-Justice had been in accordance with that of Baron Alderson in Pate's

case—we do not venture to say what would have been the result: but whatever it might have been, it would have satisfied the country. Whether, at the moment when M'Naughten took out his long-prepared pistol, and, after a fortnight's watching, fancied he had found Sir Robert Peel, and deliberately shot his victim in the back—whether M'Naughten was, at that awful moment, insanely ignorant of what he was doing—utterly unaware that he was doing wrong—is a question which there exist no longer any human means of determining; but it is open to us to examine the principles applicable to such an investigation in a court of criminal justice.

Upwards of seven years have elapsed since the trial of M'Naughten, and upwards of ten years since that of Oxford; and both of them are at the present moment inmates of Bethlehem Hospital. Since commencing this article, we have been permitted, through the courtesy of the acute and able physician to whom the superintendence of that important institution has been for some years intrusted, to see and converse with the two persons with whose fate we have herein so anxiously concerned ourselves. Neither knew of our going; and we were accompanied by the gentleman in question.

M'Naughten was standing in the courtyard, dressed in the costume of the place. (a pepper-and-salt jacket and corduroy trousers,) with his hat on, knitting. He looks about forty years old, and in perfect health. His features are regular, and their expression is mild and prepossessing. His manner is tranquil. Usually he wears his hat somewhat slouched over his eyes, and sidles slowly away from any one approaching him, as if anxious to escape observation; but on this occasion he at once entered into conversation with our companion, calmly and cheerfully, and afforded us a full opportunity of watching him. Had we seen him casually elsewhere, and as a stranger, we should have thought his countenance indicative of a certain sort of cheerful quiet humour, especially while he was speaking; but to us it seemed certainly to exhibit a feeble intellect, shown chiefly by a faint flickering smile, even when he was speaking on the gravest subjects.

When asked what had brought him where he was, he replied, "*Fate.*" "And what is fate?" "The will of God—or perhaps," he added quickly, "of the devil—or it may be of both!" and he half-closed his eyes, and smiled. —[The reader will bear in mind what was deposed at the trial, as to his infidel tendencies.*]—When told that Sir Robert Peel was dead, he betrayed no emotion, nor exhibited the slightest interest. "One should have thought that, considering what has happened, you would have felt some interest in that gentleman." He looked rather quickly at the speaker, and said calmly, with a faint smile, "It is quite useless to talk to me on *that* subject: you know quite well, I have long and long ago made up my mind never to say one word about it. I never have, and I never will; and so it would be quite childish to put any questions."† . . . "How are you, M'Naughten?" He slightly sighed, and said, "I am very uncomfortable. I am very ill-used here; there is somebody [or something] always using me ill here. It is really too bad! I have spoken about it many, many times; but it is quite useless. I wish I could get away from this place! If I could just get out of this place, and go back to Glasgow, my native place, it is all I would ask for: I should be quite well there! I shall never be well or happy *here*, for there is always some one ill-using me here." "Well, but what do they do to you?" "Oh," shaking his head, and smiling, "they are always doing it; really it is too bad." "Who are they?" "Oh, I am always being ill-used here! My only wish now is, to get away from this place! If I could only once get to Glasgow, my native place!" This is the continual burthen of his song. It is needless to say that his complaints are altogether unfounded: he is treated with the utmost kindness consistent with his situation; and, as he has never exhibited violence nor ill-behaviour, it has never been necessary to resort to personal coercion, with one exception. Two or three years ago, he took it into his head that, as he could not get away, he would starve himself; and he persevered for such a length of time in

refusing all kind of food that he began to lose flesh fast. At length he was told by the physician that, since he would not eat voluntarily, he must be made to eat; and it was actually necessary to feed him for a considerable time mechanically, by means of the stomach pump. Under this treatment he presently regained his flesh, in spite—as it were—of himself; and at length suffered himself to be laughed out of his obstinacy, and has ever since taken his food voluntarily. He seemed himself to be tickled by a sense of the absurdity of which he was guilty. Not a doubt of his complete insanity was entertained by my acute companion, who has devoted much observation to the case. Shortly after we had quitted him, and were out of his sight, he put away his knitting, placed his hands in his jacket pockets, and walked very rapidly to and fro, his face bent on the ground; and he was apparently somewhat excited. Whatever may have been the state of M'Naughten at the time to which our inquiries have been directed in this article, we entertain little, if any doubt, that he is now in an imbecile condition.

Oxford was in another part of the building, standing alone, at the extremity of a long corridor, gazing through a heavily-grated window, towards the new Houses of Parliament. His hat was on; he was dressed like M'Naughten, and his jacket was buttoned. We scarcely recognised him, owing to the change of his dress. He is fond of attracting the notice of anybody; and conversed about himself and his offence in the most calm and rational manner conceivable. He has lost much of his hair—a circumstance which he appeared somewhat to regret—for the front of his head is bald; but he looks no older than his real age, thirty. He is mortally weary of his confinement, and says he has been terribly punished for "his foolish act." "*Foolish!*" we exclaimed—"is *that* all you can say of your attempt to shoot her Majesty?" He smiled, and said, "Oh, sir, I never attempted to shoot her; I never thought of such a thing. I aimed at the carriage-panels only." "Then

* *Ante*. p. 565.

† This he has always said, and has adhered to his resolution.

why did you put balls in your pistols?" "I never did," he replied quickly. "I never dreamed of such a thing. There were no balls." "Oh, then you have not heard of the discovery that has just been made—eh?" "Discovery—what?" "The bullets." "Oh, there have been more found than ever I used at least; for I assure you I never used any!" "What made you do what you did?" "Oh, I was a fool; it was just to get myself talked about, and kick up a dust. *A good horse-whipping was what I wanted.*" he added, with a faint sigh. These were his very words. "Should you have done it, if you had thought of coming *here*?" "No, indeed I should not; it has been a severe punishment! . . . I dare say public opinion says nothing about me now; I dare say it thinks I have got what I very well deserve—and perhaps I have; but possibly if I were put quietly out of the way, and sent abroad somewhere, public opinion might take no notice of it." He has taught himself French, Italian, and German, of which he has a fair knowledge. He also used to draw a little, and began to write a novel; but it proved a sorry affair, and, being discouraged, he threw it up. "Do you recollect hearing the condemned sermon preached to Courvoisier?" "Oh, yes, very well. It was a most excellent sermon." "Did Courvoisier seem to attend to it?" "Oh yes, very much; and he seemed very much affected. It was certainly a very appropriate sermon; I liked it much." "Did not you think that it might soon be your fate to sit where he was?" "What, in the condemned seat?" "Yes." "Oh, no; that never occurred to me. I never expected to be condemned for high treason. Some gentleman—I forget who he was—said I should be transported for fourteen years. I thought that was the worst they could do to me; for I knew I had never meant to do any harm, nor tried to do it." "Yes; but the judge and jury thought very differently." "Oh, I was very fairly tried; but I never expected to

be brought in *mad*. I was quite surprised at *that*, for I knew I was not mad, and I wondered how they were going to prove it." We asked him if he had ever seen *us*; to which he replied, gazing steadily, "Yes, I think I have—either at the Privy Council, or in Newgate Chapel." "Where did you sit on the Sunday when the condemned sermon was preached to Courvoisier?" "I sate on the steps near the altar." "How were you dressed?" "Oh, a blue surtout, with velvet collar;" and he proceeded to describe his dress almost exactly as we have described it at the commencement of the article. He exhibits considerable cleverness whatever he does, whether in playing at fives, or working, (*e. g.* making gloves, &c.) he does far better than any one else, and shows considerable tact and energy in setting his companions to work, and superintending them. He admits that he committed a very great offence in having done anything to alarm the Queen, and attributes it entirely to a mischievous and foolish love of notoriety. He said, "I thought it would set everybody talking and wondering;" but "never dreamed of what would have come of it—least of all that I was to be shut up all my life in *this* place." . . . "That list of conspirators, and letters from them, that were found in your lodgings—were they not real?" "Oh, no," he replied, with rather an anxious smile, "all mere sham—only nonsense! There was never anything of the sort!" "Then, why did you do it?" "It was only the folly of a boy; I wasn't nineteen then—it was very silly no doubt." "And their swords and dresses, and so forth—eh?" "Entirely nonsense! It was a very absurd joke. I did not think it would come out so serious. I did not *appreciate* the consequences, or I never would have done it." The word "appreciate" he used with a very marked emphasis.

We entertain no doubt whatever of his perfect sanity; *and, if so*, as his crime was great, so his punishment is fearful.

ANNA HAMMER.

THE literature of Germany at last shows signs of revival from the torpor consequent on the late political convulsions, and the Leipzig book-catalogue for Michaelmas 1850 is far more promising than any of its predecessors since the revolutions of 1848. Out of a number of meritorious German books that have recently come before us, we have been much interested by the first instalment of a series of *Zeitbilder*—sketches of German social and political life during the second quarter of the present century. *Anna Hammer* is certainly the best we have seen of the numerous German novels of a political tendency published within the last two years. Its object is the exposure, in the course of a fictitious narrative, of the oppression and injustice which, in many German states, the people have long endured; of the wanton insolence of the military and aristocracy, the servility and corruption of the courtiers and placemen, and the frequent tyranny of the sovereigns. The book is a picture of misrule; and if, here and there, high colouring may be suspected, on the other hand most of the abuses shown up are but too real and notorious. It is written with temper and moderation, and points to redress of grievances and to constitutional government—not to subversion and anarchy. The author is no experienced novelist, nor does he pretend to that character; but he writes with a thorough knowledge of his subject, and also with much spirit and dramatic effect, preferring short sentences and pointed dialogue to the long-winded paragraphs and tedious narrative common amongst the romance-writers of his country, to whom he has evidently preferred for his models those of France and England. We augur favourably of this escape from the trammels of custom, and hope to see the example followed by others. In the present instance, the result has been a very lively tale, more than one of whose chapters would stand alone

as detached and independent sketches of German life. Annexed to the tolerably intricate plot, are episodic scenes, the actors in which are dismissed without ceremony when they have fulfilled the purpose of their introduction—this purpose being the exhibition of the character and peculiarities of the classes they typify. Thus, for instance, of the persons in the second chapter of the novel we hear no more until the third volume; of some of them nothing is seen until the closing scene of all, when they appear—without, however, being dragged in—to figure in the final group on which the curtain falls. There is certainly a want of art in the construction of *Anna Hammer*; but this is in some degree atoned for by vividness and character, much rarer qualities with German novelists. An idea of its merits will be best conveyed by extract, for which it is well adapted by its abundant incident and desultory nature. We commence with the opening pages, a graphic sketch of garrison life.

On a warm April afternoon, three cavalry officers were seated together in the only inn of a small German town. Two of them sat at the table. One of these had one leg crossed over the other; his companion had both legs stretched out at full length before him. The third sat at the window. All three were smoking; two of them cigars, the third a huge meerschaum pipe. All three were silent. He whose legs were crossed played with his spur, and spun the rowel till it rang again. Number Two gazed at his great pipe, and at the clouds that he puffed from it. Number Three looked through the window at the clouds which the wind drove across the sky.

A weary life is that of cavalry officers in small garrisons. One hour of the twenty-four is passed in the riding-school; another in drilling recruits; a quarter of an hour is consumed in inspection of stables—and

then the day's work is done, and all the other hours are before them, vacant, but heavy as lead. Only one squadron is there; it comprises, at most, but four or five officers. These were at the military school together. Their subjects of conversation—horses and dogs, women, and the army-list—are long since worn out. The nearest garrison is too remote for friendly visits. With non-commissioned officers, discipline and etiquette forbid their association. The little town affords them no society. The small, quiet, and often narrow-minded family circle of burghers and officials shuns intimacy with the officers. They meet them at the tavern and bowling-alley, and at the club, if there is one: in public places, with their wives and children, they do not willingly consort with them; and in their houses they receive them not. There are certainly a few noble families in the neighbourhood; but these are not all sociable; and those who would gladly be hospitable have been too much so, and can be so no longer. Now and then comes an invitation to a shooting party—but there is no shooting in April.

The three officers—all lieutenants and young men, of graceful figures and energetic countenances—sat for a long while still and silent. The postman entered the low-roofed apartment. He laid upon the table the latest newspaper from the capital, and departed, without a word. The officers neither moved nor spoke. At last one of them stretched out his arm and took up the paper, slowly, almost mechanically; the two others gave no heed. The former glanced over the paper,—beginning at the last page, with the deaths, marriages, and advertisements. In a few minutes he had got to the end—that is to say, to the beginning—and he threw the paper lazily upon the table.

"Nothing new!" said he, gaping; and again he twirled his spur-rowel.

"As usual!" said his neighbour.

The third took no notice.

For a while longer they sat mute and motionless, till the cigars were finished, and the meerscham-bowl smoked out. Fresh cigars were then lighted, and again the pipe was filled. At the same time the officers rose

from their seats, and took a few steps through the apartment.

"Slow work!" said one.

"Dammed slow!" replied another. The third looked wearily at his boots. Then they all three relapsed into their seats and their silence.

The sun set. Its last rays illumined the shifting masses of cloud, which piled themselves up into fantastical forms, displaying rich variety of tint. It grew dark in the dingy tavern-room. The clouds from the great meerscham could scarcely be discerned. The ennui increased.

A waiter brought in two dimly-burning tallow candles, and placed them upon the table. The ennui did not diminish.

The tramp of horses was heard without. It came down the street, in the direction of the tavern. The countenances of the three officers became animated.

"Can it be the captain back already?" cried one, half surprised.

"Impossible; though he rode like the very devil, he could not be back for another hour."

"But there are two horses, an officer's and his servant's; I know it by sound of hoof."

The third officer looked round at the two speakers. "It is not the captain," he said positively. "The captain's black charger has a lighter tread. Yonder officer's horse goes heavily."

They all rose and went to the window. Two horsemen rode slowly up the street; one at an interval of a few paces behind the other.

"By Jove! an officer and his servant!" said one of the lieutenants.

The other nodded assent.

"Who can it be? Whither can he be going?"

None could answer the questions.

The foremost rider drew rein before the house. "Is this an inn?" demanded he through the open door. Host, waiter, hostler, all stumbled out together.

"May it so please you!" replied the host, humbly.

Meanwhile the officer's servant had ridden up and jumped from his horse. The officer also dismounted. The hostler would have taken his bridle. The officer pushed him back so

roughly, that he staggered and fell. "Clown, how dare you touch my horse?"

The servant took the bridle from his master, and gave the unfortunate hostler a kick in the rear as he rose to his legs.

"Does your lordship propose to remain here?" inquired the innkeeper, in a tone of deep submission.

The officer answered not. He patted his horse on neck and shoulder. Then he turned round to the host and said, briefly and imperiously, "A room!"

The three officers within doors looked at each other with increasing astonishment.

"Do you know him? Who is he?" asked one of them.

He was unknown to all of them.

"He wears the uniform of our regiment!" remarked another.

"That is unaccountable," said the third, shaking his head.

"The horse is nothing extraordinary: a mere campaigning beast."

"You would have him knock up his best chargers, I suppose? They have ridden far. The horses show that."

The room door opened.

"Be so obliging as to step in here for a short time," said the innkeeper. "Your apartment shall be got ready immediately. Here you will find some gentlemen comrades." *

The stranger officer entered. He was a tall, slender, and yet powerful man, with features delicately chiselled, and an air of insolent superciliousness in his whole bearing and appearance. He greeted the occupants of the room with engaging courtesy.

"Ah! comrades!" said he, "I have the honour to introduce myself—Prince of Amberg! I am transferred to your regiment—to this squadron. I recommend myself to your friendship and good fellowship!"

The senior of the three officers continued the introduction: "Von der Gruben; Von Martini; my name is Count Engelhart. We are delighted to make a good comrade welcome." They shook hands.

"May I inquire," said Prince Amberg, "where the captain is, that I may report myself to him? Duty before everything."

"The captain is on an excursion in the neighbourhood, to visit an acquaintance," replied Count Engelhart. "We expect him back in about an hour. He will alight here. I am senior lieutenant of the squadron," added he, smiling.

"Then, meanwhile, I report myself to you," replied the Prince.

With a slight smile upon their faces, the two officers interchanged military salutes.

"Excuse me, for a short half-hour," said Prince Amberg. "After four days' fatiguing ride, I feel the necessity of attention to my toilet. *Au revoir.*" And he left the room.

Whilst the Prince embellished his elegant person, the trio of lieutenants laid their heads together to conjecture the causes that had brought him, the model courtier, the butterfly guardsman, the pet of the court ladies, the most brilliant ornament of the court circle, from the attractive capital to their tedious country garrison. The change was too disadvantageous for it possibly to be the consequence of his own caprice or inclination. On his reappearance he volunteered, over a bowl of champagne punch, the desired information. He was in disgrace at court, in consequence of a trifling indiscretion. One of his new comrades immediately guessed what this was. Martini remembered to have seen in the newspaper an account of a scandalous frolic in a public garden, where a number of young officers of aristocratic families had grossly insulted the wives and daughters of the citizens. But Martini's mention of this incident was the signal for the laughter of his friends, who jeered him for his simplicity, and scouted the idea of a nobleman falling into disgrace because he had made free with a few prudish plebeians. A similar affair that had occurred at a masquerade, and which was attended by circumstances of gross indelicacy, was also treated as an excellent joke. If they could not divert themselves at the expense of the bourgeoisie, Prince Amberg said, what became of the distinction of ranks? The matters in question had furnished high amusement to the whole court: the ladies had laughed heartily behind their fans at the transgressors' glowing descriptions of the

consternation and scandal they had caused; and the reigning prince, whom Amberg irreverently designated as "the old gentleman," took no heed of the matter, nor of the muttered discontent of the insulted burghesses. No; his disgrace was certainly for a trifling offence, but not for such harmless drolleries as these. At church, one day, he had ventured to remark to a lady of the household that she held her prayer-book upside down. The lady, who would fain have passed for a devotee, taxed him with impertinence, and with taking her perpetually for a butt; the pious portion of the court took up the matter, talked of irreligious levity in holy places, and the upshot of the whole was his condemnation to exile in country quarters.

Meanwhile arrivals took place at the inn. The officers' attention was excited by the entrance of a slender, sickly-looking youth of nineteen or twenty, bearing a knapsack and a harp, and accompanied by a dark-eyed maiden of fifteen. These were Bernard Hammer and his sister Anna. The first glance at the young girl's blooming countenance suggested to the profligate Amberg a plan of seduction. Whilst he paid his court to Anna, Martini and Gruben took off the brother's attention, plied him with punch, professed sympathy and friendship, and inquired his history and that of his family. Bernard and his sister, it appeared, were not itinerant musicians, as their humble garb and pedestrian mode of travelling had led the officers to believe. Their father, a skilful professor of music, had taught them to play upon the harp, and Anna, grateful for the seemingly disinterested kindness of Prince Amberg, did not refuse, weary though she was, to gratify him by the display of her skill. Meanwhile the others questioned her brother.

"My story will be very short," said the young man. "We are three in family. My eldest sister was married young to a worthy and prosperous man, and by this union the happiness of all of us seemed insured. Suddenly she experienced a terrible affliction—"

He paused. "Well?" said Von Gruben, encouragingly. The youth opened his lips to continue.

"Bernard!" exclaimed his sister in a warning voice. She had ceased playing, and, amidst the flatteries and compliments of the Prince, her first glance was for her brother. Her quick ear seemed to have caught his words. Or had she a presentiment of what he was about to say?

The brother started, and the words he was on the point of uttering remained unspoken.

Von Gruben's curiosity, previously feigned, was now strongly excited. "You were about to say—" he observed. Martini's attention had been attracted by the maiden's exclamation. He, too, approached Bernard, who quickly recovered himself, and continued.

"My brother-in-law," he said, "is lost to my unhappy sister. She has no longer a husband. Spare me the details. They would be too agitating for myself and my little sister. His daughter's grief hurried my father to his grave. It bound his children the closer together. My old infirm mother, my poor sister with her child, and I, have since then lived inseparable, supporting ourselves by the labour of our hands. My sister works with her needle: I draw patterns for manufacturers and embroiderers. Unfortunately, my sister's health has lately given way, and therefore have I now been to fetch home Anna, who has hitherto dwelt with a distant relative. She will take charge of our little household, and nurse our old mother, now nearly bed-ridden."

"Much misery, great cause for grief, is there not, my dear Gruben?" said Martini, twisting his mustache. Then filling the glasses, he drank with Martini and the stranger. Count Engelhart sat motionless behind the punch-bowl, smoking his great meerschaum pipe.

Bernard Hammer's great ambition was to become a painter. He was an enthusiast for art. Whilst his perfidious entertainers kept his glass constantly full, and riveted his attention by their conversation and generous promises, Prince von Amberg, by dint of infernal cunning and of artifices whose real object the simple-minded girl—as yet scarcely emerged from childhood—could not even remotely suspect, inveigled Anna from the apartment. Her departure was unperceived

by her brother. Presently, in a lull of the conversation, a scream was heard, proceeding from the upper part of the house. Bernard started up in alarm. The officers would fain have persuaded him to remain, alleging a squabble amongst the servants, when just then the cry was repeated. This time there was no mistaking the sound. It was a woman's voice, its shrillness and power doubled by terror, screaming for aid.

"My sister!" cried Bernard Hammer, and with one bound he was out of the room. Several persons—the host, the hostess, and other inmates of the house—were assembled in the corridor. They looked up the stairs, and seemed uncertain whether or not to ascend. Young Hammer rushed through them, and sprang up stairs. A door was violently pulled open. His sister darted out, her countenance distorted and pale as a corpse. "Wretch! monster! Save me!" she shrieked. Close behind her came Prince Amberg. He appeared quite calm, although his finely-cut features were slightly pale. A supercilious smile played upon his lips.

Anna Hammer flew into her brother's arms. "Save me, Bernard," she cried. "The wretch, the fiend!" She shook like a leaf. Prince Amberg would have passed on, but Bernard let his sister go, and confronted him.

"Sir!" he cried, "what have you done to my sister? What insult have you offered to the child? Answer for yourself! Give me satisfaction!"

The Prince laughed. "Satisfaction! Ask the little strumpet herself what ails her."

"Strumpet! Sir, you stir not hence!" And he grasped the Prince fiercely by the breast. Amberg would have shaken off his hold. The uniform coat was torn in the struggle, and Bernard received a blow in the face from his adversary. But it seemed as if the sickly youth were suddenly endowed with superhuman strength. He seized the Prince with both hands, and shook him till the strong vigorous officer almost lost consciousness. Then he threw him down upon the ground.

The other officers had followed young Hammer, and came hurrying

up stairs. They tore him from above the panting Prince.

"Knave! clown!" And Gruben and Martini struck at him with their fists.

"Befoul not your fingers with him," said Count Engelhart. "Leave him to the men." And he pointed to a group of soldiers, now assembled at the stair-foot.

"You are right, comrade; the fellow is like a mad dog. It is out of his power to disgrace our uniform."

Then the officers seized the young man, and with their united strength threw him down stairs.

"Men! there is the strolling musician who dares assault your officers."

The soldiers received Bernard as he fell headlong down the staircase, and dragged him forth with shouts of savage joy, shutting the house-door behind them. The officers returned to their bowl of cardinal, Prince Amberg previously changing his torn uniform. The people of the house looked at each other in silence.

Anna Hammer had remained for a short time in a state of total unconsciousness. She came to herself just as her brother was pushed down the stairs. With a shriek, she flew after him. But she was too late. The soldiers were already forth with their prize, and in vain she shook the door, which was held from without.

In the street there arose a wild tumult; a chorus of shouts and curses, blows and screams.

Notwithstanding her terrible anxiety, the young girl's strength was soon exhausted by her fruitless efforts to open the door. She turned despairingly to the host and hostess. "For the love of God's mercy, save my poor brother! The savages will kill him. He is so weak, so suffering!"

The innkeeper shrugged his shoulders. "What can we do against the military?" he said.

"For the sake of my poor old mother!" implored the maiden. "For my sister's sake! He is our sole support! Without him we perish! And he is so good, so noble!"

The hostess went away, as though unable longer to support the spectacle of the poor girl's despair. Her husband shrugged his shoulders repeatedly. "The soldiery are too power-

fal. Often the officers themselves cannot restrain them."

The noise outside increased. The voices grew louder and the cries wilder—the scuffle more violent. Nothing could be distinguished of what was going on. Suddenly, above the riot and tumult, young Hammer's voice predominated. In a tone of heart-rending agony and despair: "Help!" he cried; "they are murdering me!"

There followed a violent fall upon the pavement, and a wild huzza shouted by many voices. Then all was still as death.

"They have murdered him!" shrieked the maiden. "They have murdered my brother!"

She burst into the room in which the officers sat, and threw herself at the feet of the first she saw. "Save, save! Oh, for heaven's love, save my brother!"

"My little girl," quoth Lieutenant Martini in a tone of quiet jocularly. "it strikes me you are not at all wanted here."

Just then the loud and cheerful notes of a post-horn resounded in front of the house, and a carriage stopped at the door.

"A carriage at this late hour! Quite a day of adventures, I declare!" yawned Count Engelhart.

The house door was heard to open. A few seconds later, that of the public room was thrown wide, and a lady in an elegant travelling-dress was ushered in by the host. She was tall, rather full than slender in person, and apparently about five-and-twenty. Her complexion was fresh, her eyes were lively. Her air and bearing were those of the first society.

On her entrance Prince Amberg sprang from his seat in astonishment. "Frau von Horberg! Your ladyship, what an unhopèd-for pleasure!"

"You here, Prince!—how unexpected a meeting!"

Anna Hammer rose to her feet. The thought of a last possible chance of succour and mercy flashed through her soul when she saw that the stranger was acquainted with the prince. Throwing herself before her, she clasped her knees. "Oh, most gracious lady," implored she, "have compassion on my poor

brother: say one word for him to the gentleman, that he may free him from the soldiers' hands."

"Will the little tond be gone!" exclaimed Prince Amberg, stopping forward. Then, turning to the lady—"A harp-player, an impudent stroler, who has been making a disturbance here with her brother."

"Ah, fie!" cried the lady, and pushed the young girl from her with a sort of loathing—not with her hand, but with her foot.

Anna Hammer stood up. Feelings of inexpressible grief and bitterness crowded upon her young heart. At that moment she felt herself no longer a child. One hour's events had converted her into a woman. She cast a glance of scorn at the lady, at the officer. Then she silently left the room. She crossed the empty entrance hall, and passed through the open door into the street. Here all was still; not a living creature was to be seen. An icy wind blew. She sought around. A moonbeam, forcing its way through the scudding clouds, revealed to her a dark form lying along the side of the street. She approached this object. It was her brother; he was covered with blood, and did not stir. She threw herself upon his body. He still breathed.

Poor, unhappy sister!

At that moment an officer rode up. He drew bridle at the tavern door, dismounted, gave his horse to the orderly who followed him, and entered the house.

In the public room sat Prince Amberg, conversing with the lady in the familiar tone of old acquaintance-ship. On the officer's entrance he sprang from his chair, buckled on his sabre in a twinkling, clapped his dragoon helmet upon his head, and stepped forward with all the rigid decorum of military discipline. "Captain, I report myself—Lieutenant Prince Amberg, appointed to your squadron!"

Habitual readers of German novels will assuredly deem *Anna Hammer* a great improvement on their usual ponderous style—a decided step in the right direction. Whatever its faults, it has a vivacity not common in German works of fiction. The

above extracts; the beginning and end of the first chapter, although sketchy, and hurried, and reading as if written at a scamp, without much artificial finish; are very effective, and exhibit touches of acute observation and quiet humour. We like novels that at once plunge the reader into action and bustle, and crowd the stage with characters. Explanatory introductions and parenthetical explanations are alike odious. The author of *Anna Hammer* avoids both, and carries out his plan and shows off his personages by dialogue and incident. We have already remarked on his propensity abruptly to discard characters, whose careful introduction led the reader to expect their reappearance. Thus we thought to have again met with the three smoking lieutenants, but it seems they served their turn in the single chapter in which they are held up as examples of the brutality and depravity of their class. They are left to their pipes and their ennui, to their dull German newspaper, and their duller country inn. Even Prince Amberg, the profligate favourite of the equally profligate heir to the crown, is brought forward but once more, under mysterious circumstances, whose explanation is left in great measure to the reader's imagination. Madame von Horberg plays a rather more important, but still a subordinate part in the story, whose chief interest turns upon the courage and self-devotion of Anna Hammer. We shall not trace the plot in detail, which would spoil the interest to those who may read the book. Before glancing at its general outline, we proceed to further extract, and for that purpose need not go beyond the second chapter, which is in itself a little drama of considerable interest. It is entitled—

THE EJECTMENT.

It was early upon a bright morning. The farmer's servants had long betaken themselves, with plough, and harrow, and horses, to their labour in the fields. The women had swept and cleaned hall and kitchen, and were dispersed at their work—some in the garden, digging and planting,

others in the wash-house, or in the rooms where provisions for the winter were stored. The cows in the great stable had already been milked, and received their fresh fodder. At an early hour the farmer had exchanged his jacket for a coat, taken hat and stick, and gone out: he had not yet returned.

The mistress of the house went round the extensive tenements, to see if all were in order. She was a tall, robust, vigorous woman, about forty years old, fresh and comely, and still handsome, although that morning her countenance was grave and anxious, and her eye had an uneasy glance. She inspected the kitchen, looked at the hearth, the kettles, the ash-tub, the stock of wood for the day, the potatoes, which were peeling for the mid-day meal, the shining array of pots and pans. Then she went, followed by the kitchen-maid, into the adjacent larder, and gave out meat and bacon for dinner. Thence she betook herself to the dairy, and here there was a gleam of satisfaction in her eye; but on leaving the room, as she gave one more glance at the numerous brown bowls with their rich white contents, it faded away, and was replaced by earnestness, almost by grief. From the dairy she went to the spacious barn. It was so clean swept that a needle might have been found on the floor. On either hand was a stable; to the right for the horses, to the left for the cows. The former was nearly empty; the animals were at work in the fields, with the exception of some brood-mares, which lay on clean straw with their foals beside them. The cow-house had more occupants. The white, brown, black and brindled beasts stood in long rows at their cribs, smooth, shining, and well fed, and munched the sweet-smelling hay. They all knew the housewife: she patted them all in turn, although she did not, as was her wont, speak caressingly to them, but went silently from one to the other. Pleasure at the full and prosperous aspect of the stable struggled in her features with some secret cause of grief.

Above the stables were a number of rooms; these contained the pro-

visions of hemp, flax, and yarn, and, above all, great store of snow-white linen, from the coarse house linen up to the finest damask. The sturdy farmer's wife had already set foot on the stairs, to ascend and feast her eyes with her treasure; but she hastily turned away, went back into the kitchen, and thence into the farm-yard.

The farm-yard was large and roomy. On the one side stood the farm-buildings; in their centre, separated from them by tolerably wide intervals, was the snug farm-house, with its walls of dark bricks, and its roof of bright red tiles, with green shutters to the windows, and vines trailing over its southern and eastern sides. On either hand were sheds for carts; sledges, ploughs, and other farm implements. Opposite to the farm-house, in a smiling little garden, stood a smaller dwelling, of even pleasanter aspect than its neighbour. This house, then uninhabited, was to be the residence of the present owners of the farm, when increase of years should induce them to resign its management into the more vigorous hands of their children. Judging from the robust aspect of the farmer's wife, that day was yet far distant.

A thick forest enclosed the farm on three sides. On the fourth, garden and pasture and arable land stretched out in all directions, as far as the eye could reach. The underwood in the forest was already bursting into leaf, and the lofty beeches here and there put forth tender green buds. The knotty branches of the huge oaks were still gray and bare.

Not far from the farm-house, where the ground rose a little, stood a long table of white deal, surrounded by green branches, and canopied by the spreading limbs of an elm. Near at hand were groups of walnut-trees, and a few chestnuts, budding into white and pink blossom; and a little farther five or six venerable oaks, which seemed to have stemmed the storms of centuries, and to have witnessed the building and decay of more than one farm-house, the growth and decline of many generations.

The soft beams of the spring sun gave friendly greeting to the housewife

as she stepped out into the farm-yard, and a light breeze wafted to her senses the fresh perfumes of awakening nature. Thousands of birds sang and twittered exultingly amongst the trees; the woodpecker tapped perseveringly at the dry branches of the oaks; and over the house, from an almost invisible elevation, was heard the joyous carol of the lark.

Two children came forth from the garden of the smaller house. A boy of six or seven years old dragged a child's cart, in which sat a little girl of three. Both were pictures of health and cheerfulness. The boy sprang shouting to meet his mother, the cart rattling behind. With a joyful "Good morning, mother!" he held out his hand. She pressed it, then stooped down, took the little girl from the cart, kissed her and put her upon the ground.

"You are early up this morning, dear children!" said she.

"Oh yes, mother," replied the boy, with childish unconcern. "Father said yesterday this would likely be our last day here, so, before we went, I thought to take little Margaret a ride round the garden."

"Good boy. But your father was not in earnest. We shall stay here to-day and many another day besides."

"That is capital! Then I shall have a field to myself, and a strip of meadow, and I can bring up the foal and calf which father gave me."

"That you can and shall do."

"And I shall have my chicken," cried little Margaret.

"You shall, my dear Margaret."

The woman went with the children into the garden, and sat down on a bench in an arbour. There she took the little girl upon her lap, whilst the boy stood beside her, and she gazed alternately at the substantial farm-house and at the pleasant cottage close at hand.

"How dull you are to-day, mother; is anything the matter?" said the boy.

"Nothing, my child—it will pass away."

Through a wicket in the hedge, a countryman entered the farm-yard. He looked about him on all sides, and

when he saw the woman, he went up to her.

"Good morning, neighbour. How goes it?"

"Good morning, neighbour. How should it go?"

"I see no preparations as yet. Is not the commissioner coming?"

"I believe not."

"Is your husband at home?"

"He is gone out."

"Do you really believe the gentlemen will not come? Do not rely upon it. These are bad times."

"They cannot come."

"Don't say that, neighbour. Who can tell what can or cannot happen now-a-days!"

"Why prophesy evil, neighbour? Ill luck comes fast enough; there is no need to invoke it."

"Well, well, don't be angry. I meant no offence. It is good to be prepared for misfortune. And my word for it, these are bad times. The humble are oppressed; the great nobles have the power; justice is no more in the land—by the peasant, especially, it is never to be found. The nobleman and the fisc are too powerful for him."

"But we have laws, neighbour; and the laws govern both rich and poor, great and small."

"They should, they should! But what is the use of laws, when judges are not honest? When bailiffs can squeeze us, and tax-gatherers cheat us, without our daring to make a stir about it."

"But bailiffs and tax-gatherers have their superiors."

"Ay, but all are links of the same chain. All stand by each other. They dine at each other's tables, and make each other presents. The bailiff sends the best carriage-horses to the president's stables. The president is a good friend of the minister's. And the nobleman is hand and glove with all of them."

The woman rose from her seat. "It is breakfast-time, neighbour Littlejohn; come in. My husband will soon be back."

They walked toward the farm-

house. They were but a few paces from the door, when two carriages drove into the yard, containing several persons. On the box of one sat two gendarmes, and upon the other were two officers of justice.

"There they are," exclaimed Littlejohn. "Keep up your heart, neighbour."

The woman's countenance worked convulsively for a moment, but she quickly composed herself, and taking little Margaret in her arms, she stood calm and silent before the door.

The gendarmes and officers got down from the box; the gentlemen alighted from the carriages. One of the latter, a short, corpulent person, approached the farmer's wife.

"I come upon a mournful errand, Mrs Oberhage!" said he in a tone of sympathy, disagreeable because it did not sound sincere.

The woman neither stirred nor replied.

"Our duty, Mrs Oberhage—believe me, it is often very painful; but so much so as on this occasion I never yet have known it to be."

The woman answered him not.

"Believe me, this is an unhappy day for me."

"To us you have never yet brought happiness, judge," said the woman bitterly.

One of the other gentlemen now stepped forward. He was tall, thin, and pompous, and had two orders upon his breast. The judge had but one, in his button-hole.

"I think we will to business, *Herr Justizrath*," said he to the judge.

"Oh, gentlemen!" said the woman, still calm but earnest, "surely you will wait. My husband is not yet here, nor our lawyer. I expect them both immediately."

"What have we to do with either of them?" said the counsellor,* carelessly. "The matter is settled, and admits of no alteration."

"The matter is not yet settled. The day is not yet over!" quickly replied the woman.

"My good woman, I can make all allowance for your present mood, but

* In the original, *Regierungsrath*—a member of the council of government. *Justizrath*, counsellor of justice, is a title accorded to certain judges in Germany.

do not cause useless delay. Let us go into the house and begin, *Herr Justizrath*."

"A little patience, Mrs Oberhage," said the Judge, still more blandly than before.

They went into the house. The other officials followed them. The gendarmes remained outside.

Meanwhile, a number of neighbours had arrived at the farm, their countenances expressing the warmest sympathy, mingled with feelings of rage and bitterness—feelings which they did not scruple to express in words, notwithstanding the presence of the gendarmes and men of law.

"So it has come to earnest at last, gossip Oberhage," said an old peasant. "'Tis shame and scandal thus by main force to drive you from house and home."

"Not yet, Father Hartmann!" said the woman, with great external calm. "You know we have sent in a memorial. So long as all is not lost, nothing is lost."

"True enough, but don't be too sure. The world has grown very bad. Only see yonder false-hearted judge and insolent counsellor. They it is who have brought the whole misfortune upon you, and now they are not ashamed to come here and feast their eyes and ears with your lamentations."

"Not with our lamentations!" said the woman, drawing herself up with a feeling of pride and courage which would have done honour to a queen. "It is God's truth," she continued, after a momentary pause, "that these two men have done their utmost to drive us from the farm, on which I and my husband, and my forefathers, have dwelt for now more than two hundred years."

"Ay, ay," said the old peasant, "the little judge was heard to say, as much as ten years ago, that there were records in the office which would be your ruin if brought to light."

"He said as much to my husband, that he might buy the papers of him. And when my husband would not, he came and tried it with me."

"And when you sent him about his business, he went and plotted with the counsellor, who had then just arrived here from the capital,

with an appointment to the chamber. That is a bad fellow, neighbour Oberhage. He has feeling for no man, nor for anything but fisc and taxes, impost and extortion. There is not a farm in the district on which he has not found means to lay new burthens. Day and night he rummages old records and registers, to find out new rights for the exchequer, and new means of oppressing the peasantry. And so he brought forward the old papers, by which he makes out that your farm is the property of the sovereign. The fat judge put him up to it."

"That the farm," said the woman by way of amendment, "*had* belonged to the sovereign, more than two hundred years ago. My ancestors bought it of the government, and paid its price. My grandfather had the papers in his possession, but at his death they were not to be found. My father was away when he died, so the authorities sealed up the inheritance and took charge of all documents. Amongst these were the papers proving the purchase of the farm, and since then we have never seen them. It was said they were not sealed up with the others, or that they got lost."

"The sly judge knows well enough where they are."

"Who can prove it? We told him as much," but he only laughed, and threatened us with an action for slander. Thereupon they began proceedings to turn us out of the farm. The old papers were accepted as valid; all sorts of laws were brought forward—laws which the sovereigns themselves had made; and they so twisted and turned the matter that, at last, house and land were adjudged to the crown. There is no justice for the poor peasant: justice in this country is a crying scandal. The judges think only how best to be agreeable to the nobility and the sovereign, that they may get a bit of ribbon, or an increase of salary, or a better place."

"But I have yet one hope left," continued the woman. "We have addressed a memorial to his Highness, placing plainly before his eyes the injustice that the tribunals have done us. We have told him everything—how the judge wanted to bar-

gain with us about the documents, how he suppressed our papers, how he and the long-legged counsellor laid their heads together, and plotted, and planned, and bribed witnesses for our ruin. I expect the answer every minute. If there be yet one spark of justice in our sovereign's heart, he cannot and will not suffer them to expel us from our farm."

"Poor woman, build not too much upon that."

"But I do build upon it, for I have trust in God and in good men."

"In good men. Good men have a heart for poor people. But where will you find that amongst those in high places?"

The old peasant's presentiment as to the fruitlessness of the memorial is well-founded. On the return of the farmer without any reply from the reigning prince, his wife appeals to the commissioners, who are busy taking an inventory—preparatory to making over the property into the hands of an administrator—to suspend execution of the judgment obtained until the pleasure of the sovereign shall be known.

"Judge," said the woman, "we have petitioned the sovereign: an answer may come any minute: until then, we need not go."

"But, my dear Mrs Oberhage, think of the judgment rendered. You have already made all the appeals possible. Justice must have its course."

"Justice!" said the woman bitterly, "we will say nothing about that, judge. But the sovereign has to decide whether he will have our property or not. He cannot take the firm, he cannot wish to accept stolen goods. For his decision you, his servants, are bound to wait: the farm won't run away."

"Woman," said counsellor Von Eilenthal pompously, "cherish not vain delusions. I can tell you the answer you will receive from the royal cabinet; I know it: the sovereign referred your application to his excellency the prime-minister, and the minister desired the chamber to report upon it—I myself made out the report."

"Then is our fate indeed decided!" said the farmer.

"Your own sense of what is right

tells it you; justice must have its free course."

"These are hard times for us poor people," said the woman. "Our persecutors are set as judges over us, and interpose between the children of the soil and their sovereign, so that our complaints cannot be heard. Their voices alone are heard; ours, never."

"My good woman, the officials do but their duty."

"Yes, yes, *Herr Regierungsrath*, that is well known—every one for himself. You now have doubtless well-nigh gained your end; you have reduced enough poor people to yet greater poverty, and may expect a place in the ministry or a president's chair—that has always been your aim."

The counsellor turned to the judge: "Let us proceed with our business," he said.

All hope had now fled from the breasts of the Oberhages, and departure was inevitable. The farmer's brother offered him an asylum; the honest-hearted peasants, indignant at the crying injustice of the case, and commiserating a misfortune which all felt might some day be their own, volunteered their carts and their labour to transport such part of the farmer's property as he was allowed to carry away. This was but a very limited portion, consisting solely of personal effects. Farm implements, live and dead stock, the corn and vegetables in the granaries, the tall stacks of hay and straw, must all be left behind. They stood upon the inventory, and were the property of the state. But the severest cut of all, for the frugal and industrious housewife, was yet to come. Her eldest daughter, a blooming maiden of nineteen, came up to her, followed by the counsellor, the judge, and the Oberhages' lawyer. The girl looked pale and frightened.

"Mother," she said, "you sent me to the linen-room, to give out the linen to be put on the carts."

"Well, what then?" cried the woman in anxious astonishment.

"The gentlemen have taken the key from me, and will not let me have the linen."

"Who has done that?—who will not?" demanded the woman violently,

flushing crimson with anger. It was plain that her household gods were attacked.

"His worship the judge."

"His worship the judge? My linen? What have you to do with my linen?"

"Dear Mrs Oberhage, I have already explained to you that you are allowed to take away from the farm only your own property—your own personal effects."

"And is not the linen my own property?"

"No."

"And what is it, then?"

"An appurtenance to the farm."

The woman burst into a laugh—a laugh of sudden and terrible rage. "My linen," she cried—"my linen, for which I and my mother, my grandmother, and my greatgrandmother, and at odd times this girl too, have spun the yarn—which we ourselves have woven and bleached, and on whose every thread has fallen a drop of our sweat—my linen, you say, is an appurtenance of your farm, and belongs to you, or to the counsellor there." And she looked from the one to the other of the magistrates. Then, growing calmer, she added scornfully, "take some other notion into your heads, gentlemen; but my linen you shall not have."

"It is your treasure, your pride, Mrs Oberhage," replied the judge, with his everlasting friendliness: "every one knows that; but, unfortunately, there is no alternative. I am grieved on your account, but the linen belongs to the farm, and not to you."

The fury of the farmer's wife seemed about again to break out. Her lawyer stepped forward. "His worship is unfortunately in the right," he said. "The store of linen, inasmuch as it does not appear necessary to the personal wants of yourself and your children, is legally an appurtenance of the farm. You must make up your mind to give it up."

The woman cast a glance at her husband; but neither in that quarter did she find succour. He looked straight before him, like one absorbed in thought.

"Take it then," said she resolutely. And making an energetic effort to

conceal a violent trembling that came over her, she returned to her work. Aided by her daughter, by the weeping servants, and by the neighbours, the packing was soon done. The carts, laden with the whole earthly goods of the expelled farmer, were at the door, ready to start. The neighbours stood around, deep sympathy and suppressed anger upon their stern countenances. The farm-servants—men and maids, big and little, boys who had been but lately taken on, and old men, bent by labour, who had perhaps served three generations upon that farm—stood on one side, also silent, but with grief in their faces. The gentlemen of the commission sat at the long table, under the elm, and breakfasted. The gendarmes and officers were near at hand.

The farmer, his wife, and children, had remained behind in the house. Presently they came out: first the farmer, then his wife, with her youngest child on her arm and leading the boy by the hand; last of all came the eldest daughter. In the countenances of the parents, as in that of the daughter, was to be discerned an expression of dignified resignation to a hard lot.

The man and his wife cast searching glances at the carts, and apparently found all things in order. They then approached a cart upon which seats had been reserved for them; and the woman set down the child upon the ground, the better, as it seemed, to take leave of the sympathising groups that stood around. She and her husband went first to the neighbours, then to the servants, and shook hands with every one. Not a word was spoken.

Whilst this farewell scene occurred, the little girl ran to a flock of chickens, which were pecking for food in the yard. A snow-white hen, with a tuft upon its head, came tamely to meet her. She took it up in her little arms, caressed and played with it.

Suddenly a thought came into the boy's head: he went up to his mother, who had just concluded her sorrowful leave-taking,

"Are we going away for good, mother?" he said.

"Yes, my child, never to return."

"Shall we not take my foal and

calf? You promised me this morning that I should rear them."

"I did promise you, my child, but they no longer belong to us."

The firm character of the mother already manifested itself in the son. With scarcely a change of countenance,

"Mother," he said, "will they remain on the farm?"

"They will remain here."

He ran to the farm-servants, and begged them to take care of his calf and foal, and let them want for nothing. Then he returned contentedly to his mother's side. For the poor woman, however, yet another trial was in store.

"I take my white chicken with me, mother!" cried the little girl, pressing the pretty bird to her bosom.

"Does the fowl also belong to the inventory?" said the woman to the lawyer, who stood near her amongst the peasants.

"But, Mrs Oberhage, such a trifle!"

"Does the chicken belong to the inventory?"

"Yes."

"Child, we must leave the chicken here. I will give you another."

"I won't leave my chicken: I take my white chicken with me." The child was crying.

The little fat judge, observant of the incident, rose from his seat. "Mrs Oberhage, let the child have the chicken. With the permission of the *Herr Regierungsrath* I make you a present of it."

The child jumped for joy, and the chicken remained perched upon her little hands.

For a moment there was a struggle in the breast of the farmer's wife. She looked at her joyous child, she gazed around her at the house and farm she was about to quit; then, with sudden resolution, she went to the little girl, took the bird from her arms, and let it run away. "Judge," she said, turning to the magistrate, "sorry as I am for the poor child's sake, I nevertheless can accept nothing, as a gift, from you and the counsellor."

But she could hardly complete the sentence. The resolute woman's strength seemed suddenly broken, and hot tears gushed from her eyes.

Snatching up the weeping child, she pressed it to her breast, and hid her agitated countenance in its rich golden curls.

It was dinner-time. At this hour, it was customary for a dozen poor persons, old women and grayheaded men, to repair to the farm, where, for long years past, they had received a daily meal. As usual, they had made their appearance, and now stood aloof with sad and downcast looks. The housewife perceived them. This was to be her last sorrow in the home that had hitherto been hers. She stepped towards them. "I can no longer give you a dinner," she said; "another master is now here."

An old man limped forward, supported upon crutches. "To-day," he said, "we are here only to thank you, and to pray God that he may repay you what you, and your husband, and your children, and your fathers before you, upon this farm, have given to the poor. We have heard of the injustice done you; but the injustice of men is the blessing of heaven. Farewell, go in peace to your new home. And may the Lord bless you there and for ever."

He hobbled back amidst the group of beggars, who stood praying, with clasped hands. The housewife gave to every one of them an ample dole. "The Lord be with you also," she said. Then she went to the cart in which the children were already seated. Without another word, she got in. Her husband followed her, and his brother, who accompanied them, was the last. She took her little girl upon her lap, and drew down her kerchief far over her face, so that none could distinguish her features.

The cart drove slowly out of the farmyard. It was met by a servant on horseback, who dashed past at a gallop, and handed to the Counsellor, Baron Von Eilenthal, a letter with a large seal. That distinguished functionary eagerly opened it, as with a foreboding of good news.

The judge looked inquisitively over his shoulder.

"Ah, my humblest congratulations, Herr President. Delighted to be the first to give you joy. I recommend myself to your further favour."

In front of the house, the beggars

struck up in slow and solemn strains the hymn from the Psalm-book—

“Meine Seele, lass es gehen,
Wie in dieser Welt es geht.
Lass auch gerne das geschehen,
Was Dein Herz hier nicht versteht.
Arme Seele, fromm und stille,
Denk, es waltet Gottes Wille.”

We have preserved, as dramatic and characteristic, the terminations of the two chapters from which we have extracted. The last was worth giving entire, being perhaps the most carefully finished in the book, but its length compelled compression. As regards its truthfulness, and the state of things it is intended to illustrate, we need hardly inform persons acquainted with the social and political condition of Germany, that acts of corruption and oppression, similar to those above set forth, have been of no rare occurrence, up to a very recent date, in more than one sovereign state of that extensive country. The time of the story of *Anna Hammer* is 1830, the period when things were probably at the worst, before the petty despots of Germany had been warned and alarmed by the second French revolution, and by other evidences of the growing spirit, throughout Europe, of resistance to tyrannical and irresponsible rule. The book hinges on the supposed existence of a secret association, having extensive ramifications, for the purpose of establishing constitutional government throughout Germany. Three of the earliest members of the society have lingered, at the date of the story's commencement, for five years in a state prison. These three men are Anna Hammer's brother-in-law, Madame Von Horberg's husband, and a certain Count Arnstein, whose son, after passing four years in the United States, returns to Germany, in the character of an American, and under the assumed name of Bushby, with the double purpose of assisting the plans of the conspirators, and of accomplishing his father's escape. The place of imprisonment of the three political offenders is, however, a mystery which one of the most active and intelligent of the confederates has for years been in vain endeavouring to solve. It is at last discovered by the ingenuity of Geigenfritz, an old soldier, and trusty agent

of the society, who then contrives to introduce Anna Hammer into the fortress, in the capacity of servant girl to the commandant's housekeeper. The housekeeper, Miss Bluestone, who has lived in a military prison until she has acquired the tone, and much of the appearance, of a grenadier, and her comrade, Corporal Long, a veteran converted into a gaoler, who divides his affections between the wine barrel and a huge bunch of keys, are capably hit off. The account of Von Horberg's dungeon, and of the means of communication he contrives with a prisoner lodged in the lower floor of the tower, in which he occupies an upper cell, is very well done. Indeed this, the first chapter of the second volume, entitled *Dungeon Life*, is one of the best of the book, and reminds us not a little of Baron Trenck's exciting prison narratives. It acquires additional interest from the circumstance that *Anna Hammer* is said to have been written in a prison, where the author was long confined on political charges, of which he was ultimately found guiltless. Before coming to the prisons, however, we are taken to court, and are introduced to the old prince-regnant, to his dissolute grandson and heir, and to his amiable granddaughter, who is in love with Arnstein *alias* Bushby. For a final extract, we select a scene in the grounds of the country residence of the sovereign, who has just installed himself there for the fine season, and where two important personages of the novel—the crown-prince and Geigenfritz—are first brought before the reader.

The park behind the palace was of great extent. Gardens, pieces of water, slopes planted with vines, thick shrubberies and tracts of woodland, were there mingled in an apparently wild disorder which was in reality the result of careful arrangement and consideration. The whole was surrounded by a lofty wall, in which were three or four small doors. A thick forest came close up to the outside of the wall, and was intersected by several roads.

Along one of these roads drove an elegant travelling carriage, drawn by two extremely swift and powerful horses. A bearded man, of Jewish

aspect, muffled in a huge coachman's coat, sat upon the box. The shutters of the vehicle were drawn up, so that it could not be seen into. It stopped at the edge of the forest. The door opened, and a little man, also of Israelitish appearance, but very richly dressed, got out. He left the door open.

"Turn round, Abraham!" said he in Jewish jargon to the driver.

The coachman obeyed, so that the horses' heads were in the direction whence they came.

"Stop!"

The carriage stood still, and the little man walked round it, examining it minutely on all sides, as if to make sure that it was sound and complete in every part. With equal attention he inspected the harness and limbs of the vigorous horses.

"Keep a sharp watch, Abraham, for my return."

"Don't be afraid, Moses."

"The very minute I get in, drive off at full speed. But no sooner—d'ye hear?—no sooner."

"Why should I sooner?" retorted the coachman sharply, in the same dialect.

"Not till I am quite safe in the carriage—till you see, till you hear, that I have shut the door. You must hear it, you must watch with your ears, for you must not take your eyes off the horses."

"Don't frighten yourself, fool!"

"And, Abraham, quit not the box during my absence, and be sure and leave the door open, that I may jump in at once on my return."

The coachman answered not.

"And, one thing more. Dear Abraham, will the horses hold out?—six German miles?—without resting. Are you sure the carriage will not break down?"

"Begone, fearful fool, and leave carriage and horses to my care!"

The little man looked at his watch.

"Exactly five. It is just the time. Once more, dear Abraham, keep a sharp look-out, I entreat you."

At a sort of sneaking run, the timid Jew hurried to a door in the park wall, close to which the road passed. He glanced keenly around him. No one was in sight, and, producing a key, he hastily unlocked

the door, opening it only just wide enough to allow him to slip through. In an instant he was in the park, and the door shut behind him.

Completely unseen as the Jew believed himself, there yet was one at hand whose watchful eye had followed all his movements.

At the exact moment that the coachman turned his carriage, and at a short distance from the spot, a man emerged from the thicket. His appearance was very striking. Far above the usual stature, in person he was extraordinarily spare. Large bones, broad shoulders, a muscular arm and a hand like a bunch of sinews, indicated that his meagre frame possessed great strength. His strange figure was accoutred in a remarkable costume. He wore a short brown jacket of the colour and coarse material of the cowls of the mendicant friars, short brown leather breeches, grey linen gaiters and wide strong shoes. His head was covered with an old misshapen gray hat, whose broad brim was no longer in a state to testify whether it had once been round or three-cornered. Across his back was slung a bag, from whose mouth protruded the neck of an old black fiddle. The man's age was hard to guess. His thick strong hair was of that sort of mouse-colour which even very old age rarely alters. His countenance was frightfully furrowed; but if its furrows were deep, on the other hand its outlines were of iron rigidity. The eye was very quick. In short, however narrow the scrutiny, it still remained doubtful to the observer whether the man was fifty, sixty, or seventy years old.

This person, stepping out of the forest, was on the point of springing across the road, when he perceived the carriage and the two Jews. Satisfying himself, by a hasty glance, that he was still unseen, he drew back within cover of the thicket. Concealed behind a thick screen of foliage, he watched with profound attention every movement of the men, who were too distant for him to overhear their words. When one of them had entered the park, the long brown man made a circuit through the wood, and again emerged from it at a point where he could not be seen by the

coachman, but which yet was not far distant from the door through which the Jew had passed. After brief reflection, he approached this door and tried to open it. It was locked. He turned back, skirting the wall—but so noiselessly that the sharpest ear, close upon the other side, could hardly have detected his presence. He paused at a place where trees and thick bushes, growing within the park, overtopped the wall. A long branch protruded across, and hung down so low that the tall stranger could easily reach it. He closely examined this branch, its length and strength, then the wall—measuring its height with his eye, and noting its irregularities of surface. Suddenly he seized the branch with both hands, set his feet against the wall, and swung his whole body upwards. Before a spectator could have conjectured his intention, he was seated on a limb of the tree within the park: it was as if an enormous brown cat had sprung up amongst the branches. In another second he was on the ground, the slightest possible cracking of the twigs alone betraying his rapid descent.

He stood in the midst of a thick growth of bushes, the stillness around him broken only by the voices of birds. Cautiously he made his way through the tangled growth of branches into a small winding path, which he followed in the direction of the door. On reaching this he found himself in a broad carriage road, apparently commencing and terminating at the palace, after numerous windings through the park. Opposite the door was an open lawn; to the right were long alleys, through whose vista the rays of the early morning sun were seen reflected in the tranquil waters of a lake. To the left was a prolongation of the copse. Not a living creature was to be seen.

For a minute the man stood undecided as to the direction he should take. Then he re-entered the copse—making his way through it, with the same caution and cat-like activity as before, to a little knoll nearly bare of bushes, and crowned by three lofty fir-trees. He was about to step out into the open space, when he heard a rustling near at

hand. He stood still, held his breath and looked around him; but he was still too deep in the bushes and could discern nothing. He saw only leaves and branches, and, towering above them, the three tall fir-trees, with the morning wind whispering through their boughs.

The new-comer was the little Jew, who walked uneasily to and fro beneath the fir-trees, on a narrow footpath which led across the knoll. He evidently expected some one. From behind a tree the tall man with the fiddle watched his movements, and listened to his soliloquy.

"Five minutes late," muttered the Jew, looking at his watch. "Am I the man to be kept waiting? He is not to be relied upon. But I have him now, fast and sure." He resumed his walk, then again stood still. "A good affair this! good profit! a made man! But where can he be?" He paused before the very tree behind which stood the man in the brown jacket. "He is imprudent," he continued, "light-headed, and reckless. But am I not the same? I am lost if he deceives me. I have him, though—I have him."

"Mosey!" said the strong voice of the long brown man, close to his ear. At the same moment, a heavy hand was clapped roughly on the Jew's shoulder. He fell to the ground, as though a thunderbolt had struck him; in falling he caught a view of the stranger. "Geigen—" cried he, in a horror-stricken voice, leaving the word unfinished.

"Speak the word right out!" said the long man, with a calm, sneering smile.

The little Jew's recovery was as sudden as his terror. He was already on his legs, brushing the dust from his clothes.

"How the gentleman frightened me!" he said in a sort of dubious tone.

"Speak the word out, Mosey—the whole word!"

"What should I speak out?—which word? What does the gentleman want?"

"Mosey, speak the word out—Geigenfritz!"

"What is your pleasure?—what is the word to me?"

"Old rogue! old Moses Amschel! what is the word to you? what is Geigenfritz to you?—your old friend?"

"I know no Geigenfritz; I know no Moses Amschel. You are mistaken. And now go your ways—do you hear?" He had become quite bold and saucy.

The brown man looked at him with a smile of scornful pity. "Mosey," he said, "shall I reckon up the prisons and houses of correction in which I have seen you? You have grown a great man, it seems. I have heard of you. You are a rich banker: noblemen associate with you, and princes are your debtors. You are a baron, I believe, and you live in luxury: but you are not the less Moses Amschel, my old comrade. I knew you directly, and your rascal of a brother, too, who is outside with the carriage."

The Jew's confidence left him as he listened to this speech. He made one more effort to assume a bold countenance, but his voice trembled as he muttered, "You are mistaken. I have business here: leave me, or I will have you arrested."

Geigenfritz laughed. "You have business here, I doubt not. But arrest me! Your business will hardly bear daylight, and my arrest would interfere with it."

The truth of these words produced a terrible effect on the little Jew. He stood for a moment helplessly gazing around him; then he looked sharply at his interlocutor, whilst his right hand fumbled in his breast, as though seeking something. But he drew it forth empty, and let it fall by his side, whilst his eyes sought the ground. "Well, Geigenfritz," he said, in a low tone, "leave me for a while. Go and wait by the carriage with my brother; I will soon be back, and we will speak further."

"Not so, old sinner. You said you had business here. You and I have done business together more than once."

"This time there is nothing for you to do."

"That is not for you to decide."

"Don't spoil trade, Geigenfritz."

"What trade is it?"

"You shall know by-and-by."

"Immediately, I expect."

"Impossible."

"I have but to remain here."

Moses Amschel grew very anxious.

"I swear to you, Geigenfritz, you ruin me by remaining. The business can't be done in your presence."

"We shall see."

The obstinacy of Geigenfritz was not to be overcome. Moses Amschel ran to and fro, wringing his hands, and straining his eyes to see into the park. Suddenly his anxiety increased to a paroxysm. Geigenfritz followed the direction of his eyes. With extreme swiftness a man ran along one of the alleys, in the direction of the mound on which they both stood.

"For God's sake, go, leave me!" exclaimed Moses Amschel, in abject supplication.

"Fellow, 'tis the Crown-prince. What dealings have you with him?"

"Go, I implore you, go."

"Not a step, till you answer me."

"I have business with him."

"What business?"

"You shall know afterwards; go, I can't escape you."

"What business?"

"Jewel business. But now go, go!"

"You are right; you cannot escape me." And Geigenfritz disappeared amongst the bushes.

Moses Amschel had had barely time to recover breath and composure, when a third person joined him. This was a slender young man, of elegant appearance, and handsome but dissipated countenance. His rich dress was disordered.

"Who was here, Jew?"

"No one. Who should be here. Who would I bring with me?"

"I heard talking; who was with you?"

"No one, your highness."

"Name not my name, Jew, and speak the truth."

"I wish I may die, if a creature was with me!"

The young man looked suspiciously on all sides, and then drew from under his coat an object enveloped in a silk handkerchief, and handed it to Amschel.

"Here, Jew, and now away with you!"

Moses Amschel would have unfolded the handkerchief, to look at its contents.

"Scoundrel! do you think I cheat you? In three months."

He took a step to depart, but again returned.

"To America, to New York! Not to London, d'ye hear?"

"I know."

At the top of his speed, as he had come, the stranger departed. Moses Amschel unrolled the handkerchief, glanced at its contents, again carefully wrapped it up, and stole swiftly and cautiously to the park-door, which he hastily unlocked, and as hastily relocked behind him. But, as he turned to regain the carriage, his movements were arrested by the iron arm of Geigenfritz, who rose, like an apparition, from a ditch at his side.

"How you frighten me!—I am not going to run away."

"Because you can't. Now, comrade, halves!"

"Are you mad?"

"Not I, but you, if you think you are not in my power."

Moses Amschel looked around him, but help there was none, and the brown man held him so tightly that he could not stir. The carriage, certainly, was near at hand, but the horses were as skittish as they were good, and the driver must not leave them.

"Show it me," said Geigenfritz.

Resistance was impossible. Tardily and unwillingly the Jew untied the handkerchief, and revealed a diamond diadem of extraordinary magnificence. Notwithstanding his alarm, his eyes sparkled at the sight.

"Old rogue! who stole that?"

"Stole! Nonsense."

"What is it worth?"

"Worth?—a couple of hundred dollars."

"Do you take me for a child?"

"Well, perhaps a couple of thousand."

"More than a million."

"You frighten me."

"No matter—halves!"

"But I must sell it first; you shall have your share of the price."

"Of the price? You don't take me in. We will divide at once."

"How is that possible?"

"Very easy. I break the crown into two halves; you take one, I the other. Give it here."

Moses Amschel shook with terror, and clutched the glittering ornament convulsively with both hands. It was in vain: the iron hand of Geigenfritz detached his fingers, one after the other, like those of a child. With the last remains of his exhausted strength, the Jew still clung to his treasure, which, in another second, would have been wrested from him, when suddenly a broad knife, thrust over the shoulder of Geigenfritz, inflicted a swift deep cut across the back of the hand with which he grasped the diadem. Involuntarily, Geigenfritz relaxed his hold both of Jew and jewels.

Moses Amschel and the coachman Abraham, who, having seen from his box his brother's peril, had thus opportunely come to his aid, ran away laughing. The one jumped into the carriage, the other resumed the reins, and they drove off at a gallop.

The prince has stolen the diadem from his own wife, in such a manner as to cast suspicion upon others, and the Jew is to sell it to furnish supplies for the extravagance of this dissolute heir to the crown. Geigenfritz's knowledge of the shameful transaction is afterwards made instrumental in procuring the release of Von Horberg and the other prisoners. Convinced that the time is not yet ripe for the realisation of their schemes of political regeneration, they emigrate to the United States. There, a postscript informs the reader, Von Horberg, divorced from his unworthy wife—who during his imprisonment, has become the mistress of the prince-royal—is married to Anna Hammer. The interest of the story is throughout well sustained.

Anna Hammer will probably soon be, if it be not already, in the hands of the translators. Rendered into English with a little care, by equivalents, instead of with that painful literalness and abundance of foreign idioms which too frequently shock us in translations of German books, it

would be very pleasant reading. Notwithstanding its defects, its occasional carelessness and slight improbabilities, it better deserves a translation than many of the foreign novels to which that compliment has been paid within the last few years, and than some which have been lauded to the skies and largely read. And we take this opportunity to express our surprise that no member of the industrious corps of translators from the German has directed his or her attention to the writings of a man, who, for originality and genius, perception of character and power of description, is very far superior even to those of his German cotemporaries who have enjoyed the highest favour in England. We refer to the gifted author of the German-American Romances. Miss Bremer—although a Swede, we here class her amongst German writers, her works having been done into English from the latter language—has been translated at every price, and in every form, from expensive octavo to shilling pamphlets. Not a bookshop or railway station but is, or has been, crowded with her works. Without in the least depreciating the talents of a

lady who has written some very pleasing tales and sketches, we should yet be greatly flattering her did we place her on a level with such a writer as Charles Sealsfield. Styles so opposite scarcely admit of comparison; but we apprehend there are few readers to whom the best of her books will not appear tame and insipid, when contrasted with the vigorous and characteristic pages of such works as *The Cabin Book*, *The Viceroy* and *the Aristocracy*, or *Pictures of Life in both Hemispheres*. Yet Sealsfield has been read in England only to the limited extent of some short extracts in this Magazine,* and of some yet briefer ones in a defunct Review.† In the States he is better known and appreciated. There he has been translated and re-translated in volumes, pamphlets and newspapers, but in a style, if we may judge from one or two specimens that have reached us, which does him grievous injustice. Many of his works, and especially the three above-named, richly deserve the utmost pains a translator could bestow, and would assuredly attain high popularity in any country into whose language they should be rendered.

* See Volumes 51 to 59.

† Foreign Quarterly Review, No. LXXIV.

ALTON LOCKE, TAILOR AND POET: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Our renowned contributor, Mansie Wauch, tailor in Dalkeith, has, for a long time past, retired from the cares of active business. We fear that, in his case, as in others which we could name, the glory and emolument resulting from distinguished literary success were the means of depriving two or three parishes of the services of a decent fabricator of small-clothes. Mansie, like Jeshurun, grew fat and kicked. Even before his autobiography had reached its sixth edition—now a traditionary epoch, as the nine-and-thirtieth is exhausted, and the trade clamorous for a new supply—Wauch began to turn up his nose at moleskin, and to exhibit a singular degree of indifference to orders for agricultural gaiters. He would still apply, with somewhat of his pristine science, the principles of sartorian mathematics to plush when ordered from the Palace, and was once known to devote three entire days to the exquisite finishing of a pair of buckskins for Mr Williamson, that famous huntsman, whose celebrity is so great, that the mere mention of his name is equivalent to a page of panegyric. And it was acknowledged, on all hands, that Mansie did his work well. The plush fitted admirably; and as for the buckskins, the master of the hounds averred, with a harmless oath, that they were as easy as a kid glove. But those testimonials, however satisfactory and unchallenged, did not avail our contributor as a perfect verdict of acquittal, discharging him from the bar of public opinion, as constituted in Dalkeith, without a stain upon his reputation as an eydent man and a tailor. Mr Hamorgaw, the precentor of the New Light Seceding Anti-pulpit Congregation, esteemed that Mansie acted under the influence of the Old Adam, in declining to reverse, *propriis manibus*, an ancient garment, dignified by the name of a coat, which had already been three times refreshed in the dyeing-tub, for the beautilifying of him, the

Hamorgaw; and Deacon Cansh, the leading Radical of the place, was sorely nettled to learn that our friend had intrusted the architecture of his new wrap-rascal to the tender mercies of his first-born Benjamin. Not that Benjie was a bad hand at the goose, which indeed he drove with amazing celerity, sending it along at a rate nearly equal to the progress of a Parliamentary train; but his style of cutting was somewhat composite and florid, not distinguished by that severe simplicity of manner which was the glory of the earlier masters. In the hands of a Piercie Shafton, Benjamin might have proved a veritable treasure: Sir Thomas Urquhart would have descanted with enthusiasm on the quaint and oblique diversity of his shears, which seemed instinctively to dis-*ever* good broad-cloth into quincunxes more or less outrageous; but the age of Euphuism was gone, and neither elder, deacon, nor precentor, was in favour of slashed doublets. Benjamin was not only a tailor but a poet, and we fear it is a lamentable fact that the two trades are irreconcilable. The perpetrator of distichs is usually a bungler at cross-stitch: there is no analogy between the measurement of trousers and the measure of a Spenserian stanza. It will therefore be readily credited, that the business, when devolved upon Benjie, did not prosper as of old; and though Mansie did, in his advanced age, make one effort to retrieve the character of his firm by inventing a kind of paletot, which he denominated "a Fascinator," we have not been given to understand that the males of the royal family adopted it to the exclusion of all other upper garments of similar cut and pretension. Moreover, the prevailing influence and tendency of the age began to be felt in Dalkeith. Competition, as a maxim of political economy, was generally practised and understood: and a young schneider, who had served his apprenticeship with Mr Place of Westminster celebrity,

opened an establishment for ready-made clothes, with a Greek title which would have puzzled an Homeric commentator. In process of time the Greek was opposed by a Hebrew, who ought to have been an especial favourite with his people, seeing that if any afflicted person had a fancy for rending his clothes, the garments supplied by Aaron and Son would have yielded to the slightest compulsion. A Polish emigrant next opened shop, and to the astonishment of the Dalkeithians, transferred their breeches' pockets from the waistband to the neighbourhood of their knees, and suggested frogs and braiding. Against this tide of innovation honest Mansie found it impossible to make head. Fortunately, being a saving creature, he had amassed a considerable sum of money, which, still more fortunately, he had abstained from investing in the Loanhead and Roslin Junction; and his annual income was such as to justify him in retiring from business to a pleasant villa on the banks of the Esk, where he now grows cabbages of such magnitude as to be recorded in an occasional newspaper paragraph, and cucumbers which have carried off the prize at several horticultural exhibitions. On the whole, Mr Wauch is a man decidedly to be envied, not only by those of his own trade, but by many of us who, in the vanity of our hearts, have been accustomed to look down, somewhat disparagingly, upon the gallant knights of the needle.

In his retirement Mansie Wauch has not altogether abandoned the pursuits of literature. He has, it is true, ceased, for a good while, to favour us with a continuation of those passages of his personal history which once took Christendom by storm; nor can we charge our memory with his having offered us any article for several years, beyond an elaborate and learned critique upon Mr Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, which, though decidedly able, was rather too technical for our columns. But Mr Wauch is a gluttonous reader, especially of novels and suchlike light gear; and very frequently is kind enough to favour us, by word of mouth, with his opinion touching the most noted ephemera of the season. We need

hardly say that we set great store by the judgment of the excellent old man. His fine natural instinct enables him to perceive at a glance, what more erudite critics might overlook, the fitness and propriety of the tale, and the capability of the writer to deal with the several topics which he professes to handle. He can tell at once whether a man really knows his subject, or whether he is writing, as too many authors do now-a-days, in absolute ignorance of the character which he assumes, or the scenes which he selects for illustration. So, the other day, on receipt of a couple of volumes, entitled *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet: an Autobiography*, we thought that we could hardly discharge our critical duty better than by despatching the same forthwith to Mansie, with a request that he would communicate to us his candid and unbiassed opinion.

Mr Locke we understand to be no more. He died upon his voyage to Texas, after having been concerned in the Chartist demonstration of 1848, and therefore his feelings cannot be aggrieved by the strictures of his Dalkeith brother. Were it otherwise, we certainly should have hesitated before recording in print the verdict of the indignant Mansie, expressed in the succinct phrase of "awfu' havers!" written at the close of the second volume, with a running commentary of notes on the margin, by no means complimentary to the practical acquirements or the intellectual calibre of the author. These we have diligently deciphered, and we find that friend Mansie's wrath has been especially excited by the discovery that it is no autobiography at all, nor anything like one, but a barefaced and impudent assumption of a specific character and profession by a person who never handled a goose in his life, and who knows no more about tailoring or slop-selling than he has learned from certain letters which lately appeared in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. Mr Wauch is very furious at the deception which he conceives has been practised on the public; and argues, with good show of reason, that any work, professing to set forth the hardships of any particular trade, and yet diverging so evidently into the wildest kind of romance—as to

render its acceptance as an actual picture of life impossible—is calculated to do harm instead of good to the interests of the class in question, because no one can receive it as truth; neither can it possibly be acknowledged as an accurate picture of the age, or the state or feelings of that society which at present exists in Great Britain. "Who would have bought my *Autobiography*," quoth Mansie, "if I had said that I was in love with a Countess, had been admitted to her society, and my passion partially returned? Or what think ye o' Benjie, fresh from the garret, and smelling of the goose, arguing conclusions wi' Dean Buckland about the Mosaic account o' the creation, and chalking out a new kind o' faith as glibly as he would chalk out auld Harrigle's measure on a new web o' clath for a Sunday's coat? The man that wrote yon, take my word for it, never crookit his hengeh-bane on a board; and the hail bnk appears to me to be a pack o' wearis' nonsense."

Notwithstanding Mr Wanch's anathema, we have perused the book; and, while agreeing with him entirely in his strictures regarding its artistical construction, and admitting that, as an autobiography—which it professes to be—it is so palpably absurd in its details, as to diminish the effect of the lesson which it is meant to convey, we yet honour and respect the feeling which has dictated it, and our warmest sympathy is enlisted in the cause which it intends to advocate. No man with a human heart in his bosom, unless that heart is utterly indurated and depraved by the influence of mammon, can be indifferent to the welfare of the working-classes. Even if he were not urged to consider the awful social questions which daily demand our attention in this perplexing and bewildered age, by the impulses of humanity, or by the call of Christian duty, the lower motive of interest alone should incline him to serious reflection on a subject which involves the wellbeing, both temporal and eternal, of thousands of his fellow-creatures, and possibly the permanence of order and tranquillity in this realm of Great Britain. Our civil history during the last thirty years of peace resembles nothing which the world

has yet seen, or which can be found in the records of civilisation. The progress which has been made in the mechanical sciences is of itself almost equivalent to a revolution. The whole face of society has been altered; old employments have become obsolete, old customs have been abrogated or remodelled, and old institutions have undergone innovation. The modern citizen thinks and acts differently from his fathers. What to them was object of reverence is to him subject for ridicule; what they were accustomed to prize and honour, he regards with undisguised contempt. All this we style improvement, taking no heed the whilst whether such improvement has fulfilled its primary condition of contributing to and increasing the welfare and prosperity of the people. Statistical books are written to demonstrate how enormously we have increased in wealth; and yet, side by side with Mr Porter's bulky tomes, you will find pamphlets containing ample and distinct evidence that hundreds of thousands of our industrious fellow-countrymen are at this moment famishing for lack of employment, or compelled to sell their labour for such wretched remuneration that the pauper's dole is by many regarded with absolute envy. Dives and Lazarus elbow one another in the street; and our political economists select Dives as the sole type of the nation. Sanitary commissioners are appointed to whiten the outside of the sepulchre; and during the operation, their souls are made sick by the taint of the rottenness from within. The reform of Parliament is, comparatively speaking, a matter of yesterday, and yet the operatives are petitioning for the Charter!

These are stern realities—grim facts which it is impossible to gainsay. What may be the result of them, unless some adequate remedy can be provided, it is impossible with certainty to predict; but unless we are prepared to deny the doctrine of that retribution which has been directly revealed to us from above, and of which the history of neighbouring states affords us so many striking examples, we can hardly expect to remain unpunished for what is truly a national crime. The offence, indeed,

according to all elements of human calculation, is likely to bring its own punishment. It cannot be that society can exist in tranquillity, or order be permanently maintained, so long as a large portion of the working-classes, of the hard-handed men whose industry makes capital move and multiply itself, are exposed to the operation of a system which renders their position less tolerable than that of the Egyptian bondsman. To work is not only a duty but a privilege; but to work against hope, to toil under the absolute pressure of despair, is the most miserable lot that the imagination can possibly conceive. It is, in fact, a virtual abrogation of that freedom which every Briton is taught to consider as his birthright; but which now, however well it may sound as an abstract term, is practically, in the case of thousands, placed utterly beyond their reach.

We shall not probably be suspected of any intention to inculcate Radical doctrines. We have no sympathy, but the reverse, with the quacks, visionaries, and agitators, who make a livelihood by preaching disaffection in our towns and cities, and who are the worst enemies of the people whose cause they affect to advocate. We detest the selfish views of the Manchester school of politicians, and we loathe that hypocrisy which, under the pretext of reforming, would destroy the institutions of the country. But if it be true—as we believe it to be—that the working and producing classes of the community are suffering unexampled hardship, and that not of a temporary and exceptional kind, but from the operation of some vicious and baneful element which has crept into our social system, it then becomes our duty to attempt to discover the actual nature of the evil; and having discovered that, to consider seriously what cure it is possible to apply. That there is a cure for every evil, social, moral, or physical, it is worse than cowardice to doubt. And we need not be surprised if, in our search, we find ourselves compelled to arrive at some conclusions totally hostile to the plans which the so-called Liberals have encouraged—nay, so hostile, that beneath that mask of Liberalism we can plainly descry the features of

greedy and ravenous Mammon, enticing his victims by a novel lure, and gloating and grinning in triumph over their unsuspecting credulity.

The author of *Alton Locke* is at least no vulgar theorist, though a warm imagination and great enthusiasm have led him occasionally to appear most vague and theoretical. He has had recourse to fiction, as the most agreeable, and probably the most efficacious mode of bringing his peculiar social views under the notice of the public; but in doing so, he has fallen into an error very common with recent novelists, who have undertaken to depict certain phases of society, with ulterior views beyond the mere amusement of the reader. He has not studied, or he does not understand, what has been fitly termed the properties of a composition: he allows himself in almost every chapter to outrage probability; his situations are often ludicrously incongruous; and the language of his characters, as well as that employed throughout the narrative, is totally out of keeping with the quality and circumstances of the interlocutors. That a young and gifted tailor, who for the whole day has been pent up in a stifling garret, with the symptoms of consumptive disease unmistakably developed in his constitution, should also devote the moiety of his hours of rest to the acquisition of the Latin language, and become in three months' time a perfect master of Virgil, is not an impossibility, though we opine that such instances of suicidal exertion are comparatively rare; but when we find the same young man, not only versed in the classics, but tolerably acquainted with the Italian and German poets, a fluent speaker of French, an accurate historian, a proficient in divinity, in metaphysics, and in natural science—a disciple of Tennyson in verse, and a pupil of Emerson in style—the draft upon our credulity is somewhat too large, and we must necessarily decline to honour it. The world has only beheld one Admirable Crichton; and even he is rather a myth than a reality—seeing that we can merely judge of the extent of his acquirements by the vague report of contemporaries, and the collections of an amusing coxcomb,

who, out of very slender materials, has contrived to construct a ponderous and bombastic romance.* Crichton has not left us one scrap of writing to prove that his attainments were more than the results of a gigantic memory, aided by a singularly acute and logical intellect. But Alton Locke altogether eclipses Crichton. The latter had, at all events, the full benefit of the schools: the former was wholly devoid of such instruction. Crichton spent his days at least in the College: Alton sat stitching on the shop-board. So that the existence of such a phenomenon becomes worse than problematical, especially when we find that, after abandoning paletots and launching into a literary career, Mr Locke could find no more profitable employment than that of writing articles for a Chartist newspaper, which articles, moreover, were by no means invariably inserted. We take this to be the leading fault of the book, because it is infinitely more glaring than even exaggerated incident. In the hands of such a writer as Defoe, the story of *Alton Locke* would have assumed the aspect of woeful and sad reality. Not an expression would have been allowed to enter which could betray the absolute and irreconcilable difference between the mental powers, habits, and acquirements of the author and his fictitious hero: we should have had no idealism, at least of the transcendental kind; and no dreams, decidedly of a tawdry and uninterpretable description, which bear internal evidence of having been copied at second-hand from Richter.

Let it, however, be understood, that these remarks of ours are not intended to detract from the genius, the learning, or the descriptive powers of the writer. Where excellencies such as these exist, even though they may be of rare occurrence, anything approaching to absurdity or incon-

gruity is far more painfully, or rather provokingly, apparent than in the work of a common hackneyed novelist, from whom we expect no better things; and the error is peculiarly felt when it is calculated in any degree to convey the notion that the pictures shadowed forth upon the canvass are rather ideal than true. This mode of dealing with a subject is by no means the best to insure sympathy. Men are naturally incredulous of pain, and unwilling to believe in suffering, more especially when it is said to exist in their own vicinity, and may be the effect of their own indifference or caprice. Many persons will read *Alton Locke*, not unmoved by the wretchedness which it depicts—not without feeling a thrill of indignation at the bondage under which the operative is said to labour from the ruthless system of competition—and yet lay down the book unconvinced of the actual existence of such misery, and no more inclined to bestir themselves for its remedy than if they had been the spectators of a tragedy, the scene of which was laid in another country, and the period indicated as occurring in the middle ages. Nor is it possible to blame them for this; for, as the whole tenor of the work belies its assumed character, it is hard to expect that any one shall give credence to mere details, or such qualified credence as shall enable him to accept them as accurate representations of existing facts, in the face of the evident obstacle which meets him at the beginning. The usefulness of many clever books in this range of literature has been impaired by the authors' wanton neglect, or rather wilful breach, of the leading rules of propriety. Few people will accept Mr D'Israeli's novel of *Sybil* as containing an accurate representation of the state of the people of England in the middle of the nineteenth century,

* As more than one pen has been occupied with the subject of Crichton, we think it proper to state, in order to prevent misinterpretation, that the author above alluded to is Sir Thomas Urquhart, and not Mr William Harrison Ainsworth. Nobody will suspect the latter gentleman of having trodden too closely on the heels of history. In his hands, the young cadet of Cluny is entirely emancipated from the sanctuary of the cloister, and entitled to take permanent rank with the acrobat Antonio, whose feats upon the slack-rope must be still thrillingly remembered by the frequenters of the Surrey-side, or with the late lamented Harvey Leach, in consequence of whose premature decease the gnome-fly has vanished from the ceiling of the British stage.

simply because the writer is chargeable with the same error; and yet recent disclosures have abundantly proved that many of the social pictures contained in *Sybil* were drawn with extreme accuracy, and without any attempt at exaggeration.

We shall now attempt to sketch out the story of *Alton Locke*, in order that our readers may comprehend the nature of the book with which we are dealing—less, we admit, on account of the book itself, than for the sake of the subject which it is manifestly intended to illustrate. By no other method can we do justice to the topic; and if situations should occur which may seem to justify the strictures of Mr Wauch, and to provoke a smile, we ask indulgence for the sake of a cause which is here most earnestly advocated—according to the best of his ability—by a man of no common acquirements, zeal, energy, and purity of purpose, though the warmth of his heart may very frequently overpower the discretion of his head.

Alton Locke, the subject of this autobiography, is the son of poor parents. His father had failed in business as a grocer, having imprudently started a small shop, without adequate capital, in an obscure district of London, where indeed there were far too many such already, and died, "as many small tradesmen do, of bad debts and a broken heart, and left us beggars." Alton's mother was a woman of a sterner mood. Reared in the most rigid tenets of the Baptist sect, and steeped in the austere Calvinism, she regarded this world necessarily as a place of tribulation and inevitable woe, and fought and struggled on right earnestly, mortifying every natural affection in her bosom, except love to her children, and exhibiting that only through the medium of severity and restraint.

"My mother," says Alton, "moved by rule and method; by God's law, as she considered, and that only. She seldom smiled. Her word was absolute. She never commanded twice without punishing. And yet there were abysses of unspoken tenderness in her, as well as clear, sound, womanly sense and insight. But she thought herself as much bound to keep down all tenderness as if she had been some ascetic of the middle ages—so

do extremes meet! It was 'carnal,' she considered. She had as yet no right to have any 'spiritual affection' for us. We were still 'children of wrath and of the devil'—not yet 'convinced of sin,' 'converted, born again.' She had no more spiritual bond with us, she thought, than she had with a heathen or a Papist. She dared not even pray for our conversion, earnestly as she prayed on every other subject. For though the majority of her sect would have done so, her clear logical sense would yield to no such tender inconsistency. Had it not been decided from all eternity? We were elect, or we were reprobate. Could her prayers alter that?"

A gruesome carline this, and a revolting contrast to dear old Mauser Headrigg, who not only prayed morning and night, but never doubted as to the destiny of Cuddie! Mrs Locke's conversation, however, had its charms; for we find that, in a small way, she was fond of entertaining ministers of her own persuasion at tea, and Alton's ire was early kindled by the precipitancy with which on such occasions the sugar and muffins disappeared. The old lady, moreover, had a kind of ancestral pride, being traditionally descended from a Cambridgeshire puritan who had turned out under Cromwell; and of a winter night she would tell the children long stories about the glorious times when Englishmen arose to smite kings and prelates. Of course these things had their effect. Little Alton did not become a fanatic, for this kind of religious training is never palatable to the young; he became, indeed, a sceptic as soon as he could think for himself, with a nice little germ of radicalism ready to expand whenever circumstances would permit of its development.

That period quickly arrived. Alton's paternal uncle had been as fortunate in business as his brother was unlucky, and was now a kind of city magnate—purseproud, yet not altogether oblivious of his poorer kith and kin. He had an only son, who was to be the inheritor of his wealth, and who, being destined for the Church, was undergoing the necessary education. To this relative, who made her an annual petty allowance, Mrs Locke applied for advice regarding her son, now a

cadaverous lad of fifteen, with a weak constitution, and a tendency to the manufacture of verse; and by his advice and recommendation, Alton was introduced to a tailoring establishment at the West End. Uncle certainly might have done something better for him; but perhaps he had George Barnwell in his eye: and, moreover, any superior settlement would probably have spoiled the story. Here is his first entry into the new scene:

"I stumbled after Mr Jones up a dark, narrow, iron staircase, till we emerged through a trap-door into a garret at the top of the house. I recoiled with disgust at the scene before me; and here I was to work—perhaps through life! A low lean-to room, stifling me with the combined odours of human breath and perspiration, stale beer, the sweet sickly smell of gin, and the sour and hardly less disgusting one of new cloth. On the floor, thick with dust and dirt, scraps of stuff and ends of thread, sat some dozen bag-gard, untidy, shoeless men, with a mingled look of care and wretchedness that made me shudder. The windows were tight-closed, to keep out the cold winter air; and the condensed breath ran in streams down the panes, chequering the dreary look-out of chimney-tops and smoke. The conductor handed me over to one of the men."

This is intended, or at all events given, as an accurate picture of a respectable London tailoring establishment, where the men receive decent wages. Such a house is called an "honourable" one, in contradistinction to others, now infinitely the more numerous, which are springing up in every direction under the fostering care of competition. As it is most important that no doubt should be left in the minds of any as to the actual condition of the working classes, we quote, not from Alton Locke, but from one pamphlet out of many which are lying before us, a few sentences explanatory of the system upon which journeymen tailors in London are compelled to work. The pamphlet, for aught we know, may be written by the author of the novel; but it is clear, specific, and apparently well-vouched.

"It appears that there are two distinct tailortrades—the 'honourable' trade, now almost confined to the West End, and rapidly dying out there; and the 'dis-

honourable' trade of the show-shops and sloop-shops—the plate-glass palaces, where gents—and, alas! those who would be indignant at that name—buy their cheap-and-nasty clothes. The two names are the tailors' own slang: slang is new and expressive enough though, now and then. The honourable shops in the West End number only sixty; the dishonourable, four hundred and more; while at the East End the dishonourable trade has it all its own way. The honourable part of the trade is declining at the rate of one hundred and fifty journeymen per year; the dishonourable increasing at such a rate, that in twenty years it will have absorbed the whole tailoring trade, which employs upwards of twenty-one thousand journeymen. At the honourable shops the work is done, as it was universally thirty years ago, on the premises, and at good wages. In the dishonourable trade, the work is taken home by the men, to be done at the very lowest possible prices, which decrease year by year, almost month by month. At the honourable shops, from 36s. to 21s. is paid for a piece of work for which the dishonourable shop pays from 22s. to 9s. But not to the workmen; happy is he if he really gets two-thirds or half of that. For at the honourable shops the master deals directly with his workmen; while at the dishonourable ones, the greater part of the work, if not the whole, is let out to contractors, or middle men—'sweaters,' as their victims significantly call them—who in their turn let it out again, sometimes to the workmen, sometimes to fresh middlemen; so that out of the price paid for labour on each article, not only the workmen, but the sweater, and perhaps the sweater's sweater, and a third, and a fourth, and a fifth have to draw their profit. And when the labour price has been already beaten down to the lowest possible, how much remains for the workmen after all these deductions, let the poor fellows themselves say!"

These sweaters are commonly Jews, to which persuasion also the majority of the dishonourable proprietors belong. Few people who emerge from the Euston Square Station are left in ignorance as to the fact, it being the insolent custom of a gang of hook-nosed and blubber-lipped Israelites to shower their fetid tracts, indicating the localities of the principal dealers of their tribe, into every cab as it issues from the gate. These are, in plain terms, advertisements of a more odious

cannibalism than exists in the Sandwich Islands. Very often have we wished that the miscreant who so assailed us were within reach of our black-thorn cudgel, that we might have knocked all ideas of fried fish out of his head for at least a fortnight to come! In these days of projected Jewish emancipation, the sentiment may be deemed an atrocious one, but we cannot retract it. Shylock was and is the true type of his class; only that the modern London Jew is six times more personally offensive, mean, sordid, and rapacious than the merchant of the Rialto. And why should we stifle our indignation? Dare any one deny the truth of what we have said? It is notorious to the whole world that these human leeches acquire their wealth, not by honest labour and industry, but by bill-broking, sweating, discounting, and other nefarious arts, which inevitably lead the unfortunate victims who have once trafficked with the tribe of Issachar, to the spunging houses of which they have the monopoly; nor can the former escape from these loathsome dens—if they ever escape at all—without being stripped as entirely as any turkey when prepared for the spit at the genial season of Christmas. Talk of Jewish legislation indeed! We have had too much of it already in our time, from the days of Ricardo, the instigator of Sir Robert Peel's earliest practices upon the currency, down to those of Nathan Rothschild, the first Baron of Jewry, for whose personal character and upright dealings the reader is referred to Mr Francis' *Chronicles of the Stock Exchange*.

It is little wonder if men who know not what a scruple of conscience is, should amass enormous fortunes. It is much to be regretted that our present state of society affords them such ample opportunities. We allude not now to the plundering of heirs expectant, or the wheedling of young men just fresh from the colleges, and launched upon the town, to their ruin—to fraudulent dodges for affecting unnatural oscillations of stocks, or those more deliberate schemes which result in important public changes being effected for the private emolument of a synagogue. Bad as these things are—shameful and abhorrent as

they must be to every mind alive to the ordinary feelings of rectitude—they are not yet so bad or so shameful as the deliberate rapine which is exercised upon the poor by the off-scourings of the Caucasian race. Read the following account by a working tailor of their doings, and then settle the matter with your conscience, whether it is consistent with the character of a Christian gentleman to have dealings with such inhuman vampires:—

"In 1844 I belonged to the honourable part of the trade. Our house of call supplied the present show-shop with men to work on the premises. The prices then paid were at the rate of 6d. per hour. For the same driving-capotes that they paid 18s. then, they give only 12s. now. For the dress and frock coats they gave 15s. then, and now they are 14s. The paletots and shooting coats were 12s.; there was no coat made on the premises under that sum. At the end of the season they wanted to reduce the paletots to 9s. The men refused to make them at that price when other houses were paying as much as 15s. for them. The consequence of this was, the house discharged all the men, and got a Jew middleman from the neighbourhood of Petticoat Lane to agree to do them all at 7s. 6d. a piece. The Jew employed all the poor people who were at work for the slop warehouses in Houndsditch and its vicinity. This Jew makes on an average 500 paletots a week. The Jew gets 2s. 6d. profit out of each; and having no sewing trimmings allowed to him, he makes the work-people find them. The saving in trimmings alone to the firm, since the workmen left the premises, must have realised a small fortune to them. Calculating men, women, and children, I have heard it said that the cheap house at the West End employs 1000 hands. The trimmings for the work done by these would be about 6d. a week per head, so that the saving to the house since the men worked on the premises has been no less than £1300 a year; and all this is taken out of the pockets of the poor. The Jew who contracts for making the paletots is no tailor at all. A few years ago he sold sponges in the street, and now he rides in his carriage. The Jew's profits are 500 half-crowns, or £60 odd per week; that is, upwards of £3000 a-year."

The salary of a puisne judge of the Court of Session in Scotland! A profitable commencement of life that of dealing in sponges, seeing that it

endows the vender with the absorbent qualities of the marine vegetable! And mark the consequences which may befall those who connive at such iniquity by their custom! We still quote from the same pamphlet, not to deaf ears we trust, while telling them of the calamity which such conduct may bring home to their own hearths, as it has done already to that of hundreds who worship Cheapness as a god.

"Men ought to know the condition of those by whose labour they live. Had the question been the investment of a few pounds in a speculation, these gentlemen would have been careful enough about good security. Ought they to take no security, when they invest their money in clothes, that they are not putting on their backs accursed garments, offered in sacrifice to devils, reeking with the sighs of the starving, tainted—yea, tainted indeed, for it now comes out that diseases numberless are carried home in these same garments, from the miserable abodes where they are made. Evidence to this effect was given in 1844; but Mammon was too busy to attend to it. These wretched creatures, when they have pawned their own clothes and bedding, will use as a substitute the very garments they are making. So Lord —'s coat has been seen covering a group of children blotched with small-pox. The Rev. D — suddenly finds himself unrepresentable from a cutaneous disease, little dreaming that the shivering dirty being who made his coat, has been sitting with his arms in the sleeves for warmth, while he stitched at the tails. The charming Miss C — is swept off by typhus or scarlatina, and her parents talk about 'God's heavy judgment and visitation:' had they tracked the girl's new riding-habit back to the stifling undrained hovel where it served as a blanket to the fever-stricken slop-worker, they would have seen why God had visited them, seen that His judgments are true judgments, and give His plain opinion of the system which 'speaketh good of the covetous whom God abhorreth'—a system, to use the words of the *Morning Chronicle's* correspondent, 'unheard of and unparalleled in the history of any country— a scheme so deeply laid for the introduction and supply of under-paid labour in the market, that it is impossible for the working man not to sink and be degraded by it into the lowest depths of wretchedness and infamy'—a system which is steadily and gradually increasing, and sucking

more and more victims out of the honourable trade, who are really intelligent artisans, living in comparative comfort and civilisation, into the dishonourable or sweating trade, in which the slopworkers are generally almost brutified by their incessant toil, wretched pay, miserable food, and filthy homes."

But we must return to Alton Locke, whom we left speechless with astonishment and overpowered with nausea on his first admission to the sight and odours of a stitching Pandemonium. We are told, and we believe it to be true, that of late years several of the first-rate London tradesmen of the West End have effected important and salutary improvements as regards the accommodation of their men, and that the men themselves have assumed a better tone. We must, however, accept the sketch as given; and of a truth it is no ways savoury. Some of Alton's comrades are distinct Dungs—drunken, lewd, profane wretches; but there is at least one Flint among them, a certain John Cross-thwaite, who, beneath a stolid manner and within a stunted body, conceals a noble heart, beating strongly with the fiercest Chartist sentiments; and beside this diminutive Hercules, Alton crooks his thigh. Cross-thwaite, like all little chaps, has a good conceit of himself, and an intense contempt for thaws and sinews, stature, chest, and the like points, which excite the admiration of the statuary. On one occasion, when incensed, as tailors are apt to be, by the sight of a big bulky life-guardsmen, who could easily have crammed him into his boot, Alton's new friend thus develops his ideas:—

"'Big enough to make fighters?' said he, half to himself; 'or strong enough, perhaps!—or clever enough!—and yet Alexander was a little man, and the Petit Caporal, and Nelson, and Caesar, too; and so was Saul of Tarsus, and weakly he was into the bargain. AEsop was a dwarf, and so was Attila; Shakespeare was lame; Alfred a ricketty weakling; Byron club-footed; so much for body versus spirit—brute force versus genius—genius!'"

We had no previous idea that the fumes generated by cabbage produced an effect so nearly resembling that which is consequent on the inhalation

of chloroform. Crossthwaite, however, is a learned man in his way, and can quote Ariosto when he pleases—in deed, most of the workmen who figure in these volumes seem to be adepts in foreign tongues and literature. From Crossthwaite, Alton Locke derives his first lesson as regards the rights of man, and becomes conscious, as he tells us, that “society had not given him his rights.” From another character, Sandy Mackaye, a queer old Scotsman, who keeps a book-stall, he receives his first introduction to actual literature. Sandy is a good sketch—perhaps the best in the book. He is a Radical of course, and, like the Glasgow shoemaker, whom the late Dr Chalmers once visited, “a wee bit in the deistical lingo” but he has a fine heart, warm sympathies, and, withal, some shrewdness and common sense, which latter quality very few indeed of the other characters exhibit. We are left in some obscurity as to Sandy’s early career, but from occasional hints we are led to believe that he must have been honoured with the intimacy of Messrs Muir and Palmer, and not improbably got into some scrape about pikeheads, which rendered it convenient for him to remove beyond the jurisdiction of the High Court of Justiciary. On one occasion he seems to have averred that he was even older, alluding to a conversation he had with “Rab Burns’ ance, sitting up a’ canty at Tibbie Shields’ in Meggot Vale.” This is a monstrous libel against our excellent friend Tibbie, at whose well-known hostelry of the Lochs it was our good fortune, as usual, to pass a pleasant week no later than the by-gone spring; the necessary inference being that she has pursued her present vocation for nearly three quarters of a century! The author might have stated, with equal propriety, that he had the honour of an interview with Ben Jonson, in a drawing-room of Douglas’s hotel! But Sandy’s age is quite immaterial to the story. He may have been out in the Forty-five for anything we care. It is enough to know that he takes a particular fancy to the young tailor; lends him books; puts him in the way of learning Latin, as we have already hinted, in three months; and, finally, receives him under his own

roof when he is ejected from that of his mother on account of his having proclaimed himself, in her presence, a rank and open unbeliever.

Alton stitches on till he is nearly twenty, educating himself at spare hours as well as he can, by the aid of Sandy Mackaye, until he acquires a certain reputation among his comrades as an uncommonly clever fellow. The old bookdealer having some mysterious acquaintanceship with Alton’s uncle, informs that gentleman of the prodigy to whom he is related, whereupon there is an interview, and the nephew is presented with five shillings. Cousin George now comes, for the first time, on the *tapis*, tall, clean-limbed, and apparently good-humoured, but, as is shown in the sequel, selfish and a tuft-hunter. His maxim is to make himself agreeable to everybody, because he finds it pay; and he gives Alton a sample of his affability, by proposing a visit to the Dulwich Gallery. At this point the story becomes deliciously absurd. Young Snip, to whom pictures were a novelty, instantly fastens upon Guido’s St Sebastian, of which he is taking mental measure, when he is accosted by a young lady. Although we have little space to devote to extracts, we cannot refuse ourselves the gratification of transcribing a passage which beats old Leigh Hunt’s account of the interviews between Ippolito de Buondelmonte and Dianora d’Amerigo hollow. This artist, indeed, has evidently dipped his pencil in the warmest colours of the Cockney School.

“A woman’s voice close to me, gentle, yet of deeper tone than most, woke me from my trance.

“You seem to be deeply interested in that picture?”

“I looked round, yet not at the speaker. My eyes, before they could meet hers, were caught by an apparition the most beautiful I had ever yet beheld. And what—what—have I seen equal to her since! Strange that I should love to talk of her. Strange that I fret at myself now because I cannot set down upon paper, line by line, and hue by hue, that wonderful loveliness of which—But no matter. Had I but such an imagination as Petrarch, or rather, perhaps, had I his deliberate, cold, self-consciousness, what volumes of similes

and conceits I might pour out, connecting that peerless face and figure with all lovely things which heaven and earth contain. As it is, because I cannot say all, I will say nothing, but repeat to the end, again and again, Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beyond all statue, picture, or poet's dream. Seventeen—slight, but rounded, a masque and features delicate and regular, as if fresh from the chisel of Praxiteles. I must try to describe, after all, you see—a skin of alabaster, (privet-flowers, Horace and Ariosto would have said, more true to nature,) stained with the faintest flush; auburn hair, with that peculiar crisped wave seen in the old Italian pictures, and the warm, dark, hazel eyes which so often accompany it; lips like a thread of vermillion, somewhat too thin, perhaps—but I thought little of that then; with such perfect finish and grace in every line and hue of her features and her dress, down to the little fingers and nails, which showed through their thin gloves, that she seemed to my fancy fresh from the innermost chamber of some enchanted palace, 'where no air of heaven could visit her cheek too roughly.' I dropped my eyes quite dazzled. The question was repeated by a lady who stood with her, whose face I remarked then—as I did to the last, alas!—too little, dazzled at the first by outward beauty, perhaps because so utterly unaccustomed to it.

"It is indeed a wonderful picture," I said timidly. "May I ask what is the subject of it?"

"Oh! don't you know!" said the young beauty, with a smile that thrilled through me. "It is St Sebastian."

"I—I am very much ashamed," I answered, colouring up; "but I do not know who St Sebastian was. Was he a Popish saint?"

"A tall, stately old man, who stood with the two ladies, laughed kindly. 'No, not till they made him one against his will, and, at the same time, by putting him into the mill which grinds old folks young again, converted him from a grizzled old Roman tribune into the young Apollo of Popery.'

"You will puzzle your hearer, my dear uncle," said the same deep-toned woman's voice which had first spoken to me. "As you volunteered the Saint's name, Lillian, you shall also tell his history."

"Simply and shortly, with just feeling enough to send through me a fresh thrill of delighted interest, without trenching the least on the most stately reserve, she told me the well-known history of the Saint's martyrdom.

"If I seem minute in my description, let those who read my story remember that such courteous dignity, however natural, I am bound to believe, it is to them, was to me an utterly new excellence in human nature. All my mother's Spartan nobleness of manner seemed unexpectedly combined with all my little sister's careless ease.

"What a beautiful poem the story would make!" said I, as soon as I recovered my thoughts.

"Well spoken, young man," answered the old gentleman. "Let us hope that your seeing a subject for a good poem will be the first step towards your writing one."

Were we to extend points of admiration over a couple of columns, we could not adequately express our feelings with regard to the above passage. How natural—how simple! The entranced Snip gazing at the Guido—the ladies accosting him, as ladies invariably do when they encounter a casual tailor in such places—the passionate warmth of the description—the ecclesiastical lore of Lillian—and the fine instinct of the old gentleman, (a dignitary of the Church, by the way,) which warns him at once that he is in the presence of a sucking poet,—all these things combined take away our breath, and take, moreover, our imagination utterly by storm! We shall not be surprised if hereafter Greenwich Park should be utterly deserted on a holiday, and Dulwich Gallery become the favourite resort of apprentices, each expecting, on the authority of Alton Locke, to meet with some wealthy and high-born, but most free-and-easy Lindamira!

But the best of it is to come. They have yet more conversation: the strangers manifest a deep interest in the personal history of our hero. "While I revelled in the delight of stolen glances at my new-found Venus Victrix, who was as forward as any of them in her questions and her interest. Perhaps she enjoyed—at least she could not help seeing—the admiration for herself, which I took no pains to conceal!" O thrums and trimmings! it is but too plain—Venus Victrix, with the peculiar crisped auburn hair, and the skin of privet-flowers, has all but lost her heart to the juvenile bandy-legged tailor!

Two can play at that game.

Cousin George in the mean time, though taking no part in the conversation—a circumstance which strikes us as rather odd—has likewise fallen in love with the beautiful apparition, and, after her departure, drives Alton “mad with jealousy and indignation,” by talking about the lady rather rapturously, as a young snob of his kidney is pretty certain to do under circumstances such as are described. The kinsmen part, and Alton returns to the garret full of the thoughts of Lillian. She becomes his muse, and with the aid of a stray volume of Tennyson, he sets himself sedulously to the task of elaborating poetry. Sandy Mackaye, his censor, betrays no great admiration for his earlier efforts, which indeed are rather milk-and-water, and recommends him to become a poet for the people, pointing out to him, in various scenes of wretchedness which they visit, the true elements of the sublime. The graphic power and real pathos of those scenes afford a marvellous contrast to the rubbish which is profusely interspersed through the volumes. It is much to be regretted that an author, who can write so naturally and well, should allow himself to mar his narrative and destroy its interest, by the introduction not only of absurdities in point of incident, but of whole chapters of mystical jargon, incanting doctrines which, we are quite sure, are not distinctly comprehended even by himself. He has got much to learn, if not to unlearn, before he can do full justice to his natural powers. So long as he adorns himself, both in thought and language, to the use of general terms, he must fail in producing that effect which he otherwise might easily achieve.

Alton then, though still a tailor, becomes a poet; and, after two years and a half incubation, produces a manuscript volume, enough to fill a small octavo, under the somewhat spoliative and suspicious title of *Songs of the Highways*. Still no talk of publishing. Then comes a movement among the tailors, caused by Alton's master determining to follow the example of others, and reduce wages. A private meeting of the operatives is held; at which John

Crossthwaite the Flint counsels resistance and a general strike; but the faint-hearted Dungs fly from him, and he finds no supporter save Alton. The two resolve, *cōlūe qui cōlūe*, to hold out, and Crossthwaite takes his friend that night to a Chartist meeting, where he is sworn to all the points.

Never more did Alton bury needle in the hem of a garment. Nobody would give employment to the two protesters; so John Crossthwaite, being a man of a practical tendency, and not bad at statistics, determined to turn an honest penny by writing for a Chartist newspaper, and would have persuaded Alton to do the same, had not Sandy Mackaye interposed, and very properly represented that his young friend was too juvenile to become a martyr. So it was fixed at a general council that Alton should prepare his bundle, including his precious manuscripts, and start on foot for Cambridge, where his cousin was, to see whether he could not procure help to have his volume launched into the world. We must pass over his journey to Cambridge, interesting as it is, to arrive at his cousin's rooms. There he finds George with half-a-dozen of his companions all equipped for a rowing match, and just about to start. George behaves like a trump, orders him luncheon, and then departs for the river, whither Alton follows, with the intention of seeing the fun. His behaviour is a libel on the Cockneys. He sees Lillian on the opposite side of the river, and makes an ass of himself; then he bursts into ecstasies at the sight of the boats, feeling “my soul stirred up to a sort of sweet madness, not merely by the shouts and cheers of the mob around me, but by the loud, fierce pulse of the rowlocks; the swift whispering rush of the long, snake-like oars; the swirl and gurgle of the water on their wake; the grim, breathless silence of the straining rowers. My blood boiled over, and fierce tears swelled into my eyes; for I, too, was a man and an Englishman.” The author should have added—and a tailor to boot. So Alton, like an idiot, begins to roar and shout, and is ridden over by a young sprig of nobility, in whose way he insists on

standing; and is soused in the river; and insults another young nobleman, Lord Lynedale, of whom more anon, who picks him up, and out of good nature offers him half-a-crown: all which shows, or is intended to show, that our friend is a splendid specimen of the aristocracy of nature. Well—to cut a long story short—he returns to his cousin's rooms, is kindly received, introduced to a supper party of Cantabs, and afterwards to Lord Lynedale, for whom he corrects certain proofs, and receives a sovereign in return. The said Lord Lynedale is engaged to a lady, the same with "the deeper voice than most"—not Lillian—who accosted him in the Dulwich Gallery. She is the niece of a Dean Winustay, Lillian being the daughter. They meet. She recognises him, and he favours us with a sketch of Miss Eleanor Staunton. "She was beautiful, but with the face and figure rather of a Juno than a Venus—dark, imperious, restless—the lips almost too firmly set, the brow almost too massive and projecting—a queen, rather to be feared than loved—but a queen still, as truly royal as the man into whose face she was looking up with eager admiration and delight, as he pointed out to her eloquently the several beauties of the landscape." So Alton is introduced to the Dean, and finally asked down to the deanery.

The result, of course, is, that he becomes, if possible, ten times more deeply in love than before with Venus Victrix, who is naughty enough to flirt with Snip, and to astonish him by singing certain of his songs. As a matter of course, he immediately conjures up an imaginary Eden, with an arbour of cucumber vine, in which he, Alton, and she, Lillian, are to figure as Adam and Eve—we trust in such becoming costume as his previous pursuits must have given him the taste to devise. Miss Staunton, however, does not appear to relish the liaison, and rather throws cold water upon it, which damper Locke seems to attribute to jealousy! though it afterwards turns out to have been dictated by a higher feeling; namely, her conviction that Lillian was too shallow-hearted to be a fit object for the affections of the inspired tailor!! The old Dean meanwhile, quite uncon-

scious of the ravages which young Remnants is making in his family circle, bores him with lectures on entomology, and finally agrees to patronise his poems, and head a subscription list, provided he will expunge certain passages which savour of republican principles. Alton consents; and as a reward for his so doing, Miss Staunton pronounces him to be "weak," and Lillian deplures that he has spoilt his best verses, which *her cousin* had set to music. Reading these things, we begin to comprehend the deep anxiety of Petruccio to get the tailor out of his house,—

"Hortensio: say thou wilt see the tailor
paid:

Go, take it hence; begone, and say no more."

Who knows what effect the flat-teries of an insinuator like Alton Locke might have had upon the lively Katherina?

The list, however, is not yet made up—so Alton returns to London, and is entered upon the staff of the *Weekly Warhoop*, a Chartist journal, conducted by one Mr O'Flynn, a red-hot Hibernian and republican. The engagement is not satisfactory. The editor has a playful habit of mutilating the articles of his contributors, and sometimes of putting in additional pepper, so as to adapt them to his own peculiar tastes and purposes; and Alton Locke finds that it goes rather against his conscience to libel the Church of England and the Universities by inventing falsehoods by the score, as he is earnestly entreated to do by his uncompromising chief. There is nothing like a peep behind the scenes. Alton begins to suspect that he may have been misled regarding matters of political faith, and that it is quite possible for a man to call himself a patriot, and yet be a consummate blackguard. Touching religious tenets, also, he has some qualms; a discourse which he happens to hear from a peripatetic idiot of the Emersonian school having put new notions into his head, and he is especially attracted by the dogma that "sin is only a lower form of good." He next breaks with O'Flynn, encounters his cousin George, now in orders, though certainly quite unfitted for the duties of his profession; and a regular

quarrel ensues on the subject of Lillian, whom George is determined to win. Poetical justice demands that both whelps should be soused in the kennel. Alton gets a new engagement from "the editor of a popular journal of the Howitt and Eliza Cook school;" and at last brings out his poems, which, though considerably castrated, have the good fortune to take with the public. Then he is asked to be at the Dean's town residence, to meet with divers "leaders of scientific discovery in this wondrous age; and more than one poet, too, over whose works I had gloated, whom I had worshipped in secret." In short, he felt that "he was taking his place there among the holy guild of authors." Nor are these all his triumphs. Lillian smiles upon him; and Lady Ellerton, formerly Miss Staunton, who has since been wedded to Lord Lynedale, and raised to a higher title in the peerage, introduces him to the — ambassador, evidently the Chevalier Bunsen, who instantly invites him to Germany! "I am anxious," quoth the ambassador, "to encourage a holy spiritual fraternisation between the two great branches of the Teutonic stock, by welcoming all brave young English spirits to their ancient fatherland. Perhaps, hereafter, your kind friends here will be able to lend you to me"! So the brave young English spirit goes home that night in a perfect whirl of excitement. In the morning comes reaction. Alton, on going to leave his card for the Dean, finds the house shut up, and is informed that the young Earl of Ellerton has been killed by a fall from his horse, and that the whole family are gone to the country. "That day was the first of June 1845. On the 10th of April 1848, I saw Lillian Winnstay again. Dare I write my history between these two points of time? By all means: and, if you please, get on a little faster.

It will naturally occur to the reader that Messrs Crossthwaite and Mackaye could not be remarkably well pleased at witnessing their friend's intromissions with the aristocracy. The docking of the poems had been the first symptom of retrogression from the Chartist camp; the acceptance of invitations to exclusive soirées was a

still more grievous offence. Accordingly, Alton began to suffer for his sins. His old employer, O'Flynn, was down upon him in the columns of the *Warhoop*, tomahawking him for his verses, ridiculing his pretensions, exposing his private history, and denouncing him as no better than a renegade. Then, somebody sent him a pair of plush breeches, in evident token of his flunkysism—a double-edged and cruel insult which nearly drove him distracted. Old Sandy Mackaye, over his pipe and tumbler of toddy, descanted upon the degeneracy of the age, and John Crossthwaite told him in so many words that he had disappointed his expectations most miserably. Under these circumstances, Alton felt that there was nothing for him but to redeem his character as a Chartist by some daring step, even though it brought him within the iron grasp of the law. An opportunity soon presented itself. There was distress among the agricultural labourers in several districts; a monster meeting was to be held; and the club to which Alton belonged determined to send down a delegate to represent them. Alton instantly proffered himself for the somewhat perilous post: and the warmth of his protestations and entreaties overcame the suspicions, and removed the jealousy, of his comrades. Even O'Flynn pronounced him to be "a broth of a boy." In the midst of the meeting, however, he was startled by a glimpse of the countenance of his cousin George, who, it afterwards appears, had come thither as a spy, armed with a bowie-knife and revolver!

As a delegate, therefore, Alton goes down to the place of rendezvous, in the neighbourhood of the Deanery, where he had once been hospitably entertained; listens to several speeches on the low rate of wages, which he justly considers to be rather purposeless and incoherent; strives to inculcate the principles of the Charter, which the agriculturists won't listen to; and finally, by a flaming harangue on the rights of man, sends them off in a body to a neighbouring hall to plunder, burn, and destroy. Of course he is actuated by none but the most praiseworthy and philanthropic mo-

tives. The mob do their work as usual, and proceed to arson and pillage; Mr Locke, who has accompanied them, all the while preaching respect to the sacred rights of property. A handful of yeomanry approach; the mob begins to scamper; and the misunderstood patriot and poet is cut down in the act of rescuing a desk from the clutches of an agricultural Turpin. He is tried, of course, for the offence; John Crossthwaite and Mackaye are brought to speak to character, but they break down under the cross-examination. An extempore witness, however, gives evidence in his favour, which suffices to clear him of the most serious part of the charge. He intends to make a magnificent speech in his defence, and has actually got through three sentences, "looking fixedly and proudly at the reverend face opposite," when a slight deviation of the eye reveals to him the form of Lillian!

"There she was! There she had been the whole time—right opposite to me, close to the judge—cold, bright, curious—smiling! And, as our eyes met, she turned away, and whispered gaily something to a young man beside her.

"Every drop of blood in my body rushed into my forehead; the court, the windows, and the faces, whirled round and round, and I fell senseless on the floor of the dock."

Alas for poor Snip! They gave him three years.

Three years passed in prison afford ample time for reflection, and are calculated to lead to amendment. We are sorry, however, to say that Mr Alton Locke by no means turned them to profit. He had many long interviews with the chaplain, who attempted to reclaim him to Christianity; but it would seem that the reverend gentleman did not set about it in the right way, as he advanced only old-fashioned arguments against infidelity, whereas the inspired tailor "was fighting for Strauss, Hennell, and Emerson." So the chaplain gave him up at last, and he turned for recreation and solace to the works of M.M. Prudhon and Louis Blanc, which he got somehow smuggled into his cell. During his imprisonment he experienced great tribulation by the sight of a handsome new church

rising not far from his window, and occasional glimpses of a person whom he took to be the incumbent, and who bore a marvellous likeness to his cousin George. Sometimes this personage was accompanied by a lady, who might possibly be Lillian—for the mooncalf, notwithstanding the court-scene, and the consciousness that he was a sentenced felon, still seems to have supposed that he was beloved, and to have expected a visit to his cell—and the bare idea was distraction. And it turns out that he was right. George Locke, the incumbent, was about to be married—a fact which he learned immediately before his own release, coinciding in point of time with the French Revolution of 1848.

Back to London goes Alton, and, as a matter of course, instantaneously consorts with Cuffey. Then come the preparations for the memorable demonstration of 10th April, the provision of arms, and the wild schemes for resorting to physical force. That a large, ramified, and by no means contemptible conspiracy then existed, no man can doubt; and there is but too much reason to believe that social suffering was as much the cause of the projected outbreak as abstract political doctrines, however pernicious, or even the influence of the revolutionary example extended and propagated from the Continent. Alton had by this time worked himself up to such a pitch that he was ready to mount a barricade, and so was his companion and coadjutor, the valorous John Crossthwaite. But old Sandy Mackaye, who had some acquaintanceship with pikes in his youth, and experience of the extreme doubtfulness of the popular pluck, especially under the guidance of such leaders as the imbecile and misguided fools who made themselves most prominent in the Convention, astonished his friends by denouncing the whole concern as not only silly but sinful, and prophesying, almost with his dying breath as it proved, its complete and shameful failure. Very beautifully, indeed, and very naturally drawn, is the death-bed scene of the old reformer; the spirit, ere quitting for ever the tenement of clay, wandering back and recurring to the loved scenes of childhood and of youth—the bonny braes,

and green hillsides, and clear waters of his native land.

Old Sandy dies, and Alton watches by his corpse till the morning of the 10th of April, the day on which the liberties of England were to be decided, and a general muster of the adherents of the Charter held on Kensington Common. Going forth, he encounters at the door a lady dressed in deep mourning, who had come to visit Mackaye, and who should this prove to be but the widowed Countess of Ellerton! It now comes out that Alton had been altogether mistaken in her character: instead of being a proud imperious aristocrat, she proves to be a lowly, devoted, and self-sacrificing friend of the poor, who has surrendered her whole means for the relief of unfortunate needle-women, and even lived and worked among them, in order personally to experience the hardships of their condition. There is nothing in this to provoke a sneer; for it is impossible to exaggerate the extent of that sacrifice which women in all ages have been content to make, either at the call of love, the claim of duty, or the demand of religion; and the noble and unswerving heroism which they have exhibited in the accomplishment of their task. To tend the sick and dying even in public hospitals—to brave the pestilence and the plague—to visit prisons—utterly to abjure the world, and to give up everything for the sake of their Divine Master—all these things have been done by women, and done so quietly and unobtrusively as to escape the notice of the multitude; for good deeds are like the sweetest flowers, they blossom in the most secret places. But our author goes a great deal further, and, as usual, plunges into the ludicrous. Lady Ellerton has, from the first, recognised Alton Locke as an inspired being; she has kept her eye upon him throughout the whole of his career; has paid his debts through old Mackaye, with whom she seems to have been in constant correspondence; has supplied the means for his defence at his trial; and has now come to arrest, if possible, the headlong career of the outrageous and revolutionary tailor! We must indulge ourselves with one more extract, and it shall be the last.

“‘Oh!’ she said, in a voice of passionate earnestness, which I had never heard from her before, ‘stop—for God’s sake, stop! you know not what you are saying—what you are doing. Oh! that I had met you before—that I had had more time to speak to poor Mackaye! Oh! wait, wait—there is a deliverance for you; but never in this path—never! And just while I, and nobler far than I, are longing and struggling to find the means of telling you your deliverance, you, in the madness of your haste, are making it impossible!’

“There was a wild sincerity in her words—an almost imploring tenderness in her tone.

“‘So young!’ she said; ‘so young to be lost thus!’

“I was intensely moved. I felt—I knew that she had a message for me. I felt that hers was the only intellect in the world to which I would have submitted mine; and, for one moment, all the angel and all the devil in me wrestled for the mastery. If I could but have trusted her one moment. . . . No! all the pride, the suspicion, the prejudice of years, rolled back upon me. ‘An aristocrat! and she, too, the one who has kept me from Lillian!’ And in my bitterness, not daring to speak the real thought within me, I answered with a flippant sneer—

“‘Yes, Madam! like Cordelia, so young, yet so untender!—Thanks to the mereies of the upper classes!’

“Did she turn away in indignation? No, by heaven!—there was nothing upon her face but the intensest yearning pity. If she had spoken again, she would have conquered; but before those perfect lips could open, the thought of thoughts flashed across me.

“‘Tell me one thing! Is my cousin George to be married to —?’ and I stopped.

“‘He is.’

“‘And yet,’ I said, ‘you wish to turn me back from dying on a barricade!’ And, without waiting for a reply, I hurried down the street in all the fury of despair.”

But Alton Locke did not die on a barricade, any more than Mr John O’Connell on the floor of the House of Commons. He did not sever with his shears the thread of life either of soldier or policeman. He got down from the waggons with the rest when Feargus showed the white feather, and by way of change of scene and subject, contrived to get into the house where Lillian was residing, and,

in a very sneaking way to become witness of sundry love passages between her and his cousin George. As a matter of course, he was kicked into the street by two able-bodied servants in plush. Then follows a scene with a former comrade of his, a drunken, worthless, treacherous Dnng, by name Jemmy Downes, who had become a sweater and kidnapper, and descended through every stage of degradation to the very cess-pool of infamy. His wife and children are lying dead, fever-stricken, half-consumed by vermin in a horrible den, overhanging a rankling ditch, into which Downes in his delirium falls, and Alton staggers home with the typhus raging in his blood. Then come the visions of delirium, ambitiously written, but without either myth or meaning, so far as we can discover. Sometimes Alton fancies himself a mylodon eating his way through a forest of cabbage palms, and "browsing upon the crisp tart foliage."—sometimes he is impressed with the painful conviction that he is a baboon agitated "by wild frenzies, agonies of lust, and aimless ferocity." The conscience, it would seem, was not utterly overpowered by the disease. He at length awakes to reality—

"Surely I know that voice! She lifted her veil. The face was Lillian's! No! Eleanor's!"

"Gently she touched my hand—I sunk down into soft, weary, happy sleep."

Of course, with the Countess for his nurse, Alton gradually recovers, at least from the fever, but his constitution is plainly breaking up. He then hears of the death of his cousin George, caused by infection conveyed in a coat which he had seen covering the wasted remains of Downes' wife and children. His first impulse is again to persecute Lillian; but the Countess will not allow him, not because he is an impertinent, odious, contemptible, convicted snip and coxcomb, but because "there is nothing there for your heart to rest upon—nothing to satisfy your intellect"! So she reads Tennyson to him, and expounds her views throughout several chapters upon Christianity as bearing upon Socialism—views which we regret to say that the noble lady, by adopting that peculiar exaltation of

speech which was said to characterise the oracles of Johanna Southcote and Luckie Buchan, has rendered unintelligible to us, though they appear to have had a different effect upon her audience.

The end of the story is, that Alton is sent out to Mexico by the desire and at the expense of the Countess, in order that he may become "a tropical poet," not only rhetorically, but physically; and he is accompanied by Crossthwaite and his wife. We are led to infer that failing health, upon both sides, was an insuperable obstacle to his union with the Countess. He pens this autobiography during the voyage, and dies within sight of land, after having composed his death-song, than which, we trust, for the credit of tradition, that the last notes of the swans of Cayster were infinitely more melodious.

Such is an epitome of the story of *Alton Locke*: a book which exhibits, in many passages, decided marks of genius, but which, as a whole, is so preposterously absurd, as rather to excite ridicule than to move sympathy. What sympathy we do feel is not with Alton Locke, the hero, if we dare to desecrate that term by applying it to such an abortion: it arises out of the episodes which are carefully constructed from ascertained and unquestionable facts, and in which the proprieties of nature and circumstance are not exaggerated or forsaken, whilst the pictorial power of the author is shown to the greatest advantage. Of this character are the scenes in the needlewoman's garret—in the sweating-house, from which the old farmer rescues his son—in the den inhabited by Downes—and the description of Mackaye's deathbed. These are, however, rather the eddies of the story than the stream: the moment we have to accompany Alton Locke as a principal actor, we are involved in such a mass of absurdities, that common-sense revolts, and credulity itself indignantly refuses to entertain them.

We are sorry for this, on account of the cause which is advocated. If fiction is to be used as an indirect means for directing the attention of the public to questions of vital interest, surely great care should be

employed to exclude all elements which may and must excite doubts as to the genuineness of the facts which form the foundation of the story. A weak or ridiculous argument is, according to the doctrine of Aristotle, often prejudicial to the best cause; and we cannot help thinking that this book affords a notable instance of the truth of that observation. But we have more to do than simply to review a novel. Here is a question urgently presenting itself for the consideration of all thinking men—a question which concerns the welfare of hundreds of thousands—a question which has been evaded by statesmen so long as they dared to do so with impunity, but which now can be no longer evaded—that question being, whether any possible means can be found for ameliorating and improving the condition of the working classes of Great Britain, by rescuing them from the effects of that cruel competition which makes each man the enemy of his fellow; which is annually driving from our shores crowds of our best and most industrious artisans; which consigns women from absolute indigence to infamy; dries up the most sacred springs of affection in the heart; crams the jail and the poor-house; and is eating like a fatal canker into the very heart of society. The symptoms at least are clear and apparent before our eyes. Do not reams of Parliamentary Reports, and a plethora of parole testimony, if that were needed to corroborate the experience of every one, establish the facts of emigration, prostitution, improvidence, crime, and pauperism, existing and going forward in an unprecedented degree—and that in the face, as we are told, of stimulated production, increasing exports, also increasing imports, revivals of trade, sanitary regulations, and improved and extended education? Why, if the latter things be true, or rather if they are all that is sufficient to insure the wellbeing of the working classes, we should be necessarily forced to arrive at the sickening and humiliating conclusion, that the English people are the most obstinately brutalised race existing on the face of the earth, and that every effort for their relief only leads to a commensurate degradation!

That belief is not ours. Though we think that a monstrous deal of arrogant and stupid jargon has of late been written about the indomitable perseverance and hereditary virtues of the Anglo-Saxon race—principally by contemptible drivellers, who, so far from possessing the pluck, energy, or sinews of the genuine Anglo-Saxon, are cast in the meanest mould of humanity, and endowed with an intellect as poor and feckless as their limbs—we still look upon the British people as the foremost on the roll of nations, and the least willing to degrade themselves voluntarily, to transgress the boundaries of the law, to avail themselves of a humiliating charity, or to subside shamefully into crime. And, if this view be the correct one, how is it that misery not only exists, but is spreading—how is it that the symptoms every day become more apparent and appalling? When Ministers speak of the general prosperity of her Majesty's subjects, as they usually do at the opening of every session of Parliament, it is perfectly obvious that they must proceed upon some utterly false data as to the masses; and that the prosperity to which they allude must be that only of an isolated class, or at best of a few classes, whilst the condition of the main body is overlooked and uncared for. The fact is, that her Majesty's present advisers, one and all of them, as also some of their predecessors, have suffered themselves to be utterly deluded by a false and pernicious system of political economy, framed expressly with the view of favouring capitalists and those engaged in foreign trade, at the expense of all others in the country. Their standard of the national prosperity is the amount of the exports to foreign parts; of the home trade, which is of infinitely greater importance, they take no heed whatever. Thus, while the vessels on the Clyde and the Mersey are crowded with industrious emigrants, forced to leave Britain because they can no longer earn within its compass "a fair day's wage for a fair day's labour"—whilst benevolent people in London are raising subscriptions for the purpose of sending out our needlewomen to Australia—whilst the shopkeeper complains of want of custom,

and the artisan of diminished employment and dwindling remuneration—we are suddenly desired to take heart, and be of good cheer, because several additional millions of yards of calico have been exported to foreign countries! And this, according to our philosophical economists, is reasoning from cause to effect! Cotton manufactures are, no doubt, excellent things in their way. They give employment or furnish subsistence to about half a million of persons, out of a population of twenty-seven millions—(that is, in the proportion of one to fifty-four)—but the exportation of these manufactures does not benefit the artisan, neither is its augmentation any proof or presumption that even this single trade is in a flourishing condition. Increased exports may arise, and often do arise, from a decline in home consumption—a most ominous cause, which even cotton manufacturers admit to have been last year in operation. But this is not a question to be narrowed, nor shall we narrow it, by dilating upon one particular point. We shall reserve it in its integrity, to be considered fully, fairly, and deliberately in a future article, with such assistance as we can derive from the exertions and researches of those who have already occupied themselves in bringing this subject prominently before the notice of the public. It may happen that some of those writers to whom we allude have greatly overshoot their mark, and have arrived at hasty conclusions, both as to the cause of the evil and as to its remedy. The Communist notions which peep through the present publication, are not likely to forward the progress of a great cause. But those ideas evidently have their origin in a deep conviction either that Government has been wanting in its duty of protecting the interests of the masses, or that it has erred by adopting an active line of policy, to which the whole evil may be traced. Both propositions will bear an argument. It would be easy to point out many instances in which

Government has refrained, to the public prejudice, from using its directive power; and instances, still more numerous, in which legislative measures have been proposed and carried, directly hostile to the best interests of the nation. And therefore, although some remedies which have been proposed may appear absurd, fantastic, or even worse, we are not entitled, on that account, to drop the investigation. Failing the suggestion of possible cures, people will grasp at the impossible; but the tendency to do so by no means negatives the existence of the disease. There is at present, we believe, but little or no active agitation for the Charter. So much the better. If the experience of 1848 has taught the working-men that this demand of theirs is as visionary as though they had petitioned for a Utopia, they will be more prepared to listen to those who have their welfare thoroughly at heart, and who have no dearer or higher wish than to see Englishmen dwelling in unity, peace, and comfort in their native land; all these disastrous bickerings, feuds, and jealousies extinguished, and order and allegiance permanently secured, as the result of an altered system of domestic policy, which shall have for its basis the recognition and equitable adjustment of the claims of British industry. The task may be a difficult one, but it is by no means impossible. Every day some fallacy, hatched and industriously propagated by selfish and designing men, is exposed or tacitly withdrawn; every day the baneful effects of cotton legislation become more apparent. If the representations of the Free-Traders were true, the condition of the working-classes would now have been most enviable. Is it so? The capitalist, and the political economist, and the quack, and the Whig official may answer that it is; but when we ask the question of the masses of the people, how different is the tenor of the reply!

Next month we propose to resume the consideration of this most important topic.

THE RENEWAL OF THE INCOME-TAX.

ALTHOUGH a considerable period must yet elapse ere the expiration of the Parliamentary holidays, it will be well for the public to be prepared for the discussion of certain questions which must perforce engage the early attention of the Legislature. We know not, and have no means of knowing, what may be the nature of the coming Ministerial programme. Were we to argue entirely from the results of past experience, we might well be excused for anticipating the absence of any kind of programme; seeing that the Whig policy of late years has been to remain as stationary as possible, and to take the initiative in nothing, unless it be some scheme devised for the evident purpose of bolstering up their party influence. Whether the old line of conduct is to be pursued, or whether Lord John Russell, desirous to give a fillip to his decreasing popularity, may propound some organic changes—for there are rumours to that effect abroad—is at present matter of speculation. One subject he *must* grapple with; and that is the taxation of the country, taken in connection with the Property and Income Tax, which, unless renewed by special Act of Parliament, expires in the course of the ensuing year.

That an attempt will be made to continue this tax, no reasonable person can doubt. Ever since it was imposed, Ministers have acted as though it was permanent and not temporary. They have done this in spite of the solemn pledge given to the country by its originator, that it should not be made a regular burden—in spite of the frequent and unanswerable remonstrances advanced by many who felt themselves aggrieved by its unjust and unequal operation. The limited nature of its duration was made the first excuse for avoiding its revision—the necessities of Government the next excuse for continuing it in all its imperfection; and yet these necessities, so far from being casual, were purposely created by the remission of other taxes, in order to afford the Premier of the day an apology for breaking his word—in plain Eng-

lish, for violating his honour. We defy any man, however skilled he may be in casuistry, to alto the complexion of these facts, which are anything but creditable to the candour of the statesmen concerned, or to the character of our political morality.

We are, therefore, fully prepared for a demand on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the reimposition of the Property and Income Tax. He will attempt to justify that demand by the usual allegation that it is absolutely necessary in order to meet the exigencies of the State; and that it yields very near five and a half millions of revenue, not one penny of which he can spare if he is to defray the expenses of the public service and the interest of the National Debt. This might be an excellent argument if employed to meet the proposal of any financial Quixote for abolishing a tax which the Legislature has solemnly declared to be permanent. But it is no argument at all for the continuance of this tax after its stated legal period has expired, any more than for the imposition of some tax entirely new. The real state of the case will be just this, that our recent commercial policy and its attendant experiments have landed us in a deficit of some five and a half millions, which, on the whole, in the opinion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, may be most conveniently supplied by a New Act authorising the direct taxation of Property and Income, on the same terms as before, for a certain period of years. That is all that can be said for the reimposition; and, *ceteris paribus*, the same argument would be as effective and as well grounded, if the honourable gentleman using it should propose to raise the sum required by clapping on an additional land tax, or by doubling or trebling the assessed taxes.

What the exigencies of the State now require is the raising five and a half millions more than the ordinary produce of the revenue, and not the resumption of the Property and Income Tax. These are two separate and distinct things; but, as a matter

of course, we must expect to see them confounded, as if the fact of a peculiar tax having once been raised, gives a sort of servitude to the provider for the Exchequer over the property from which it is levied, notwithstanding the express limitations of the statute, continuing the impost for a certain time, but no longer. This has been, and no doubt will be the Whig logic; and it is very material for those who think with us that it is full time that this odious, unjust, and inquisitorial tax should cease, to remember that they stand now on precisely the same footing which they occupied when the impost was originally proposed. Sir Robert Peel, then in the zenith of his power, and with a large and undivided party at his back, dared not propose it as a permanent source of revenue. He asked it, in 1842, as a special and exceptional boon—almost as a mark of personal confidence in himself; and as such it was given. He did not attempt to aver that the measure was perfect in its details; on the contrary, he admitted that it was partial; but he excused that partiality on account of the shortness of its duration; and the public, believing in the sincerity of his statement, was willing to accept the excuse. He used the money thus partially raised for the reduction of other taxes, in the hope of effecting “such an improvement in the manufacturing interests as will react on every other interest in the country;” and when, in 1845, he proposed its continuance for another limited period, he expressly said, “I should not have proposed the continuance of the Income-Tax unless I had the strongest persuasion, partly founded on the experience of the last three years, that it will be competent to the House of Commons, by continuing the Income-Tax, to make such arrangements with regard to *general taxation* as shall be the foundation of *great commercial prosperity*.” And again, “If we receive the sanction of the House for the continuance of the Income-Tax, we shall feel it to be our duty to make a great experiment with respect to taxation.” So, then, by the confession of Sir Robert Peel, its author, the Income-Tax, a great portion of which is levied from the

agricultural section of the community, was laid on for the purpose of enabling him to stimulate manufactures; and that being done, it is to be made permanent,—the landed interest, in the meantime, having been almost prostrated by the subsequent repeal of the Corn Laws!

Such is the history of this tax; and we apprehend that, even without reference to the iniquity and inequality of its details, it is so manifestly unjust in point of principle, that no statesman can, consistently with his honour and duty, propose it again for the adoption of the Legislature. Have manufactures benefited by the remission of duties thus purchased for them by the extraordinary sacrifice of so many years? If so, let them contribute to the national revenue according to the amount of that benefit. If not, why, then, the vaunted experiment has totally failed—the money been uselessly squandered; and the sooner that the taxes which have been taken off are reimposed, the better. But to subject the agricultural portion of the community and all professional men to a perpetual extraordinary tax for the purpose of advantaging the manufacturers, is a proposition so monstrous, that, notwithstanding the tenor of recent legislation, we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that it will be seriously entertained.

But we must not be too confident as to that. The Whigs are not famous for financial ability; and even if their talent in that line were much greater than it is, they would find it difficult, without seriously compromising that course of policy to which they are committed, and mortally offending some of their slippery supporters, to devise means for raising a revenue at all adequate to the deficiency. Last year an annual sum of nearly £600,000, the average amount of the brick-duty, was remitted, nominally for the benefit of the peasantry, actually for that of the manufacturers: the window-duty may be considered almost as doomed, and there are clamours for other reductions. So that we need not be surprised if, about the time of the opening of the Budget, the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be driven

nearly to his wits' end, and the Whigs determined, at all hazards, for the fourth time to lay on the Income-Tax. Now, in counselling opposition of the most determined nature to any such attempt, we are actuated by no factious spirit. We are quite aware that money must be raised for the efficiency of the public service and the maintenance of the public credit. We see the difficulty as clearly as Sir Charles Wood can state it; but the existence of a difficulty by no means implies that most of us are to submit to gross injustice, and many to be subjected to positive plunder. In short, we hold *that the period has now arrived when, for the public safety, the general good, and the satisfaction of all classes, the whole of the taxation of Great Britain should be revised, and adjusted on distinct and intelligible principles*, so that each man may be made to bear his own burden—not, as at present, either to carry double weight, or to shift his load to the already cumbered shoulders of his neighbour. Surely this is no extravagant demand, no unreasonable expectation. Heaven knows, we have now been experimenting long enough to enable our rulers, if they are at all fit for their duty, to have arrived at some positive results. Why should any “experiments” have been tried, if they were not to lead to such an end? We say deliberately, that no better opportunity than the present can occur for forcing on that revision of the taxation which almost every one believes to be necessary. The excise reformers—those who demand the repeal of the taxes on paper and on soap—those who wish the window duty abolished—those who advocate a further reduction of customs duties, and those who, like Mr Disraeli, desire an equitable adjustment of the burdens upon land—have all here a common ground to rest upon,—namely, the injustice or the inexpediency of our present fiscal regulations. We occupy the same ground in protesting against the continuance of the Income-Tax. Surely, with such general testimony from men of all parties against the continuance of the present heterogeneous and unsatisfactory arrangements, it is time that our statesmen should really bestir them-

selves, and announce to us upon what principles for the future our taxation is really to proceed. We cannot go on for ever robbing Peter to pay Paul. We cannot always submit to a perpetual shifting of burdens, as if the people of this country were so many dromedaries, to have their hourly capabilities of relief determined by the caprice of their drivers. Yet such, in effect, is the present state of matters; and such it will continue, unless we are resolved to avail ourselves of an opportunity like the present, and force our governors, as is the clear right of the governed, to explain and justify the principles upon which their method of taxation is framed. Unless this be done, we are indeed a degraded people; because, when every class believes that it suffers injustice, to submit tamely to that, with constitutional remedies in our hands, would argue a pusillanimity utterly unworthy of a free and enlightened nation.

We have long foreseen that some such crisis as the present must arrive. It was, indeed, inevitable, from the time when the two rival Premiers began to bid against each other for popular support, and to make the British nation a chess-board for the purpose of exhibiting their individual dexterity. The cleverer man of the two lost the game by over-finessing. But before that occurred, enormous mischief had been done. All was disorder; and the conqueror at this moment does not see his way to a proper readjustment of the pieces. But order we must have, and arrangement, and that speedily too, if the functions of the State are to go on tranquilly and unimpeded. Men are tired of being used as actual impassive puppets. They want to have a reason for the moves to which they have lately been subjected; and a reason they will have, sooner or later, let Ministers palter as they may.

Very little consideration will show that such a revision, *upon fixed principles*, is absolutely necessary, if justice is to be regarded as any element of taxation. The ordinary revenue of the United Kingdom, on the average of the last ten years, is rather more than fifty-five millions, whereof twenty-nine millions constitute the annual

charge of the public debt. Those fifty-five millions, it is evident, fall to be paid out of the annual produce of the country, as well as the local burdens, which amount to a great deal more, there being, in fact, no other means of payment; for, without produce at home, foreign commodities cannot be purchased, and the consumer of such commodities is the party who pays not only the prime cost of the article, but all the taxes which may be levied upon it; and this he must do, if not directly, at least indirectly, out of produce. Hence, the burden of taxation remaining the same in money, and not fluctuating according to the value of produce, it is evident that it never can be for the general interests of the country that produce should be unduly depreciated; that is, that it should be sold at prime cost to the consumer, perfectly free of that portion of taxation which it ought on principle to bear. It is really amazing that so self-evident a proposition should have escaped the notice of our legislators; nor can we otherwise account for the fiscal blunders which have been committed, than by supposing that men in power had become so used to shuffle and deal with taxation, that they entirely lost sight of its clear and fundamental principles. Let but the reader bear this in mind, that all taxation is ultimately levied from production, from which also all incomes are derived,* and he will be able clearly to follow our reasoning to the points at which we wish to arrive—first, the absurdity, anomaly, and injustice of the present system; and, secondly, the necessity for a complete and speedy remodelment.

The direct burdens or taxes upon agricultural produce, by far the most important, permanent, and extensive branch of production in this country, are levied principally through the land. These are estimated as follows:—

Land-tax,	£1,906,878
Tithes,	2,460,330
Carry forward,	£4,367,208

Brought forward,	£4,367,208
Property-tax on land,	1,334,486
Poor and county rates,	5,714,687
Highway rates,	766,854
Church rates,	377,126
Turnpike trusts,	939,085
Property-tax on dwelling-houses,	664,383
Property-tax on other property,	196,212
Total,	£14,320,013

It is foreign to our purpose at present to compare this amount with that of the direct and local burdens paid from manufactures, though it may be useful to recollect that the latter amounts only to £4,432,997, being less than a third of the sum derived from the other. What we wish the reader to observe is, that the sum of fourteen and a quarter millions is a primary fixed burden upon the land, and must, in the first instance, be levied from the land's productions.

But the cost of production is further increased by the effects of indirect taxation. More than one half of the fifty-five millions which constitute the public revenue—twenty-eight and a half millions, arise from taxes imposed on the following articles of consumption—spirits, malt, tobacco, tea, sugar, and soap. All these are consumed principally by the labouring classes, and must be paid for out of produce in the shape of wages. Consequently, in addition to the prime cost of produce and the profit of the grower, the consumer does or ought to pay that portion both of direct and indirect taxation which is leviable according to justice, and distinctly levied by the State on the article which he purchases. To make this matter more plain, let it be understood that every quarter of wheat grown in Great Britain, before it can be brought to market, is charged with a portion of the direct taxes which we have enumerated above, and also of the indirect taxes which come through the labourer; and that these are positive burdens levied by the State for the

* The exceptions to this rule are so few, that they need hardly be stated. Incomes from investments in foreign funds are perhaps the principal exception, but the amount of these is not large, and cannot affect the general principle above laid down, which lies, or ought to lie, at the foundation of every system of Political Economy.

public service and the payment of the national obligations. Now, mark the anomaly. The cry is raised for cheap bread, and it appears that cheap bread can be obtained by importing grain free of duty from abroad. A law is passed allowing that importation, and an immense quantity of corn is immediately thrown into the British markets. But on the production of that corn on a foreign soil, no such charges are leviable as exist here. Direct burdens on the lands do not, in many countries, exist; and in no country save our own are indirect taxes levied to the same amount upon articles indispensable for the labourer's consumption. The excise duty on soap alone—in 1848, close upon a million—is said to cost each labouring man in this country a week's wages in the year. What is the consequence? The foreign grain is brought into this country, and exposed at a price which immediately drags down the value of British grain. If the supply were limited, the power of the foreign grower to exact an enormous profit might in some measure tend to counteract the evil; but the supply being unlimited—not confined to one locality, but extended to two continents—there arises a competition between foreign markets for the supply, which drags down prices still more. The farmer, when he complains of the ruin which has overtaken him, and the writer who advocates the cause of Native Industry, when he points out the disastrous consequences which must arise from the pursuance of such a course of policy, are met—not by argument, but by flippant and contemptible sneers. We are asked "whether we object to have our food cheap?"—"whether plenty is a positive evil?"—and so forth: questions which only expose the shallowness and the imbecility of the inquirers. We have no objections to cheap bread—quite the reverse—provided you can have that consistently with putting the British grower upon an exact level or equality with the foreigner. Take off the direct taxes on land, and the indirect taxes which bear upon the labourer; persuade the manufacturers, now so uncommonly prosperous, to defray the interest of the national debt; clear away customs and excise duties on malt, tea, tobacco, sugar,

and soap: and then—but not till then—will we join with you in your gratulation, and throw up our caps in honour of your veiled goddess of Free Trade.

Two things cannot be doubted—the existence of such burdens here, and their non-existence abroad. Well, then, let us see if Britain possesses any peculiar counterbalancing advantages. Our climate, it will be conceded, is later and more uncertain. This remark applies even to the south of England, which is but a section of the corn-growing districts. In Scotland we notoriously struggle under vast climatic disadvantages. Capital may be more easily commanded than elsewhere; but then, people seem to forget that in order to have the use of capital it is necessary to pay interest, and the payment of that adds materially to the cost of rearing produce. We are said to have more skill—and we believe it in part; but if we farm better, we farm also more expensively; and those who are now our competitors have had the full benefit of our experience without the corresponding risk and loss. As for freights, these are as low from ports in the Baltic as they are from many of our corn-growing districts to the nearest available market. If there are any other points for consideration, we shall be glad to hear them; but we know of no other: and the upshot of the whole is, that our landowners and farmers are now expected to compete on equal terms with the foreigner in the home market—the equality consisting in the produce of the former being taxed directly and indirectly to an amount certainly exceeding two-thirds of the whole national revenue, whilst that of the latter is admitted tax free, on payment of the merest trifle!

"All these," says the Free-trader calmly, "are exploded fallacies!" Are they so, most excellent Wisacre? Then tell us, if you please, where, when, and by whom they were exploded? Admirable Solon as you esteem yourself—and we admit that you are qualified for the Bass—it would puzzle you, with the aid of all the collective wisdom you can gather from the speeches or writings of Cobden, Bright, Wilson, Peel, or your daily organs of information, to refute one single proposition which has been

here advanced, or to negative a single conclusion. Do you deny that the burdens we have specified exist in Britain? You cannot. Do you deny that the wheat-growing countries from which we now receive our principal supplies are exempt from similar charges and taxation? You cannot. Do you deny the truth of the economical proposition, that all burdens and taxes imposed by the State upon any kind of produce are proper elements of the cost of production, and ought to be paid by the consumer? You do not. Well, then, will you venture to aver that, at present prices, wheat being at 42s. 2d. per quarter, according to the average of England, or at any period which you may choose to specify within the last eighteen months, the purchaser of British wheat has repaid the grower of it the whole cost of its production, comprehending the full amount of its direct and indirect taxation? If you venture to say Yes, then you are at issue, in point of fact, with your own vaunted authorities, Sir Robert Peel, Wilson of the *Economist*, and every writer of the best ability on your side, none of whom have supposed that wheat can be grown in this country with a profit at a lower rate than 52s. 2d. per quarter, whilst others assume the minimum rate to be 56s. If you answer No, the whole question is conceded.

The fact is, that our opponents, if they had the least regard for common decency, ought to be chary of talking about exploded fallacies. We should like to know on which side the burden of the fallacy lies? Have we not, even within the last six months, seen long and elaborate articles in the leading Free-Trade journals, assuring us that wheat was rising, and must rise to a profitable point? Was not this argued over and over again in the columns of the *Economist*, with such an array of statistical authorities as might have overcome the conviction of the most desponding farmer? Where are the assurances now, and the arguments to prove that a free importation of foreign corn would simply have the effect of steadying, and not of permanently depressing prices? And yet these men, as miserably detected and exposed as Guy Fawkes when dragged

from the cellar, have the consummate assurance to talk about "exploded fallacies!"

But we must not suffer ourselves to be led away from the point which we were discussing. What we wish to enforce is the fact, that at present there are no fixed principles whatever to regulate the taxation of the kingdom: and we have brought forward the case of the agriculturists, not being able to find one more important or strictly apposite as a remarkable illustration of this. Taxation remains the same, notwithstanding the operation of a law which has produced a violent and permanent change in the value of agricultural produce. Now, if produce is accepted as the real thing to be taxed—and you can truly tax nothing else, since all taxes must be paid from produce—can this be just and equitable? Certainly not, if your former mode of taxation was likewise just and equitable. The agriculturist who was secured by law against unlimited foreign competition, might calculate on selling his hundred quarters of wheat for £280, on an average of years, and could therefore pay his taxes. You change the law, bring down the value of his wheat to £200, and yet charge him the same as before. How can his possibly be otherwise than a losing trade? Then mark what follows. We have said that no kind of produce whatever can be remunerative unless the consumer of it repays the grower the full cost of production, along with the grower's profit, and *the whole of the direct and incidental taxation to which it is liable*. In the case of corn this cannot be, because you now admit to the British market grain which is exempt from all taxes, and grown at far less cost than here, and the competition so engendered drags down the price of British corn far below the remunerative point, consequently the consumer does not pay the charges and costs of production, (taxes inclusive,) and the farmer goes to the wall. Such is the plain and inevitable course of things; and those who sneer at the tales of agricultural distress will do well to examine the matter dispassionately for themselves, and see if it can be otherwise. Very possibly it may never have occurred to them—for

it does not seem to have occurred to our statesmen—that the indirect taxation of the country is at least as great an element in the cost of produce as that which is direct. Nevertheless it is so. The beer which the labourer drinks, the tobacco which he smokes, the tea and sugar used by his wife and family, the soap which washes their clothes, and many other articles, all pay toll to Government, and all contribute to the cost of the grain. And if the grain when brought to market will not pay its cost, there is an end not only of British agriculture, but of the best part of the revenue which at the present time is levied from the customs and excise!

Sift the matter as closely as you will—the more closely the better—and you can arrive at no other conclusion than this, that in the long run all taxation must necessarily be levied from produce. If so, what is the inference? Clearly this, that you cannot permanently levy taxation except upon a scale commensurate to the value of produce.

If the value of production is lowered, the power of taxation must decrease in the same ratio. Cheap bread then ceases to advantage the consumer; for that amount of taxation which was formerly levied from the production of corn in this country, must necessarily, since taxes have a fixed money value, be raised from something else—that is, from some other product—if any can be found adequate to sustain the burden. Towards this consummation we must gradually tend by the operation of an inevitable law, unless the eyes of our statesmen, and also of the constituencies of Britain, are opened to the extreme folly of the course which we are just now pursuing. In pure theory no one can object to Free Trade. It is a simple rule of nature, and a fundamental one of commerce, the free exchange of superfluities among nations. But taxation alters the whole question. We are not now, as before the Revolution of 1688, free from debt as a nation, and at little annual cost for the maintenance of our establishments. By an arrangement, in which the present generation certainly had no share, we have taken upon us the debts not only of our fathers,

but of our ancestors of the third and fourth generation, and have become bound to pay the annual interest of the expenses of wars, the very name of which is not familiar in our mouths. The annual amount of taxation necessary for that purpose has heightened the price and value of all commodities in Britain, and consequently, by rendering living more expensive, has increased the cost of our establishments. How, then, is it possible, under such circumstances, to have free trade? You may have it, doubtless, in one article, or in many—that is, you may have free importations, but that is not free trade; nor can it exist until you have abolished the last farthing of customs duties at the ports. Well, then, let us suppose this done; let us assume that every article of foreign produce is admitted duty-free; the question still remains, how are you to raise the fifty-five millions for the public revenue, and a still further enormous sum for local taxation, including the maintenance of the established churches, the poor and county rates, and all the other necessary charges? It obviously cannot be done from capital, without gradually, but surely, making capital disappear altogether. It must be done from income; and income, as we have seen, is entirely dependent upon the value of produce. Agricultural production, estimated at the former prices, was calculated to amount to £250,000,000 annually. That can no longer be calculated upon. £91,000,000, according to Mr Villiers, was the amount of the depreciation in a single year; and as the net rental of Great Britain and Ireland is under £59,000,000, it is plain that, *supposing all rents were abolished*, the tenantry must expect to draw £32,000,000 less than formerly, a depreciation which evidently would leave no room for taxation whatever. We must, however, upon the supposition above stated, that all customs duties are abolished, (and we shall include also the excise,) deduct from this latter sum the amount of the labourer's consumption of articles formerly taxed. In order to avoid cavil, we shall estimate the number of the agricultural labourers, with their families, at 10,000,000; and as the customs and

excise duties together amount to about £30,000,000, we take off £11,500,000 as the labourer's proportion. This is greatly above the mark; but it will serve for illustration. It reduces the tenant's loss, after extinction of the rents, to £20,500,000 annually.

Next, let us see what manufactures would or could do for maintaining our public establishments, and discharging our engagements to the national creditor. It will, we think, be shortly conceded, if it is not so already, that agricultural distress cannot possibly stimulate the consumption of manufactures in the home market. That market, indeed, depends entirely upon agriculture, because we have no other very important branch of produce which can furnish it with customers. Without agriculture the home trade must utterly decay; and as for the foreign trade, it is enough to observe, that in the very best year we have yet known (1845) we exported goods from this country to the value of just £60,000,000, being only £5,000,000 more than the amount of our yearly revenue, independent altogether of the large local taxation.

This is a simple sketch of Free Trade, worked out from ascertained and unquestionable statistics. The reader may like it or not, according to his preconceived political or economical impressions, but "to this complexion it must inevitably come at last." What we are doing, and have been doing for the last five or six years, is to reduce the value of all kinds of British produce as much as possible, and that by admitting foreign produce, which is in fact foreign labour, duty-free: and still we expect to maintain our revenue—all derivable from British produce—at the same money value as before! Such is the besotted state of political opinion, that a Ministry holding these views, and daily plunging the country deeper into ruin, can command a majority in the House of Commons; and whenever an intelligent and clear-sighted foreigner, like the American Minister, ventures to express an opinion, however carefully and cautiously worded, in favour of agricultural protection, the whole pack of the Ministerial

press assails him open-mouthed, yelling and yelping as though he had committed some atrocious and inexcusable crime.

We have thus shown, we hope clearly enough, the dependence of revenue upon produce; a very important point, but one which is apt to be lost sight of in consequence of our complicated arrangements. People used to talk magniloquently, and in high-sounding terms, about taxed corn, and we have had ditties innumerable to the same effect, more or less barbarous, from Ebenezer Elliott and his compeers; but neither orator nor poetaster ever condescended to remark that the sole reason why duties were levied on the importation of foreign grain, was the existence of other duties to an enormous extent, directly and indirectly levied by Government from the British grower. Relieve the latter of these burdens, and he does not fear the competition of the world. But so long as you tax him who is, on the one hand, your largest producer, and, on the other, the best customer for your manufactures, you cannot, in reason, wonder if he demands that an equivalent for his taxation shall be imposed upon foreign produce; so that the economical law, and not less the law of common sense, which provides that the consumer shall pay all charges, may not be defeated—in other words, that his trade may not be annihilated altogether. We have seen articles, intended to be pungent and satirical, about the farmers "whining for protection." The writers who use such language evidently intend to insinuate that the British agriculturist is a poor weak creature, unable to cope with foreign tillers of the soil—more ignorant than the Dane, more idle than the German, less active than the Polish serf, and not near so handy as the American squatter. If they do not mean this, they mean nothing. It is not worth while replying directly to such paltry and contemptible libels, but we may as well remind these gentlemen with whom the "whining" commenced. It began with the manufacturers, who have been whining for heaven knows how many years, that bread was too dear, and that they were forced to pay

high wages in consequence. The papermakers are "whining" at this moment for a reduction of excise, and the nasal notes of a good many newspaper editors and conductors of cheap and trashy periodicals are adding power and pathos to the whine. No spaniel at the outside of a street-door ever whined more piteously than Mr Cardwell is doing at this hour about reduction of the tea duties. He is absolutely not safe over a cup of ordinary hyson. There are whines about hops, whines about sugar, whines about window taxes, whines about cotton, and all Ireland is and has been in a state of perpetual whine. In short, if by "whining" is meant a complaint against taxation, we apprehend it would be difficult to find a single individual who, in the present anomalous and jumbled state of finance, could not advance sufficient reasons for uttering a cry. The only way to remedy this is to reconstruct the whole system. Let this be done on principles clear and intelligible to all men, and we are perfectly convinced that for the future there would be few symptoms of complaint. It is not the amount of taxation which causes such general dissatisfaction; it is the unequal distribution of it, rendered still more glaring by the pernicious habit indulged in by Ministers of arbitrarily remitting taxes for the benefit of some exclusive class, and laying on others—such as the Income-Tax—not on the plea of absolute State necessity, but confessedly "to make experiments." Of course, after such an announcement, everybody thinks that he, in his own person, may profit by the experimentalising. Without asking, nothing is to be had, especially from the Exchequer; and accordingly there is hardly any duty whatever which is not made the subject of petition, and against many there is a regular organised agitation. This is a most unhappy state of things, for it is inconsistent with the security of property. Values may be raised or depressed in a day at the single will of a Minister. Those who gain become clamorous for a further concession; those who lose become disgusted with what seems to them a gross partiality. In short, we devoutly trust that the days of experi-

ment are over; and the Whigs may be informed, once for all, by the general voice of the nation, that it is now absolutely necessary for them to undertake the task of setting the financial house in order. The best method of accomplishing this desirable end, is by sternly refusing to permit the Income-Tax to be reimposed for the fourth time upon any plea or pretext whatever.

But we must further say a few words, bearing directly upon this tax. Odious as it may be to the community, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there is much danger of its being reimposed; because Ministers possess a certain majority in the present House of Commons, and are not likely to leave any means untried for effecting their object. It is to them, indeed, of paramount importance; because, if they can succeed in saddling us with this tax for a further period of three years, they may easily excuse themselves for declining to undertake the revision of our financial system. We therefore deem it our duty to look a little more narrowly into the details of the former acts than would otherwise have been our wish or inclination.

Our readers will certainly recollect that in 1848, when the Income-Tax was re-imposed for the third time, the Whigs made a strenuous effort both to extend its existence and to augment its burdens. What they modestly proposed was this, that the Income-Tax should be extended over a period of five instead of three years, and that during two of these years the assessment should be raised from sevenpence to a shilling per pound. The result—which it argues the uttermost degree of imbecility in Ministers not to have foreseen—was a roar of disapprobation from one end of the country to the other; and the scheme thus foolishly broached was as pusillanimously withdrawn. Indeed, had it not been for the peculiar circumstances of the time, which rendered it exceedingly unadvisable that the stability of any Government, however weak and incompetent, should be endangered, it is very questionable whether Ministers could have succeeded in persuading the House of Commons to submit to this tax even

upon modified terms. But the contents of the budget were hardly disclosed, before the roar of revolution was heard in the streets of Paris, and the Throne of the Barricades was overthrown by the self-same hands which had reared it. That evidently was not a time for the lovers of order to persist in an opposition which, if successful, might have resulted in confusion at home; so that a new lease of the Income-Tax was granted upon the same terms as before. On occasion of the first obnoxious proposition, we expressed our opinions freely with regard to the whole constitution of the tax, pointing out both its injustice and its impolicy, in an article to which our readers may refer for the more general argument.* But there are one or two points with which we must separately deal.

The Act presently in force provides that farmers shall be assessed, not upon profits, but upon rental, to the extent of threepence-halfpenny per pound, on farms for which they pay £300 per annum and upwards. The gross amount of the sum so raised was in 1848 £309,890. Now, it is perfectly well known to every person that not one farmer out of ten has made a single penny of profit since the withdrawal of the duties on foreign corn in the commencement of last year. In the great majority of cases rent is at this moment paid out of capital, as the landlords will find to their cost when the leases expire, if many of them are not already perfectly cognisant of the fact. If this be the case, it becomes plain that this mode of assessment cannot be continued. To do so, would be for the State to use its power to commit an actual robbery. So long as any profit exists, the State has a right to tax it; unjustly it may be, and partially, but still the title is there. But the State has no right whatever to deprive any man of his property under false pretences.

If a tax must be levied on income, so be it; but income is not a thing to be presumed under any circumstances, still less when the State, by its own deed, has made a violent change on the relation and values of property. To force the farmers, of new, to pay this tax under the old conditions, would be an act of intolerable tyranny and oppression, for which the constitution of Great Britain gives no warrant; and we hardly think that any Ministry will be insane enough to adopt such a course.

There is, however, another feature in the Income-Tax upon which far too little attention has been bestowed. In this country REPUTATION has always been looked upon with just horror. Something Pharisaical there may be, no doubt, in this grand adulation of credit; for an unprejudiced bystander might be puzzled to comprehend the precise reasoning of those who are convulsed at the thought of a lessened dividend from the Funds, whilst they can look quietly on at the ravages which are made in property of another description. Still, the feeling exists, and assuredly we have no wish that it should be otherwise. But we are bound to say that, if other ideas are to be encouraged on the subject of unimpaired credit, this Income-Tax seems to us most eminently calculated to pave the way for their introduction.† Such was our opinion in 1848, and such is our opinion now. Once establish the principle of taxing the Funds, and there is no length to which it may not be carried. It will not do to say that the Funds are taxed in proportion with other property. That is not the case. This is an exceptional Act, creating and enforcing distinctions, and it excepts all incomes under a certain amount. It therefore virtually establishes the principle that it is lawful to tax the possessors of one kind of property (the Funds) for the

* *Vide* the Magazine for March 1848. No. CCCLXXXIX. Article, "THE BUDGET."

† See on this subject a remarkable pamphlet, entitled *Past and Present Delusions on Political Economy*, by ALEXANDER GIBSON, Esq. The author has the merit of having pointed out at least one direct infringement of an Act of Parliament, to which we have referred in the text; and we must also bear our testimony to the soundness and precision of many of the views which he has stated on the intricate subject of taxation.

benefit of the possessors of another kind of property who are excepted. In 1848 it was proposed that the assessment should be raised to one shilling in the pound. What would the fundholders say if some future unscrupulous Minister were to raise the assessment to five shillings or ten shillings per pound, and exempt every one from the operation of the act except the holder of national bonds? There can be no difficulty about a principle for doing so: it has been already admitted. Nay, more: the provisions of the Income-Tax are in direct violation of the most solemn engagements entered into by Acts of Parliament. As an instance of this, take the following—

The act 10 Geo. IV. cap 31, which has for its object the funding of £3,000,000 of Exchequer Bills, contains the following clause: "And be it enacted, That such subscribers duly depositing or paying in the whole sum so subscribed at or before the respective times in this act limited in that behalf, and their respective executors, administrators, successors, and assigns, shall have, receive, and enjoy, and be entitled by virtue of this act to have, receive, and enjoy the said annuities by this act granted in respect of the sum so subscribed, and shall have good and sure interests and estates therein according to the several provisions in this Act contained; and the said annuities shall be free from all Taxes, Charges, and Impositions whatsoever." It needs no lawyer to interpret the clause. By solemn Act of Parliament the dividends were guaranteed free from all taxes whatsoever.

So thought Sir Robert Peel in 1831. When in that year a proposal was made to levy a small tax from the transfer of stock in the public Funds, he denounced the measure in the strongest terms, as a violation of the contracts made with the public creditor, and as a proceeding which must necessarily "tarnish the fair fame of the country." "He (Sir Robert Peel) dreaded that an inference would be drawn from the proposed violation of law and good faith, that a further violation was not improper. If in these times of productive industry and steady progressive improvement—

if, in such times, in a period of general peace, when there was no pressure on the energies and industry of the country—the Government contemplated the violation of an Act of Parliament, and express contract entered into with the public creditor, what security could the public creditor have if the times of 1797 or 1798 returned?" Contrast this language with the propositions of the same eminent statesman in 1842, when he introduced the Income-Tax for the first time. "I propose that, for a time to be limited, the income of this country should bear a charge not exceeding sevenpence in the pound. . . . I propose, for I see no ground for exemption, that all funded property, held by natives in this country or foreigners, should be subject to the same charge as unfunded property."

No ground for exemption! Mark that, gentlemen who are interested in the Funds. On no mean authority was it then announced that an Act of Parliament, however solemn and stringent in its terms, is no fence at all against the inroads of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. True, people may have lent their money on the strength of that positive assurance; true, it may have been made the basis of the most important family arrangements; but all that matters nothing. Money is wanted to make "experiments," for the purpose of stimulating manufactures; and what is the maintenance of public faith and honour, compared with an object so important? So, in order to stimulate manufactures, the principle of repudiation was recognised.

After all, perhaps, British subjects might be content to submit themselves to the loss, and be thankful that it was no worse. But what shall we say to the forced taxation of property belonging to foreigners, and invested in the British Funds? What interest or concern had *they* in experiments upon British manufactures? Just let any of our readers suppose that he has invested the whole of his property in Dutch bonds, and that, after receiving two or three dividends, he is informed that, for the future, one half of his annuity will be retained by the Dutch Government, because, in order to "stimulate"

the internal industry of Holland, it has been thought advisable to drain the Zuyder Zee! Would Lord Palmerston, if such a case were brought under his notice, sustain the plea of the Dutchman? We trow not—at least we hope not; for such a claim for redress would certainly proceed upon far better grounds than any which were urged by Don Pacifico. The two cases are precisely similar. The Dutch Government would have as much right to appropriate the dividends belonging to British subjects, for the purposes of stimulating the internal industry of Holland, as the British Government has to retain any part of the dividends belonging to foreigners, for the declared object of stimulating British manufactures. If this free-and-easy mode of “conveyance” is to become general, there is an end of public credit. Henceforward it will be but decent for us to use a moderate tone while speaking of Pennsylvanian defalcations. American swiftness may have outstripped us in the repudiatory race; nevertheless, we have gone far enough to recognise the principle, and to appropriate sevenpence in the pound.

We need not dwell on other evident objections which may be raised to the continuance of the Income-Tax. These suggest themselves to the minds of every one, and have been often pointed out and dwelt on by public writers. The danger of maintaining a war tax in time of peace—the eminently inquisitorial nature of the impost—and the injustice of assessing professional men, authors, artists, &c., whose incomes depend solely on their health, at the same rate as the possessors of accumulated property, are reasons sufficient to condemn it. But the most monstrous injustice, to the already severely burdened people of Great Britain, is the exemption of Ireland from its operation. It is impossible to assign any valid reason for the policy which dictated this odious partiality. Sir Robert Peel in 1842 could not find any better excuse than the following: “When I am proposing a tax, limited in duration, in the first instance, to a period of three years, and when the amount of that tax does not exceed three per cent, I must of course consider, with reference

to public interests, whether it be desirable to apply that tax to Ireland. I must bear in mind, that it is a tax to which Ireland was not subject during the period of the war; that it is a tax for the levy of which no machinery exists in Ireland—Ireland has no assessed taxes—the machinery there is wanting, and I should have to devise new machinery for a country to which the tax has never been applied.”

Most rare and convincing logic! Because Ireland on a former occasion was not taxed, she is not to be taxed now; because she pays no assessed taxes, her income also is to be exempted from contribution! Why, these were of all others the very strongest arguments for laying it on; and most contemptible indeed was the pusillanimity of the representatives of English and Scottish constituencies, who did not on that occasion peremptorily demand the enforcement of equal burdens. What a premium to agitation is here held out! The Irishman with a yearly revenue of £150 a-year, pays no assessed taxes—is cleared from some excise duties—and enjoys an immunity from Income-Tax. The people of England and Scotland are kind enough to save him all these charges, in grateful recognition, doubtless, of his exceeding docility, and proverbial attachment to the Constitution. As to the allegation of want of ready-made machinery, the answer was plain—Make it. Nine years have gone by, and yet it is not made, and there is no proposal for making it; and it remains to be seen whether the fourth attempt at imposition will be as grossly partial as the others. If this tax is again renewed, there can be henceforth no escape from it. It matters not whether the term of the new lease be seven, or five, or three years—the tax itself will be immortal, and surely we shall not be insulted this time with a plea of deficient machinery.

For all these reasons, then, we counsel a determined opposition to any attempt which may be made to renew the Income-Tax, even for the shortest period. Ministers have no right to claim it as part of the ordinary revenue. It was levied originally for a specific purpose, on a distinct

assurance that it was not to be permanent: that purpose, it matters not whether the results have been satisfactory or the reverse, has been accomplished, and we now demand the fulfilment of the other part of the agreement. Moreover, if the Income-Tax is renewed, we must relinquish for the present, and it may be for a long time, all hopes of that most desirable object, a complete revision of the national taxation. It is desirable for all of us, whatever may be our political or economical bias: because we take it for granted that no man can wish to impose upon his neighbour any portion of a burden which it is his own duty to bear: or to exalt the class to which he belongs by the undue depression of another. The present complicated and entangled mode of taxation prevents us from seeing clearly who is liable and who is not. It is like a great net, twisted at one place, torn at a second, and clumsily patched at a third; and it is no wonder, therefore, if large fishes sometimes escape, while the fry is swept to destruction.

What we wish to see is the recognition of a plain principle. There is a school of political economists existing in this country, who confound two distinct and separate things—principle and method. They profess themselves to be the advocates of direct, in opposition to indirect taxation; and they think that, in propounding this, they are enunciating some great principle. This is a most absurd delusion. In reality, it matters nothing in what way taxes are levied, provided they are levied justly—whether they are drawn from produce before it leaves the hands of the producer, as in the case of the excise, or charged on foreign goods at the ports from the merchant—or directly taken from the consumer in the altered form of assessed taxes. All that has reference merely to the method and machinery of taxation. Undoubtedly there are most important questions involved in the choice of a proper machinery. Hitherto the leaning of statesmen has been in favour of indirect taxation, as by far the least costly method, and as the only practicable one with regard to many branches of the revenue. In that opinion we entirely concur, never

having yet seen any scheme for the merging of indirect into direct taxation which had even the merit of plausibility; nor do we suppose that, by any stretch of ingenuity, a method to this effect could be devised, not open to the gravest political objections in this or in any other old community. But these considerations do not affect the principle at all. Men cannot be taxed simply as men by poll-tax, for their means are notoriously unequal; property cannot be taxed solely as property, because that would cause an immediate transference of capital to other countries; incomes cannot be made the sole subject of taxation, partly from the same reason, and partly on account of the injustice of such an arrangement. The only true principle, and that which we wish to see recognised, is this—that the annual produce of the country alone must bear the weight of taxation. If that principle could be steadily kept in view, much of the haze and mist which modern political economy has spread, would be dispelled. Men would perceive that there is not, and cannot possibly be, in this great country, any such thing as the rival interests of classes; but that what we have hitherto termed rival interests, is neither more nor less than the desire of certain parties to thrive and accumulate wealth at the expense of the rest of the community. They would also see that this selfish and nefarious intention must in the end defeat its own aim, for it is as impossible for a tradesman to thrive by the poverty of his customers, as it is for any class whatever to extract permanent prosperity from the depression and downfall of another. They would clearly understand that cheapness, when effected by the introduction of the products of foreign untaxed labour into this country, must be and is obtained at the cost of the British workman; that it consequently is no blessing to the country, but the reverse: and that each such introduction, either by displacing industry, or by beating down its wages, or by lowering the value of home products, augments the burden of taxation, and reduces all incomes, except, indeed, those which are derived directly from taxation—as, for instance, fixed salaries, Government •

annuities, and the incomes of Ministers, officials, and the like. A dim perception of the truth of this seems to have dawned upon the minds of some of our legislators, and to have led to the appointment of that committee which deliberated last session on the subject of official salaries. The question has often been asked, why, since almost every article which money can command is cheapened, the servants of the public should still receive the same allowances as before? There are good grounds for putting that question; and some still more formidable ones, we anticipate, will be asked ere long, if we choose to persevere in our present commercial policy.

The amount of taxation to which this country is subject, and from which it cannot free itself without the sacrifice of the national honour, has the necessary effect of enhancing the cost of every commodity which is produced in it. England is, and must remain, a dearer country than any of the Continental states, because her burdens are heavier, and these must be necessarily paid from produce. The professed object of the late "experiments" was to counteract this; a scheme quite as feasible as that of making water run up-hill. But the depth of public credulity is not easily fathomed. People may be duped in a hundred ways besides being taken in by railway boards of direction. So, for the benefit of the rich, taxes were repealed or lowered on wine, silks, velvets, mahogany, stained papers, and fancy glass, and an Income-Tax substituted instead. The Colonies were broken down, and an impetus was given to the slave trade in order to procure cheap sugar. The labourers got a cheaper loaf, and were desired to consider that as an equivalent for lower wages. And now we find ourselves in this position, that, but for the Income-Tax, there would be an annual deficit in the revenue of from four to five millions; the farmers are absolutely ruined; and the manufacturers, by their own confession, making little or no profit.

The reason of this is quite obvious. We are striving to accomplish what is, in fact, an absolute impossibility. We wish to reconcile cheapness of commodities with a high rate of taxa-

tion, and at the same time to promote the general prosperity of the nation. But cheapness and high taxation cannot possibly co-exist *within the same limits*, nor can any exertion of industry or skill make them compatible with each other. On this point we believe there was little difference of opinion. But it occurred to certain interested parties, whose trade lay *without the limits* of Britain, that there might be a way of solving the difficulty, or, at all events, of persuading the public that they had solved it. So they devised that system which we erroneously denominate Free Trade, opening the ports for the introduction not only of cotton-wool duty-free, but of a great many articles which were either grown or manufactured in Britain, by far the most important of which were corn and agricultural produce. And this had, undoubtedly, the effect of producing cheapness, and may have for some time to come. But that cheapness is not natural. It has been brought about by converting a profitable into a losing trade, and by depressing all kinds of wages and incomes throughout the country. The introduction of foreign untaxed commodities has lowered prices in our market, not because they were too high before in relation to the amount of taxation, but because they could not stand against the weight of so heavy a competition. Hence arises in the country agricultural distress, which no palliatives whatever can remove—a distress which, commencing with the agriculturists, is spreading through all who are dependent on them for custom and livelihood, and finally must reach, if it has not already reached, the principal seats of manufacture. Hence the suffering, complaint, and wretchedness among the artisans of the towns, who find themselves undersold on all hands by the vendors of foreign wares, and who are now cursing competition, without a distinct understanding of its cause. The Free-traders attempt to cajole them by pointing to the cheap loaf; but they do not add, as in candour they ought to do, that they have not removed, or attempted to remove, one jot of the taxes which weigh heaviest upon the industry of the working classes. The poor man, though he may escape direct taxation, nevertheless contributes as

heavily, or even more heavily, to the national revenue than the rich, in proportion to his means. Bread and water he may have untaxed, but not beer nor tobacco, sugar nor spirits, tea nor coffee, spices nor soap. Free trade does not touch these things. They do not come within its cognisance; and yet, as we have said already, more than one-half of the national revenue is derived from duties levied on such articles.

There could be no difficulty whatever in raising an adequate revenue, if Ministers had the courage to adopt a sound constitutional policy. They ought, in the first place, to reimpose the taxes upon all articles of luxury consumed exclusively by the rich, and on all articles of foreign manufacture which are brought into this country to compete with the productions of our own artisans. If no other way is it possible to keep the balance even between taxation and produce. The working men have a right to expect this, and doubtless they will demand it ere long. Nor ought the Legislature to permit the importation to this country of any commodity whatever, raw or manufactured, which is a staple of our own produce, without imposing upon it a tax, equal in amount to all the taxes, direct or indirect, which are charged on the growers or manufacturers of the said commodity in Britain, and which do actually enter into the cost of its production. The strict justice of these propositions cannot be doubted; and it is only because our statesmen have accustomed themselves, for a long time, to deal with taxation as if it were capable of regulation on no sort of principle, that the false views and impracticable theories of the Free-trade party have unfortunately been allowed to prevail.

But we shall not pursue this subject further at the present time. If, in the course of these remarks, we shall have succeeded in drawing attention to a subject but too little understood—the relation of the public revenue to the internal produce of the kingdom—we may confidently leave the rest to the good sense and intelligence of the reader. We shall not deny that we have a double purpose in setting forth these considerations just now. In the first place, we wish to prepare the public for the attempt, which we con-

fidently anticipate, on the part of Ministers, for the reimposition of the Income-Tax. Believing, as we do, that if the attempt should prove successful, this very odious and partial impost (oppressive in its operation, and dangerous to the State, it being essentially a war-tax, and yet levied in the time of peace) will become a permanent charge on the community, we cannot do otherwise than recommend the most determined opposition. In the second place, we are desirous of hinting to certain political capons who have lately been attempting to crow over what they call “the grave of Protection,” that they may save themselves the trouble, for some time at least, of repeating their contemptible cry. Nothing can be more purely ludicrous than the pains which those gentlemen have taken, for the last two or three months, to persuade the public that all agitation on the subject of protection to British industry has died away—that everybody is contented and happy under the new regime—and that the farmers themselves are convinced at last that they are making money in consequence of free trade in corn! If there is a meeting of an agricultural society—it signifies not what or where—at which, out of deference to the chairman, or in respect of a standing resolution, politics are specially avoided, we are sure, in the course of a day or so, to be favoured with a leading article, announcing that in such-and-such a district, all idea of returning to the Protective system is finally abandoned. Does any notable supporter of Protection happen to make an after-dinner speech, no matter what be its immediate subject—the presentation of a piece of plate to some well-deserving neighbour, or an oration at the opening of a mechanics’ institution—without alluding in any way to the present price of wheat or the future prospects of agriculture?—we are immediately stunned with the announcement that he has become a virulent Free-trader. It is not safe at present to declare publicly that you prefer turnips to mangold-wurzel. If you venture to do so, you are instantly claimed as a Cobdenite, because it is said that you are exciting the farmers to further exertions in spite of prophecies of ruin. Under those

circumstances, it becomes really difficult for an honest man, who entertains strong convictions upon the subject, to determine what course he should pursue. If he holds his tongue, as he surely may do for a month or so in the shooting season, he is held confessed. Silence constitutes a Free-trader—which, by the way, is a decided improvement on the older system. If he speaks at all, eschewing politics and agriculture, he is held to be as clear a convert as though he had lunched with Cardinal Wiseman. If he utters a word about improvements in agriculture, he is a lost man for ever to the farmers. These may be very ingenious tactics, but those who invented them may rest assured that they have not imposed upon a single human being. It would be better, for their own credit and character, if they dropped them at once. Since the publication of the last quarter's revenue returns, we have had a perfect roar of affected jubilee from the members of the Free-trading press. A grand shout and a long one was doubtless necessary to drown the announcement of an almost unparalleled decrease in the account, exhibiting a falling off in nearly every regular item, and a rapid absorption of capital, as indicated by the returns of the Property-tax. But it certainly was rather a bold experiment to fix upon Lord Stanley as a Free-trader. For more than a fortnight we were regaled with leaders in the *Times* and *Chronicle*, announcing that his lordship had publicly repudiated the principles of Protection at Bury; and yet, singularly enough, not containing that meed of compliment which might have been expected on the accession of so eminent a convert. This was a decided mistake. Their cue distinctly was to have extolled Lord Stanley to the skies, as a man utterly beyond the reach of prejudice, open to conviction, docile to the voice of reason, and persuaded of the error of his ways. Had they done so with sufficient adroitness, it is not beyond the

verge of possibility that here and there some benighted people might have been induced to swallow the fable, and to conceive that because one statesman—whom we name not now—proved false to all his former professions and protestations, such changes are mere matter of course, sanctified and approved by custom. But the fraud was clumsily executed. The little children of apostasy—who are now left to their own devices, without any superintending guardian, and who, following their natural instincts, can do little else than undertake the fabrication of dirt-pies—have bedaubed themselves in a most woful manner. Anything more humiliating than the position of the *Morning Chronicle* it is impossible to conceive. For, when met in the teeth with a direct refutation of their slanders, the writers are absolutely idiotical enough to assert that they drew their conclusions, not so much from what was said, as from what remained unsaid—not so much from words, as from tones and significant gestures! It is a sad pity that the idea is not original. It strikes us that there is something of the sort in the *Critic*; where Puff undertakes to make the audience acquainted with the whole tenor of Lord Burleigh's cogitations, through a simple shake of the head. Puff is by no means a defunct character. He has merely changed his vocation, and at present is eating in his own words and professions as fast as ever mountebank swallowed tape on a stage at Bartholomew fair.

Let those gentleman be perfectly easy. There is plenty of work yet in store for them. Though during the autumnal months it may be difficult to find proper subjects for leaders, without diverging from the fields of fact into the unlimited wastes of fiction, they may rest assured that ere long they will be summoned to a more serious encounter. The days of experiment are gone by, but the results still remain, to be tested according to their merit by the intelligence of the British people.

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MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CANTON.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER VII.

IN spite of all his Machiavellian wisdom, Dr Riccabocca had been foiled in his attempt to seduce Leonard Fairfield into his service, even though he succeeded in partially winning over the widow to his views. For to her he represented the worldly advantages of the thing. Lenny would learn to be fit for more than a day-labourer; he would learn gardening, in all its branches—rise some day to be a head gardener. “And,” said Riccabocca, “I will take care of his book learning, and teach him whatever he has a head for.”

“He has a head for everything,” said the widow.

“Then,” said the wise man, “everything shall go into it.”

The widow was certainly dazzled; for, as we have seen, she highly prized scholarly distinction, and she knew that the Parson looked upon Riccabocca as a wondrous learned man. But still, Riccabocca was said to be a Papist, and suspected to be a conjuror. Her scruples on both these points the Italian, who was an adept in the art of talking over the fair sex, would no doubt have dissipated, if there had been any use in it; but Lenny put a dead stop to all negotiations. He had taken a mortal dislike to Riccabocca; he was very much frightened by him—and the spectacles, the pipe, the cloak, the

long hair, and the red umbrella; and said so sturdily, in reply to every overture, — “Please, sir, I’d rather not; I’d rather stay along with mother”—that Riccabocca was forced to suspend all farther experiments in his Machiavellian diplomacy. He was not at all cast down, however, by his first failure; on the contrary, he was one of those men whom opposition stimulates. And what before had been but a suggestion of prudence, became an object of desire. Plenty of other lads might no doubt be had, on as reasonable terms as Lenny Fairfield; but the moment Lenny presumed to baffle the Italian’s designs upon him, the special acquisition of Lenny became of paramount importance in the eyes of Signor Riccabocca.

Jackeymo, however, lost all his interest in the traps, snares, and gins which his master proposed to lay for Leonard Fairfield, in the more immediate surprise that awaited him on learning that Dr Riccabocca had accepted an invitation to pass a few days at the Hall.

“There will be no one there but the family,” said Riccabocca. “Poor Giacomo, a little chat in the servants’ hall will do you good; and the Squire’s beef is more nourishing, after all, than the sticklebacks and minnows. It will lengthen your life.”

"The Padrone jests," said Jackeymo stately, "as if any one could starve in his service."

"Um," said Riccabocca. "At least, faithful friend, you have tried that experiment as far as human nature will permit;" and he extended his hand to his fellow-exile with that familiarity which exists between servant and master in the usages of the Continent. Jackeymo bent low, and a tear fell upon the hand he kissed.

"*Cospetto!*" said Dr Riccabocca, "a thousand mock pearls do not make up the cost of a single true one! The tears of women, we know their worth; but the tear of an honest man—Fie, Giacomo!—at least I can never repay you this! Go and see to our wardrobe."

So far as his master's wardrobe was concerned, that order was pleasing to Jackeymo; for the Doctor had in his drawers suits which Jackeymo pronounced to be as good as new, though many a long year had passed since they left the tailor's hands. But when Jackeymo came to examine the state of his own clothing department, his face grew considerably longer. It was not that he was without other clothes than those on his back—quantity was there, but the quality! Mournfully he gazed on two suits, complete in the three separate members of which man's raiments are composed: the one suit extended at length upon his bed, like a veteran stretched by pious hands after death; the other brought piecemeal to the invidious light—the *torso* placed upon a chair, the limbs dangling down from Jackeymo's melancholy arm. No bodies long exposed at the Morgue could evince less sign of resuscitation than those respectable defuncts! For, indeed, Jackeymo had been less thrifty of his apparel—more *profusus sui*—than his master. In the earliest days of their exile, he preserved the decorous habit of dressing for dinner—it was a respect due to the Padrone—and that habit had lasted till the two habits on which it necessarily depended had evinced the first symptoms of decay; then the evening clothes had been taken into morning wear, in which hard service they had • breathed their last.

The Doctor, notwithstanding his

general philosophical abstraction from such household details, had more than once said, rather in pity to Jackeymo, than with an eye to that respectability which the costume of the servant reflects on the dignity of the master—"Giacomo, thou wantest clothes; fit thyself out of mine!"

And Jackeymo had bowed his gratitude, as if the donation had been accepted; but the fact was, that that same fitting-out was easier said than done. For though—thanks to an existence mainly upon sticklebacks and minnows—both Jackeymo and Riccabocca had arrived at that state which the longevity of misers proves to be most healthful to the human frame,—viz., skin and bone—yet, the bones contained in the skin of Riccabocca all took longitudinal directions; while those in the skin of Jackeymo spread out latitudinally. And you might as well have made the bark of a Lombardy poplar serve for the trunk of some dwarfed and pollarded oak—in whose hollow the Babes of the Wood could have slept at their ease—as have fitted out Jackeymo from the garb of Riccabocca. Moreover, if the skill of the tailor could have accomplished that undertaking, the faithful Jackeymo would never have had the heart to avail himself of the generosity of his master. He had a sort of religious sentiment, too, about those vestments of the Padrone. The ancients, we know, when escaping from shipwreck, suspended in the votive temple the garments in which they had struggled through the wave. Jackeymo looked on those relics of the past with a kindred superstition. "This coat the Padrone wore on such an occasion. I remember the very evening the Padrone last put on those pantaloons!" And coat and pantaloons were tenderly dusted, and carefully restored to their sacred rest.

But now, after all, what was to be done? Jackeymo was much too proud to exhibit his person, to the eyes of the Squire's butler, in habiliments discreditable to himself and the Padrone. In the midst of his perplexity the bell rang, and he went down into the parlour.

Riccabocca was standing on the hearth under his symbolical representation of the "*Patriæ Exul*."

"Giacomo," quoth he, "I have been thinking that thou hast never done what I told thee, and fitted thyself out from my superfluities. But we are going now into the great world: visiting once begun, Heaven knows where it may stop! Go to the nearest town and get thyself clothes. Things are dear in England. Will this suffice?" And Riccabocca extended a £5 note.

Jackeymo, we have seen, was more familiar with his master than we formal English permit our domestics to be with us. But in his familiarity he was usually respectful. This time, however, respect deserted him.

"The Padrone is mad!" he exclaimed; "he would fling away his whole fortune if I would let him. Five pounds English, or a hundred and twenty-six pounds Milanese!" Santa Maria! Unnatural father! And what is to become of the poor Signorina? Is this the way you are to marry her in the foreign land?"

"Giacomo," said Riccabocca, bowing his head to the storm; "the Signorina to-morrow; to-day, the honour of the house. Thy small-clothes, Giacomo. Miserable man, thy small-clothes!"

"It is just," said Jackeymo, recovering himself, and with humility; "and the Padrone does right to blame me, but not in so cruel a way. It is just—the Padrone lodges and boards me, and gives me handsome wages, and he has a right to expect that I should not go in this figure."

"For the board and the lodgment, good," said Riccabocca. "For the handsome wages, they are the visions of thy fancy!"

"They are no such thing," said Jackeymo, "they are only in arrear. As if the Padrone could not pay them some day or other—as if I was demeaning myself by serving a master who did not intend to pay his servants! And can't I wait? Have I not my savings too? But be cheered, be cheered; you shall be contented with me. I have two beautiful suits still. I was arranging them when you rang for me. You shall see, you shall see."

And Jackeymo hurried from the

room, hurried back into his own chamber, unlocked a little trunk which he kept at his bed head, tossed out a variety of small articles, and from the deepest depth extracted a leathern purse. He emptied the contents on the bed. They were chiefly Italian coins, some five-franc pieces, a silver medallion enclosing a little image of his patron saint—San Giacomo—one solid English guinea, and two or three pounds' worth in English silver. Jackeymo put back the foreign coins, saying prudently, "One will lose on them here;" he seized the English coins, and counted them out. "But are you enough, you rascals?" quoth he angrily, giving them a good shake. His eye caught sight of the medallion—he paused; and after eyeing the tiny representation of the saint with great deliberation, he added, in a sentence which he must have picked up from the proverbial aphorisms of his master—

"What's the difference between the enemy who does not hurt me, and the friend who does not serve me? *Monsignore San Giacomo*, my patron saint, you are of very little use to me in the leathern bag. But if you help me to get into a new pair of small-clothes on this important occasion, you will be a friend indeed. *Alla bisogna, Monsignore*." Then, gravely kissing the medallion, he thrust it into one pocket, the coins into the other, made up a bundle of the two defunct suits, and, muttering to himself, "Beast, miser that I am, to disgrace the Padrone, with all these savings in his service!" ran down stairs into his pantry, caught up his hat and stick, and in a few moments more was seen trudging off to the neighbouring town of L—.

Apparently the poor Italian succeeded, for he came back that evening in time to prepare the thin gruel which made his master's supper, with a suit of black—a little threadbare, but still highly respectable—two shirt fronts, and two white cravats. But, out of all this finery, Jackeymo held the small-clothes in especial veneration; for as they had cost exactly what the medallion had sold for, so it seemed to him that San Giacomo had heard his prayer in that quarter to which

* By the pounds Milanese, Giacomo means the Milanese lira.

he had more exclusively directed the saint's direction. The other habiliments came to him in the merely hu-

man process of sale and barter; the small-clothes were the personal gratuity of San Giacomo!

CHAPTER VIII.

Life has been subjected to many ingenious comparisons; and if we do not understand it any better, it is not for want of what is called "reasoning by illustration." Amongst other resemblances, there are moments when, to a quiet contemplator, it suggests the image of one of those rotatory entertainments commonly seen in fairs, and known by the name of "whirligigs or roundabouts," in which each participator of the pastime, seated on his hobby, is always apparently in the act of pursuing some one before him, while he is pursued by some one behind. Man, and woman too, are naturally animals of chase; the greatest still finds something to follow, and there is no one too humble not to be an object of prey to another. Thus, confining our view to the village of Hazeldean, we behold in this whirligig Dr Riccabocca spurring his hobby after Lenny Fairfield; and Miss Jemima, on her decorous side-saddle, whipping after Dr Riccabocca. Why, with so long and intimate a conviction of the villany of our sex, Miss Jemima should resolve upon giving the male animal one more chance of redeeming itself in her eyes, I leave to the explanation of those gentlemen who profess to find "their only books in woman's looks." Perhaps it might be from the over-tenderness and clemency of Miss Jemima's nature; perhaps it might be that, as yet, she had only experienced the villany of man born and reared in these cold northern climates; and in the land of Petrarch and Romeo, of the citron and myrtle, there was reason to expect that the native monster would be more amenable to gentle influences, less obstinately hardened in his iniquities. Without entering farther into these hypotheses, it is sufficient to say, that on Signor Riccabocca's appearance in the drawing-room, at Hazeldean, Miss Jemima felt more than ever rejoiced that she had relaxed in his favour her general hostility to man. In truth, though

Frank saw something quizzical in the old-fashioned and outlandish cut of the Italian's sober dress; in his long hair, and the *chapeau bras*, over which he bowed so gracefully, and then pressed it, as if to his heart, before tucking it under his arm, after the fashion in which the gizzard reposes under the wing of a roasted pullet; yet it was impossible that even Frank could deny to Riccabocca that praise which is due to the air and manner of an unmistakeable gentleman. And certainly as, after dinner, conversation grew more familiar, and the Parson and Mrs Dale, who had been invited to meet their friend, did their best to draw him out, his talk, though sometimes a little too wise for his listeners, became eminently animated and agreeable. It was the conversation of a man who, besides the knowledge which is acquired from books and life, had studied the art which becomes a gentleman—that of pleasing in polite society. Riccabocca, however, had more than this art—he had one which is often less innocent—the art of penetrating into the weak side of his associates, and of saying the exact thing which hits it plump in the middle, with the careless air of a random shot.

The result was, that all were charmed with him; and that even Captain Barnabas postponed the whist-table for a full hour after the usual time. The Doctor did not play—he thus became the property of the two ladies, Miss Jemima and Mrs Dale.

Seated between the two, in the place rightfully appertaining to Flimsy, who this time was fairly dislodged, to her great wonder and discontent, the Doctor was the emblem of true Domestic Felicity, placed between Friendship and Love.

Friendship, as became her, worked quietly at the embroidered pocket-handkerchief, and left Love to its more animated operations. "You must be very lonely at the Casino," said Love, in a sympathising tone.

"Madam," replied Riccabocca, gallantly, "I shall think so when I leave you."

Friendship cast a sly glance at Love—Love blushed or looked down on the carpet, which comes to the same thing. "Yet," began Love again—"yet solitude, to a feeling heart—"

Riccabocca thought of the note of invitation, and involuntarily buttoned his coat, as if to protect the individual organ thus alarmingly referred to.

"Solitude, to a feeling heart, has its charms. It is so hard even for us, poor ignorant women, to find a congenial companion—but for *you*!" Love stopped short, as if it had said too much, and smelt confusedly at its bouquet.

Dr Riccabocca cautiously lowered his spectacles, and darted one glance, which, with the rapidity and comprehensiveness of lightning, seemed to envelope and take in it, as it were, the whole inventory of Miss Jemima's personal attractions. Now, Miss Jemima, as I have before observed, had a mild and pensive expression of countenance, and she would have been positively pretty had the mildness looked a little more alert, and the pensiveness somewhat less lackadaisical. In fact, though Miss Jemima was constitutionally mild, she was not *de naturâ* pensive; she had too much of the Hazeldean blood in her veins for that sullen and viscid humour called melancholy, and therefore this assumption of pensiveness really spoilt her character of features, which only wanted to be lighted up by a cheerful smile to be extremely prepossessing. The same remark might apply to the figure, which—thanks to the same pensiveness—lost all the undulating grace which movement and animation bestow on the fluent curves of the feminine form. The figure was a good figure, examined in detail—a little thin, perhaps, but by no means emaciated—with just and elegant proportions, and naturally light and flexible. But that same unfortunate pensiveness gave the whole a character of inertness and languor; and when Miss Jemima reclined on the sofa, so complete seemed the relaxation of nerve and muscle, that you would have thought she had lost the

use of her limbs. *Over her face and form, thus defrauded of the charms Providence had bestowed on them, Dr Riccabocca's eye glanced rapidly; and then moving nearer to Mrs Dale—"Defend me" (he stopped a moment, and added,) "from the charge of not being able to appreciate congenial companionship."

"Oh, I did not say that!" cried Miss Jemima.

"Pardon me," said the Italian, "if I am so dull as to misunderstand you. One may well lose one's head, at least, in such a neighbourhood as this." He rose as he spoke, and bent over Frank's shoulder to examine some Views of Italy, which Miss Jemima (with what, if wholly unselfish, would have been an attention truly delicate) had extracted from the library in order to gratify the guest.

"Most interesting creature, indeed," sighed Miss Jemima, "but too—too flattering!"

"Tell me," said Mrs Dale gravely, "do you think, love, that you could put off the end of the world a little longer, or must we make haste in order to be in time?"

"How wicked you are!" said Miss Jemima, turning aside.

Some few minutes afterwards, Mrs Dale contrived it so that Dr Riccabocca and herself were in a farther corner of the room, looking at a picture said to be by Wouvermans.

MRS DALE.—"She is very amiable, Jemima, is she not?"

RICCABOCCA.—"Exceedingly so. Very fine battle-piece!"

MRS DALE.—"So kind-hearted." RICCABOCCA.—"All ladies are. How naturally that warrior makes his desperate cut at the runaway!"

MRS DALE.—"She is not what is called regularly handsome, but she has something very winning."

RICCABOCCA, with a smile.—"So winning, that it is strange she is not won. That gray mare in the foreground stands out very boldly!"

MRS DALE, distrusting the smile of Riccabocca, and throwing in a more effective grape charge.—"Not won yet; and it is strange!—she will have a very pretty fortune."

RICCABOCCA.—"Ah!"

MRS DALE.—"Six thousand pounds, I dare say—certainly four."

RICCABOCCA, suppressing a sigh, and with his wonted address.—“If Mrs Dale were still single, she would never need a friend to say what her portion might be; but Miss Jemima is so good that I am quite sure it is not Miss Jemima’s fault that she is still—Miss Jemima!”

The foreigner slipped away as he spoke, and sate himself down beside the whist-players.

Mrs Dale was disappointed, but certainly not offended.—“It would be such a good thing for both,” muttered she, almost inaudibly.

“Giacomo,” said Riccabocca, as he was undressing, that night, in the large, comfortable, well-carpeted English bedroom, with that great English four-posted bed in the recess which seems made to shame folks out of single-blessedness—“Giacomo, I have had this evening the offer of probably six thousand pounds—certainly of four thousand.”

“*Cosa meravigliosa!*” exclaimed Jackeymo—“miraculous thing!” and he crossed himself with great fervour. “Six thousand pounds English! why, that must be a hundred thousand—blockhead that I am!—more than a hundred and fifty thousand pounds Milanese!” And Jackeymo, who was considerably enlivened by the Squire’s ale, commenced a series of gesticulations and capers, in the midst of which he stopped and cried, “But not for nothing?”

“Nothing! no!”

“These mercenary English!—the Government wants to bribe you.”

“That’s not it.”

“The priests want you to turn heretic.”

“Worse than that,” said the philosopher.

“Worse than that! O Padrone! for shame!”

“Don’t be a fool, but pull off my pantaloons—they want me never to wear *these* again!”

“Never to wear what?” exclaimed Jackeymo, staring outright at his master’s long legs in their linen drawers—“never to wear—”

“The breeches,” said Riccabocca laconically.

“The barbarians!” faltered Jackeymo.

“My nightcap!”—and never to have any comfort in this,” said Riccabocca, drawing on the cotton head-gear; “and never to have any sound sleep in that,” pointing to the four-posted bed. “And to be a bondsman and a slave,” continued Riccabocca, waxing wroth; “and to be wheedled and purred at, and pawed, and clawed, and scolded, and fondled, and blinded, and deafened, and bridled, and saddled—bedevilled and—married.”

“Married!” said Jackeymo, more dispassionately—“that’s very bad, certainly; but more than a hundred and fifty thousand *lire*, and perhaps a pretty young lady, and”—

“Pretty young lady!” growled Riccabocca, jumping into bed and drawing the clothes fiercely over him. “Put out the candle, and get along with you—do, you villainous old incendiary!”

CHAPTER IX.

It was not many days since the resurrection of those ill-omened stocks, and it was evident already, to an ordinary observer, that something wrong had got into the village. The peasants wore a sullen expression of countenance; when the Squire passed, they took off their hats with more than ordinary formality, but they did not return the same broad smile to his quick, hearty “Good day, my man.” The women peered at him from the threshold or the casement, but did not, as was their wont, (at least the wont of the prettiest,) take

occasion to come out to catch his passing compliment on their own good looks, or their tidy cottages. And the children, who used to play after work on the site of the old stocks, now slunned the place, and, indeed, seemed to cease play altogether.

On the other hand, no man likes to build, or rebuild, a great public work for nothing. Now that the Squire had resuscitated the stocks, and made them so exceedingly handsome, it was natural that he should wish to put somebody into them. Moreover, his pride and self-esteem had been

wounded by the Parson's opposition; and it would be a justification to his own forethought, and a triumph over the Parson's understanding, if he could satisfactorily and practically establish a proof that the stocks had not been repaired before they were wanted.

Therefore, unconsciously to himself, there was something about the Squire more burly, and authoritative, and menacing than heretofore. Old Gaffer Solomon observed, "that they had better mind well what they were about, for that the Squire had a wicked look in the tail of his eye—just as the dun bull had afore it tossed neighbour Barnes's little boy."

For two or three days these mute signs of something brewing in the atmosphere had been rather noticeable than noticed, without any positive overt act of tyranny on the one hand, or rebellion on the other. But on the very Saturday night in which Dr Riccabocca was installed in the four-posted bed in the chintz chamber, the threatened revolution commenced. In the dead of that night, personal outrage was committed on the stocks. And on the Sunday morning, Mr Stirn, who was the earliest riser in the parish, perceived, in going to the farmyard, that the nob of the column that flanked the board had been feloniously broken off: that the four holes were bunged up with mud; and that some jacobinical, villain had carved, on the very centre of the flourish or scroll work, "Dam the stoks!" Mr Stirn was much too vigilant a right-hand man, much too zealous a friend of law and order, not to regard such proceedings with horror and alarm. And when the Squire came into his dressing-room at half-past seven, his butler (who fulfilled also the duties of valet) informed him, with a mysterious air, that Mr Stirn had something "very partikler to communicate, about a most howdacious midnight 'spiracy and 'sault."

The Squire stared, and bade Mr Stirn be admitted.

"Well?" cried the Squire, suspending the operation of stropping his razor.

Mr Stirn groaned.

"Well, man, what now?"

"I never knowed such a thing in this here parish afore," began Mr

Stirn, "and I can only 'count for it by s'posing that them foreign 'Papishers have been semminating"—

"Been what?"

"Semminating"—

"Disseminating, you blockhead—disseminating what?"

"Damn the stocks," began Mr Stirn, plunging right in *medias res*, and by a fine use of one of the noblest figures in rhetoric.

"Mr Stirn!" cried the Squire, reddening, "did you say 'Damn the stocks?'—damn my new handsome pair of stocks!"

"Lord forbid, sir; that's what *they* say: that's what they have digged on it with knives and daggers, and they have stuffed mud in its four holes, and broken the capital of the elevation."

The Squire took the napkin off his shoulder, laid down strop and razor; he seated himself in his arm-chair majestically, crossed his legs, and in a voice that affected tranquillity, said—

"Compose yourself, Stirn; you have a deposition to make, touching an assault upon—can I trust my senses?—upon my new stocks. Compose yourself—be calm. NOW! What the devil is come to the parish?"

"Ah, sir, what indeed?" replied Mr Stirn; and then, laying the forefinger of the right hand on the palm of the left, he narrated the case.

"And whom do you suspect? Be calm now, don't speak in a passion. You are a witness, sir—a dispassionate, unprejudiced witness. Zounds and fury! this is the most insolent, unprovoked, diabolical—but whom do you suspect, I say?"

Stirn twirled his hat, elevated his eyebrows, jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and whispered—"I hear as how the two Papishers slept at your honour's last night."

"What, dolt! do you suppose Dr Rickeybockey got out of his warm bed to bung up the holes in my new stocks?"

"Noa; he's too cunning to do it himself, but he may have been semminating. He's mighty thick with Parson Dale, and your honour knows as how the Parson set his face agin the stocks. Wait a bit, sir—don't fly at me yet. There be a boy in this here parish"—

"A boy!—ah, fool, now you are nearer the mark. The Parson write 'Damn the stocks,' indeed! What boy do you mean?"

"And that boy be cockered up much by Mister Dale; and the Papisher went and sat with him and his mother a whole hour t'other day; and that boy is as deep as a well; and I seed him lurking about the place, and hiding hisself under the tree the day the stocks was put up—and that ere boy is Lenny Fairfield."

"Whew," said the Squire, whistling, "you have not your usual senses about you to-day, man. Lenny Fairfield—pattern boy of the village. Hold your tongue. I dare say it is not done by any one in the parish, after all: some good-for-nothing vagrant—that cursed tinker, who goes about with a very vicious donkey—whom, by the way, I caught picking thistles out of the very eyes of the old stocks! Shows how the tinker brings up his donkeys! Well, keep a sharp look-out. To-day is Sunday; worst day of the week, I'm sorry and ashamed to say, for rows and deprecations. Between the services, and

after evening church, there are always idle fellows from all the neighbouring country about, as you know too well. Depend on it, the real culprits will be found gathering round the stocks, and will betray themselves: have your eyes, ears, and wits about you, and I've no doubt we shall come to the rights of the matter before the day's out. And if we do," added the Squire, "we'll make an example of the ruffian!"

"In course," said Stirn; "and if we don't find him, we must make an example all the same. That's where it is, sir. That's why the stocks ben't respected; they has not had an example yet—we wants an example."

"On my word, I believe that's very true; and the first idle fellow you catch in anything wrong we'll clap in, and keep him there for two hours at least."

"With the biggest pleasure, your honour—that's what it is."

And Mr Stirn, having now got what he considered a complete and unconditional authority over all the legs and wrists of Hazeldean parish, quond the stocks, took his departure.

CHAPTER X.

"Randal," said Mrs Leslie, on this memorable Sunday—"Randal, do you think of going to Mr Hazeldean's?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Randal. "Mr Egerton does not object to it; and as I do not return to Eton, I may have no other opportunity of seeing Frank for some time. I ought not to fail in respect to Mr Egerton's natural heir!"

"Gracious me!" cried Mrs Leslie, who, like many women of her cast and kind, had a sort of worldliness in her notions, which she never evinced in her conduct—"gracious me!—natural heir to the old Leslie property!"

"He is Mr Egerton's nephew, and," added Randal, ingenuously letting out his thoughts, "I am no relation to Mr Egerton at all."

"But," said poor Mrs Leslie, with tears in her eyes, "it would be a shame in the man, after paying your schooling and sending you to Oxford, and having you to stay with him in the

holidays, if he did not mean anything by it."

"Anything, mother—yes—but not the thing you suppose. No matter. It is enough that he has armed me for life, and I shall use the weapons as seems to me best."

Here the dialogue was suspended, by the entrance of the other members of the family, dressed for church.

"It can't be time for church! No! it can't!" exclaimed Mrs Leslie. She was never in time for anything.

"Last bell ringing," said Mr Leslie, who, though a slow man, was methodical and punctual. Mrs Leslie made a frantic rush at the door, the Montfytget blood being now in a blaze—whirled up the stairs—gained her room, tore her best bonnet from the peg, snatched her newest shawl from the drawers, crushed the bonnet on her head, flung the shawl on her shoulders, thrust a desperate pin into its folds, in order to conceal a buttonless yawn in the body of her gown, and then flew

back like a whirlwind. Meanwhile the family were already out of doors, in waiting; and just as the bell ceased, the procession moved from the shabby house to the dilapidated church.

The church was a large one, but the congregation was small, and so was the income of the Parson. It was a lay rectory, and the great tithes had belonged to the Leslies, but they had been long since sold. The vicarage, still in their gift, might be worth a little more than £100 a-year. The present incumbent had nothing else to live upon. He was a good man, and not originally a stupid one; but penury and the anxious cares for wife and family, combined with what may be called *solitary confinement* for the cultivated mind, when, amidst the two-legged creatures round, it sees no other cultivated mind with which it can exchange an extra-parochial thought—had lulled him into a lazy mournfulness, which at times was very like imbecility. His income allowed him to do no good to the parish, whether in work, trade, or charity; and thus he had no moral weight with the parishioners beyond the example of his sinless life, and such negative effect as might be produced by his slumberous exhortations. Therefore his parishioners troubled him very little; and but for the influence which, in hours of Montfydget activity, Mrs Leslie exercised over the most tractable—that is, the children and the aged—not half-a-dozen persons would have known or cared whether he shut up his church or not.

But our family were seated in state in their old seignorial pew, and Mr Dumdrum, with a nasal twang, went lugubriously through the prayers; and the old people who could sin no more, and the children who had not yet learned to sin, croaked forth responses that might have come from the choral frogs in Aristophanes. And there was a long sermon *apropos* to nothing which could possibly interest the congregation—being, in fact, some controversial homily, which Mr Dumdrum had composed and preached years before. And when this discourse was over, there was a loud universal grunt, as if of release and thanksgiving, and a great clatter of shoes—and the old hobbled, and the

young scrambled, to the church door.

Immediately after church, the Leslie family dined; and, as soon as dinner was over, Randal set out on his foot journey to Hazeldean Hall.

Delicate and even feeble though his frame, he had the energy and quickness of movement which belongs to nervous temperaments; and he tasked the slow stride of a peasant, whom he took to serve him as a guide for the first two or three miles. Though Randal had not the gracious open manner with the poor which Frank inherited from his father, he was still (despite many a secret hypocritical vice, at war with the character of a gentleman) gentleman enough to have no churlish pride to his inferiors. He talked little, but he suffered his guide to talk; and the boor, who was the same whom Frank had accosted, indulged in enōgistic comments on that young gentleman's pony, from which he diverged into some compliments on the young gentleman himself. Randal drew his hat over his brows. There is a wonderful tact and fine breeding in your agricultural peasant; and though Tom Stowell was but a brutish specimen of the class, he suddenly perceived that he was giving pain. He paused, scratched his head, and glancing affectionately towards his companion, exclaimed—

"But I shall live to see you on a handsomer beast than that little pony, Master Randal; and afore I ought, for you be as good a gentleman as any in the land."

"Thank you," said Randal. "But I like walking better than riding—I am more used to it."

"Well, and you walk bra'ly—there ben't a better walker in the county. And very pleasant it is walking; and 'tis a pretty country afore you, all the way to the Hall."

Randal strode on, as if impatient of these attempts to flatter or to soothe; and, coming at length into a broader lane, said—"I think I can find my way now. Many thanks to you, Tom;" and he forced a shilling into Tom's horny palm. The man took it reluctantly, and a tear started to his eye. He felt more grateful for that shilling than he had for Frank's liberal half-crown; and he thought of the poor

fallen family, and forgot his own dire wrestle with the wolf at his door.

He staid lingering in the lane till the figure of Randal was out of sight, and then returned slowly. Young Leslie continued to walk on at a quick pace. With all his intellectual culture, and his restless aspirations, his breast afforded him no thought so generous, no sentiment so poetic, as those with which the unlettered clown crept slouchingly homeward.

As Randal gained a point where several lanes met on a broad piece of waste land, he began to feel tired, and his step slackened. Just then a gig emerged from one of these by-roads, and took the same direction as the pedestrian. The road was rough and hilly, and the driver proceeded at a foot's-pace; so that the gig and the pedestrian went pretty well abreast.

"You seem tired, sir," said the driver, a stout young farmer of the higher class of tenants, and he looked down compassionately on the boy's pale countenance and weary stride. "Perhaps we are going the same way, and I can give you a lift?"

It was Randal's habitual policy to make use of every advantage proffered to him, and he accepted the proposal frankly enough to please the honest farmer.

"A nice day, sir," said the latter, as Randal sat by his side. "Have you come far?"

"From Rood Hall."

"Oh, you be young Squire Leslie," said the farmer, more respectfully, and lifting his hat.

"Yes, my name is Leslie. You know Rood, then?"

"I was brought up on your father's land, sir. You may have heard of Farmer Bruce?"

RANDAL.—"I remember, when I was a little boy, a Mr Bruce, who rented, I believe, the best part of our land, and who used to bring us cakes when he called to see my father. He is a relation of yours?"

FARMER BRUCE.—"He was my uncle. He is dead now, poor man."

RANDAL.—"Dead! I am grieved to hear it. He was very kind to us children. But it is long since he left my father's farm."

FARMER BRUCE, apologetically.—"I am sure he was very sorry to go.

But, you see, he had an unexpected legacy—"

RANDAL.—"And retired from business?"

FARMER BRUCE.—"No. But, having capital, he could afford to pay a good rent for a real good farm."

RANDAL, bitterly.—"All capital seems to fly from the lands of Rood. And whose farm did he take?"

FARMER BRUCE.—"He took Hawleigh, under Squire Hazeldean. I rent it now. We've laid out a power o' money on it. But I don't complain. It pays well."

RANDAL.—"Would the money have paid as well, sunk on my father's land?"

FARMER BRUCE.—"Perhaps it might, in the long run. But then, sir, we wanted new premises—barns and cattle-sheds, and a deal more—which the landlord should do; but it is not every landlord as can afford that. Squire Hazeldean's a rich man."

RANDAL.—"Ay!"

The road now became pretty good, and the farmer put his horse into a brisk trot.

"But which way be you going, sir? I don't care for a few miles more or less, if I can be of service."

"I am going to Hazeldean," said Randal, rousing himself from a reverie. "Don't let me take you out of your way."

"Oh, Hawleigh Farm is on the other side of the village, so it be quite my way, sir."

The farmer then, who was really a smart young fellow—one of that race which the application of capital to land has produced, and which, in point of education and refinement, are at least on a par with the squires of a former generation—began to talk about his handsome horse, about horses in general, about hunting and coursing; he handled all these subjects with spirit, yet with modesty. Randal pulled his hat still lower down over his brows, and did not interrupt him till past the Casino, when, struck by the classic air of the place, and catching a scent from the orange trees, the boy asked abruptly—"Whose house is that?"

"Oh, it belongs to Squire Hazeldean, but it is let or lent to a foreign

Mounseer. They say he is quite the gentleman, but uncommonly poor."

"Poor," said Randal, turning back to gaze on the trim garden, the neat terrace, the pretty belvedere, and (the door of the house being open) catching a glimpse of the painted hall within—"poor, the place seems well kept. What do you call poor, Mr Bruce?"

The farmer laughed. "Well, that's a home question, sir. But I believe the Mounseer is as poor as a man can be who makes no debts and does not actually starve."

"As poor as my father?" asked Randal openly and abruptly.

"Lord, sir! your father be a very rich man compared to him."

Randal continued to gaze, and his mind's eye conjured up the contrast of his slovenly shabby home, with all its neglected appurtenances! No trim garden at Rood Hall, no scent from odorous orange blossoms. Here poverty at least was elegant—there, how squalid! He did not comprehend at how cheap a rate the luxury of the Beautiful can be effected. They now approached the extremity of the Squire's park pales; and Randal, seeing a little gate, bade the farmer stop his gig, and descended. The boy plunged amidst the thick oak groves; the farmer went his way blithely, and his mellow merry whistle came to Randal's moody ear as he glided quick under the shadow of the trees.

He arrived at the Hall, to find that all the family were at church; and, according to the patriarchal custom, the church-going family embraced nearly all the servants. It was therefore an old invalid housemaid who opened the door to him. She was rather deaf, and seemed so stupid that Randal did not ask leave to enter and wait for Frank's return. He therefore said briefly that he would just stroll on the lawn, and call again when church was over.

The old woman stared, and strove to hear him; meanwhile Randal turned round abruptly, and sauntered towards the garden side of the handsome old house.

There was enough to attract any eye in the smooth greensward of the spacious lawn—in the numerous parterres of varying flowers—in the venerable grandeur of the two mighty

cedars, which threw their still shadows over the grass—and in the picturesque building, with its projecting mullions and heavy gables; yet I fear that it was with no poet's nor painter's eye that this young old man gazed on the scene before him.

He beheld the evidence of wealth—and the envy of wealth jaundiced his soul.

Folding his arms on his breast, he stood awhile, looking all around him with closed lips and lowering brow; then he walked slowly on, his eyes fixed on the ground, and muttered to himself—

"The heir to this property is little better than a dunce; and they tell me I have talents and learning, and I have taken to my heart the maxim, 'Knowledge is power.' And yet, with all my struggles, will knowledge ever place me on the same level as that on which this dunce is born? I don't wonder that the poor should hate the rich. But of all the poor, who should hate the rich like the pauper Gentleman? I suppose Audley Egerton means me to come into Parliament, and be a Tory like himself. What! keep things as they are! No; for me not even Democracy, unless there first come Revolution. I understand the cry of a Marat—'More blood!' Marat had lived as a poor man, and cultivated science—in the sight of a prince's palace."

He turned sharply round, and glared vindictively on the poor old hall, which, though a very comfortable habitation, was certainly no palace; and with his arms still folded on his breast, he walked backward, as if not to lose the view, nor the chain of ideas it conjured up.

"But," he continued to soliloquise—"but of revolution there is no chance. Yet the same wit and will that would thrive in revolutions should thrive in this common-place life. Knowledge is power. Well, then, shall I have no power to oust this blockhead? Oust him—what from? His father's halls? Well—but if he were dead, who would be the heir of Hazeldean? Have I not heard my mother say that I am as near in blood to this Squire as any one, if he had no children? Oh, but the boy's life is worth ten of mine! Oust him from

what? At least from the thoughts of his uncle Egerton—an uncle who has never even seen him! That, at least, is more feasible. 'Make my way in life,' says: thou, Audley Egerton. Ay—and to the fortune thou hast robbed from my ancestors. Simulation—simulation. Lord Bacon allows simulation. Lord Bacon practised it—and"—

Here the soliloquy came to a sudden end; for as, rapt in his thoughts, the boy had continued to walk backwards, he had come to the verge where the lawn slid off into the ditch of the ha-ha—and, just as he was fortifying himself by the precept and practice of my Lord Bacon, the ground went from under him, and slap into the ditch went Randal Leslie!

It so happened that the Squire, whose active genius was always at some repair or improvement, had been but a few days before widening and sloping off the ditch just in that part, so that the earth was fresh and damp, and not yet either turfed or flattened down. Thus when Randal, recovering his first surprise and shock, rose to his feet, he found his clothes covered with mud; while the rudeness of the fall was evinced by the fantastic and extraordinary appearance of his hat, which, hollowed here, bulging there, and crushed out of all recognition generally, was as little like the hat of a decorous harp-reading young gentleman—*protégé* of the dignified Mr Audley Egerton—as any hat picked out of

a kennel after some drunken brawl possibly could be.

Randal was dizzy, and stunned, and bruised, and it was some moments before he took heed of his raiment. When he did so, his spleen was greatly aggravated. He was still boy enough not to like the idea of presenting himself to the unknown Squire, and the dandy Frank, in such a trim: he resolved at once to regain the lane and return home, without accomplishing the object of his journey; and seeing the footpath right before him, which led to a gate that he conceived would admit him into the highway sooner than the path by which he had come, he took it at once.

It is surprising how little we human creatures heed the warnings of our good genius. I have no doubt that some benignant Power had precipitated Randal Lesley into the ditch, as a significant hint of the fate of all who choose what is, now-a-days, by no means an uncommon step in the march of intellect—viz., the walking backwards, in order to gratify a vindictive view of one's neighbour's property! I suspect that, before this century is out, many a fine fellow will thus have found his ha-ha, and scrambled out of the ditch with a much shabbier coat than he had on when he fell into it. But Randal did not thank his good genius for giving him a premonitory tumble;—and I never yet knew a man who did!

CHAPTER XI.

The Squire was greatly ruffled at breakfast that morning. He was too much of an Englishman to bear insult patiently, and he considered that he had been personally insulted in the outrage offered to his recent donation to the parish. His feelings, too, were hurt as well as his pride. There was something so ungrateful in the whole thing, just after he had taken so much pains, not only in the resuscitation, but the embellishment of the stocks. It was not, however, so rare an occurrence for the Squire to be ruffled, as to create any remark. Riccabocca, indeed, as a stranger, and Mrs Hazeldean, as a wife, had the quick

tact to perceive that the host was glum and the husband snappish; but the one was too discreet and the other too sensible, to chafe the new sore, whatever it might be; and shortly after breakfast the Squire retired into his study, and absented himself from morning service.

In his delightful *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, Mr Foster takes care to touch our hearts by introducing his hero's excuse for not entering the priesthood. He did not feel himself good enough. Thy Vicar of Wakefield, poor Goldsmith, was an excellent substitute for thee; and Dr Primrose, at least, will be good enough for the world until Miss

Jemima's fears are realised. Now, Squire Hazeldean had a tenderness of conscience much less reasonable than Goldsmith's. There were occasionally days in which he did not feel good enough—I don't say for a priest, but even for one of the congregation—"days in which, (said the Squire in his own blunt way,) as I have never in my life met a worse devil than a devil of a temper, I'll not carry mine into the family pew. He shan't be growling out hypocritical responses from my poor grandmother's prayer-book." So the Squire and his demon staid at home. But the demon was generally cast out before the day was over; and, on this occasion, when the bell rang for afternoon service, it may be presumed that the Squire had reasposed or fretted himself into a proper state of mind; for he was then seen saluting forth from the porch of his hall, arm-in-arm with his wife, and at the head of his household. The second service was (as is commonly the case, in rural districts) more numerously attended than the first one; and it was our Parson's wont to devote to this service his most effective discourse.

Parson Dale, though a very fair scholar, had neither the deep theology nor the archaeological learning that distinguish the rising generation of the clergy. I much doubt if he could have passed what would now be called a creditable examination in the Fathers; and as for all the nice formalities in the rubric, he would never have been the man to divide a congregation or puzzle a bishop. Neither was Parson Dale very erudite in ecclesiastical architecture. He did not much care whether all the details in the church were purely gothic or not: crockets and finials, round arch and pointed arch, were matters, I fear, on which he had never troubled his head. But one secret Parson Dale did possess, which is perhaps of equal importance with those subtler mysteries—he knew how to fill his church! Even at morning service no pews were empty, and at evening service the church overflowed.

Parson Dale, too, may be considered, now-a-days, to hold but a mean idea of the spiritual authority of the Church. He had never been known to dispute on its exact bearing with

the State—whether it was incorporated with the State, or above the State—whether it was antecedent to the Papacy, or formed from the Papacy, &c., &c. According to his favourite maxim, *Quæta non movere*, (not to disturb things that are quiet), I have no doubt that he would have thought that the less discussion is provoked upon such matters, the better for both church and laity. Nor had he ever been known to regret the disuse of the ancient custom of excommunication, nor any other diminution of the powers of the priesthood, whether minatory or militant; yet for all this, Parson Dale had a great notion of the sacred privilege of a minister of the gospel—to advise—to deter—to persuade—to reprove. And it was for the evening service that he prepared those sermons, which may be called, "sermons that preach at you." He preferred the evening for that salutary discipline, not only because the congregation was more numerous, but also because, being a shrewd man in his own innocent way, he knew that people bear better to be preached at after dinner than before; that you arrive more insinuatingly at the heart when the stomach is at peace. There was a genial kindness in Parson Dale's way of preaching at you. It was done in so imperceptible fatherly a manner, that you never felt offended. He did it, too, with so much art that nobody but your own guilty self knew that you were the sinner he was exhorting. Yet he did not spare rich nor poor: he preached at the Squire, and that great fat farmer, Mr Bullock the churchwarden, as boldly as at Hodge the ploughman, and Scrub the hedger. As for Mr Stirn, he had preached at him more often than at any one in the parish; but Stirn, though he had the sense to know it, never had the grace to reform. There was, too, in Parson Dale's sermons, something of that boldness of illustration which would have been scholarly if he had not made it familiar, and which is found in the discourses of our elder divines. Like them, he did not scruple, now and then, to introduce an anecdote from history, or borrow an allusion from some non-scriptural author, in order to enliven the attention of his audience, or render

an argument more plain. And the good man had an object in this, a little distinct from, though wholly subordinate to the main purpose of his discourse. He was a friend to knowledge—but to knowledge accompanied by religion; and sometimes his references to sources not within the ordinary reading of his congregation would spirit up some farmer's son, with an evening's leisure on his hands, to ask the Parson for farther explanation, and so be lured on to a little solid or graceful instruction under a safe guide.

Now on the present occasion, the Parson, who had always his eye and heart on his flock, and who had seen with great grief the realisation of his

fears at the revival of the stocks; seen that a spirit of discontent was already at work amongst the peasants, and that magisterial and inquisitorial designs were darkening the natural benevolence of the Squire; seen, in short, the signs of a breach between classes, and the precursors of the ever inflammable feud between the rich and the poor, meditated nothing less than a great Political Sermon—a sermon that should extract from the roots of social truths a healing virtue for the wound that lay sore, but latent, in the breast of his parish of Hazeldean:

And thus ran—

The Political Sermon of Parson Dale.

CHAPTER XII.

“For every man shall bear his own burden.”

Galatians, c. vi. v. 5.

“Brethren, every man has his burden. If God designed our lives to end at the grave, may we not believe that he would have freed an existence so brief from the cares and sorrows to which, since the beginning of the world, mankind has been subjected? Suppose that I am a kind father, and have a child whom I dearly love, but I know by a divine revelation that he will die at the age of eight years, surely I should not vex his infancy by needless preparations for the duties of life. If I am a rich man, I should not send him from the caresses of his mother to the stern discipline of school. If I am a poor man, I should not take him with me to hedge and dig, to scorch in the sun, to freeze in the winter's cold: why inflict hardships on his childhood, for the purpose of fitting him for manhood, when I know that he is doomed not to grow into man? But if, on the other hand, I believe my child is reserved for a more durable existence, then should I not, out of the very love I bear to him, prepare his childhood for the struggle of life, according to that station in which he is born, giving many a toil, many a pain to the infant, in order to rear and strengthen him for his duties as man? So is

it with our Father that is in Heaven. Viewing this life as our infancy, and the next as our spiritual maturity, where ‘in the ages to come, he may show the exceeding riches of his grace,’ it is in his tenderness, as in his wisdom, to permit the toil and the pain which, in tasking the powers and developing the virtues of the soul, prepare it for ‘the earnest of our inheritance, the redemption of the purchased possession.’ Hence it is that every man has his burden. Brethren, if you believe that God is good, yea, but as tender as a human father, you will know that your troubles in life are a proof that you are reared for an eternity. But each man thinks his own burden the hardest to bear: the poor man groans under his poverty, the rich man under the cares that multiply with wealth. For, so far from wealth freeing us from trouble, all the wise men who have written in all ages, have repeated with one voice the words of the wisest, ‘When goods increase, they are increased that eat them: and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?’ And this is literally true, my brethren; for, let a man be as rich as was the great King Solomon himself, unless he lock up all his gold

in a chest, it must go abroad to be divided amongst others; yea, though, like Solomon, he make him great works—though he build houses and plant vineyards, and make him gardens and orchards—still the gold that he spends feeds but the mouths he employs; and Solomon himself could not eat with a better relish than the poorest mason who builded the house, or the humblest labourer who planted the vineyard. Therefore, ‘when goods increase, they are increased that eat them.’ And this, my brethren, may teach us toleration and compassion for the rich. We share their riches whether they will or not; we do not share their cares. The profane history of our own country tells us that a princess, destined to be the greatest queen that ever sat on this throne, envied the milk-maid singing; and a profane poet, whose wisdom was only less than that of the inspired writers, represents the man who by force and wit had risen to be a king, sighing for the sleep vouchsafed to the meanest of his subjects—all bearing out the words of the son of David—‘The sleep of the labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.’

“Amongst my brethren now present, there is doubtless some one who has been poor, and by honest industry has made himself comparatively rich. Let his heart answer me while I speak: are not the chief cares that now disturb him to be found in the goods he hath acquired?—has he not both vexations to his spirit and trials to his virtue, which he knew not when he went forth to his labour, and took no heed of the morrow? But it is right, my brethren, that to every station there should be its care—to every man his burden; for if the poor did not sometimes so far feel poverty to be a burden as to desire to better their condition, and (to use the language of the world) ‘seek to rise in life,’ their most valuable energies would never be aroused; and we should not witness that spectacle, which is so common in the land we live in—namely, the successful struggle of manly labour against adverse fortune—a struggle

in which the triumph of one gives hope to thousands. It is said that necessity is the mother of invention; and the social blessings which are now as common to us as air and sunshine, have come from that law of our nature which makes us aspire towards indefinite improvement, enriches each successive generation by the labours of the last, and, in free countries, often lifts the child of the labourer to place amongst the rulers of the land. Nay, if necessity is the mother of invention, poverty is the creator of the arts. If there had been no poverty, and no sense of poverty, where would have been that which we call the wealth of a country? Subtract from civilisation all that has been produced by the poor, and what remains?—the state of the savage. Where you now see labourer and prince, you would see equality indeed—the equality of wild men. No; not even equality there! for there, brute force becomes lordship, and wee to the weak! Where you now see some in frieze, some in purple, you would see nakedness in all. Where stand the palace and the cot, you would behold but mud huts and caves. As far as the peasant exceeds the king among savages, so far does the society exalted and enriched by the struggles of labour excel the state in which Poverty feels no disparity, and Toil sighs for no ease. On the other hand, if the rich were perfectly contented with their wealth, their hearts would become hardened in the sensual enjoyments it procures. It is that feeling, by Divine Wisdom implanted in the soul, that there is vanity and vexation of spirit in the things of Mammon, which still leaves the rich man sensitive to the instincts of heaven, and teaches him to seek for happiness in those elevated virtues to which wealth invites him—namely, protection to the lowly and beneficence to the distressed.

“And this, my brethren, leads me to another view of the vast subject opened to us by the words of the apostle—‘Every man shall bear his own burden.’ The worldly conditions of life are unequal. Why are they unequal? O my brethren, do you not perceive? Think you that, if it had been better for our spiritual probation that there should be neither great nor lowly,

rich nor poor, Providence would not so have ordered the dispensations of the world, and so, by its mysterious but merciful agencies, have influenced the framework and foundations of society? But if, from the remotest period of human annals, and in all the numberless experiments of government which the wit of man has devised, still this inequality is ever found to exist, may we not suspect that there is something in the very principles of our nature to which that inequality is necessary and essential? Ask why this inequality! Why? as well ask why life is the sphere of duty and the nursery of virtues. For if all men were equal, if there were no suffering and no ease, no poverty and no wealth, would you not sweep with one blow the half at least of human virtues from the world? If there were no penury and no pain, what would become of fortitude?—what of patience?—what of resignation? If there were no greatness and no wealth, what would become of benevolence, of charity, of the blessed human pity, of temperance in the midst of luxury, of justice in the exercise of power? Carry the question farther; grant all conditions the same—no reverse, no rise and no fall—nothing to hope for, nothing to fear—what a moral death you would at once inflict upon all the energies of the soul, and what a link between the heart of man and the Providence of God would be snapped asunder! If we could annihilate evil, we should annihilate hope; and hope, my brethren, is the avenue to faith. If there be ‘a time to weep, and a time to laugh,’ it is that he who mourns may turn to eternity for comfort, and he who rejoices may bless God for the happy hour. Ah! my brethren, were it possible to annihilate the inequalities of human life, it would be the banishment of our worthiest virtues, the torpor of our spiritual nature, the palsy of our mental faculties. The moral world, like the world without us, derives its health and its beauty from diversity and contrast.

• “Every man shall bear his own burden.” True: but now turn to an earlier verse in the same chapter,—‘Bear ye one another’s burdens, and

so fulfil the law of Christ.’ Yes; while Heaven ordains to each his peculiar suffering, it connects the family of man into one household, by that feeling which, more perhaps than any other, distinguishes us from the brute creation—I mean the feeling to which we give the name of *sympathy*—the feeling for each other! The herd of deer shun the stag that is marked by the gunner; the flock heedeth not the sheep that creeps into the shade to die; but man has sorrow and joy not in himself alone, but in the joy and sorrow of those around him. He who feels only for himself abjures his very nature as man; for do we not say of one who has no tenderness for mankind that he is *inhuman*’ and do we not call him who sorrows with the sorrowful, *humane*’

“Now, brethren, that which especially marked the divine mission of our Lord, is the direct appeal to this sympathy which distinguishes us from the brute. He seizes, not upon some faculty of genius given but to few, but upon that ready impulse of heart which is given to us all; and in saying, ‘Love one another,’ ‘Bear ye one another’s burdens,’ he elevates the most delightful of our emotions into the most sacred of his laws. The lawyer asks our Lord, ‘Who is my neighbour?’ Our Lord replies by the parable of the good Samaritan. The priest and the Levite saw the wounded man that fell among the thieves, and passed by on the other side. That priest might have been austere in his doctrine, that Levite might have been learned in the law; but neither to the learning of the Levite, nor to the doctrine of the priest, does our Saviour even deign to allude. He cites but the action of the Samaritan, and saith to the lawyer, ‘Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that showed mercy unto him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.’

“O shallowness of human judgments! It was enough to be born a Samaritan in order to be rejected by the priest, and despised by the Levite. Yet now, what to us the priest and the Levite, of God’s chosen race

though they were? They passed from the hearts of men when they passed the sufferer by the wayside; while this loathed Samaritan, half thrust from the pale of the Hebrew, becomes of our family, of our kindred; a brother amongst the brotherhood of Love, so long as Mercy and Affliction shall meet in the common thoroughfare of Life!

“Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.” Think not, O my brethren, that this applies only to almsgiving—to that relief of distress which is commonly called charity—to the obvious duty of devoting, from our superfluities, something that we scarcely miss, to the wants of a starving brother. No. I appeal to the poorest amongst ye, if the worst burdens are those of the body—if the kind word and the tender thought have not often lightened your hearts more than bread bestowed with a grudge, and charity that humbles you by a frown. Sympathy is a beneficence at the command of us all.—yea, of the pauper as of the king; and sympathy is Christ’s wealth. Sympathy is brotherhood. The rich are told to have charity for the poor, and the poor are enjoined to respect their superiors. Good: I say not to the contrary. But I say also to the poor, *‘In your turn have charity for the rich;’* and I say to the rich, *‘In your turn respect the poor.’*

“Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.” Thou, O poor man, envy not nor grudge thy brother his larger portion of worldly goods. Believe that he hath his sorrows and crosses like thyself, and perhaps, as more delicately nurtured, he feels them more; nay, hath he not temptations so great that our Lord hath exclaimed—*‘How hardly they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven?’* And what are temptations but trials?—what are trials but perils and sorrows? Think not that you cannot bestow your charity on the rich man, even while you take your sustenance from his hands. A heathen writer, often cited by the earliest preachers of the gospel, hath truly said—*‘Wherever there is room for a man, there is place for a benefit.’*

“And I ask any rich brother amongst you, when he hath gone forth to survey his barns and his granaries, his gardens and orchards, if suddenly, in the vain pride of his heart, he sees the scowl on the brow of the labourer—if he deems himself hated in the midst of his wealth—if he feels that his least faults are treasured up against him with the hardness of malice, and his plainest benefits received with the ingratitude of envy—I ask, I say, any rich man, whether straightway all pleasure in his worldly possessions does not fade from his heart, and whether he does not feel what a wealth of gladness it is in the power of the poor man to bestow! For all these things of Mammon pass away; but there is in the smile of him whom we have served, a something that we may take with us into heaven. If, then, ye bear one another’s burdens, they who are poor will have mercy on the errors, and compassion for the griefs, of the rich. To all men it was said—yes, to the Lazarus as to the Dives—*‘Judge not that ye be not judged.’* But think not, O rich man, that we preach only to the poor. If it be their duty not to grudge thee thy substance, it is thine to do all that may sweeten their labour. Remember, that when our Lord said *‘How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven,’* he replied also to them who asked, *‘Who then shall be saved?’* ‘The things which are impossible with men are possible with God:’ that is, man left to his own temptations would fail; but strengthened by God, he shall be saved. If thy riches are the tests of thy trial, so may they also be the instruments of thy virtues. Prove by thy riches that thou art compassionate and tender, temperate and benign; and thy riches themselves may become the evidence at once of thy faith and of thy works.

“We have constantly on our lips the simple precept, *‘Do unto others as ye would be done by.’* Why do we fail so often in the practice? Because we neglect to cultivate that SYMPATHY which nature implants as an instinct, and the Saviour exalts as a command. If thou wouldst do

unto thy neighbour as thou wouldst be done by. ponder well how thy neighbour will regard the action thou art about to do to him. Put thyself into his place. If thou art strong, and he is weak, descend from thy strength, and enter into his weakness; lay aside thy burden for the while, and buckle on his own; let thy sight see as through his eyes—thy heart beat as in his bosom. Do this, and thou wilt often confess that what had seemed just to thy power will seem harsh to his weakness. For 'as a zealous man hath not done his duty, when he calls his brother drunkard and beast,'* even so an administrator of the law mistakes his object if he writes on the grand column of society, only warnings that irritate the bold, and terrify the timid: and a man will be no more in love with law than with virtue.

“If he be forced to it with rudeness and incivilities.”† If, then, ye would bear the burden of the lowly, O ye great—feel not only *for* them, but *with*! Watch that your pride does not chafe them—your power does not wantonly gail. Your worldly interior is of the class from which the apostles were chosen—amidst which the Lord of Creation descended from a throne above the seraphs.”

The Parson here paused a moment, and his eye glanced towards the pew near the pulpit, where sat the magnate of Hazeldean. The Squire was leaning his chin thoughtfully on his hand, his brow inclined downwards, and the natural glow of his complexion much heightened.

“But”—resumed the Parson softly, without turning to his book, and rather as if prompted by the suggestion of the moment—“But he who has cultivated sympathy commits not these errors, or, if committing them, hastens to retract. So natural is sympathy to the good man, that he obeys it mechanically when he suffers his heart to be the monitor of his conscience. In this sympathy behold the bond between rich and poor! By this sympathy, whatever our varying worldly lots, they become what they were meant to be—exercises for the virtues more peculiar to each: and thus, it in the body each man bear his own burden, yet in the fellowship of the soul all have common relief in bearing the burdens of each other.

“This is the law of Christ—fulfil it, O my flock!”

Here the Parson closed his sermon, and the congregation bowed their heads.

* JEREMY TAYLOR—*Of Christian Penance*. Part II.

† Ib.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ELOQUENCE.

ELOQUENCE, in its highest flights, is beyond all question the greatest exertion of the human mind. It requires for its conception a combination of the most exalted faculties; for its execution, a union of the most extraordinary powers. Unite in thought the most varied and dissimilar faculties of the soul—strength of understanding with brilliancy of imagination: fire of conception with solidity of judgment; a retentive memory with an enthusiastic fancy; the warmth of poetry with the coldness of prose; an eye for the beauties of nature with a command of the realities of life; a mind stored with facts and a heart teeming with impressions—and you will form the elements from which the most powerful style of oratory is to be created. But this is not all. Physical powers, if not essential, are at least a great addition to the mental qualities required for its success. The orator must have at once the lengthened thought which is requisite for a prolonged argument, and the ready wit which can turn to the best advantage any incident which may occur in the course of its delivery. More than all is required the fixity of purpose, the energy, and the commanding turn, which, as it is the most valuable and important faculty of the mind, so it is the one most rarely to be met with in any walk of life, and least of all in combination with the brilliant and imaginative qualities, which are the very soul of every art which is to subdue or captivate mankind.

It is not surprising that the art of the orator should require, for its highest flights, so rare a combination of qualities, for of all the efforts of the human mind it is the most astonishing in its nature, and the most transcendent in its immediate triumphs. The wisdom of the philosopher, the eloquence of the historian, the sagacity of the statesman, the capacity of the general, may produce more lasting effects upon human affairs; but they are incomparably less rapid in their influence, and less intoxicating from the ascendancy they confer. In the solitude of his library the sage medi-

tates on the truths which are to influence the thoughts and direct the conduct of men in future times; amidst the strife of faction the legislator discerns the measures calculated, after a long course of years, to alleviate existing evils or produce happiness yet unborn; during long and wearisome campaigns the commander throws his shield over the fortunes of his country, and prepares in silence and amidst obloquy the means of maintaining its independence. But the triumphs of the orator are immediate; his influence is instantly felt: his, and his alone, it is

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read his history in a nation's eyes."

To stand up before a vast assembly composed of men of various passions, habits, and prepossessions; to conciliate their feelings by the art, and carry away their judgment by the eloquence, of the orator; to see every gaze at length turned on his countenance, and every ear intent on the words which drop from his lips; to see indifference turn into excitement, and aversion melt away amidst enthusiasm; to hear thunders of applause at the close of every sentence, and behold the fire of enthusiasm kindled in every eye, as each successive idea is brought forth; and to think that all this is the creation of the moment, and has sprung extempore from the ardour of his conceptions, and the inspiration they have derived from what passes around him, is perhaps the greatest triumph of the human mind, and that in which its divine origin and immortal destiny is most clearly revealed.

It is the magnitude of the combination requisite for its greatest efforts which renders eloquence of the loftiest kind so extremely rare among mankind. It is less frequent than the highest flights in epic or dramatic poetry. Greece produced three great tragedians, but only one Demosthenes; Cicero stands alone to sustain by his single strength the fame of Roman oratory. Antiquity could not boast

of more than five or six persons who, by the common consent of their contemporaries, had attained the highest rank in forensic eloquence; it is doubtful if modern times could count as many: as many, we mean, who have attained the very highest place in this noble and difficult art; for, doubtless, in the second class, great numbers of names are to be found; and in the third their name is legion. It is not meant to be asserted that great temporary fame and influence by eloquence may not be, and often has been, acquired by persons who are deficient in many of the qualities above enumerated, as required to form a perfect orator. Without doubt, brilliancy of genius will often, for passing effect, compensate the want of solidity of judgment; and fire of imagination make us for the moment forget a squeaking voice, a diminutive stature, an ungainly countenance. No one, at times, commanded the attention of the House of Commons more entirely than the late Mr Wilberforce, and yet his stature was small, and his voice weak and painfully shrill. But great earnestness of will and brilliancy of fancy are required to compensate such defects; and we are persuaded that none will more readily admit the justice of these observations than those who have laboured under, and, by their powers, in a certain degree surmounted them.

As little is it intended to assert that vast influence may not be acquired, and unbounded celebrity for the time obtained, not merely without the co-operation of such varied and extensive qualities, but by the aid, in many cases, of the very reverse. As temporary influence, not lasting fame, is the immediate and chief end of oratory, its style must be adapted to the prevailing cast of mind, and ruling interests or passions, of the persons to whom it is addressed; and as it will share in elevation of sentiment, if that is their characteristic, so it will be deformed by vulgarity or selfishness

when they are vulgar and selfish. It is a common saying, that a speaker must descend to the level of his audience, if he means to command their suffrages or enlist their passions; and we have only to look around us to see how often, in assemblies of an inferior, interested, or impassioned character, the highest celebrity and most unbounded success are attained by persons who not only have exhibited few of the qualities of a refined orator, but who had studiously concealed those which they did possess, and secretly despised in their hearts the arts to which their triumphs had been owing.* But this is no more than is the case with all the arts which aim at influencing or charming mankind. The theatre, the romance, poetry itself, share at times in the same degradation. It would be as unjust to stigmatise oratory as the art of sophists or declaimers, intended to seduce or deceive those who cannot see through its artifices, as it would be to reproach the stage with the vulgarity of the buffoon, or novels with the licentiousness of Aretin, or poetry with the seductions of Ovid. We must not think lightly of an art which has been ennobled by the efforts of Cicero and Burke in the most refined assemblies, because it has also led to the triumphs of O'Connell and Wilkes in the most ignorant.

To the highest triumphs of the art of oratory, that first of blessings, CIVIL LIBERTY, is indispensable. More truly of it than of the liberty of the press, it may be said, "It is our vital air: withdraw it, and we perish." Regulated freedom is essential to its success. It is hard to say whether it perishes most rapidly amidst the studied servility of courtly rhetoric, or the coarse adulations of democratic flattery; whether the atmosphere of Constantinople or that of New York is most fatal to its existence. Genius, and that of the very highest kind, may exist in despotie communities; but it is degraded by selfishness and misdirected by ser-

* This was well known in ancient times. "Corruptas," says Quintilian, "aliquando et vitiosas orationes, quas tamen plerique judiciorum pravitate mirantur, quam multa impropria, obscura, tumida, humilia, sordida, lasciva, effeminata sunt; quæ non laudantur modo a plerisque, sed quod pejus est, propter hoc ipsum, quod sunt prava laudantur."—*Inst. Orat.* ii. 5.

vility. Where there is only one ruling power in the state—be it monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic—this corruption is equally certain, and equally unavoidable. The sonorous periods in which Fontanes celebrated the triumphs of the empire, the impassioned strains in which Robespierre eulogised the incorruptible virtue of the people, the coarse flattery with which O'Connell captivated his ignorant and excitable audiences, equally marked the approach of the period in which oratory, if such a *regime* continued, must die a natural death. Under such influences it necessarily perished from its own exaggeration: it ceased to be impressive, it became ridiculous. As in all the other arts which are intended to please and instruct mankind, *TURN*, and a regard to the limits of nature, are essential to its success. Exaggeration and hyperbole not only degrade the character of eloquence, but destroy its influence, because they induce a style of expression with which subsequent times, emancipated from passing influences, cannot sympathise—look upon as contemptible. Then, and then only, will oratory attain its highest perfection, during that period “slow to come, soon to perish,” as Tacitus said of balanced freedom, during which no one interest in the state is irresistible; and *truth*, in resisting the vices and the encroachments of others, can find a fulcrum from whence to direct its efforts. Withdraw the fulcrum—remove the support—and truth, and with it genius, will sink to rise no more.

It is surprising, however, how solicitous the human soul is for liberty of expression; how eagerly, if one channel is closed, it seeks out and often finds another. When the power of Government, or the tyranny of the majority, has shut out the natural expression of unfettered opinion in the discussion of the social and political interests of man, it takes refuge in the regions of imagination. Romance becomes the vehicle of independent thought: the stage the arena of unrestrained debate. So delightful is free expression to the human mind, that it proves agreeable even to those whose ascendancy may seem to be endangered by its prevalence. It may

appear strange, but it is undoubtedly true, that the germ of the doctrines of human perfectibility, the general vices of those in authority, and the expedience of universal freedom alike in trade and employment, emanated from the precincts of the most despotic authority in Europe, and at the period of its highest exaltation. It was in the palace of Versailles, in the court of the Grande Monarque, and when discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin, that Fenelon wrote, for the instruction of his royal pupil, *Trémaque*—perhaps the most thoroughly democratic work, in its principles, that ever emanated from the pen of genius. It was in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour, and when surrounded by the corruptions of Louis XV., that Quesnay first announced the doctrines of throwing all taxes on the land, and of universal freedom of trade and occupation, which have subsequently had so powerful an influence in producing the Revolution of France, and altering the political system and social conditions of Great Britain.

The extraordinary perfection to which tragedy has been brought in many modern countries where the institutions are of a despotic character, is mainly to be ascribed to this cause. The stage became the outlet of independent thought; it was there alone that unfettered expression could be safely attempted. Put into the mouths of historical or imaginary characters, portraying remote events, for the most part drawn from the classical ages of Greece or Rome, such unrestrained ideas attracted no disquietude in the depositaries of authority. They were regarded as an attribute of a primeval world, which had as little relation to the present, and as little bearing on its fortunes, as the skeletons of the Mammoth, or the backbones of the Ichthyosauri, on its material interests. A direct argument in favour of republican institutions would have secured for its author a place in the Bastille, or in the dungeons of the Inquisition; an incitement to the people to take up arms, to dethrone the reigning monarch, would have led to the scaffold; but the most eloquent and impassioned declamations in support of both the one and the other, when couched in verse, put into the

mouth of Virginius or Brutus, and repeated on the stage by a popular actor, excited no sort of apprehension. On the contrary, it was only the more admired from its very novelty. Such ideas fell on the mind, amidst the seductions and restrictions of a despotic court, with somewhat of the charm with which the voice of nature, and the picture of her beauties, was in the last days of the French monarchy listened to from the gifted pen of Rousseau, or the vehement and imaginary passions of the Greek Corsairs, as delineated by Byron, were regarded by the worn-out victims of London dissipation.

If we would see in modern literature the most exact counterpart which Europe has been able to present to the oratorical perfection of antiquity, we must look for it, not in the debates of its National Assemblies, or even the effusions of its pulpit eloquence, but in the speeches of its great tragic poets. The best declamations in Corneille, Alfieri, and Schiller, are often nothing but ancient eloquence put into verse. The brevity and force of Shakspeare belong to the same school. These men exhibit the same condensation of ideas, terseness of expression, depth of thought, acquaintance with the secrets of the heart, which have rendered the historians and orators of antiquity immortal. Like them in their highest flights, they present intellect and genius disdaining the attractions of style, the flowers of rhetoric, the amplifications of imagination, and resting solely on condensed reason, cogent argument, and impassioned pathos. They are the bones and muscles of thought, without its ornament or covering. It is this circumstance which rendered their drama so popular, and has given its great masters their colossal reputation; and in their lasting fame may be found the most decisive proof of the undying influence of the highest species of eloquence on cultivated minds. Men and women

went to the theatre not to be instructed in the story—it was known to all; not to be dazzled by stage effect—there was none of it: but to hear oratory of the highest, pathos of the most moving, magnanimity of the most exalted kind, repeated with superb effect by the first performers. The utmost vehemence of action, with all the aids of intonation, action, and delivery, was employed to heighten the effect of condensed eloquence, conveying free and lofty sentiments which could nowhere else be heard. This was the secret of the wonderful influence of the stage on the polished society of Paris, during the latter days of the monarchy. The audience in the *parterre* might be seen repeating every celebrated speech with the actor.

To illustrate these observations, we shall subjoin a few passages—two from Corneille, one from Shakspeare, one from Alfieri, and two from Schiller, in prose—partly to show how nearly they approach to the style of ancient oratory, and partly from a sense of the hopelessness of any translation conveying more than a prosaic idea of the terseness and vigour of the originals,—

* When the people are the master, tumults become national events. Never is the voice of reason consulted. Honours are sold to the most ambitious, authority yielded to the most seditious. These little sovereigns, made for a year, seeing the term of their power so near expiring, cause the most audacious designs to mature, from the dread that others who follow may obtain the credit of them. As they have little share in the property which they command, they reap without hesitation in the harvest of the public, being well assured that every one will gladly pardon what they themselves hope to do on a future occasion. The worst of states is the popular state.”*

Corneille's celebrated picture of Attila, which he puts into the mouth of Octar, but which was really intended for Louis XIV., exhibits

* *Cinna*, Act ii. s. 1.

“Quelle prodigieuse supériorité,” says Voltaire in his *Commentaries* on this passage, “de la belle Poésie sur la prose ! Tous les écrivains politiques ont délayé ces pensées, aucun n’a approché de la force, de la profondeur, de la netteté, de la précision de ce discours de Cinna. Tous les corps d’état auraient dû assister à cette pièce, pour apprendre à penser et à parler.”—VOLTAIRE, *Commentaires sur Corneille*, iii. 308.

another example of the condensed style of oratory, perhaps still more applicable to a greater man than the Grande Monarque,—

"I have seen him, alike in peace and war, bear everywhere the air of the conqueror of the earth. Often have I beheld the fiercest nations disarm his wrath by their submission. I have seen all the pleasure of his heroic mind savouring of the grand and the magnificent, while his ceaseless foresight in the midst of peace had prepared the triumphs of war; his noble anxiety, which, amidst his very recreations prepared the success of future designs. Too happy the people against whom he does not turn his invincible arms! I have seen him, covered with smoke and dust, give the noblest example to his army—spread terror everywhere by his own danger—overturn walls by a single glance, and heap his own conquests on the broken pride of the haughtiest monarchs."

Napoleon said, if he had lived in his time, he would have made Corneille his first councillor of state. He was right: for his thoughts were more allied to the magnanimity of the hero than the pathos of the tragedian; and his language savoured more of the sonorous periods of the orator than the fire of the poet.

Beside these specimens of French tragic eloquence, we gladly place the well-known speech of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*, which proves that Shakspeare was endowed with the very soul of ancient oratory:—

"Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather that Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice in it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was

ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is there so base that would be a bondsman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory is not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced for which he suffered death."†

This is in the highest style of ancient oratory. Whoever has had the good fortune to hear this noble speech repeated by the lips, and with the impressive manner of Kemble, will have no difficulty in conceiving how it was that eloquence in Greece and Rome acquired so mighty an ascendancy. Shakspeare has shown, however, in the speech of Antony, which follows, that he is not less master of that important part of oratory which consists in moving the feelings, and conciliating by pathos an adverse audience. Antiquity never conceived anything more skilful, or evincing a more thorough knowledge of the human heart, than thus turning aside the lofty patriotic and republican ideas awakened by Brutus' speech, first by the exhibition of Cæsar's garments, rent by the daggers of his murderers, and yet wet with his blood, and then unveiling the mangled corpse itself!

The eloquence of Alfieri and Schiller, perhaps, of all modern writers, is that which approaches most closely to the brief and condensed style of ancient oratory. The speech of Iulius, in the noble drama of *Virginia*, by the first of these writers, affords a fair specimen of its power:—

"Listen to my words, O people of Rome! I who heretofore have never been deceitful, who have never either betrayed or sold my honour; who boast an ignoble origin, but a noble heart! hear me. This innocent free maid is daughter of Virginius. At such a name, I see your eyes flash with resplendent fire. Virginius is fighting for you in the field: think on the

* CORNEILLE, *Antila*, Act ii. s. 5.

† *Julius Cæsar*, Act iii. s. 2.

depravity of the times ; meanwhile, exposed to shame, the victim of outrage, his daughter remains in Rome. And who outrages her ? Come forward, O Marcus ! show yourself. Why tremble you ? He is well known to you : the last slave of the tyrant Appius and his first minister — of Appius, the mortal enemy of every virtue — of Appius, the haughty, stern, ferocious oppressor, who has ravished from you your freedom, and, to embitter the robbery, has left you your lives. Virginia is my promised bride : I love her. Who I am, I need not say : some one may perhaps remind you. I was your tribune, your defender ; but in vain. You trusted rather the deceitful words of another than my free speech. We now suffer, in common slavery, the pain of your delusion. Why do I say more ! The heart, the arm, the boldness of Icilius is known to you not less than the name. From you I demand my free bride. This man does not ask her : he styles her slave — he drags her, he forces her. Icilius or Marcus is a liar : say, Romans, which it is."

That Schiller was a great dramatic and lyric poet, need be told to none who have the slightest acquaintance with European literature ; but his great oratorical powers are not so generally appreciated, for they have been lost in the blaze of his poetic genius. They were, however, of the very highest order, as will at once appear from the following translation (imperfect as it, of course, is) in prose, which we have attempted of the celebrated speeches of Shrewsbury and Burleigh, who discussed before Queen Elizabeth the great question of Queen Mary's execution, in his noble tragedy of *Maria Stuart* :—

SHREWSBURY.

"God, whose wondrous hand has four times protected you, and who to-day gave the feeble arm of gray hairs strength to turn aside the stroke of a madman, should inspire confidence. I will not now speak in the name of justice ; this is not the time. In such a tumult you cannot hear her still small voice. Consider this only : you are fearful now of the living Mary ; but I say it is not the living you have to fear. *Tremble at the dead—the beheaded.* She will rise from the grave a fiend of dissension. She will awaken the spirit of revenge in your kingdom, and wean the hearts of your subjects from you. At present she is an object of dread to the British ; but when

she is no more, they will revenge her. No longer will she then be regarded as the enemy of their faith ; her mournful fate will cause her to appear only as the granddaughter of their king, the victim of man's hatred and woman's jealousy. Soon will you see the change appear ! Drive through London after the bloody deed has been done ; show yourself to the people, who now surround you with joyful acclamations : then will you see another England, another people ! No longer will you then walk forth encircled by the radiance of heavenly justice which now binds every heart to you. Dread the frightful name of tyrant which will precede you through shuddering hearts, and resound through every street where you pass. You have done the last irrevocable deed. What head stands fast when this sacred one has fallen !"

BURLEIGH.

"Thou sayest, my Queen, thou lovest thy people more than thyself—show it now ! Choose not peace for yourself, and leave discord to your people. Think on the Church ! Shall the ancient faith be restored with this Stuart ? Shall the monk of new lord it here—the legate of Rome return to shut up our churches, dethrone our queen ? I demand the souls of all your subjects from you. As you now decide, you are saved or lost. This is no time for woman's pity : the salvation of your people is your highest duty. Has Shrewsbury saved your life to-day ? I will deliver England, and that is more."

—*Maria Stuart*, Act iv. s. 7.

Demosthenes could have written nothing more powerful—Cicero imagined nothing more persuasive.

We shall now, to justify our assertion that it is in the dramatic poets of modern Europe that a parallel can alone be found to the condensed power of ancient eloquence, proceed to give a few quotations from the most celebrated speeches of antiquity. We have selected, in general, those from the historians, as they are shorter than the orations delivered in the forum, and can be given entire. A fragment from a speech of Demosthenes or Cicero gives no sort of idea of the original, because what goes before is withheld. To scholars we need not plead indulgence for the inadequacy of our translations : they will not expect what they know to be impossible.

* *Virginia*, Act i. s. 3.

Tacitus, in his *Life of Agricola*, puts into the mouth of Galgacus the following oration, when he was animating the Caledonians to their last battle with the Romans under Agricola.

"As often as I reflect on the origin of the war, and our necessities, I feel a strong conviction that this day, and your will, are about to lay the foundations of British liberty. For we have all known what slavery is, and no place of retreat lies behind us. The sea even is insecure when the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus arms and war, ever coveted by the brave, are now the only refuge of the cowardly. In former actions, in which the Britons fought with various success against the Romans, our valour was a resource to look to, for we, the noblest of all the nations, and on that account placed in its innermost recesses, unled to the spectacle of servitude, had our eyes even inviolate from its hateful sight. We, the last of the earth, and of freedom, unknown to fame, have been hitherto defended by our remoteness; now, the extreme limits of Britain appear, and the unknown is ever regarded as the magnificent. No refuge is behind us; naught but the rocks and the waves, and the deadlier Romans: men whose pride you have in vain sought to deprecate by moderation and subservience. The robbers of the globe, when the land fails they scour the sea. Is the enemy rich, they are avaricious; is he poor, they are ambitious: the East and the West are unable to satiate their desires. Wealth and poverty are alike coveted by their rapacity. To carry off, massacre, seize on false pretences, they call empire; and when they make a desert, they call it peace.

"Nature has made children and relations dearest to all: they are carried off by levies to serve elsewhere: our wives and sisters, if they escape the lust of our enemies, are seduced by these *friends and guests*. Our goods and fortunes they seize on as tribute, our corn as supplies; our very bodies and hands they wear out amidst strifes and contumely, in fortifying stations in the woods and marshes. Serfs born in servitude are once bought, and ever after fed by their masters: Britain alone daily buys its slavery, daily feeds it. As in families the last slave purchased is often a laughing-stock to the rest, so we, the last whom they have reduced to slavery, are the first to be agonised by their contumely, and reserved for destruction. We have neither fields, nor minerals, nor harbours, in working which we can be employed: the valour

and fierceness of the vanquished are obnoxious to the victors: our very distance and obscurity, as they render us the safer, make us the more suspected. Laying aside, therefore, all hope of pardon, assume the courage of men to whom salvation and glory are alike dear. The Trinobantes, under a female leader, had courage to burn a colony and storm castles, and, had not their success rendered them negligent, they would have cast off the yoke. We, untouched and unconquered, nursed in freedom, shall we not show, on the first onset, what men Caledonia has nursed in her bosom?

"Do not believe the Romans have the same prowess in war as lust in peace. They have grown great on our divisions: they know how to turn the vices of men to the glory of their own army. As it has been drawn together by success, so disaster will dissolve it, unless you suppose that the Gauls and the Germans, and, I am ashamed to say, many of the Britons, who now lend their blood to a foreign usurpation, and in their hearts are rather enemies than slaves, can be retained by faith and affection. Fear and terror are but slender bonds of attachment; when you remove them, as fear ceases terror begins. All the incitements of victory are on our side: no wives inflame the Romans; no parents are there, to call shame on their flight; they have no country, or it is elsewhere. Few in number, fearful from ignorance, gazing on unknown woods and seas, the gods have delivered them shut in and bound into your hands. Let not their vain aspect, the glitter of silver and gold, which neither covers nor wounds, alarm you. In the very line of the enemy we shall find our friends: the Britons will recognise their own cause; the Gauls will recollect their former freedom; the other Germans will desert them, as lately the Usipi have done. No objects of terror are behind them; naught but empty castles, age-ridden colonies; dissension between cruel masters and unwilling slaves, sick and discordant cities. Here is a leader, an army; there are tributes, and payments, and the badges of servitude, which to bear for ever, or instantly to avenge, lies in your arms. Go forth then into the field, and think of your ancestors and your descendants." *

It is scarcely necessary to say that this speech was written by Tacitus: most certainly nothing half so perfect was ever conceived by Caledonian chief or Caledonian orator, from that

day to this. But as the great speeches in antiquity were all written, this gives a specimen, doubtless of the most favourable kind, of the style of oratory which prevailed amongst them. No modern historian has either ventured or been able to put anything so nervous and forcible into the mouth of any orator, how great soever. If he did, it would at once be known that it had not been spoken, but was the fruit of the composition of the closet.

Catiline, who, like many other revolutionists, possessed abilities commensurate to his wickedness, thus addressed the conspirators who were associated to overturn the sway of the Roman patricians :—

“ Had not your valour and fidelity been well known to me, fruitless would have been the smiles of Fortune : the prospect of as mighty domination would in vain have opened upon us ; nor would I have mistaken illusive hopes for realities, uncertain things for certain. But since, on many and great occasions, I have known you to be brave and faithful, I have ventured to engage in the greatest and noblest undertaking ; for I well know that good and evil are common to you and me. That friendship at length is secure which is founded on wishing and dreading the same things. You all know what designs I have long revolved in my mind ; but my confidence in them daily increases, when I reflect what our fate is likely to be, if we do not vindicate our freedom by our own hands. For, since the republic has fallen under the power and dominion of a few, kings yield their tributes, governorships their profits to them : all the rest, whether strenuous, good, noble or ignoble, are the mere vulgar : without influence, without authority, we are obnoxious to those to whom, if the commonwealth existed, we should be a terror. All honour, favour, power, wealth, is centred in them, or those whom they favour : to us are left dangers, repulses, lawsuits, poverty. How long will you endure them, O ye bravest of men ? Is it not better to die bravely, than drag out a miserable and dishonoured life, the sport of pride, the victims of disgrace ? But by the faith of gods and men, victory is in our own hands : our strength is unimpaired ; our minds energetic : theirs is enfeebled by age, extinguished by riches. All that is required is to begin boldly ; the rest follows of course. Where is the

man of a manly spirit, who can tolerate that they should overflow with riches, which they squander in ransacking the sea, in levelling mountains, while to us the common necessities of life are wanting ? They have two or more superb palaces each ; we not wherein to lay our heads. When they buy pictures, statues, basso-relievs, they destroy the old to make way for the new : in every possible way they squander away their money ; but all their desires are unable to exhaust their riches. At home, we have only poverty ; abroad, debts : present adversity ; worse prospects. What, in fine, is left us, but our woe-stricken souls ? What, then, shall we do ? That, that which you have ever most desired. Liberty is before your eyes ; and it will soon bring, riches, renown, glory : Fortune holds out these rewards to the victors. The time, the place, our dangers, our wants, the splendid spoils of war, exhort you more than my words. Make use of me either as a commander or a private soldier. Neither in soul or body will I be absent from your side. These deeds I hope I shall perform as Consul with you, unless my hope deceive me, and you are prepared rather to play as slaves, than to command as rulers.”

The topics here handled are the same which in every age have been the staple of the conspirator and the revolutionist ; but it may be doubted whether they ever were put together with such force and address. The same desperate chief, on the eve of their last conflict with the consular legions :—

“ I well know, fellow-soldiers, that words add nothing to the valour of the brave ; and that an army will not be made from slothful, strenuous—from timid, courageous, by any speech from its commander. Whatever boldness nature or training has implanted in any one, that appears in war. It is vain to exhort those whom neither dangers nor glory excite. Terror shuts their ears. But I have called you together to mention a few things, and to make you sharers of my counsels. You know, soldiers, what a calamity has been brought upon us by the cowardice of Lentulus ; and how, when I awaited succours from the city, I was unable to set out for Gaul. Now, however, I will candidly tell you how our affairs stand. Two armies, one issuing from Rome, one from Gaul, beset us : want of provisions obliges us quickly to change our quarters, even if we in-

clined to remain where we are. Whenever we determine to go, we must open a way with our swords. Therefore it is that I admonish you that you have now need of stern and determined minds: and when you engage in battle, recollect that riches, honour, glory, in addition to liberty, are to be won by your own right hands. If we conquer, everything awaits us: provisions will be abundant, colonies ready, cities open. If we yield from fear, circumstances are equally adverse: neither solitude nor friend shields him whom his arms cannot protect. Besides, soldiers, the same necessity does not impel them as us. We fight for our country, our liberty, our lives; they for the domination of a few. On that account, mindful of your pristine valour, advance to the attack. You might have, with disgrace, lingered out a miserable life in exile: a few, heretofore of their possessions, might have remained, led by charity, at Rome: but as such a fate seemed intolerable to freemen, you have attended me here. If you would slann these evils, now is the moment to do so. None ever exchanged war for peace, save by victory. To hope for safety in flight, and, at the same time, rescue from the enemy the arms by which the body is covered, is the height of madness. Ever in battle they run the greatest danger who are most timid: boldness is the only real rampart. When I reflect on you and your deeds, O soldiers, I have great hopes of victory. Your spirit, your age, your bravery, encourage me: besides necessity, which makes heroes even of cowards. The straits of the ground secure you from being outflanked by the enemy. Should Fortune fail to second your valour, beware lest you perish unavenged. Rather fall, fighting like men, and leave a mournful and bloody triumph to your enemies, than be butchered like sheep when captured by their arms."

With what exquisite judgment and taste is the stern and mournful style of this speech suited to the circumstances, all but desperate, in which Catiline's army was then placed!

No one supposes that these were the identical words delivered by Catiline on this occasion. Unquestionably, Sallust shines through in every line. But they were probably his ideas; and, unquestionably, they were in the true style of ancient oratory. And that what was spoken fully equalled what has come down to us written, is proved by innumerable passages in speeches which undoubtedly were

spoken; among which, we select the graphic picture of Antony in his revels—spoken by Collins, and preserved by Quintilian:—

"They found him (Antony) oppressed with a half-drunken sleep, snoring aloud, lying across the most beautiful concubines, while others were reposing around. The latter, when they perceived the approach of an enemy, strove to awaken Antony, but in vain. They called on him by name, they raised him by the neck: one whispered softly in his ear, one struck him sharply; but to no purpose. When he was so far roused as to recognise the voice or touch of the nearest, he put his arms round her neck, unable alike to sleep and to rise up; but, half in a stupor, he was tossed about between the hands of the centurions and the harlots."†

What a picture of the triumvir and rival of Brutus, as well as of the corrupted manners of Rome!

Demosthenes, in his celebrated speech against Eschines, burst into the following strain of indignant invective:—

"You taught writing, I learned it: you were an instructor, I was the instructed: you danced at the games, I presided over them: you wrote as a clerk, I pleaded as an advocate: you were an actor in the theatres, I a spectator: you broke down, I hissed: you ever took counsel for our enemies, I for our country. In fine, now on this day the point at issue is—Am I, yet unstained in character, worthy of a crown? while to you is reserved the lot of a calumniator, and you are in danger of being silenced by not having obtained the fifth part of the votes.

"I have not fortified the city with stone, nor adorned it with tiles, neither do I take any credit for such things. But if you would behold my works aright, you will find arms, and cities, and stations, and harbours, and ships, and horses, and those who are to make use of them in our defence. This is the rampart I have raised for Attica, as much as human wisdom could effect: with these I fortified the whole country, not the Piræus only and the city. I never sank before the arms or cunning of Philip. No! it was by the supineness of your own generals and allies that he triumphed."‡

We add only an extract from the noble speech of Pericles, on those who had died in the service of their coun-

* SALLUST, *Bell. Cat.* † QUINTILIAN, lib. iv. 2. ‡ De Coronâ, *Orat. Græc.* i. 315, 325.

try, which is the more valuable that Thucydides, who has recorded it in his history, says that the version he has given of that masterpiece of oratory is nearly the same as he heard from Pericles himself.

"Wherefore I will congratulate rather than bewail the parents of those who have fallen that are present. They know that they were born to suffering. But the lot of those is most to be envied who have come to such an end, that it is hard to say whether their life or their death is most honourable. I know it is difficult to persuade you of this, who had often rejoiced in the good fortune of others; and it is not when we are deprived of goods not yet attained that we feel grief, but when we are bereaved of what we have already enjoyed. To some the hope of other children, who may emulate those who have gone before, may be a source of consolation. Future offspring may awaken fresh interests in place of the dead; and will doubtly benefit the city by peopling its desert places, and providing for its defence. We cannot expect that those who have no children whom they may place in peril for their country, can be considered on a level with such as have made the sacrifices which those have made. To such of you as time has denied this hope, I would say, 'Rejoice in the honour which your children have won, and let that console the few years that still remain to you—for the love of glory alone knows no age; and in the decline of life it is not the acquisition of gain, as some say, which confers pleasure, but the consciousness of being honoured.'

"To the children and brothers of those we mourn, who are here present, I foresee a noble contest. Every one praises the dead. You should endeavour, I will not say to equal those we have lost, but to be only a little inferior to them. Envy often divides the living; but the grave extinguishes jealousy, for it terminates rivalry. I must speak of the virtue of the women who have shared in our bereavement; but I shall do so in a few words. Great will be your renown, if you do not yield to the weakness of your sex; and place as little difference as possible between yourselves and the virtue of men. I propose that the children of those who have fallen should be maintained, till puberty, at the public expense—a reward at once to the virtue of the dead, and an incitement to the emulation of the living: for among those to whom the highest rewards of virtue are opened, the most

worthy citizens are found. And now, having honoured the dead by your mourning, depart every one to his home."*

Enough—and some may, perhaps, think more than enough—has been done to convey an idea of that famed oratory, of which Milton has said—

"Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over
Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne."†

For comparison with these splendid passages, we gladly lay before our readers the famous peroration of Mr Burke's oration against Mr Hastings, long esteemed the masterpiece of British eloquence.

"My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labour; that we have been guilty of no prevarication; that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes—with the vices—with the exorbitant wealth—with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption. This war, my Lords, we have waged for twenty-two years, and the conflict has been fought, at your Lordships' bar, for the last seven years. My Lords, twenty-two years is a great space in the scale of the life of man; it is no inconsiderable space in the history of a great nation. A business which has so long occupied the councils and the tribunals of Great Britain cannot possibly be huddled over in the course of vulgar, trite, and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great revolutions, that break the traditional chain of human memory, and alter the very face of nature itself, can possibly obscure it. My Lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it; the meanest of us will, by means of it, more or less, become the concern of posterity—if we are yet to hope for such a thing, in the present state of the world, as a recording, retrospective, civilised posterity; but this is in the hand of the great Disposer of events; it

* THUCYDIDES, ii. § 32, 33.

† *Paradise Regained*, iv. 268.

is not ours to settle how it shall be. My Lords, your House yet stands; it stands as a great edifice; but let me say, that it stands in the midst of ruins—in the midst of the ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation, that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself—I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate and our accuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

“My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not all be involved; and if it should so happen that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen—if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates, who supported their thrones, may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony! . . .

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! but, if you stand—and stand I trust you will—together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy—together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom—may you stand as unimpeached in honour as in power; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice.” *

The peroration of Lord Brougham's speech in favour of Queen Caroline, which was carefully studied, and, it is

said, written over several times, is not unworthy to be placed beside this splendid burst.

“Such, my Lords, is the case before you! such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt, impotent to deprive of a civil right, ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence, scandalous, if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows, monstrous to ruin the honour and blast the name of an English Queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against a defenceless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause: I do earnestly beseech you to take heed. You are standing upon the brink of a precipice—then beware! It will go forth as your judgment, if sentence shall pass against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril. Revere that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the crown, which is in jeopardy, the aristocracy, which is shaken; save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne! You have said, my Lords, you have willed, the church to the Queen have willed that she should be deprived of its solemn service. She has instead of that solemnity the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplication to the Throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people, in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice.” †

On the trial of Mr John Stockdale, Lord Erskine thus spoke:—

“I have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself among nations reluctant of our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince, surrounded by

* BURKE'S *Works*, vol. xvi. pages 415, 416, 417, 418, 420.

† BROUGHAM'S *Speeches*, i. 227, 228.

his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. "Who is it," said the jealous ruler of the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure?— "who is it that causes to blow the long winds of winter, and that calms them again in summer? Who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that rears up the shade of these lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it," said the warrior, throwing his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and, depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection."

Some of Mr Grattan's speeches are said to have been the most eloquent ever delivered in the House of Commons. The following burst of indignant patriotism, on the supposed wrongs of Ireland, affords a favourable specimen of his style of oratory.—

"Hereafter, when these things shall be history, your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop to declare, that here the principal men amongst us fell into mimic traces of gratitude: they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding-doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

"I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment: neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chains, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied as long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking in his rags: he may be naked, he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth,

the declaration is planted: and though great men should apostatise, yet the cause will live: and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, shall not die with the prophet, but survive him."†

We shall add only to these copious and interesting quotations two passages from the greatest masters of French eloquence.

Bossuet, in his funeral oration on Henrietta, daughter of France and Queen of England, the consort of Charles I., thus expresses himself:—

"Christians!" says he, in the exordium of his discourse, "it is not surprising that the memory of a great queen—the daughter, the wife, the mother of monarchs—should attract you from all quarters to this melancholy ceremony; it will bring forcibly before your eyes one of those awful examples which demonstrate to the world the vanity of which it is composed. You will see in her single life the extremes of human things: felicity without bounds, miseries without parallel; a long and peaceable enjoyment of one of the most noble crowns in the universe—all that birth and grandeur could confer that was glorious—all that adversity and suffering could accumulate that was disastrous; the good cause attended at first with some success, then involved in the most dreadful disasters. Revolutions unheard of, rebellion long restrained, at length reigning triumphant; no curb there to licentious laws in force. Majesty itself violated by bloody hands—usurpation and tyranny, under the name of liberty—a fugitive queen, who can find no retreat in her three kingdoms, and was forced to seek in her native country a melancholy exile. Nine sea voyages undertaken against her will by a queen, in spite of wintry tempests—a throne unworthily overturned, and miraculously re-established. Behold the lessons which God has given to kings! thus does He manifest to the world the nothingness of its pomps and its grandeur. If our words fail, if language sinks beneath the grandeur of such a subject, the simple narrative is more touching than aught that words can convey. The heart of a great queen, formerly elevated by so long a course of prosperity, then steeped in all the bitterness of affliction, will speak in sufficiently touching language; and if it is not given to a private individual to

* ERSKINE'S *Speeches*, ii. 263.

† GRATTAN'S *Speeches*, i. 52, 53.

teach the proper lessons from so mournful a catastrophe, the King of Israel has supplied the words—'Hear, O ye great of the earth! Take lessons, ye rulers of the world!'"

A very different man from Bossuet, but who was perhaps his superior in nervous eloquence, Robespierre spoke on the last occasion when he addressed the Convention, then bent on his destruction:—

"They call me a tyrant! If I were so, they would fall at my feet: I should have gorged them with gold, assured them of impunity to their crimes, and they would have worshipped me. Had I been so, the kings whom we have conquered would have been my most cordial supporters. It is by the aid of scoundrels you arrive at tyranny. Whither tend those who combat them? To the tomb and immortality! Who is the tyrant that protects me? What is the faction to which I belong? It is yourself. What is the party which, since the commencement of the Revolution, has crushed all other factions, has annihilated so many specious traitors? It is yourself; it is the people; it is the force of principles! This is the party to which I am devoted, and against which crime is everywhere leagued. I am ready to lay down my life without regret. I have seen the past; I foresee the future. What lover of his country would wish to live, when he can no longer succour oppressed innocence? Why should he desire to remain in an order of things where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth—where justice is deemed an imposture—where the vilest passions, the most ridiculous fears, fill every heart, instead of the sacred interests of humanity? Who can bear the punishment of seeing that horrible succession of traitors, more or less skilful in concealing their hideous vices under the mask of virtue, and who will leave to posterity the difficult task of determining which was the most atrocious? In contemplating the multitude of vices which the Revolution has let loose pell-mell with the civic virtues, I own I sometimes fear that I myself shall be sullied in the eyes of posterity by their calumnies. But I am consoled by the reflection that, if I have seen in history all the defenders of liberty overwhelmed by calumny, I have seen their oppressors die also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. No, *Chamette*! 'Death is not an eternal sleep!'—Citizens, efface from the tombs that maxim,

engraven by sacrilegious hands, which throws a funeral pall over nature, which discourages oppressed innocence: write rather, 'Death is the commencement of immortality!' I leave to the oppressors the people a terrible legacy, which well comes the situation in which I am placed: it is the awful truth, 'Thou shalt die!'"

It must be evident to every impartial person, from these quotations, that the superiority of ancient to modern eloquence, so far as the art itself is concerned, is great and indisputable. The strong opinion of Lord Brougham, on this subject, must command the universal assent of every reasonable mind:—

It is impossible for any but the most careless observer, to avoid remarking the great differences which distinguish the oratory of ancient from that of modern times. The unequalled superiority of the former is far from being the only, or even the principal, of these diversities: that proceeds, in part, from the greater power of the languages, especially the Greek—the instrument wielded by the great masters of diction; and in so far the superiority must for ever remain undiminished by any efforts on the part of modern rhetoricians. If, in such varied and perfect excellencies, the most prominent shall be selected, then doubtless is the palm due to that pure and uninterrupted devotion which throws the speaker's whole soul into his subject, and will not even—no, not for an instant—suffer a rival idea to cross its resistless course, without being swiftly swept away and driven out of sight, as the most rapid engine annihilates or shoots off whatever approaches it with a velocity that defies the eye. There is no coming back on the same ground, any more than any lingering over it. All is done at once; but the blow is as effectual as it is single, and leaves not anything to do. All is at each instant moving forward, regardless of every obstacle. The mighty flood of speech rolls on in a channel ever full, but which never overflows. Whether it rushes in a torrent of allusion, or moves along in a majestic exposition of enlarged principles, descends hoarse and headlong in overwhelming invective, or glides melodious in narrative and description, or spreads itself out shining in illustrations, its course is ever onward and ever entire; never scattered, never stagnant, never sluggish. At each point manifest progress has been made, and with all that

art can do to charm, strike, and please. No sacrifice, even the smallest, is ever made to effect; nor can the hearer ever stop for an instant to contemplate or admire, or throw away a thought upon the great artist, till all is over, and pause gives time to recover his breath.

It is the more remarkable that the great and decisive superiority on the part of ancient oratory should exist, when it is recollected that the information, sphere of ideas, and imagery at the command of public speakers, in modern times, is so widely extended in comparison of what it was in Greece and Rome. As much as the wide circuit of the globe exceeds the narrow limits of the Mediterranean Sea, do the knowledge and ideas of the modern orator may make use of outstrip those which were at the disposal of the brightest genius in antiquity. Science has, since the fall of Rome, been infinitely extended, and furnished a great variety of images and allusions—many of them of the most elevated kind—which at once convey a clear idea to any educated audience, and awaken in their minds associations or recollections of a pleasing or ennobling description. The vast additions made to geographical and physical knowledge have rendered the wide surface of the globe, and the boundless wonders of the heavens, the theme alike for the strains of the poet, the meditations of the philosopher, and the eloquence of the orator. Modern poetry has added its treasures to those which antiquity had bequeathed to us, as if to augment the chords which eloquence can touch in the human heart. Chivalry has furnished a host of images, ideas, and associations wholly unknown to ancient times; but which, however at times fantastic or high-flown, are all of an ennobling character, because they tend to elevate humanity above itself, and combat the selfish by the very excess of the generous affections. History has immensely extended the sphere of known events, and not only studded the annals of mankind with the brightest instances of heroism or virtue, but afforded precedents applicable to almost every change that can occur in the varied circumstances of

human transaction. Above all, Religion has opened a new fountain in the human heart, and implanted in every bosom, with the exception only of those utterly depraved, associations and recollections at once of the most striking and moving kind. The awfully sublime and touching incidents of the Old Testament, exceeding those in the Iliad itself in sublimity and pathos: the pure ideas and universal clarity of the New, as much above the utmost efforts of unassisted humanity, have given the orator, in modern times, a store of images and associations which, of all others, are the most powerful in moving the human heart. If one-half of this magazine of ideas and knowledge had been at the disposal of the orators of antiquity, they would have exceeded those of modern Europe as much in the substance and magnificence of their thoughts, as they already do in the felicity and force of their expression.

A key may be found to the causes of this remarkable superiority in ancient eloquence, notwithstanding the comparatively limited extent of the materials of which they had the disposal, in the very qualities in which the ancient orators stand pre-eminent. It is the exquisite taste and abbreviated force of their expression which renders them unrivalled. In reading their speeches, we are perpetually tempted to shut the book even in the most interesting passages, to reflect on the inimitable brevity and beauty of the language. It is a mistake to say this is owing to the construction of the Greek and Roman languages, to the absence of auxiliary verbs, and the possibility of combining expression, as in modern German, so as to convey a complex idea in a single word. Undoubtedly that is true; but who made the ancient languages at once so copious and condensed? It was the ancients themselves who did this. It was they who moulded their tongues into so brief and expressive a form, and, in the course of their progressive formation through successive centuries, rendered them daily more brief and more comprehensive. It was the men who made the language—not the language the men. It

* Lord Brougham on the Eloquence of the Ancients. *Speeches*, iv. 379, 445, 446.

was their burning thoughts which created such energetic expressions, as if to let loose at once the pent-up fires of the soul. Those who assert the reverse fall into the same error as the philosophers who ascribe the character of the Anglo-Saxons to their institutions, when, in truth, their institutions are owing to their character.

The main causes to which the extraordinary perfection of ancient oratory are to be ascribed, are the great pains which were bestowed on the education of the higher classes in this most difficult art, and the practice of preparing nearly all their finest orations before delivery. It will sound strange in modern ears to assign these as the causes of this undoubted superiority, when the practice with them is in both particulars directly the reverse; but a very little consideration must convince every reasonable man that it is to these that it is to be ascribed.

Great as is the importance and undoubted influence of eloquence in modern Europe, it is by no means so considerable as it was in the states of antiquity. This arises in part from the different structure of government in ancient and modern times. We hear nothing of eloquence in Persia, Egypt, or the East. Military power, political address, were then, as they have ever since been in that part of the world, the sole passports to greatness. But it was otherwise in the republics which studded the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Universally, in them, supreme power was lodged in the citizens of a single city, or in them jointly with the landowners in the vicinity, who could with ease attend its public assemblies. Every free citizen had a vote in those assemblies, in which every subject, political, social, and judicial, was discussed and determined. Questions of peace and war, of imposing or taking off taxes, of concluding treaties, of domestic laws, of appointing generals and ambassadors, of providing for the public subsistence, of determining private suits, of criminal punishments, of life and death, were all submitted to those assemblies, debated in their presence, and decided by their suffrages. Poli-

tical power, personal fame, the direction of the state, the command of its armaments, the decision of its dearest public and private interests, were all to be attained by obtaining a sway in these public assemblies, and could seldom be obtained in any other way. Hence it was that, as has been finely observed, in modern times, the soldier is brave, and the lawyer is eloquent; but in ancient, the soldier was eloquent, and the lawyer was brave. Power of any sort could be attained only by acquiring an ascendancy in the popular assemblies; who ever acquired that ascendancy was liable to be immediately called to command the ~~fleets or armies of the~~ republic. Whatever opinions may be formed of the tendency of such a system of government, to insure either the wise direction of its civil interests or the successful protection of its military enterprises, there can be but one as to its effect in insuring the highest attention to oratory, by which alone the command of either could be obtained.

But, in addition to this, the two great instruments of power which, in modern times, so often outweigh the influence of spoken oratory, were wanting. The *press* was unknown in antiquity; there was no public religious instruction: there were neither daily newspapers to discuss passing events, nor a stock of printed works to form the principles of the people, or mould their judgments, nor an Established Church, to give them early and creditable impressions. Education, derived entirely from oral instruction or costly manuscripts, was so extremely expensive that it was beyond the reach of all but the most wealthy classes. Three-fourths of the persons who had votes in any public assembly had their principles formed, their information acquired, their taste refined, in the theatres and the forum. The temples were open for sacrifice or ceremonies only; not for instruction in religious principle or moral duty. Immense was the addition which this entire want alike of a public press, and a system of religious instruction, had upon the importance of popular oratory. The tragedian and the orator had the entire moulding of the public mind in their hand, alike in fixed

principle, previous prepossessions, and instant decision. No daily, or monthly, or quarterly paper existed to form the subject of study at home; no standard works were in every one's hands, to give principles right or wrong, from which they were very unlikely to swerve:—no religious tuition, to the influence of which, in any momentous crisis, appeal might be made. The eloquence of the forum, the transports of the theatre, were all in all.

It resulted, from this extraordinary and most perilous power of oratory in ancient times, that the attention bestowed throughout life, but especially in youth, on training to excellence in it, was unbounded. In truth, education with them was so much directed to the study and the practice of oratory, that it formed in most of their academies the main object of instruction. Other topics—philosophy, poetry, science, mathematics, history—were not neglected, but they were considered chiefly as *subordinate to oratory*—rather, they were the preparatory studies, from which a perfect orator was to be formed. Cicero says expressly, that there is no subject of human knowledge of which the orator may not avail himself, in his public address, and which may not serve to enlighten his narrative, strengthen his argument, or adorn his expression.* This shows how lofty was the idea which he had formed of this noble art, and the aids which he was fain to obtain for it, from all, even the most dissimilar, branches of human knowledge. The greatest orators and philosophers of antiquity devoted themselves to instruction in its principles, and consideration of the manner of cultivating it with the highest success. Demosthenes taught, as every schoolboy knows, for a talent: a sum above £200, and equal

to at least £500 in modern times. Cicero has left several beautiful treatises on oratory; Isocrates owes his fame mainly to his writings on the same subject; Quintilian has bequeathed to us a most elaborate work on its principles, and the mode of its instruction; the treatise of Aristotle on oratory is not the least celebrated of his immortal works. So vast was the number, and so great was the influence of the schools of rhetoric, that they came, in the later days of antiquity, to supersede almost every other subject of study; they attracted the ingenious youth from every part of the world to the groves of the Academy, and singly supported the prosperity and fame of Greece, for centuries after they had sunk under the withering grasp or declining fortunes of the Byzantine empire.

It is evident from these considerations, as well as the intrinsic beauties which the great masters of the art exhibit, that oratory in ancient times was regarded as one of the *Fine Arts*. It was considered not merely as the means of winning the favour, of convincing the judgment, or securing the suffrages of the judges, but of moving the affections, rousing the feelings, and elevating the mind. Quintilian mentions the various definitions of the art of oratory which had been invented by the rhetorical writers of antiquity, and he inclines to that of Cicero, who held that it was the art of speaking "*apte ad persuadendum*." This was its end, its aim: and undoubtedly it was so: but the *modes of persuasion*—the methods of influencing the judgment or moving the affections—were as various as the channels by which the intellect may be determined, the feelings roused, or the heart touched. Not less than poetry, painting, or statuary, they classed oratory among the fine arts; and,

* "Quis enim nescit, maximam vim existere oratoris in hominum mentibus vel ad iram aut ad odium aut dolorem incitandis, vel, ab hisce iisdem peremotionibus, ad lenitatem misericordiamque revocandis? quare, nisi qui naturas hominum, vimque omnem humanitatis, causasque eas quibus mentes aut incitantur aut reflectuntur, penitus perspexerit, dicendo, quod volet, perficere non poterit. Quam ob rem, si quis universam et propriam oratoris vim definire complexetque vult, is orator erit, meâ sententiâ, hoc tam gravi dignus nomine, qui, *quorumque res inciderit*, quâ sit dictione, explicanda, prudenter, et compositæ, et ornate, et memoriter dicat, cum quadam etiâ actionis dignitate. Est enim finitimus oratori poeta, numeris adstrictior paulo, verborum autem licentiâ liberior, multis vero ornandi generibus socius, ac pæne par."—*De Oratore*, lib. i. cap. 17.

indeed, they placed it at the head of them all, because it embraced all their influences, and retouched, as it were, by allusion, all the chords which they had previously caused to vibrate. The surprising force with which they did this, considering the comparatively limited stock of ideas, knowledge, and imagery which was at their disposal, compared to what obtains in modern times, affords the most decisive proof of the great attention they had bestowed on the principles of the art, and the perfection to which they had brought the means of influencing the mind—not only by the force of reason, or the conceptions of genius, but by all the subordinate methods by which their effect in delivery was to be augmented. With them the object of oratory was not merely to persuade the understanding, but

*To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To move the passions, and to melt the heart."

Nor was less attention bestowed, in ancient times, upon training young men, to whatever profession they were destined, in that important and difficult branch of oratory which consists in intonation and delivery. It is well known that this is a branch of the art which is susceptible of the very greatest improvement by education and practice, and that even the brightest natural genius can rarely attain it, without the aid of instruction or the lessons of experience. The surprising improvement which is so often observed in persons trained to different professions or habits, when they have been for some time engaged in public speaking—above all, in emphasis and action—affords daily proof of the vast effects of practice and experience in brightening the delivery of thought. The prodigious influence of accent and intonation in adding to the power of eloquence is equally well known, and may often be perceived in listening to the difference between the same verses when recited by an ordinary reader, and what they appear when illuminated by the genius, or enforced by the feeling, of a Kemble or a Faucit. The ancients, accordingly, were indefatigable in their endeavours to improve themselves in this particular, and availed themselves of means to attain

perfection in it* to which modern genius would scarcely condescend. Cicero, when advanced in life, and in the meridian of his fame, took lessons from Roscius, the great tragic actor of the day; and the efforts of Demosthenes to overcome the impediments of a defective elocution, by putting pebbles in his mouth, and declaiming on the shores of the ocean, the roar of which resembled the murmurs of the form, demonstrate that the greatest masters of the art of eloquence were fully alive to the vast influence of a powerful voice and animated delivery, in heightening the effect even of the most perfect efforts of oratory, and disdained no means of adding to their impression. When asked, What is the first requisite of eloquence? the last of these orators answered "Action;" the second? "Action;" the third? "Action." Without going so great a length, and admitting the full influence of the genius of Demosthenes in composing the speeches which he so powerfully delivered, every one must admit the influence of an impassioned delivery in heightening the effect of the highest, and concealing the defects of the most ordinary oratory.

Quintilian opens his second book by a discussion of the question, which he says occupied a prominent place in the schools of antiquity, at what age a boy should be taken from the teachers of grammar, and delivered to the instructors in rhetoric. By the former, they were taught grammar and the elements of composition; by the latter, exercised in themes, compositions in their own language, translations from Greek, extempore debate, and instructed in declamation, intonation, and action. They were not sent out into the world till they had spent several years in the latter preparatory studies and exercises; and in them were trained young men of all sorts, whether intended for the civil or military classes. It was this which gave its statesmen and generals so wonderful a command of the means of moving the human heart, and enabled them, in the most trying situations, and often in the crisis of a battle or the heat of a tumult, to utter those noble and impassioned sentiments which so often determined the fate of the day, or even the fortunes of their country;—

and which are so perfect that, when recorded in the historians of antiquity, they have the appearance of having been imagined by the genius of the writer. Nor was the attention to these elements of eloquence sensibly diminished in the progress of time, when the establishment of absolute power in the hands of a single person had transferred, as in the days of Napoleon, the discussion of all public or national questions to the council of state, or the private closet of the emperor. On the contrary, it seems to have daily increased, and was never so great as when the military fortunes of the empire were declining, and its external influence yielding to the increasing weight of the northern nations. A false and turgid style of eloquence, indeed, became then generally prevalent, as it always does in the later days of a nation, and in periods of political servitude: but attention to the means of attaining it underwent no diminution. The wisdom or policy of the emperors left various important functions to their *municipia*, or "little senates," as they were called. The judicial functions, for the most part, were still intrusted to the citizens: they had the management, almost uncontrolled, of their local concerns: and so great was the importance of securing their suffrages that the power of influencing them, by means of oratory, continued to the very last to be the chief object of instruction to the youth.

The instructors of youth in England have practically solved the question which divided the teachers of antiquity, for they deliver the youth at once from the grammar-school to the forum. They teach him the dead languages incessantly, up to the age of eighteen, at school: in the universities, mathematics in one university, and logic in the other, divide his

time with the composition of Greek prose or Latin verse. But in those branches of study which have a bearing on eloquence, or are likely to improve the style of composition, the main attention of all is still directed to composition in the *dead languages*. They think the art of speaking or writing in English is not to be learned by exercise in that language, but by exercise in another. They hold we are likely to become eloquent in this our English isle, not by translating Cicero into English, but by translating Addison into Latin; to become great poets, not by rendering Horace into the tongue of Gray and Campbell, but by rendering the immortal verses of these into the languages of Pindar or Virgil. Cicero and Mr Pitt were of an opposite opinion. They held that, although the study of the masterpieces of antiquity is the great school of oratory, and the best path to rivalling their beauties, yet this is to be done, not by prosecuting the vain endeavour to emulate, in these days, their perfection in *their tongue*, but by seeking to *transfer it to our own*. Translations from the Greek into Latin formed a large part of the preparatory studies of Cicero,—from Thucydides and Cicero were the favourite occupation at college of Mr Pitt.* It may be that these great masters of ancient and modern eloquence were wrong—that their time would have been better employed in composing Greek and Latin verses, in attaining a thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin prosody, or becoming masters of all the niceties of Greek or Latin prose composition: but we shall not enter on the great debate. We are content to let education for all classes, in our universities, remain what Mr Locke long ago said it was, the education of schoolmasters;† and shall content ourselves with signalling this peculiar system

* "Postea mihi placuit, eoque sum usus adolescens, ut summorum oratorum Græcæ orationes explicarem; quibus lectis, hoc assequer, ut, cum ea, quæ legerem Græce, Latine redderem, non solum optimis verbis uter, et tamen usitatis, sed etiam exprimerem quædam verba imitando, quæ nova nostris essent, dummodo essent idonea."—*De Oratore*, l. i. 34. "All Mr Pitt's leisure hours at college were devoted to translating the finest passages in the classical authors, especially Thucydides, into English, which he did freely, to the no small annoyance of his tutors."—*Toulmin's Life of Pitt*, i. 23.

† "For the exercise of the student's writing, let him sometimes *translate Latin into English*. But by all means obtain, if you can, that he be not employed in making *Latin themes and declamations*, and, least of all, verses of any kind. Latin is a lan-

of training as one great cause of the admitted inferiority of modern to ancient eloquence.

None can be more thoroughly impressed than we are with the vast importance of these noble establishments, or their effect in elevating the tone of the national mind, and improving the taste of the youth who daily issue from their walls. It is just from a sense of these advantages that we are so desirous to enhance and extend the sphere of their usefulness, and, by keeping them abreast of the age, and prepared to meet its wants, secure for the classes they instruct the lead in the national affairs to which they are entitled.*

It cannot be disputed that, although English composition, or translation from the classics into English, is not altogether overlooked in the English universities, yet it forms a subordinate object of attention. We are all aware how many eminent men have first become celebrated by their prize poems. But those are the exceptions, not the rule. The classics at one university, the higher mathematics at another, form the great passports to distinction; the highest honours at either are only to be won by attention to one or other, or both, of these branches of knowledge. It is not surprising that, when this is the case, the attention of the young men should be mainly turned to composition in the dead languages, or to the most abstruse parts of mathematics; and that when they come to speak in public, or deliver sermons in their own language, they should, in the great majority of cases, be entire novices, both as concerns the method of composition and the graces of oratory. They are, in truth, called upon for the first time to

speak what is to them a *foreign* language; to discuss topics, to them, for the most part unknown; and practise a difficult art, that of delivery, to which they are entire strangers. If they were to address their audiences in Greek, they might possibly rival *Æschines* or *Demosthenes*; if in Latin, outstep *Cicero*; and if required to compose verses, equal *Horace* or *Pindar*. But since they are called on, when they go out into life, to speak neither in Greek prose nor Latin prose, to compose neither in Greek verse nor Latin verse, but to *speak in good English*, and not about gods and goddesses, but the prices of corn and beef, the evils of pauperism and the load of taxes, they too often find themselves entirely at a loss, and inwardly lament the precious years, never to be recalled, which have been devoted to pursuits of no practical utility in life.

It is the more extraordinary that so little attention should be paid at our universities to composition, or the art of oratory, in the English tongue, that every day's experience proves that the power of public speaking is not only absolutely essential to the most moderate success in many professions, but is indispensable to the highest grades in *all*. In the Houses of Lords and Commons, at the Bar, in the Church, it is of course necessary from the very outset, if the very least eminence is to be looked for. But not only in the professions of which oratory is the very foundation, but in every case of life where a certain degree of eminence has been attained, it becomes of equal importance, and the want of it will be equally felt. The landed proprietor will find it impossible to maintain his

guage foreign in this country, and long since dead everywhere—a language in which your son, it is a thousand to one, shall never have occasion once to make a speech as long as he lives, after he comes to be a man; and a language in which the manner of expressing one's-self is so far different from ours, that, to be perfect in that, would very little improve the purity and facility of his English style. I can see no pretence for this sort of exercise in our schools, unless it can be supposed that the making of set Latin speeches should be the way to teach men to speak well in English extempore. Still more is to be said against young men making Latin verses. If any one thinks poetry a desirable quality in his son, and that the study of it would raise his fancy and parts, he must needs yet confess that, to that end, reading the excellent Greek and Roman poets is of more use than *making bad verses of his own in a language that is not his own*. And he whose design it is to read in English poetry would not, I guess, think the way to it was to make his first essays in Latin verses."—*Locke on Education*, § 169, 174.

influence in his country, unless, on the hustings and in political meetings, on the bench of justices, at county and railway meetings, he is prepared to take his part in debate, and can come off with a creditable appearance. The merchant or manufacturer who has become a *millionnaire* by a life of laborious industry, will find that he cannot keep his place in society unless he can deliver his sentiments with effect at civic dinners, meetings for business, in the magisterial chair, or at the festive board. Even the soldier and sailor, when they rise to eminence in their profession, are called on to speak in public, and grievously suffer if they cannot do so. Many a gallant spirit, which never quailed before an enemy, has been crushed, and his reputation injured, by inability to speak in a public assembly, or to answer appropriately a complimentary speech at a public dinner. Indeed, the influence of public speaking in the country is not only great, but daily increasing, and it confers influence and distinction often far beyond the real merits of the speaker, and, for its want, the most solid or brilliant parts in other respects can make no compensation. The great body of men invariably impute inability to speak well in public to want of ideas; whereas, in reality, it generally arises from want of practice, and often co-exists with the greatest acquirements and the most brilliant genius. Strange that the art of English oratory, upon which the experience of all tells them success in the higher stations of life is entirely dependent, should, by common consent, be invariably neglected, and that the art of making Latin verses, which universal experience tells all is of no earthly use in life, except to one in a thousand, should, by common consent, be universally cultivated!

It is constantly said, that the object of the extraordinary attention paid in our schools and colleges to composition in the dead languages, is to enable the students properly to appreciate the beauties of their authors, and that, without an exact knowledge of prosody and writing in them, this appreciation cannot be attained. This is doubtless in some degree true; but the point is, at what cost is this

proficiency attained, and to what proportion of the students is it of any practical benefit? Is there one in ten to whom the beauty of poetry will ever be intelligible, one in a hundred who will ever be a poet? If we were to live to the age of Methusalem, it might be worth while to set apart ten years for classical composition, ten more for Italian, and ten for German; but since our life is limited to threescore and ten years, and a seventh of that only can be devoted to education, is it expedient to devote the *whole* of that time to that one object? If ten years are devoted to the mastering of Greek composition and Latin prosody, *what time is left* for learning to speak or write in English? What should we say if ten years were devoted by every English young man to the composition of German or Italian verses, because it would better enable him to appreciate the beauties of Schiller or Metastasio, of Körner or Petrarch? Yet is composition in these living languages more practically useful, both for the business of life and for improvement in our own tongue, than in the dead, because it is often of advantage in society, and their tongues are at bottom derived from the same roots, and are similar in construction to our own.

It is the more to be regretted that, in our Universities, translations from English into Greek or Latin should be made so great an object, instead of translations from Greek or Latin into English, because the latter study is perhaps the most beneficial, both to spread a taste for ancient beauties, and to diffuse the means of rivaling them in our own tongue, which the wit of man has ever devised. There is nothing which improves the style like translation from the masterpieces of foreign languages. It is far more beneficial than copying or committing to memory the most perfect specimens of composition in our own tongue, because it both brings us in contact with the most exquisite specimens of human genius, and exercises the mind in the endeavour to transfer them to our own idiom. It varies the thought, it extends the ideas, it suggests new methods of expression. It is the foreign travelling of the soul.

It renders foreign or ancient languages tributary to our own; it fills the mind with remote ideas; it not only "elevates us in the scale of thinking beings," but increases our power of communicating our thoughts to the world. What boundless treasures have Milton and Collins, Taylor and Gray, imported into our language from the classical writers: how much was the nerve and form of their expression enhanced by their study of antiquity! Of what value are all their Latin compositions compared to those which, so enriched, they have left in their own tongue?

The next circumstance which has contributed to stamp its peculiar style, and hitherto unequalled perfection, on ancient oratory, is the circumstance that it was all, or nearly all, written and committed to memory. This at least was *certainly* the case with all the orations which have come down to our times: for, if not written, how have they been preserved? There were no short-hand writers in those days. The art of stenography was unknown. No reporters from the *Times* were in attendance, to catch, with almost magical rapidity, every word which fell from the speaker's lips, and render it with exact fidelity in its ample columns the following morning. What was written came, and could only come, from the author himself. It is well known that several of the most celebrated speeches of Cicero never were delivered at all: the frequent repetition of the same ideas, in the same identical words, in the orations of Demosthenes, affords conclusive evidence that they were not merely carefully prepared, but actually written out. Indeed, to any one who considers the style of the speeches, not only of these great masters, but of all the orators of antiquity, it must be sufficiently evident that nearly all that has come down to us had been written. Some part, without doubt, was caught from the inspiration of the moment: a happy retort was sometimes the result of an interruption, a felicitous reply of an antagonist's attack. But these were the exceptions, not the rule. These extempore bursts were interwoven with the framework of the piece, and committed to paper next day, when the author corrected his speech for

permanent preservation. In the dexterous interweaving consisted no small part of the skill of the orator. But the greater part of every speech was, beyond all doubt, written and committed to memory. The style everywhere proves this. It is as impossible for any man, how bright soever his genius or copious his language, to speak extempore in the condensed and emphatic style of the ancient orators, as it would be to compose, as an Improvisatore, the verses of Pope or Campbell.

This circumstance sounds strange in those times, and especially to an Englishman, because it is well known that the grand requisite, the one thing needful to a modern orator, is to speak extempore. Power in reply is considered as the highest quality; and it is to it, *par excellence*, that the much coveted phrase "effective" is applied. We all know what would be the fate of a speaker in the House of Commons who should commit his speeches to memory, and take lessons from Macready or Kean in their delivery. Beyond all doubt, derision would take the place of admiration; the laughs would be much more frequent than the cheers. Yet this is precisely what Cicero and Demosthenes did: it was thus that Pericles ruled the Athenian Democracy, and Æschines all but overturned the giant strength of his immortal adversary. We are not to imagine that these men, whose works have stood the test of twenty centuries, were wrong in their system: it is not to be supposed that every subsequent nation of the earth has misdirected its admiration. It is more probable that some circumstances have occurred to turn oratory, in modern times, aside from its highest flights, and induced a style in public speaking which has now become habitual, and will alone be tolerated, but which is inconsistent with the most perfect style of oratory. Nor is it difficult, if we consider the composition of modern senates, and the objects for which they are assembled, to see what these circumstances are.

As freedom and popular institutions are indispensable to eloquence, it is in England and France, since the Revolution, that oratory of a high

description can alone be looked for. But the Anglo-Saxons are essentially a *practical* race; and the stamp in this respect which nature has affixed to their character, appears, in every age, not less in their deeds than their accomplishments. Imagination has shone forth most brilliantly in many individuals of the race—but, generally speaking, we are not an imaginative people. The Fine Arts have never struck their roots in the open air amongst us; they are the delicate plants of southern realms, which require the shelter and warmth of our conservatories. It is in the highly educated classes alone that a taste for them is general. The romantic, not the classical drama, alone has ever been popular with the mass of our people; the attractions and fashion of the opera are required to make even the beauties of Metastasio tolerable to the very highest ranks. In matters of business, the same disposition is apparent. What is required, what commands success, is neither the flowers of oratory nor brilliancy of imagination nor elegance of diction, but argument to the point. It is thus that the suffrages of jurymen are to be obtained; it is thus that a majority in the House of Commons is to be secured. As the assemblies to whom modern oratory is addressed are much less numerous than those of antiquity—as they are representatives, not citizens; juries, not Areopagites—a different style of speaking has become established from that which was universally felt to be essential in the assemblies of antiquity. When the crowds of a theatre were no longer to be addressed, the theatrical style of oratory fell into disuse.

As argument to the point, accurate acquaintance with the subject, and the power of communicating something of value to the interests with which senates in modern times are intrusted, are the great requisites which are now looked for, set and prepared speeches have been abandoned. It was soon discovered that they would seldom meet the exigencies of a debate, and still less furnish the materials of a reply. They were felt to be of little value, because they did not meet what the audience

wished. They were as much out of place as a set speech would be to a jury, after evidence had been led in a case. It will always be so in situations where real business is to be done, and the persons by whom it is to be done are not numerous assemblies, little acquainted with the subjects of discussion—and therefore liable to be swayed by the eloquence of the orator—but a limited number of persons, most of whom are somewhat acquainted with it, and desire to have their information extended, rather than their feelings touched. It has accordingly been often observed, that the style of speaking in the House of Commons has sensibly declined in beauty, though it has increased in knowledge of the subject, since the Reform Bill introduced the representatives of the commercial towns, and business men have found a place in such numbers in the House of Commons. It may be anticipated that, as their numbers and influence increase, the same change will become still more conspicuous.

But although these considerations sufficiently explain how it has happened that the style of speaking, in our national assemblies, has become more business-like and less ornate than in the republics of antiquity, and extempore speaking has grown into a universal practice with all public men who aspire to the honours of "effective" oratory—or such as would acquire a practical sway in the assemblies to which it is addressed—it by no means follows from this, that this system is not a deviation from the method by which alone a perfect style of eloquence is to be attained, or a step in descent in that noble art. Because a thing is useful and necessary, or even unavoidable, with a view to attain certain ends, it is not to be concluded, that it is by attending exclusively to it that the highest and most perfect style in it is to be attained. The simple style of singing best suits private performers, and often appears in the highest degree charming, when flowing from the lips of taste and beauty; but no one would compare art, in these its early stages, to what it appears in the hands of Grisi or Madoiselle Lind. The style of speaking

adopted by our leaders at the Chancery bar, or on the North Circuit, is probably the best that could be devised to attain the object to which the gentlemen of the long robe aspire—that of influencing the judges or juries of those courts; but every one must see that that object is a much inferior one to that which was aimed at by Cicero, Demosthenes, or Bossuet. Their business is with oratory as an art; but, in addition to this, eloquence is a fine art. Great eminence in the latter department can never be attained but by sedulous preparation, and the committing to memory of written compositions; and unless this is done, the fame of no orator, how much soever he may be celebrated during his career, can possibly be durable, or exceed the lifetime of the contemporaries to whom his extempore effusions were addressed.

Nothing is more common than to hear it said, after a powerful speech in the House of Lords or Commons has been delivered, that it rivalled the most finished pieces of ancient eloquence; nay, it is sometimes added that it was “above all Greek, above all Roman fame.” In no instance, however, has it been found that this reputation has been lasting, or even long survived the actual appearance of the orator before the Houses of Parliament. The ample columns of Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates* are often searched to discover inconsistencies in the delivered opinions of public men; sometimes to bring to light facts on statistics which subsequent time has caused to be forgotten; but rarely, if ever, to cull out specimens of elevated thought, condensed argument, or felicitous expression. None of these speeches will take their place beside those of Cicero and Demosthenes, or the *Oraisons Funèbres* of Bossuet, all of which were written compositions. When the historian comes to record the arguments used on the opposite sides, on great public questions, he cannot refer to a more valuable and faithful record than the *Parliamentary Debates*; for they tell at once what was advanced in the legislature, and said in the nation, on every subject that came under discussion: but he cannot turn to one which it will be less safe to transfer

unaltered to his pages. If he means to render the arguments interesting, or even intelligible, to the great body of readers, he must distil them into a twentieth part of their original bulk: he must dismiss all the repetitions and circumlocutions; he must say in words what he finds delivered in sentences; he must abridge a hundred pages into four or five; he must, in short, do *ex post facto*, and to convey an impression of the argument to future times, what the ancient orators did *ab ante*, and in order to secure the suffrages of the present. It is surprising, when this is carefully done, how effectually a lengthened argument can be condensed into a few pages; and how powerful the bone and muscle appears when delivered from the oppression of the superincumbent flesh.

It is not to be wondered at that it should be so. The reason for it is permanent, and will remain the same to the end of the world. In the heat and animation of a debate, a happy idea may occasionally be struck out, a felicitous retort may be suggested by an interruption. The Parliamentary speeches contain many instances of such ready talent; and it need hardly be said that the effect of it, at the moment of delivery, is in general prodigious. But it is altogether impossible to keep up a speech extempore in that style. Preparation and previous study are the parents of brief and emphatic expression: without their meeting, the offspring need not be looked for. The reason is, that it is while one thought is in the course of delivery that the mind is arranging those which are to succeed it. The conception of a ready extempore speaker must always be two or three sentences ahead of his elocution. Thence the necessity for circumlocution and repetition. It is to *gain time* for thought—to mould future ideas. If it were not so, he would come to a dead stop, and break down at the end of the first sentence. The faculty of doing this—of speaking of one thing and thinking of another; of composing words in one sentence, and arranging ideas for another, without pause or hesitation—and doing this often in the midst of applause or interruption, is one of the most wonder-

ful efforts of the human mind ; and it is its extreme difficulty which renders elegant extempore speaking so very rare, and makes it, when it does appear, the object of such general admiration. But we are persuaded that the greatest master of extempore speaking will admit, that it is wholly impossible to keep up eloquent and condensed expression, for any length of time, without previous preparation. Whenever you hear an orator bringing out condensed and elegant expression for any length of time together, it may be concluded, with absolute certainty, that he is speaking from preparation.

Nor is such preparation inconsistent with occasional allusion to previous argument or retort against interruption ; on the contrary, it is by such extempore effusions or sallies, interwoven in the text of a prepared oration, that the highest perfection in the art of oratory is to be attained. If it is wholly prepared, it will appear lifeless and methodical--it will wear the aspect of a spoken essay. If it is wholly extempore, it will be diffuse and ambiguous--crowded with repetitions, and destitute of emphasis. It is by the combination of general careful composition with occasional felicitous reply that the highest perfection in this noble art is to be attained ; for the first will give it general power, the last the appearance of extempore conception. By no other method is it possible to combine the two grand requisites of the highest species of oratory--emphatic and condensed language--with those occasional allusions and sudden replies which add so much to its immediate effect, and give it all the air of being produced at the moment. It is true, this is a dangerous style to adopt, and many are the speakers who have broken down under it ; for nothing is so apt to induce confusion in the mind, and forgetfulness of what should follow, as new introductions into a prepared composition. But where is there anything great or magnificent achieved in life without difficulty and danger ? and the examples of the ancient orators, by whom both were overcome, is sufficient to demonstrate that it is not beyond the reach of genius and perseverance.

Still less is it to be supposed that such a style of speaking is inconsistent with the most vehement and powerful action, and all the aids which oratory can derive from intonation, gesture, and animation in delivery. On the contrary, it is in delivering such speeches that these may be brought to bear with the happiest effect,—as we daily see on the stage, where known speeches, every word of which is got by heart by the actor, and often is familiar to the audience, are every day repeated with the utmost possible effect, and the most impassioned action. It is the want of such animation in delivery which is the great cause of the failure of many able speakers, and nowhere more than in the pulpit. The common opinion that discourses there must be delivered in a cold inanimate manner, suitable to the gravity of the subject and the solemnity of the place, is an entire mistake, and has contributed, perhaps, more than any other cause, to the vast numbers whom the Dissenters have succeeded, both in England and Scotland, in cutting away from the Established Church. It is this animation which generally follows the delivery of thought extempore, compared with the cold monotonous style in which written discourses are usually delivered,—which is one great cause of the signal success which has attended the efforts of the Methodists and Low Churchmen in England, and the Free Church clergy in Scotland. The common opinion among the peasants of Scotland, that the inspiration of Heaven only descends upon extempore speakers, arises from the same cause. They think the extempore preacher is inspired because he is animated ; they are sure he who reads his discourse is not so, because he is monotonous. But many examples prove that it is quite possible to combine the most finished and elaborate written composition with such intensity of feeling, and vehemence of action, as will give it the appearance of extempore and uncontrollable bursts of eloquence. The great effect of Dr Chalmers's sermons in Scotland, and Mr Irving's in England, were not required to show that it is by this combination that the highest triumphs in pulpit oratory are to be attained.

Contrast this with the tame and monotonous way in which too many learned and unexceptionable sermons were delivered in the days of Addison, and which, it is to be feared, has not become obsolete since his time:—

"Our preachers stand stock-still in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking statues at our bars, and in all our public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a smooth continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the head, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse which turns upon everything that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us. It was just the reverse in antiquity. We are told that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health by this *latum contortus*, this vehemence of action, with which he used to deliver himself. The Greek orator was likewise so very famous for this particular in rhetoric that one of his antagonists, whom he had banished from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his banishment, and hearing his friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been charmed had they heard him actually throwing out such a storm of eloquence. How cold and dead a figure, in comparison of the two great men, does our orator often make at the British bar or in the senate! A deaf man would think he was cheapening a beaver, when, perhaps, he is talking of the fate of the British nation. It is certain that proper gestures, and vehement exertions of the voice, cannot be too much studied by a public orator. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention on what is delivered to them, at the same time that they show that the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others. In England, we often see people lulled asleep with cold and elaborate discourses of piety, who would be transported out of themselves by the bellowings of enthusiasm." *

It is no answer to our observations to say, that our greatest orators have been bred at the universities,

and that the system cannot be very faulty which has produced Pitt and Fox, Chatham and Burke, Peel and Stanley. Supposing that all these orators had devoted themselves, at college, to classical verses, instead of compositions in their own tongue—which was by no means the case—still, that would by no means prove that the system of education in which they were bred was not eminently defective. They became great speakers, not from having been proficient in "longs and shorts" at Oxford, or in the differential calculus at Cambridge, but in spite of these acquirements. They learned the art of speaking in the forum, as Wellington's soldiers learned the art of war in the field, by practice, in presence of the enemy. Doubtless a great deal may be done, by able and energetic men, in this way; but does it follow from this that education is to go for nothing, and that the old system of sending out officers to begin a campaign and besiege towns without knowing a ravenin from a bastion, was advisable, or likely to insure success in the military art? If you have two or three thousand young men, comprising the élite of the nation, at certain seminaries, you cannot help finding your leading statesmen and orators there, whatever they learn at them. They would be found there, though they were taught at them nothing but riding, music, and dancing. The whole rulers of Persia were found at its schools, though they learned nothing at them but to ride, to shoot with the bow, and speak the truth. But it would be rather dangerous to hold that this proves that seminaries, where nothing else was taught, were the ones best suited to secure the first place in society for their scholars, or the blessings of good government to the state.

Nor let it be said that there is no room, as society is now constituted, for the triumphs of the higher species of eloquence; that it cannot be attempted at the bar, and would be hooted down in the House of Commons, where business men now form a large majority, and business speeches, not the flowers of rhetoric, will alone

* *Spectator*, No. 407; *Addison's Works*, iv. 327.

be listened to. There is much truth in these observations, although it will probably be found that, even in courts of justice and in the Reformed House of Commons, a study of the condensed and cogent style of ancient eloquence is not the worst passport to success, and is almost indispensable to the highest triumphs. But supposing the bar and the senate set aside, as places in which business will alone be tolerated, are these the *only* places in which oratory may be practised, in which opinion may be moulded, and influence by eloquence obtained? Are there no public meetings held amongst us for the purposes of political change, social improvement, religious extension, moral amelioration, charity, or festivity, in which large numbers of the people, and often of all ranks and both sexes, are brought together, in which there is ample room for the display of all the graces of oratory, and in which the most eloquent and impassioned speaker is sure to carry away the palm? Are not these meetings the "primary assemblies," as it were, in which the ideas are elaborated, or the principles formed, which afterwards make their way into the press and the Legislature, and so de-

termine the course of national policy, or the fate of national fortunes? Every day, with the increasing popularising of our institutions, is adding to the influence of eloquence, and multiplying the situations in which its highest style may be poured forth with the greatest effect. Above all, is not the pulpit to be found in every parish, where every week an opportunity is afforded for the most earnest appeals to the consciences of men—where the highest temporal and eternal interests are constantly the subject of discussion—where the most earnest appeals to the feelings are not only allowed, but commendable—and where a mixed and willing audience is always to be met with, of both sexes, who receive, not only with patience, but with gratitude and admiration, the most powerful and moving strains of eloquence which can be addressed to them? Rely upon it, opportunities for oratory in its very highest style are not wanting. What is wanting is due attention early in life to that noble art, the lofty spirit which arises at great objects, and the energetic will, the resolute perseverance, which deem the labour of a lifetime a light price to pay for their attainment.

LAING'S OBSERVATIONS ON EUROPE.

It is not the least merit of Mr Laing's writings that they embrace much matter within a manageable compass. The objects claiming our attention are multiplying so fast upon us—the path of the inquirer is strewn with so many important topics, that he who would keep pace with the march of knowledge, must be content to throw aside all but what is really useful for the journey. The volume before us, forming a sequel to the *Notes of a Traveller* published by Mr Laing in 1842, fulfils this condition, and comprises within the limits of a moderate octavo a vast variety of subjects, social and political, domestic and foreign—population, the divisions of land, emigration, militia, university education, Continental railroads, taxes, theatres, fresco-painting, and a multitude of other topics. Among so many subjects, there are of course some on which we are unable to concur in the opinions expressed by the author; and some of his views we can hardly reconcile with the acute good sense that characterises most of his observations. But even on matters where we are forced to differ from him, his remarks are always instructive, original, and suggestive; and he generally presents both sides of a disputed question with remarkable impartiality, leaving the reader to form the conclusion for himself.

There is one circumstance which, in our opinion, greatly enhances the value of Mr Laing's observations on the social condition of our own and other countries. The very worst of all travellers is a political economist—that is, a dogmatist in the science. Whether his *Magnus Apollo* be Smith, or Say, or Ricardo, he sees all things through the spectacles of his favourite theories. Any inquiries he makes are directed, not to elicit the truth, but to support his pre-formed opinions; and, of course, no one who goes forth on this errand ever fails of finding what he seeks. And thus it happens that a Cobden may traverse Europe from end to end; and at the very time when the thunderclouds of social convulsion were about to burst in the

most awful storm that has ever shaken civilised nations, he not only discerns no symptom of the impending hurricane, but beholds nothing but the smiling prospect of contented industry—the budding spring-time of universal peace and reciprocity. But, on the other hand, the observer who is either unacquainted with the doctrines of political economy, or who affects to consider them only as objects of speculative curiosity, is, in the opposite way, just as unfit as the pedant in the science to form correct and comprehensive views of the social condition of foreign states. He wants the proper rule to direct his observations, and can hardly attain any but confused and superficial ideas of the meaning of what he sees around him. He alone is qualified to observe wisely, and to write instructively, about the institutions and customs of other nations, who, having worked out for himself the leading principles of the science, and ascertained their true limits, possesses at the same time sufficient common sense and independence of judgment to apply them. Mr Laing seems to us to be gifted in an eminent degree with these requisites for making good practical use of his theoretical knowledge of political economy. He appears to be fully aware of the vast amount of dangerous error that has resulted from a blind and indiscriminate application of the same abstract laws to all cases, without fully ascertaining their true character, or making allowance for those disturbing causes which often render the law wholly irrelevant. Political economy, like other sciences, has its two parts—the theory and the application; and it too often happens that a man who is well read in the first is totally incapable of giving an opinion on the second, and infinitely the more difficult branch. The platform orator or newspaper writer thinks that if he can but refer to an abstract formula borrowed from Ricardo or M'Culloch, it is sufficient to settle any question of social interests that may come before him—not considering that

these formula and maxims are abstract; and that their applicability to the affairs of every-day life may be affected by so many causes that it is scarcely possible to find any actual example to which they can be applied rigorously, and to their full extent. And hence the nonsense that is talked and written, under the name of political economy; hence the absurdities that are enacted under the idea, that nations can be governed by the square and plummet of its rules.

"The truth has been missed," says Mr Jones, in the preface to his work on the Distribution of Wealth, "not because a steady and comprehensive study of the story and condition of mankind would not yield truth, but because those who have been most prominent in circulating error have really turned aside from the task of going through such an examination at all; have confined the observations on which they have founded their reasonings to the small portion of the earth's surface by which they were immediately surrounded; and have then proceeded at once to erect a superstructure of doctrines and opinions, either wholly false, or, if partially true, as limited in their application as the field from which the materials for them were collected."

Mr Laing supplies us with an apt illustration of the fallacious use that is very commonly made of general laws, by neglecting to attend to the special circumstances of each case. It has been laid down as a maxim by economists, that a government should not attempt to direct, restrict, or interfere with the employment of capital and industry; but that every man should be left free to use the portion of them he possesses, how, where, and when he pleases. Now this maxim may be true enough in the abstract, and where there are no conditions to limit its application; but it is not equally true in all political states, nor in the same state at different times. The social condition of Great Britain, at the present day, may admit its application more fully than that of most other nations. But we have only to cross the German Ocean to find a circumstance easily overlooked—namely, that of climate, which upsets its relevancy altogether.

A still more striking exemplification

of the same fallacy presents itself too obviously, in the opening of the corn trade in our own country. "There should be no artificial restrictions on the food of the people"—that is the abstract axiom on which our legislators grounded the abolition of all customs on imported grain. Does any one question the truth of it as a general axiom? Certainly not; and if we were setting out on a new social system—if the field on which we had to work was a *tabula rasa*, and we were free in all other respects, as well as this, to devise a scheme of government for a nascent community—that maxim would no doubt be kept in view in the construction of our code. But we have to legislate for a state of society in which everything else is artificial—in which restrictions meet us wherever we turn. Our task is not to rear a new edifice, in the plan of which we could give free scope to our taste and skill; but to repair, and if possible improve, an ancient fabric, the work of many different ages, and abounding in all manner of quaint angles and irregularities. We have to deal with the case of a country burdened with an enormous weight of general and local taxation, arbitrarily and unequally distributed,—where the employment of the people, and the application of their capital and industry, is founded on the faith of old laws and a settled commercial principle,—above all, a country where the business of exchange has to be conducted through the most anomalous medium—the medium of a *fettered currency*. One and all of these peculiarities in our condition are so many limitations of the general maxim; and the attempt to carry it out in its full extent, in defiance of these limitations, can only end in confusion and disappointment. Political economy is a safe guide in the hands of a practical legislator, only when he has fully apprehended the truth that there is not one of its principles, from beginning to end, that may not be limited by the special condition of each individual state; and unless he can carry with him this master-principle, so necessary to a right use of the theory of the science, it is far better and safer for those

whose interests he directs that he should be wholly ignorant of it, and should trust altogether to common-sense and experience.

There is a very manifest disposition at present, to extend the jurisdiction of political economy to all public questions—to take it for granted that, when a case has once been argued and decided according to its laws, there is no more to be said on the subject. We are apt to forget that there is in all cases an appeal to another court, where the inquiry is not as to what is most favourable to the production of exchangeable Wealth, but what most conduces to the Happiness of the people: and that, still beyond, there is the last supreme tribunal on earth of all human actions, where there is but one law—the universal law of *Morality*. Are these three jurisdictions identical? or are the decrees that issue from them necessarily in harmony with each other? So, at least, we are told by those who take the strongest view of the importance of political economy. Their doctrine is, that whatever promotes one of these objects promotes the others; and that wealth, happiness, and virtue, though distinguishable in thought, are mutually and reciprocally united in the history and experience of nations. To buy cheap and sell dear is the way for a man to get rich: but the riches of individuals in the aggregate form national wealth, national wealth produces civilisation, civilisation promotes happiness and contentment, and happiness and contentment promote virtue—such is the sorites on which is founded the creed of a very large section of the present school of economists. That country in which the means of production are most developed is the soil where the higher qualities of man's nature will be found flourishing in greatest perfection. Wealth, then, is the principal thing in the guidance of private conduct, as well as in the government of nations; and with all our getting, the chief concern is to get capital. It is this disposition to submit everything to the test of productiveness that Sismondi has so aptly designated by the title of *chrematism*. The views of that great and philosophic writer, as

to the inevitable tendencies of the doctrine, have been already fully explained in our pages.* We allude to them now only to observe how remarkable a confirmation of his opinions is furnished by the history of the great Continental states since that review of his doctrines was written.

Is there, then, no way of reconciling the apparent antagonism between the development of man's industrial powers, and his higher interests as a rational and accountable being? Are we to conclude that the roads that lead to wealth, to happiness, and to virtue, are necessarily divergent? and that national advancement in any one of these paths implies a departure from the others? No: not necessarily so. Such is not the doctrine taught by Sismondi, and by those who, with him, impugn the title of political economy to be considered as the great paramount rule of social existence. All that they maintain is, that there is *no necessary agreement* between these three great springs of human action: that though the law of morality may, and obviously often does, concur with the maxims of happiness, and those again with the rules of political economy, there are nevertheless many questions on which we are at a loss to reconcile them. The learned Archbishop of Dublin has an elaborate argument in his *Introductory Lectures*, to show, on *a priori* grounds, that the condition most favourable to the exercise of man's productive energies must also be favourable, not only to the highest development of his intellectual faculties, but also to his advancement in moral purity. Now, we venture to think that no such argument, however ingeniously conducted, can be satisfactory, simply because it is *a priori*. Reason and experience are at variance; and no *a priori* deduction will help us out of the practical difficulty. We, no doubt, all naturally desire and hope—nay, believe—that at some future time, and in some way at present unknown, the perplexing contradiction will be explained. Reason affirms unhesitatingly, that the same Providence which placed so bounteous a store of the physical materials of wealth at our disposal, can never have

* See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. lvii. p. 529.

designed that their cultivation should embitter the lives of those who labour, still less that it should endanger their moral wellbeing; and we look forward, therefore, with firm faith to a period when these paths, which to our present sight seem to lead in directions so opposite, shall all be seen to reunite and terminate in one common end. But, in the present state of our powers, that insight is yet far from being attained, and the great problem yet remains to be solved.—What do we see around us? In this country—whose physical character and the spirit of whose people seem to destine her for the very home and centre of production—are there no discordant elements in our condition? While wealth has increased among us with a rapidity unexampled in the history of the world, and the struggling energies of all men have been strained to the uttermost in the race of industry—while, under the sway of commercial Ministries, legislation has been specially, almost exclusively, directed to stimulating manufactures in every way, and removing every obstacle that could be supposed, however indirectly, to hinder their extension—can we venture to assert that the condition of the great mass of the people has improved in proportion to our riches? Are the relations of employers and the employed on so satisfactory a footing as to give no grounds for anxiety? Alas! the labourer, by whose toil all those vast accumulations of capital are created, enjoyed an equitable share of them? Have his means of domestic comfort increased in the same ratio as the wealth of his master? Is not the rate of his remuneration diminishing with every step in our progress? Has not crime, during the last half century, increased fully ten times as fast as the numbers of our population? Who can look at these, and a hundred other similar indications that readily suggest themselves, and say that all is well; that, as far as the experience of Britain goes, the road to national wealth has also conducted us to greater happiness and moral wellbeing? Alas! the evidence is but too convincing that, if there be any way of reconciling these

ends, we at least have not yet found it. But we repeat that the contrariety between them is not a necessary or universal one. The conditions of great advancement in commerce and the industrial arts, are not all or invariably unfavourable to the innocent enjoyments of life among the labouring people, or hostile to their higher interests. It is not asserted that wealth is necessarily, or in itself, injurious; but only the means which we have hitherto discovered of acquiring it. The Archbishop imputes the converse of this doctrine to those who venture to deny the supreme importance of the objects of political economy, and then proceeds to demolish it by reducing it to absurd consequences. If, says he, it be true that the riches and civilisation of a community *always* lead to their moral degradation, if you really consider national wealth to be an evil, why do you not set about diminishing it; and, following out the counsels of Mandeville, burn your fleets, destroy your manufactories, and betake yourselves to a life of frugal and rustic simplicity? Such a challenge, we presume to think, has no bearing on the position we have been supporting; and it would be just as far an argument on our side of the question, if we were to turn round and insist that his Grace should testify to the truth and consistency of the opinions he maintains by turning our churches into cotton factories, and the University of Dublin into a Mechanics' Institute. We go no further than to affirm that, in the experience of our own and the other most civilised nations of Europe, the rapid augmentation of wealth has not been attended with a corresponding increase of rational enjoyment, or of moral improvement, in the mass of the community. Further, we hold that a legislator must recognise these three objects not only as distinct, but as subordinate, one to the other: that is to say, the government of a country is not justified in fostering the interests of the capitalist in such a way as to trench upon the enjoyments of the common people, nor in promoting these to the neglect of their moral and religious instruction. He is not, for example, justified in allowing the employer to

demand from his operatives the utmost amount of daily toil that he can extract from them, so as to leave them no time for bodily rest or intellectual culture. All policy that overlooks or contemns this natural subordination in the ends of human existence, must terminate in disaster and misery.

We have been partly led into these reflections through the consideration of a subject which occupies a prominent place in Mr Laing's *Observations*, and seems, in some respects, to illustrate—

"How wide the limits stand
"Between a splendid and a happy land."

The national advantages of small estates, as compared with the scale of properties most common in this country, have been most fully and systematically discussed by M. Paisy, as well as by Mr Thornton, Mr Ramsay, and Mr Mill, among our own writers. But Mr Laing has had the credit of attracting attention to the subject by his extensive personal inquiries as to the actual results of the Continental plan, and by showing (what many English readers are slow to believe) that the "*petite culture*," as pursued in north and central Germany, and in Belgium, so far from being incompatible with the profitable use of the land, is, in fact, more productive than the opposite system of large holdings. These views were strongly expressed in his *Notes of a Traveller*; and his evidence in favour of peasant proprietorship is greatly founded on by Mr Mill, in the able defence of that system which forms part of his work on political economy. The book now before us takes a more enlarged, and in some respects a different view of the question, presenting it in all its bearings, favourable and unfavourable; and thus furnishing the inquirer with all the materials on which he is left to build his own conclusions.

One who looks at the subject for the first time, and whose beau-ideal of agricultural perfection is formed on the pattern of Norfolk or Haddington, finds some difficulty in believing that a country cut up into small "lairdships" of from five to twenty acres, can be advantageously cultivated at all. He naturally takes it for granted

that, as regards efficiency of labour and quantity of produce, the large scale must always have the advantage of the smaller; and that the spade and the flail can, in the long run, have no more chance in competition with the Tweeddale plough and Crosskill's steam thrashing-machine, than a dray-horse with Elfyng Dutchman. And in England, or any country similarly circumstanced, his conclusion would no doubt be perfectly correct; and yet a visit to Flanders, Holstein, or the Palatinate, will convince him that the boorish-looking owners of the patches of farms he finds there, with the clumsiest implements, and, to his eyes, most uncouth ways of working, do somehow contrive to raise crops which he, with all his costly engines, and the last new wrinkle from Baldoon or Tiptree Hall, cannot pretend to match. Their superiority as to the cereal grains is perhaps questionable; but, looking to the quantity of produce generally, no impartial observer can doubt that, after making every allowance for difference of soil and climate, a given area of land in Belgium yields more food than the same extent in England. How is this to be accounted for? Let us hear Mr Laing's explanation.

"The clean state of the crops here (in Flanders)—not a weed in a mile of country, for they are all handweeded out of the land, and applied for fodder or manure—the careful digging of every corner which the plough cannot reach; the headlands and ditch-slopes, down to the water-edge, and even the circle round single trees close up to the stem, being all dug, and under crop of some kind—show that the stock of people, to do all this minute handwork, must be very much greater than the land employs with us. The rent-paying farmer, on a nineteen years' lease, could not afford eighteenpence or two shillings a-day of wages for doing such work, because it never could make him any adequate return. But to the owner of the soil it is worth doing such work by his own and his family's labour at odd hours; because it is adding to the perpetual fertility and value of his own property. . . . His piece of land to him is his savings-bank, in which the value of his labour is hoarded up, to be repaid him at a future day, and secured to his family after him."

This is the secret of the marvellous industry that has converted even the barren sands and marshes of these districts into one continuous garden. It has been accomplished by what, for want of a better expression, we may call spontaneous, in opposition to hired labour. The labourer is himself the owner of the soil, and to one so circumstanced work assumes quite a different aspect; the spade goes deeper, the scythe takes a wider sweep, and the muscles lift a heavier burden. No agricultural chemistry is so potent as the sense of property. The incentive to his daily toil is not the dismal vision of a parish work-house in the background, but an ever-fresh hope for the days that are before him. His fare may be hard, his clothing coarse, and indulgences rarely procurable; but his abstinence is voluntary.—“*et sullen pauperies abest.*”

There can be no doubt that a much larger proportion of the population will find employment and subsistence from the land under this system than under ours. Mr Laing illustrates this by supposing the case of an estate in Scotland of 1600 arable acres divided into eight farms of 200 acres each; and he assumes that the labour employed on each of these farms, taking one season with another, is equivalent to that of ten people all the year round—an estimate which is not far from the truth on a well-managed farm.* Such an estate of 1600 acres will thus afford constant employment to eighty labourers.

“Now take under your eye a space of land here, in Flanders, that you judge to be about 1600 acres. Walk over it, examine it. Every foot of the land is cultivated—dug with the spade or hoe where horse and plough cannot work; and all is in crop, or in preparation for crop. In our best farmed districts there are corners and patches in every field lying waste and uncultivated, because the large rent-paying farmers cannot afford labour, superintendence, and manure, for such minute portions of land and garden-like work as

the owner of a small piece of land can bestow on every corner and spot of his own property. Here the whole 1600 acres must be in garden-farms of five or six acres; and it is evident that in the amount of produce from the land, in the crops of rye, wheat, barley, rape, clover, lucern, and flax for clothing material, which are the usual crops, the 1600 acres under such garden-culture surpass the 1600 acres under large-farm cultivation, as much as a kitchen-garden surpasses in productiveness a common field. On the 1600 acres here in Flanders or Belgium, instead of the eight farmers with their eighty farm-servants, there will be from three hundred to three hundred and twenty families, or from fourteen hundred to sixteen hundred individuals, each family working its own piece of land; and with some property in cows, sheep, pigs, utensils, and other stock in proportion to their land, and with constant employment, and secure subsistence on their own little estates.”†

The influence such a mode of life produces on the character of the people is a consideration of higher moment than its economical results. And on this point observation seems in general to confirm the opinion which we should naturally form beforehand. Compared with the employments of mechanics, that of the husbandman demands a much higher and more habitual exercise of the faculty of judgment. His mind is not tied down to the repetition of the same act, chipping a stone, straightening a wire, watching the whirling of a wheel, from the beginning of the year to the end, but almost each day brings a new set of thoughts with it. He cannot proceed a step without forming processes of induction from his observations, and exercising his reason as to the connection of the manifold phenomena he sees around him with their proper causes. The peasant proprietor has to task his inventive faculties too, in order to turn all his humble resources to the best advantage; and his success depends more upon his intelligent use of the limited

* The paternal care which our Government takes of agriculture leaves us to grope our way by mere guess-work in all statistical questions affecting it. For want of a better guide, we may refer to Mr McCulloch's often-quoted estimates, according to which, it would appear, that there is one labourer to each 13½ acres of arable land in England, one to each 19½ acres in Scotland—almost exactly the proportion assumed by Mr Laing.

† Observations, p. 39.

means at his command, than upon the mere bodily energy of his labour. Of such a person it is, therefore, truly and pregnantly said by Mr Laing, that though he may not be able to read or write, he has an educated mind—a mind trained and disciplined in the school of nature. And his position favours the development of his moral powers still more than his intellectual faculties, by teaching him patience, self-restraint, thought for the future, and, above all, that humility which can scarcely fail to be felt by one who

finds himself ever in contact with unseen powers and influences beyond his control:

The general diffusion of the means of comfort and of simple enjoyment, earned by unbought rural industry, is an idea that takes a strong hold of the imagination: The fancy wanders back to the days of the old yeomen of England, or farther still to Horace's charming pictures of country life, or to Claudian's Old Man of Verona, thus rendered into glorious English by Sir John Beaumont:—

"Thrice happy he whose age is spent upon his owne,
The same house sees him old that him a child hath known;
He leans upon his staffe in sand where once he crept—
His memory long descentes of one poor cote hath kept.

Unskilful in affaires, he knows no city neare,
So freely he enjoys the light of heaven more cleare.
The yeeres by sev'rall come—not consuls he computes;
He notes the spring by floures, and autumne by the fruits—
One space put down the sun, and bring again his rays;
Thus by a certaine orbe he measures out his dayes,
Remembering some greate oke from small beginning spred,
He sees the wode grow old which with himself was bred," &c.

In every man's mind we believe there is a quiet corner, where the memories or the imaginations of country life take root and thrive spontaneously. Even the old, hardened, care-worn dweller among the sights and sins of cities will "babble of green fields" when all other earthly things have faded from his mind. In England especially, the preference for country life amounts almost to a passion; and most of us are ready enough to admit, without demanding many reasons, that a people whose chief employment and dependence is the cultivation of their own lands, will be individually happier than if the scene of their labours were in the mine or the mill. But let us beware lest our rural partialities lead us too far.

We may acknowledge that the social condition of a country in which the land is distributed into small properties, affords, in many respects, a better chance of contentment to the people than is enjoyed by the labouring classes generally in Britain. But whether such a system be adapted to our circumstances, whether its introduction to any considerable extent be at all practicable here, is obviously quite another question. The subject has been treated hitherto by British

authors with too little reference to the condition of their own country. Benevolent enthusiasts talk of peasant-proprietorship as if it were a harbour of refuge from all our difficulties, as if a return to that unsophisticated mode of life under which—*ut prisca gens mortuum*—each man of us should eat and be satisfied with the fruits reared by his own labour upon his own land, were at once the simplest and the most obvious remedy for our complicated social evils, and as easily accomplished as the passing of a railway suspension bill. Even Mr Laing, we think, in his former works, directed attention perhaps too exclusively to the benefits which he saw to be connected with the system in the northern parts of the Continent, without sufficiently advertent to the causes which render it unsuitable for countries situated like ours. But this omission has been remedied in the work before us, in which, after tracing the beneficial results of a minute subdivision of land property, he turns the picture, and impartially points out its unfavourable features; and to any one who has been indulging in the dream that the culture and territorial system of Belgium or Norway can be transplanted into the soil of England, we earnestly

recommend the study of Mr Laing's sixth chapter. We cannot afford space to follow him through the adverse side of the argument, but may state briefly the chief points he brings forward.

In the first place, the condition of a society in which the population is principally employed in raising their food upon their own little properties, is necessarily a *stationary* condition. We speak, be it observed, of a people principally engaged in this occupation; for, in proportion as commerce and manufactures increase among them, labour will become expensive, capital will accumulate in masses, and the peculiar advantages of the small estate system will gradually disappear. The estates themselves will cease to be small; for, as a natural result, men who have made money will add farm to farm, and create large properties, unless there be some counteracting influence, such as the law of equal succession in France, to disperse these accumulations as fast as they arise. Two conditions, then, are necessary to the continuance of peasant-proprietorship among a people as a permanent institution. 1st, An imperfect development of trade and manufactures; and, 2d, a law of inheritance that shall discourage men from forming large properties and transmitting them to their heirs. The state of such a community then, we say, is a stationary one. Every man is like his neighbour, and each succeeding generation is only a copy of the one that preceded it—contented, it may be, industrious and peaceable, but incapable of making a single important step in civilisation. And here we see the nature and extent of that bewildering contrariety which we have noticed between man's social progress and his other interests of happiness and morality. We cannot resist the conviction that the proper destiny of man is, that in every community each generation should be wiser, as well as better and happier, than that which has gone before it. But here we have before us a condition eminently fitted to favour the latter objects, while it acts as a barrier to all material improvement in the arts, the economical applications of science, and all the re-

finements of social life. In his habits, tastes, and opinions, the *bauer* of this generation in the Rhenish provinces, the *udaller* of Norway, is just the same as his forefathers were five hundred years ago. His simple wants are supplied almost entirely by the industry of his own household, and the travelling pedlar furnishes him with the few articles of luxury in which he indulges. He is not only the owner, cultivator, and labourer of the land, but he is usually his own carpenter, builder, saddler, baker, brewer—often his own clothier, tailor, and shoemaker. Granting, then, that the gross produce of the soil is greater when cultivated by a race of petty landowners, than by capitalists employing hired labour, and that the land will thus maintain a greater number of agricultural labourers, it is obvious that the *surplus* produce that remains for the support of other branches of industry is diminished in exactly an inverse ratio. The production of commodities for exchange is therefore inconsiderable; and the growth and circulation of capital are necessarily slow.

"Petty cultivation, when pushed to its farthest extent, terminates in spade husbandry, and in it, therefore, the utmost consequences of a minute subdivision of land must be seen. There is no doubt that a country cultivated in this way could be made to produce much more than under any other system of agriculture; and were food the only necessary of man, it might therefore support a much larger population from the growth of its own soil. But then the wealth of this population would be reduced to a bare subsistence; the whole crop, or nearly all, would be consumed by those employed in raising it, and there would be little or nothing over to purchase home or foreign manufactures, the productions of art, or the works of genius, and no means of supporting a population engaged in such occupations. And even though persons might be found willing to addict themselves to the arts and sciences without expectation of pecuniary reward, yet none would be rich enough to have leisure to follow such pursuits. Thus, gradually, a universal barbarism would overspread the land."

Mr Ramsay, from whom we have copied these sentences, and whose judicious remarks on this subject well

deserve the attention of the inquirer, here supposes the system of petty cultivation carried out to its utmost limits; but the same consequences, though in a less degree, will necessarily follow every step in that direction. And in point of fact, it is precisely the state of matters in those countries of Europe where agriculture is wholly carried on by peasant proprietors,—where, consequently, there is no independent and wealthy class to maintain a home trade; and the trifling commerce that exists is kept alive chiefly by the demands of that class who live on Government employment, and at the expense of the public.

We have adverted to the connection between the petty territorial system and the law of inheritance. If we could suppose the whole surface of England were to be parcelled out to-morrow into small holdings, and then placed in the hands of labouring men, it is clear that, while enterprise and the spirit of accumulation were left as free as at present, the whole arrangement would be upset before the end of the twelvemonth; and that, in a few generations at furthest, property would be found gathered into large masses, just as it is now. Some artificial means, then, would be necessary for limiting the liberty of disposing of property—some such contrivance as the compulsory law of equal succession in France and the Provinces of the Rhine—to provide against the possibility of the landowner ever becoming wealthy, and rising above the condition of a peasant. But are we prepared for all the consequences to which an equal partition of the land among the children of the peasant proprietor would inevitably lead, and has to a great extent already led in those countries? In communities such as Norway, where equal inheritance has grown up with the old institutions of the nation, and all their domestic customs are intimately connected with it, its evil effects are in a great measure neutralised by traditional usages, which supply the place of law, and prevent the subdivision of property from reaching a dangerous extreme. But national customs cannot be adopted *extempore*; and the experience of

France is surely a sufficient proof of the danger of attempting factitiously to adapt that system of succession to the habits and institutions of an old and highly civilised nation. And yet, without some such restriction of the freedom of testation, peasant-proprietorship, as a permanent social principle, is impossible. It is becoming every day more apparent, that the compulsory subdivision of landed property is the main source of the restless and disorganised condition of the French population. The sons of the peasant proprietor spend their youth in the labours of the farm, and look to the land alone as the means of their subsistence. The acre or two that must fall legally to their share at the death of their father is regarded as a sufficient provision against the chance of indigence; and they rarely think of seeking employment in other industrious occupations, or of applying themselves steadily to a trade. The consequence is, that at that age which, in our country, is the prime of a working man's life, they find themselves left to the bare subsistence they can scrape from their miserable inheritance—without regular occupation, unfit for mercantile pursuits, and ripe for war and social tumult. Is it possible to imagine a condition more fitted to foster that reckless and turbulent military spirit—ever ready to burst the barriers of constitutional law—which lies at the root of France's social calamities? Subdivision of land property and perpetual peace—these are the two great elements which our Manchester lawgivers think are to change the face of civilised Europe. Most truly does Mr Laing declare, that ingenuity could not have devised two principles more hostile to each other in their very nature, and more irreconcilable in the past history of the world, than those which Mr Cobden and his followers have selected as the twin pillars of their new social system.

“If Mr Cobden be right in considering this social state (the universal diffusion of property in land) pacific in its elements and tendencies, all political economy, as well as all history, must be wrong!”—(P. 110.).

No state can be pacific, no state

can be secure, in which there is not an intervening class between those who govern and those who are governed—a class who shall, as our author says, act “like the buffers and ballast waggons of a railway train,” and prevent those violent jerks and concussions which shake the machine of government to pieces; and the existence of such a class is excluded by the very notion of peasant proprietorship. The truth is, there are two, and only two, kinds of government compatible with the territorial system of France, and her law of succession. These are, an absolute democracy on the one hand, and military despotism on the other—the tyranny of one man or of millions; and between these two polar points of the political compass, her destinies have been vibrating for the last half century.

Let us turn our view once more homewards. We have frequently and earnestly endeavoured to impress upon the public that the accumulation of property, real as well as movable, into vast and unwieldy masses, has gone too far in our own land. We have consistently opposed that policy which tends to give capital an undue and factitious influence, and, in its precipitate zeal to stimulate production, overlooks all other interests. But we cannot deceive ourselves with the imagination, that peasant proprietorship is the specific antidote to these evils. Pleasing as such Arcadian visions may be to the speculative man, who turns away in weariness and perplexity from the struggle of discordant and competing interests, no one surely can believe that they can possibly be realised here, or that the cultivation of the land by peasant owners can ever become a normal and permanent element in our social condition. The ingenious reasonings of Mr Mill and Mr Thornton

seem to establish nothing more than that such a state is compatible with good agriculture, and with that contentment which Mandeville calls “the bane of industry;” and that nations, like young couples in the honeymoon—

“Though very poor, may still be very blent.”

But no one has seriously set himself to show how a system in such direct antagonism to all our existing institutions and habits—a system tantamount to a retrogression of three hundred years in our history, is to be engrafted on the laws of Great Britain. Some writers, indeed, are fond of referring obscurely to the great treasures of Prince Hardenberg and Von Stein in Prussia, and to their beneficial results, as if they formed a precedent and argument for the creation of peasant estates in this country. But every one who has made himself acquainted with the true nature and purpose of the change introduced by those ministers—which was merely a commutation of certain burdens on the beneficiary owners of the land—knows that no such change is possible in Britain, simply because there are no such burdens to commute.* An isolated experiment of such plantations may be tried here and there, and by artificial culture may be kept up for a time; but it can have no permanent influence on the nation at large. Acts of Parliament cannot make us forget what we have learnt, and relapse into the condition our fathers were in before the Revolution. We cannot retrace our steps at will, and fall back upon some imaginary stage of our past history, when contentment and rude simplicity are supposed to have overspread the land. Examples there are, no doubt, of nations once great and opulent, whose arts, inventions, and civilisation, are now almost forgotten. But changes

* Previous to Hardenberg's administration, the peasants enjoyed the *dominium utile* of their lands, (*barren hofe*, as they were called, but subject to the payment of a certain quit-rent or feu-duty to the superior lord; and the scope of the change was to make these quit-rents redeemable, by the cession of a certain fixed proportion of the land, and to vest the absolute property of the remainder in the vassal. It is obvious, therefore, that there is not the slightest analogy between the case of the Prussian *seigneur* (as we should call him in Scotland) and that of an ordinary tenant-at-will or lessee of land, and that the commutation we have described has no similarity whatever to the schemes of “tenant-right,” of which we now hear so much.

like these are not studiously brought about by the politic enactments of rulers, but by indirect causes of decay; and a people that has once begun to go back in civilisation must gradually sink into indigence and barbarism. Whether our past advancement, then, has been for good or for evil, it is now too late to retreat. The progress of a society, composed chiefly of peasant landowners, resembles the motion of an eddy at the margin of a great stream—slowly circling for ever in the same narrow round. We, more daring than others, have ventured out into the very centre of the flood where the current rolls strongest; and to stand still now is as impossible as to breast the Spey when the winter's snows are melting on the Grampians.

Following Mr Lainig's footstep, we have pointed out some of the dangers inseparable from a division of the soil into small estates; but we are very far indeed from considering the tenure of land in this country as incapable of amendment. It is mischievous as well as visionary to talk of remodelling our territorial system on the pattern of Prussia or Belgium, or any other country; but it is also mischievous, and most impolitic, to create or continue legal impediments to the *natural* subdivision of property. It is impossible to doubt that a very general desire prevails among the labouring classes, and those who have laid up little capitals in banks and friendly societies, to acquire portions of land suitable to their means of investment. The large prices paid for such lots when they are found in the market, and the eagerness with which even such dubious projects as Mr Feargus O'Connor's have been laid hold of, prove the fact to a certain extent; and it has been strongly confirmed by the inquiries of the committee which sat last session for investigating the means available to the working-classes for the investment of their small savings. The great extension of allotments, in late years, may perhaps have helped to foster this disposition; while it shows how anxious these classes are to acquire the possession of land, even on the most uncertain and unfavourable tenure. However disapprovingly our political economists may shake their

heads at the progress made by that system, as not squaring with their doctrines, we cannot doubt that, so far as it has gone, its results have been eminently beneficial; and the thanks of the nation are due to that enlightened nobleman who has taken the lead in this course, and has created, we are told, no less than four thousand holdings of this description on his estates. But allotments do not meet the difficulty of finding a field for the secure investment of the smaller accumulations of industry. The question then is, whether it be right or safe that so strong and healthful a wish should prevail among the people, without the means of gratifying it? Let us shut out of view all the crude and disjointed schemes for a redistribution of property on a wider basis, and the limitation of the right of testation: and, without undermining the structure of the law, endeavour to remove those parts of it which present technical or fiscal impediments to the acquisition of small properties, and to adapt it generally to the wants of the community. The amendment of the Scotch entail law, and of the process of conveyance, as well as the recent remission of part of the burden of stamp duties, have already cleared away some of those obstacles. But much remains to be done, especially in England, in simplifying technical forms, and abridging the expense of conveyances in small transfers. In this respect, we are still far behind the nations of the Continent. Until the recent alteration of the stamp duties, the expense of effecting a sale of land in England, and of creating a mortgage, was in ordinary circumstances thus proportioned to the value of the subject:—

Value of Estate.	Expense of a Sale.	Expense of a Mortgage.
£50	30 per cent	30 per cent
100	15 ..	20 ..
600	7½ ..	9 ..
1500	5 ..	3 ..
100,000	4 ..	12 ..

Who would ever dream of applying his savings in the purchase of a piece of land of £50 value, when he must pay £30 more to make a title to it? The new scale of stamp duties alters the proportion; but the expense

legal writings, which forms the larger half of the charges above stated, remains undiminished, and operates as an absolute prohibition of the sale and purchase of land for investment under £1000 value. Such are the intricacies of the system, and such the want of a proper registry,* that we are told by the highest authorities that there is scarcely a title to be met with on which a purchaser can be quite secure, and which does not afford room for dispute and litigation. Now, contrast all this with the way in which the transfer of property is effected abroad. We have before us a copy† of an actual conveyance of a parcel of land in the Duchy of Nassau, the price of which was £181. The form of the contract extends to only four lines, and contains a reference to an appended schedule, which specifies briefly in separate columns the description of the subject, its extent, and its number on the register. The expense of the whole transaction, including government charges, was £4. 7s. The sale of a similar estate in England would, until the other day, have been attended with an expense of about £24.

But we cannot enter into the specific means by which the exchange of land properties, especially those of small amount, may yet be facilitated; our object being merely to show how desirable, and how strictly coincident with the soundest conservative policy, it is to remove all discouragements to the natural employment of capital on the soil of the country.

This leads us to the mention of one of those topics of Mr Laing's *Observations*, in which his opinions seem to be more ingenious than correct: we allude to the apparently paradoxical view he takes of the ultimate consequences of abolishing agricultural protection.

Mr Laing is not an observer who runs any risk of being entangled in the obvious meshes of the Free-Trade net. He has seen too much of other countries, and has too just an

appreciation of the practical value of politico-economical theories, to be deceived by the common sophisms of the Manchester dialectics. No one has more ably exposed the cardinal fallacy on which the whole system hinges—that a permanently low price of corn is necessarily beneficial to the people. In the former series of his *Observations*, published at a time when the common-sense of the country was beginning to give way before the bold and clamorous assertions of the League, he showed, by arguments sufficient to have convinced any one who would have listened to calm reason, that, in a country like Great Britain, the cheapness of imported corn, though it may enrich the employer of labour, cannot in the long run be an advantage to the working man. He pointed out clearly, too, the fallacy that ran through all the calculations of Dr Bowring and Mr Jacob, as to the supply of grain which the Northern countries of Europe could send us, and the price they could afford to take for it. Every week's experience is now showing the utter worthlessness of the large mass of estimates and returns compiled by these great statistical authorities, and confirming what Mr Laing foretold in opposition to all their calculations—that our principal imports would be drawn from the countries whose produce reaches us through the Baltic, at prices which, in ordinary seasons, must uniformly undersell the English grower in his own markets. The reason assigned by him is a very clear one, and well deserves the attention of those landowners and farmers at home, who are still flattering themselves with the belief that the rates and quantities of the grain imports of the last two years have been occasioned by temporary causes—that the importers must have been losing largely, and will soon cease to prosecute an unremunerative trade.

“Why cannot the British farmer, with

* We are glad to observe, in the recently published Report of the Royal Commission presided over by Lord Langdale, some indication of progress towards supplying the want of a system of Registry in England,—a want which, as the Commissioners truly affirm, operates as a heavy burden on land property, and a material diminution of its value.

† Evidence of Lords' Committee on the Burdens affecting Land, p. 423.

his greater skill, capital, and economy of production, raise vastly greater crops, and undersell with advantage, at least in the British market, the foreign grain, which has heavy charges of freight, warehouse rent, and labourage against it? The reason is this: The foreign grain brought to England from the Continent of Europe consists either of rents, quit-rents, or feu-duties, paid in kind by the actual farmer; or it is the surplus produce of the small estate of the peasant proprietor. In either case the subsistence of the family producing it is taken off, and also whatever is required to pay tithes, rates, and even taxes, which, as well as rent, are not paid in money, but in *naturalia*—in grain; and generally in certain proportions of the crops raised. The free surplus for exportation may be sold at any price in the English market, however low; because, if it bring in nothing at all, the loss neither deranges the circumstances nor the ordinary subsistence and way of living of the farmers producing it. All their rents or payments are settled in grain; all their subsistence, clothing, and necessary expenditure are provided for; and the surplus is merely a quantity which must be sold, because it is perishable; and which, if it sells well, may enable them to lay out a little more on the gratifications and tastes of a higher state of civilisation; but if it sells badly, or for nothing at all, does not affect their means of reproduction, or even their ordinary habits, enjoyments, way of living, or stock. They have not paid a price for their corn in rent, wages, manures, and other outlay of money, as the British farmer does before he brings his corn to market, and have, therefore, no minimum below which they cannot afford to sell it without ruin.”

Mr Laing's intimate acquaintance with the habits and condition of those countries, which now seem destined to stand in the same relation to Great Britain as Numidia did to decaying Rome, has enabled him also to point out how vain is the expectation that they will permanently extend the use of our manufactures in proportion to our consumption of their corn. No one has more forcibly shown the insanity of sacrificing, for so vague a prospect, the prosperity of those classes who chiefly maintain the home market.

“The superior importance of the home market for all that the manufacturing industry of Great Britain produces, com-

pared to what the foreign market, including even the colonial, takes off, furnishes one of the strongest arguments against the abolition of the Corn Laws. . . . The home consumer, not the foreign, is undeniably that which the great mass of British manufacturing labour and capital is engaged in supplying. Take away from the home consumers the means to consume—that is, the high and artificial value of their labour, or rate of wages produced by the working of the Corn Laws—and you stop this home market. You cut off the spring from which it is fed. You sacrifice a certain home market for an uncertain foreign market. You sacrifice four-fifths for the chance of augmenting one-fifth. If the one-fifth, the foreign consumer, should be augmented so as to equal the four-fifths—the home consumer—it would still be a question of very doubtful policy whether it should be so augmented: whether the means of living of so large a proportion of the productive classes should be made to depend so entirely upon a demand which political circumstances might suddenly cut off.” &c.†

Knowing the opinions held by Mr Laing to be thus adverse to that change of the law which virtually gave to the *metayer* or proprietor of Holstein, Pomerania, or Poland, a preference in Mark Lane over the farmer of Norfolk or Lincolnshire, it was with some surprise, and some apprehension for the consistency of the author, that, in turning over the table of contents of the volume before us, we came to the following heading:—“On the abolition of the Corn Laws as a *Conservative measure* for the English landed interest.”

The process by which he has arrived at the conclusion, that a measure confessedly so disastrous in its immediate consequences will ultimately turn out beneficial to one section at least of the landed interest, seems to be this: He thinks that, in the chief corn-growing countries of the Continent, cultivation is already so generally extended over all the soils capable of yielding any return, that the land cannot, in any circumstances, give employment to a greater number of the inhabitants than it does already; whereas Great Britain contains, in his opinion, a much larger proportional area of improvable soil, which forms a reserve

† *Observations*, p. 154.

or provision for the future increase of our population. A succession of bad harvests in Germany or France, or any considerable addition to their present population, would necessarily reduce these countries, he believes, to extreme famine and misery; because, the land being already fully occupied and filled up, and their surplus numbers having no considerable outlet in manufacturing or commercial industry, they have no resources to fall back upon in seasons of calamity. But in England there still remains a large extent of "woods, and groves planted and preserved for ornament, parks, pleasure-grounds, lawns, shrubberies, old grass-fields producing only crops for luxury, such as pasture and hay for the finer breeds of horses," while a still larger area of arable ground is left uncultivated in Ireland and Scotland. Hence, as our population increases, we possess a safety-valve in our untilled soil which does not exist on the Continent; we have still the means of subsisting our daily-increasing numbers; and, so long at least as these means last, it is probable that the owners of the already cultivated lands will be left in the peaceable enjoyment of their property. But that possession would not have been secure had the abolition of the Corn Laws not been conceded at the time it was—the people might have driven the landowners from their occupations, as they did in the first French Revolution; "the free importation of food has averted a similar social convulsion, and has deprived the agitator and hireling speech-maker of his plea of oppression from class interests, and conventional laws in favour of the landowners."* These seem to be the grounds on which Mr Laing regards the abolition of the Corn Laws as a Conservative measure—"which will preserve, for some generations at least, to our nobility, gentry, and landed interests, their domains, their estates, and their proper social interests."

As this line of defence seems to be a favourite one with the straggling remnant of that party, who, having been the immediate instruments by which the change was effected, never-

theless still venture to claim for themselves the title of Conservatives, we may shortly review the grounds on which it rests. So far as Mr Laing's adoption of it is concerned, we may remark that the conclusion, taken by itself, is not absolutely incongruous with that disapproval of the measure of 1846 which the author has elsewhere expressed so strongly; because, in fact, he regards the question from two very different points of view. The political philosopher occupies a very different standing ground from a minister or senator. From his speculative elevation, his eye passes over the events and consequences nearest to him, and strives to penetrate the dim possibilities of the future; and if we look at human events from this ground, there are perhaps few even of the severest public calamities that are not followed by some compensatory, though it may be distant, benefit. If we can shut our eyes to the wretchedness and desolation caused by a great fire in a crowded town, we may look forward to a time when the narrow alleys and unwholesome dwellings, now in ruins before us, shall be replaced by roomy and well-built habitations, and we may perhaps consider the prospective health and comforts of the next occupants as counterbalancing the present misery. It *may* or it may not prove true, that the concession of 1846 will put an end to disaffection, and be remembered for generations to come in the hearts of a contented and grateful people; it *may* or it may not secure the aristocracy in the peaceable enjoyment of their patrimonial estates and privileges.

These, however, are results that every one will admit to be at least problematical, while there can be no doubt whatever as to the direct and immediate consequences of the measure. The most obstinate partisan no longer ventures to question the distress and ruin that is every day spreading among the larger section of the British people—the labourers, tenant farmers, and smaller landowners. And now the sufferers are told to make the most of what is left to them, and be thankful that they have escaped a revolution. It may,

* *Observations*, p. 153.

perchance, occur to them to question whether, in regard to their property at least, the chances of a revolution would have made their condition much worse than it is at present. Looking at the estimates of the depreciation of their possessions, which have been so triumphantly paraded by their enemies, they may be inclined to doubt whether an insurrection, or even a foreign invasion, would have cost them greatly more than ninety-one millions a-year. To the humbler and most oppressed section of the agricultural body, the congratulation on their escape from a worse fate than that they now complain of, may sound not unlike the exhortation of a highwayman who, having stripped his victim of his cash, bids him bless his stars that he is allowed to get off with whole bones, and a coat to cover them. It is true, indeed, that the pressure is not so severely felt by the lords of great domains—cannot indeed be so; for to the owner of £10,000 a-year the loss of one-fourth of his income—though it may oblige him to curtail his expenses in matters of external show, still leaves ample means for the gratification of his accustomed habits and tastes. But what comfort is it to the owner of a small estate, who is reduced to the necessity of selling it for what it will bring—perhaps for some such price as we see recorded in the transactions of the Encumbered Estates Court of Dublin—or to the farmer, who is preparing to carry his family and the remnant of his capital to some other land—or to the labourer, who finds his earnings cut down to 6s. 6d. a-week—what consolation is it to men so circumstanced, that the policy which has caused their ruin may possibly enable the great territorial lords to retain their overgrown estates, and the privileges of their order, “for some generations to come?” Mr Laing, observe, does not venture to anticipate more than a respite for them; and some will be disposed to doubt whether even their permanent safety, and the perpetuation of their rights, would not be too dearly purchased at the price we are now paying for it in the ruin of a far more numerous, and perhaps not less valuable, class of the

community. We have often had occasion to express our opinion as to the alleged crisis of 1846, which is said to have been so opportunely averted—as well as to the principle which ought to animate a Government in meeting such difficulties. We are not of those who think the main business of a cabinet is to keep on good terms with “the agitator and hireling speech-maker,”—and that he is the wisest minister who is most adroit in timing his concessions, and casting off his principles at the moment they become inconvenient. Any seeming tranquillity, any truce with the enemies of constitutional order purchased by such a policy, can never be otherwise than temporary and precarious, because, it is insincere—insincere on both sides—a hollow compromise between principle and the expediency of the hour.

When we look to the reasons Mr Laing gives for the opinion we have been commenting on, they will be found to hang together rather loosely. They pre-suppose that agitation *de rebus frumentariis*, and specially the agitation of the League, could only proceed from the pressure of want. Now, the very week that the Bill passed, the price of wheat was 52s. 2d.—which, curiously enough, is the exact sum fixed on by Mr Wilson as the natural price of wheat in England. At that time beef was selling in London at 7s. 3d. a stone. The corn averages for the whole previous year were a fraction over 49s. 6d. The average of the ten previous years was 56s. 6d., which, by another strange coincidence, corresponds to a sixpence with the price admitted by Sir Robert Peel. With such rates of the chief articles of subsistence, how can it be said that scarcity was the cause of the Corn-Law agitation? The idea of famishing millions imploring bread may have been an appropriate figure of speech in the rabid cantations of an Ebenezer Elliot; but who seriously believes that the cry of “abolition” was the voice of a starving people, and not the mere watchword of a faction? Scarcity was only the pretext for the clamour before which the Government yielded; and is there any one weak or sanguine enough to

believe that, by removing that pretext, and yielding to that clamour, we have silenced the voice of discontent, and ruined the trade of the demagogue? Is agrarian agitation no longer possible? Can we shut our eyes to what is even now passing in the north of Ireland? The fire which we are told was finally extinguished in 1846, has reappeared in that quarter, and already the sparks from it are kindling up in other parts of the empire.* The demand for what is called "fixity of tenure" is but the germ of a new agitation, the future phases of which, unless it shall be met in a very different spirit from that which has characterised our recent policy, it is not difficult to foresee. It will become the new rallying point of disaffection—the centre of inflammatory action. The old machinery of the League will be set up anew, and the passions of the people will again be excited by a course of studious and systematic irritation. Ministers will hesitate, deprecate, and dally with the difficulty; rival statesmen will by turns fan the flame, or feebly resist it, as suits the party tactics of the day; until, at length, some one more yielding or less scrupulous than his competitors, will discover that the demand is founded on justice and sound policy—will concede all that is asked of him, and finally will turn round complacently and claim the gratitude of his country for having saved it from a revolution.

Our view, then, of this vindication of abolition, on the ground that it has averted a social convulsion, is briefly this. The discontent which then prevailed was not, as it pretended to be, the consequence of scarcity and dearness of provisions, or of any real grievance, but was in truth produced and fostered by artificial influences, which may at any time be again called into action. The spirit of agitation which then found a convenient pretext in the corn duties, will not fail to find an equally fit handle to lay hold of on the next favourable opportunity; and it is vain, therefore, to hope that we have purchased by our concessions, a lasting immunity from disturbance, or any enduring guarantee for the safety of property on its present basis.

It is on grounds of justice, and not of mere statecraft, that so great a question must be argued. Had the corn-laws been founded on injustice and partiality, that surely was in itself an ample and all-sufficient reason for sweeping them away. But if, on the contrary, they were productive of no such injustice to the people at large—if equity, as well as the implied guarantee of a long succession of laws, demanded an adherence to their principle as a partial compensation for the disproportionate burdens we have imposed on the land—then the allegation that their maintenance might have produced a popular outbreak, is, after all, but a feeble and ambiguous defence for the Ministry who so readily surrendered them. The *coup d'état* which we are now asked to applaud as the crowning act of Conservative Wisdom, sinks into a mere wily evasion of a difficulty by giving over the interests of the weaker party as a peace offering to the more clamorous—a sacrifice of established rights to the "*civium ardor prava jubentium*."

It is quite true, as Mr Laing tells us, that there exists a very large reserve of available land in Great Britain—a reserve quite sufficient, under proper management, to maintain our population for centuries to come, even at its present large ratio of increase. But that there is no similar reserve on the Continent, we beg leave to doubt. The statement may be true as regards those districts to whose condition Mr Laing has paid most attention. It may be true of France, and the peasant-cultivated parts of West Prussia, and the North of Germany; but can we say that the countries watered by the Vistula, the Bug, the Dniester—can we say that Livonia, Volhynia, Podolia—that those vast districts whose produce reaches us through Odessa, (whence it was shipped to England last winter, at a freight of 6s. a-quarter,) are already cultivated up to the full measure of their capabilities? The following comparative statement of the proportion which the cultivated land bears to the superficial extent of the different countries of Europe, is taken from the *Annuaire Statistique* for 1850:—

England,	55	hectares in 100*
France,	54	...
Belgium,	43	...
Prussia and	40	...
Denmark,	30	...
Italy and	30	...
Portugal,	25	...
Germany and	25	...
Spain,	20	...
Holland and	20	...
Austria,	18	...
Russia and	18	...
Poland,	14	...
Sweden and	14	...
Norway,		

Unless we assume, (which we have no right to do.) that the extent of irreclaimable mountain, marsh, and sand, is much greater in proportion to the area of Belgium, Prussia, and Germany, the countries chiefly referred to by Mr Laing, than it is in Britain, we apprehend that their reserve is, to say the least, considerably larger than ours. We must notice also, that our author seems to regard the unreclaimed land of Britain as if it were a fund on which we can fall back at any time, when unfavourable harvests abroad shall have curtailed our accustomed supplies from the countries of the Continent. But a little consideration will show that, after we have once learnt to trust to annual foreign supplies, it is utterly vain to expect that their occasional deficiency will be supplemented, in case of emergency, from our own spare resources. Land is not like the instruments of production employed by the manufacturer. People talk of having recourse to our less fertile soils, as if it were a matter as easily and speedily accomplished as setting a mill in motion by raising the sluice. But the ponderous machine of agriculture is not so easily set a-going. On unreclaimed soils, an expenditure of from £12 to £25 an acre is required at the very outset. Fences and houses have to be erected, roads and drains to be formed, roots to be grubbed up, stones to be removed, before even the seed can be

placed in the ground. Taking the farmer's capital into account, we are probably within the mark when we assert that £26 an acre, on the average, must be laid out on new land, before a single bushel can be reaped from it; and, even when ready for a rotation, an additional preparation of two or three years is necessary to bring it into a state for bearing wheat. Now, is there any speculator so insane as to risk such an expenditure on the possible chance of an occasional and simultaneous failure of the crops on the Continent? Even if grain were at a famine price, will any one be found to throw away his money in ploughing up "lawns, woods, shrubberies, village greens, and waste corners," when the very next season may see our ports swarming as usual with foreign grain ships, and "buyers firm" at 35s. a quarter?

A bad harvest is not an event that can be foreseen, and provided against, in the same way that the thrifty housekeeper lays in an additional stock of fuel, when there is talk of a strike among the colliers. The calamity is upon us long before the most skillful and far-sighted husbandman can arrange his plans and modify his rotations for the purpose of meeting the emergency. It is out of the question, then, under the present system at least, to talk of our spare land as if it were a spare coachhorse, or a spare pair of breeches, ready for use at any moment. We have taken away the only incitement to improvement, by taking care that it shall never be profitable. We have dammed back from our own fields that fertilising stream which is now spreading over and enriching the land of our neighbours. And now that we have chosen to throw ourselves on the resources of other nations—now that we may say, as the Romans did in the days of Claudian, "pascimur arbitrio Mauri"—we must not wonder if occasionally the supply turns out to be insufficient. We do not

* The estimate for this country is clearly too small. Out of one hundred acres in England, seventy-eight are under cultivation, or in meadow. For the British Islands, the proportion is about sixty-four to one hundred. As to the extent of uncultivated but available land in Prussia, see the Evidence of Mr Danfield before the Committee of the House of Lords on Burdens affecting Land.

apprehend that a general scarcity can be of very frequent occurrence; but of this we may rest assured, that when it does happen, there is no portion of Europe in which the scourge of famine will be so severely felt as in this island, and it will then be utterly vain to look for relief from an expansion of that native agriculture which we have been at such pains to cripple and discourage.

We should convey to our readers a very incorrect notion of Mr Laing's work, if we led them to believe that it is wholly occupied with such subjects as we have been discussing. The commercial, military, and administrative systems of European governments, certainly form his most important themes; but his remarks on the arts, customs, and literature of those countries are always amusing, and uttered with a straightforward and fearless disregard of what other people have said upon the same topics. He has no respect for conventional opinions in matters of taste; and he avows an English preference for the solid utilities and material comforts of everyday life over mere ornament. In fact, his views on the fine arts generally, are, to say the least, rather peculiar. 'The art of fresco-painting seems somehow to excite his bile more than anything else.' His aversion to it is as intense and contemptuous as that with which Cobbett regarded the opera.* It is clear to us that his digestive organs must have been fearfully disordered during his visit to Munich. From the Pinakothek to the spittoons in the Hall of the Graces, nothing seems to have pleased him—all is tawdry, hollow, and out of place—and that æsthetic refinement which the ex-king of Bavaria took under his especial

protection is, in his eyes, opposed to all common sense and true civilisation. We cannot join him in regarding the art of the upholsterer as more important than that of the sculptor, or in thinking the possession of hearth-rugs and window-curtains, and plenty of earthenware utensils, truer tests of national civilisation than libraries and picture-galleries. But, to a certain extent, we are disposed to share in his distrust of the genuineness of that progress in art which depends on Government encouragement. The taste which is reared and stimulated in the artificial air of palaces, instead of attaining a healthy and vigorous development, often yields little fruit except empty mannerisms. And, if the labours of the painter and the sculptor be apt to take a questionable direction under courtly tutelage, there is still more room to doubt whether any important progress in manufactures, or the mechanical arts, can be prompted by princely patronage, however well designed. We have already had proof in England of what enterprise and ingenuity can accomplish without such aid—it remains to be seen what advancement they are to make in the leading-strings of court favour, and under the inspiration of puffs in the *Times* newspaper, and promises of medals, with suitable inscriptions, and the bustling exertions of a semi-official staff of attachés.

Notwithstanding his heretical notions about the value of the fine arts, in a national point of view, Mr Laing's pictures of Continental life and scenery, and his criticisms on foreign manners and customs, will be found full of information and instruction, even by those who have resided for years in the countries he describes.

WHO ROLLED THE POWDER IN?

A LAY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

[“ Upon this the conversation dropped, and soon afterwards Tresham departed. When he found himself alone, he suffered his rage to find vent in words. ‘ Perdition seize them!’ he cried: ‘ I shall now lose two thousand pounds, in addition to what I have already advanced; and, as Mounteagle will not have the disclosure made till the beginning of November, there is no way of avoiding payment. They would not fall into the snare I laid to throw the blame of the discovery, when it takes place, upon their own indiscretion. But I must devise some other plan.’ ”—*AINSWORTH’S Life and Times of Guy Fawkes.*]

THEY’VE done their task, and every cask
Is piled within the cell:
They’ve heaped the wood in order good,
And hid the powder well.
• And Guido Fawkes, who seldom talks,
Remarked with cheerful glee—
“ The moon is bright—they’ll fly by night!
Now, sis, let’s turn the key.”

The wind without blew cold and stout,
As though it smelt of snow—
But wasn’t the breeze that made the knees
Of Tresham tremble so?
With ready hand, at Guy’s command,
He rolled the powder in;
But what’s the cause that Tresham’s jaws
Are chattering to the chin?

Nor wine nor beer his heart can cheer,
As in his chamber lone
He walks the plank with heavy clank,
And vents the frequent groan.
“ Alack!” quoth he, “ that this should be—
Alack, and well-a-day!
I had the hope to bring the Pope,
But in a different way.

“ I’d risk a rope to bring the Pope
• By gradual means and slow;
But Guido Fawkes, who seldom talks,
Won’t let me manage so.
The furious man has hatched a plan
That must undo us all;
He’ll blow the Peers unto the spheres,
And throne the Cardinal!

“ It’s time I took from other book
Than his a saving leaf;
I’ll do it—yes! I’ll e’en confess,
Like many a conscious thief.
And on the whole, upor my soul,
As Garnet used to teach,
When human schemes are vain as dreams,
’Tis always best to peach!

"My mind's made up!" He drained the cup,
 Then straightway sate him down,
 Divulged the whole, whitewashed his soul,
 And saved the British crown;—
 Disclosed the walks of Guido Fawkes,
 And swore, with pious aim,
 That, from the first he thought him cursed,
 And still opined the same.

Poor Guilo died, and Tresham eyed
 His dangling corpse on high;
 Yet no one durst reflect at first
 On him who played the spy.
 Did any want a Protestant,
 As stiff as a rattan,
 To rail at home 'gainst priests at Rome—
 Why, Tresham was their man!

'Twas nothing though he'd kissed the Toe
 Abroad in various ways,
 Or managed rather that his wife's father
 Should bear the blame and praise.
 Yet somehow men, who knew him when
 He wooed the Man of Sin,
 Would slightly sneer, and whisper near,
 WHO ROLLED THE POWDER IN?

MORAL.

If you, dear youth, are bent on truth
 In these degenerate days,
 And if you dare one hour to spare
 For aught but "Roman Lays;"
 If, shunning rhymes, you read the *Times*,
 And search its columns through,
 You'll find perhaps that Tresham's lapse
 Is matched by something new.

Our champion John, with armour on,
 Is ready *now* to stand
 (For so we hope) against the Pope,
 At least on English land.
 'Gainst foreign rule and Roman bull
 He'll fight, and surely win.
 But—tarry yet—and don't forget
 WHO ROLLED THE POWDER IN!

A LECTURE ON JOURNALISM.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

AND so, Dick my boy, you are now on the staff of "our Special Commissioners;" and you are going to favour the public with the results of your investigations on the subjects of native industry, free trade, wages, competition, and so forth? Well, it does good to the heart of an aged veteran of the press like myself, to see the sphere of our labours, as we used to call it, so capitally enlarged. It shows me that people are rapidly getting rid of a good many idiotical prejudices which stood in the way of social progress; and that they don't care from what quarter their information comes, so that it is properly spiced and made palatable to their taste. Upon my soul, Dick, and without any humbug, I almost envy you your present position. Two years ago when you came up to London, and were entered in the junior reporting department, you knew as much about political economy as you do of algebra, and would as soon have handled a red-hot poker as a volume of parliamentary returns. And now they tell me that you are the smartest hand going at statistics, and think no more of tossing off an article on the Currency at a quarter of an hour's notice, than my cook does of elaborating a pancake! Why, sir, you are a far greater man than a peer of the realm, or a member of the House of Commons. You are a whole committee in your own person, for you are going to take evidence, just wherever you please, and to report upon it too, without the remotest chance of contradiction. Help yourself, Dick, and pass the decanter. Here is your very good health, and prosperity to the Fourth Estate!

You intend to do your duty manfully and impartially? Of course, Dick, you do. Nobody who has the pleasure of your acquaintance can doubt it. Your virility is beyond all dispute, and how can you be otherwise than impartial when you are writing up your own side? You are not much of a lawyer, perhaps, but common sense will

suggest the first plain rules for leading evidence. Your employers want to show that everybody is prospering under the cheerful influences of free trade. They don't, of course, care twopence halfpenny whether their dogma is right or wrong: they are committed to it, and that is enough. They give you a certain allowance per week—I hope, by the way, it is a handsome one—to prosecute your inquiries, and they intend that the results shall be such as to justify their general assertion. And no doubt they will justify it, Dick; for I say, and I care not who knows it, that a cleverer, sharper, more acute and knowing dog than yourself never dipped goose-quill into a standish. You need not blush at the compliment. Was it not you who wrote that leader last week, recommending the agriculturists to regulate their operations on the same principle which is followed in the factories, and to look to short and speedy returns as the best means of making money? Ha, ha, ha! Dick—that certainly was a masterpiece! How the poor devils of chaw-bacons must have stared when they heard you gravely recommending them to raise three or four consecutive crops in the year, to turn the seasons topsy-turvy, and to sow in August that they might reap in January! No wonder that they are angry, for the best of the joke is, that a number of people believed you. The Cockneys have got it into their heads that wheat can be grown by machinery, and I, for one, shan't be in any hurry to disabuse them. If I were you, I would give them another leader or two in the same strain, insisting of course that the agriculturists are a pack of infernal asses, who don't understand the first principles of their own trade, and that Mechi, the razor-man, is their only creditable apostle.

Never mind though it may be necessary for you soon to eat in your own words. Between you and me, Dick—but don't let it go any farther—I have been of opinion for some time

back that Free-trade is a total delusion. It may be bolstered up for a little longer, but it can't by possibility last our time. There was too much lying and puffing and quackery and braggadocio at the outset. I told Cobden so, at the time when he was descending upon the blessings of the cheap loaf, but he would have his own way, and in his very next speech proposed to lay Manchester alongside of the Mississippi! I said the same thing to M'Gregor, but he would not be deterred from promising his hearers an additional two millions per week. And a pretty kettle of fish he has made of it! I am told that he dares not venture to show his face in the Gorbals. You see, Dick, all that nonsense is telling confoundedly against us just now. Wheat is down to zero, in so far as the profits of cultivation are concerned. The farmers are well-nigh ruined—that is plain beyond the power of contradiction, and in the course of another year they will be utterly and eternally spouted. The artisans are beginning to find out that cheap foreign bread means less labour and lowered wages, and they complain that they are driven to the wall by the free importation of foreign goods. If that notion once seizes hold of their minds—and it is doing so rapidly—it won't be long before they begin a tremendous agitation on the other side. Yes, Dick: the Protectionists were right after all, and in the long run they will carry their point with the general consent of the country. In the mean time, however, thanks to Sir Robert Peel, we have got into office, and we shall be consummate idiots if we don't make hay while the sun shines. You are doing capital service, Dick, by throwing dust in people's eyes. Keep it up as long as you can. Sneer at facts when you can't answer them; distort evidence boldly; laugh down the idea of retrogression; assume the existence of unexampled prosperity, in spite of every testimony to the contrary; assert even in the face of hostile elections and powerful gatherings, that the cause of Protection is dead and coffined—and the odds are that you may still induce a good many people to believe you. Stout averments, Dick, are capital things, and the broader you can make them the

better. I would advise you, though, to be chary of statistics. They are dangerous weapons in the hands of the inexperienced, and you may chance to break your own head, whilst attempting to tomahawk your antagonist. But if you must use them, apply to me or Heavywet. We have a prime stock on hand, carefully prepared for service, and I think we could still put you up to a dodge or two. By the way, who wrote that song upon Heavywet? You know the one I mean, beginning with some such words as—

"All in my den, I cooper up the figure-list,
Which I've been working at a twelvemonth
and a day;
Where there was a lesser one I substitute a
bigger list!"
Saying that the true bill is far, far away."

I wish you had seen Heavywet's face when young Fitztape of the Treasury sang it in his presence on Tuesday last! The old fellow looked as though the waiter had handed him verjuice instead of claret.

I hope, Dick, you are not above receiving a hint from an old hand, who has seen some service in his day. I am sure I have every reason to acknowledge my infinite obligations to the pen which I have wielded with more or less effect for wellnigh forty years, and which has not only provided me with food and raiment, but with a snug patent Government office, which makes me entirely independent of any change of Ministry. These are the kind of prizes, Dick, which are open to us literary men, who have the sense to adopt politics as a trade, and to write up our party, without troubling ourselves about that fantastic commodity which the parsons term conscience. I never could see why a public writer should have a conscience any more than a lawyer. The French fellows are better up to this, and don't even pretend to its possession. And it must be acknowledged that they are allowed occasionally far better chances than we have. Only fancy, Dick, you and I members of a Provisional Government! Wouldn't we have a pluck at Rothschild and the Bank? Don't your fingers itch at the bare idea of such close contact with the feathers of the national pigeon? But it is of no use indulging in those fairy

dreams. And after all, I daresay that neither Etienne Arago, nor Armand Marrast, nor Ferdinand Flocon, nor Louis Blanc, are half so well off at the present moment as I am, with my snug salary payable quarterly, and no arrears. It is better not to be too ambitious, Dick, nor to overshoot the mark; for I have always remarked that your most prominent men are precisely those who pocket the least in the long-run. I am for your golden mediocrity, which insures an easy berth, and the power of offering to a friend a cool bottle of claret. You like the wine, Dick? Help yourself again; there's more where that came from.

As I was saying, you should not despise a hint from an old hand. We ancients may not be quite so smart as you moderns, but we are tolerably good judges of the taking qualities of an article—we know, by experience, the sort of thing which is likely to tickle the public ear. Now, you will forgive me for saying, that in your late writings you exhibit, now and then, certain marks of precipitancy, which it might be as safe to avoid. What I mean to express is, that you are too dashing—too daring—too ready to encounter your antagonist with his own weapons. You assume the part of Achilles, instead of imitating the example of Ulysses; you don't touch the Hospitaller's shield, though he has the worst seat of the party, but you make your lance ring against the buckler of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This may be plucky, but it is not wise. People may applaud you for your hardihood, but it is not a pleasant thing to be chucked over your horse's croup, among shards, and mire, and the general laughter of mankind. You made a great mistake the other day in pitting yourself against Lord Stanley. You might have known better. You were no more than a baby in the hands of the best lance of the Temple; and the attempt only ended, as all must have foreseen, in your own confusion. Don't be angry, Dick. I know you only obeyed orders, but the result demonstrates, very clearly, the utter imbecility of the clique under which you have had the misfortune to serve.

You say you did not write the

article about gestures and looks being more expressive than words? I am aware you did not. I am talking to a sensible man, and not to an irreclaimable idiot. It is no fault of yours if the dunderheads, who find the money, will occasionally mistake their vocation, and commit themselves by using the pen. Such things are inevitable in journalism; and they are enough to sow the seeds of decline in the bosom of a printer's devil. But you know very well, notwithstanding, that you committed yourself most egregiously. You were laughed at, Dick, and held up to scorn in every paper from Truro to Caithness. And for what? Why, for attempting pertinaciously to maintain that a statesman meant and said one thing, whereas he distinctly meant and said another. Did you seriously expect to impose upon any one by such a stale device as that—so palpable, and, moreover, so exceedingly open to contradiction? You might as well expect the public to believe that the Duke of Wellington has broken his neck on the hunting-field, in the teeth of a letter from the Field-marshal announcing that he is well and hearty. Yes; I know very well that John Bull is a gullible animal, but not to the degree which you assume. You may state, if you like, that the moon is made of green cheese; or, as some wiseacre did the other day, that the electric telegraph is to be superseded by the employment of magnetic snails; but you won't persuade any one that Ferrand is a friend of Cobden, or that Sir Robert Inglis is a Jesuit in disguise who is working for the supremacy of the Pope. By the way, I was wrong in recommending you to persist in your averment that Protection is dead and coffined. You have, I observe, of late dedicated at least a couple of Jeremiads each week to that topic, and there is a degree of ferocity coupled with the announcement revolting to the feelings of a Christian. You should assume the fact, Dick; not insist upon it in this absurd manner. If the old lady really is under the sod, and beyond the power of resurrection and the reach of the resurrection-men, e'en let her repose in quiet. In that case she can do you

no further harm, and it would be but decent to give her the benefit of a final forgiveness, or at all events to leave her to oblivion. Queen Anne has been 'defunct for a good many years, but nobody thinks it necessary to proclaim the fact weekly in a couple of leaders. You differ from me, do you? Very well, then; carry on in your own way; all I shall say is, that if your muttered conjurations don't evoke the shade of the departed saint, in a shape that may appal you consumedly, you run a mighty risk of calling a counterfeit into being. It is a good maxim never to put forward anything which the public cannot readily swallow.

I think that, in one respect, the modern system is decidedly preferable to the older. Formerly, we used to combat arguments: now, I observe, you evade them. This I hold to be a great improvement. In the first place, it saves trouble both to the writer and the reader. It is not always easy to reply to a fellow who knows his subject a great deal better than you do. You have to follow him from point to point, investigate his facts, controvert his reasoning, and take, in short, such a world of trouble, as would render the life of a gentleman journalist absolutely insupportable. Milton was occupied nearly a year with one of his replies to Salmasius,—Selden, I believe, took a longer time to double up his opponent Grotius. This is slow work, and you cannot reasonably be expected to submit to it. If anything like argument is to be brought forward, you are entitled to look for it in the *Edinburgh Review*, though I do not intend by any means to assume that your expectations will be realised in that quarter. Costive, beyond the power of medicine, must be the man who batters on the hard dough dumplings, dished up quarterly under cover of the Blue and Yellow! But I forgot—you are not entirely with the Whigs, though you agree with them as to commercial policy.

You do well, therefore, to avoid argument in all points that require previous preparation and study. A general slashing style, without condescending to particulars, is undoubtedly your forte, and I cannot sufficiently admire your dexterity in avoid-

ing a direct reply. You have got hold of a capital phrase in answer to everything that can be advanced against you. No matter how clearly your opponent may have stated his case, no matter how distinct his logic, or how incontrovertible his facts, you come down upon him with your pet cry of "exploded fallacies," and extinguish him at once and for ever. Very righteously you eschew the trouble of pointing out where, when, and by whom the said obnoxious fallacy was exploded. It is perfectly possible—nay, in nine cases out of ten, absolutely certain, that you never in your life heard that particular view stated before, and that you do not comprehend it when stated; still, you continue to occupy the vantage ground, and pooh-pooh it down as calmly as though it were one of the Manchester unfulfilled prophecies. This is a pleasant way of getting out of a dilemma; and the best of it is, that by generalisation you may contrive to apply your epithet to every fact, however notorious, which has been brought forward by your antagonist. For instance, an indignant farmer writes you a letter enclosing a balance-sheet of his operations for the last year, which shows that, instead of making any profit, he is out of pocket some ninety or a hundred pounds; and he argues, quite fairly, that if grain is to continue at its present rate, in consequence of importations from abroad, he will be a ruined man before the expiry of his lease, and his labourers thrown out of employment. Six months ago, your answer would have been hopeful, courteous, and encouraging. You would have assured him that the present depression was merely temporary, and that in the course of a short time wheat must be at sixty shillings. You are wiser now. You are perfectly aware that any considerable rise in the value of agricultural produce, under the operation of the present law, is a pure impossibility; and you resort to no such assurance. Three months later you would have told him to go to the devil or the antipodes, whichever he pleased, and not bother the public with his wicked and insensate clamour. But you are also tolerably aware, by this time, that

the public does not exactly approve of a wholesale system of expatriation, however admirable it may appear in your eyes; and that you have exposed yourself, by recommending it, to certain reflections, which are not very creditable to your character either as a philanthropist or a Christian. Nor can you much mend the matter by insisting upon another pet phrase of yours, which did good service so long as it was new. You cannot always aver that we are in "a transition state" of society. In the first place, the expression, when you analyse it, has no meaning. In the second place, granting that it had a meaning, people are naturally anxious to know, what sort of state of society is to be consequent on the "transition state"—a piece of information which neither you nor any one else have it in your power to supply. So that an ignorant or commonplace person, who is not versed in the mysteries or resorts of journalism, may be well excused for wondering in what possible way you can meet the allegations of Mr Hawbuck. You cannot refuse to print his letter and his statement, for, if you don't, somebody else will; and either you lay yourself open to the charge of suppression, or it may be held that you cannot frame an answer. How valuable, in such a position, is the shield of "exploded fallacies!" You assume, in your commentary on the letter, a tone of heartfelt commiseration, not for the circumstances, but for the prejudices and benighted mental condition of the writer. "We willingly give a place in our columns to the communication of Mr Hawbuck, not on account of its intrinsic worth—not because it contains any novel information—but because it is a fair specimen of that state of intellectual depression and economical ignorance, which the existence for so many years of a false protective system has unhappily fostered, even among that class of agriculturists who are entitled to the epithet of respectable. Here is a man who, from the general wording and calligraphy of his letter, appears to have received the advantages of an ordinary good education—a man who, by his own confession, is the tenant of a farm for which he pays five hundred pounds a-year of rent, and up-

wards—a man who, we doubt not, is most estimable in his private relations, a kind husband, an indulgent father, and possibly a considerate master—a man who, not improbably, is on good terms with the squire, and, it may be, visits at the parsonage—and yet this very individual, Mr Hawbuck, is complaining that he cannot make ends meet! We shall not, at the present time, minutely question the accuracy of his statements. These may be grossly exaggerated, or they may contain nothing more than a simple narrative of the truth. Assuming the latter to be the case, we ask our readers, with the most perfect confidence, whether the whole of the argument which he has attempted to rear upon such exceedingly slender foundations, is not, from beginning to end, a tissue of exploded fallacies? Here we have the whole question of British taxation brought forward, as if it was something new. Hawbuck ought to know better. His father was taxed before him, and so, we doubt not, were several antecedent generations of Hawbucks, supposing that the family lays claim to a respectable agricultural antiquity. Hawbuck junior—who, we hope, will have more sense than his father—must make up his mind, in future years, to contribute his quota to the national burdens, in return for which we receive the inestimable blessings of good government, [O Dick!] sound legislation, and impartial administration of the laws. Then Mr Hawbuck, as a matter of course, acting upon the invariable example of the writers and orators of that unhappy faction to which he has the misfortune to belong, drags in the 'foreigner,' just as the Dugald creature is dragged into the hut at Aberfoil by the soldiers of Captain Thornton. This is another exploded fallacy, which we had fondly hoped was set to rest for ever. It seems we were mistaken. Mr Hawbuck cannot dispense with the 'foreigner.' He haunts him ever and anon in the silence of the night, like the Raw-head-and-bloody-bones of the nursery, or like the turnip lantern placed on the churchyard wall by some juvenile agricultural humorist. Really it is very distressing that any one should be so perse-

ented by a phantom, which is the pure growth of mental apprehension and disease. Mr Hawbuck certainly ought to consult his medical adviser; or, if distance and the embarrassed state of his affairs preclude him from applying to the village Galen, perhaps he will allow us to prescribe for him. A good dose of purgative medicine twice a-week, moderate diet, abstinence from intoxicating liquors, and change of scene—we would suggest a visit to Mr Mechi's farm of Tiptree—will work wonders with our patient. But he must beware of all excitement. He must on no account attend any gatherings where Mr Ferrand is a speaker, and he had better refrain from passing his evenings at the Agricultural Club. He will thus be able to effect considerable retrenchment in his expenditure by avoiding beer, and Mrs Hawbuck will love him none the less. By attending to these few simple rules, we are convinced that a radical cure may be effected. We shall then hear no more of Mr Hawbuck's complaints, nor will it be necessary again to reprehend him for the adoption of exploded fallacies. We shall not do the farmers of Great Britain the injustice to suppose that this gentleman is a type of their class. We regard him simply as an honest, easy-natured, but very credulous person, who has been unfortunately imbued with false notions of political economy, and used as a tool in the hands of others to promote their interested designs."

There, Dick, is a leader for you cut and dry; and I think you must admit that it will answer every purpose. In the first place, you won't hear any more of Hawbuck. Men of his class cannot bear to be laughed at, so that his only revenge will be a muttered vow to break your head, if it should ever come knowingly within the sweep of his cudgel. In the second place, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have raised a laugh, which is at all times equivalent to a triumph in argument. The majority of your readers will esteem you a very clever fellow, and henceforward the name of Hawbuck will be the signal for general cacchinnation. It is quite true that Hawbuck's statement is in no way refuted,

or the cause of his distress investigated—but how can you possibly be expected to occupy your time with his affairs? As a "special commissioner," indeed, you may treat him more minutely. You may pry into his pigstye, investigate his stable, criticise his mode of drainage, disapprove of his rotation of crops, inquire into the wages which he pays, and decidedly object to his turnips. You may hold him up as a lamentable victim of that species of wretched farming which, under the baneful shadow of protection, could do no more than render British agriculture by far the finest and the most productive in the world. You may exhort him to lay out more capital; you need not care about the amount, as he is not likely to ask you for a loan, nor would you be willing to advance it, if he did, on such dubious security; and you may abuse him as an obstinate ass, because he does not plough with a steam-engine. All this you may do with impunity, (provided you never visit the district again;) and you will be hailed by your own party as a genuine national benefactor, and as an oracle of agricultural progress. But don't mix up the two characters—that is, keep statistics for your report, and general assertions for your leading article. Hold hard by the doctrine of "exploded fallacies." It will apply to everything, and every system, which was ever hatched under the influence of the sun. You may adapt the term to physics quite as appropriately as to opinions. If you are inclined to set forward as an exploded fallacy the dogma that climate has any influence upon crops, you are perfectly entitled to do so, on the authority of the Huxtables of the present generation.

But I fear that I am exhausting your patience, and, as it is now rather late, I shall merely add a word of personal advice. Never attempt to rear up your independent judgment against the wishes of your proprietors. In ordinary times this caution might be unnecessary, since few men are sincerely desirous to quarrel with their bread and butter. But there is a foolish spirit of insubordination visible just now on the surface of society, against which you ought to guard. Young men are beginning to

fashion out opinions for themselves. The old traditional landmarks are not sufficient for their guidance; and I, who am a veteran in politics, and myself not unfrequently bearded by some pert whippersnapper, just escaped from school, who is now setting up, as the phrase is, on his own hook, as an earnest man and a patriot, and who probably expects before long to hold office in that new Downing Street which has been so seductively prospected by the blatant seer of Ecclefechan. I need hardly tell you, Dick, that this is all mere moonshine—pure flatulency, superinduced by a vegetable diet upon a stomach naturally feeble. If you wish to see the results of young independent journalism, you have only to step over to the Continent. I have been watching the progress of events there with considerable interest for the last three years, and my only wonder is, how several scores of able German editors have managed to escape the gallows. You see what a pass they have arrived at in France. Nobody is allowed to write an article in the most paltry paper without affixing his name: and the consequence is, that journalism, as a profession, is terribly on the decline. I don't like this, I own. I wish to see its respectability kept up, and its decencies preserved; and I don't think that can be accomplished by the suppression of the editorial *We*. People are very anxious to know what are the opinions of a leading London journal upon any given point, but I question if they would pay twopence to ascertain what Jenkins, or Larkins, or Perkins may please to think, should the names of these gentlemen appear at the end of their respective lucubrations. Therefore, Dick, stand up for your order, and do not be led astray by the impulses of individual vanity. Dismiss all egotism from your mind, and keep in your proper place. Supposing that you have achieved any notable feat of arms, rest contented with the consciousness thereof, and don't run about telling the whole world that it was you who did it. Benvenuto Cellini would have been a precious ass had he stated during his lifetime that it was

he who shot the Constable Bourbon. He was wiser, and kept the statement for his memoirs. This would be no world to live in if reviewers were obliged to give up their names. Fancy Hawback at your door, or lurking round the corner, armed with a pitchfork or a flail! The bare idea is enough to make one's blood curdle in the veins. Far rather would I evacuate my premises in the full knowledge that two suspicious gentlemen of the tribe of Gad were waiting to capture me on a writ.

And now, Dick, good night. You see I have used my privilege of seniority pretty freely; but you are not the lad I take you for, if you are offended at a friendly hint. By the way, how do you intend to come out on the Catholic question—strong or mild? Are you going to back up Lord John Russell's "noble letter" to the Bishop of Durham—or do you intend to twit him with his support of Maynooth, his acknowledgment in Ireland of the territorial titles of the Papist bishops, and the rank which he has given them in the Colonies? You don't like to commit yourself, I suppose? Ah, well; perhaps you are right. But this I will say for Lord John, that whatever may be his capabilities as a statesman, he would have made a first-rate editor. Upon my conscience, sir, I believe that there never lived the man who had a finer finger for the public pulse. He knows to a scruple the amount of stimulants or purgatives which the British constitution will bear; and the moment that the patient becomes uneasy, he changes his mode of treatment. I should like to see Shiel's countenance when he reads the letter. I have no doubt that by this time he is convinced that he might have saved himself the trouble of excising *Dei Gratia* from the coinage, and that his tarry in Tuscany will hardly give him a complete opportunity of studying the relics of ancient art. Seriously, Dick, I look upon the almost unanimous opinion expressed by the British press, with regard to this insolent Roman aggression, as by far the best and surest symptom of its vitality. •

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

A JEST FROM THE GERMAN.

It was a bright afternoon in the beginning of October, and the little town of Miffelstein lay basking in the genial sunbeams. But its streets, generally so cheerful, were upon that day solitary. The town seemed deserted, and its unusual aspect evidently surprised a pedestrian, who ascended the steep slope of the main street, and gazed curiously about him, without perceiving a single face at the windows. Everything was shut up. No children played on the thresholds; no inquisitive serving wench peeped from door or garret: some fowls were picking up provender in the road, and a superannuated dog blinched and slumbered in the sun; but of human beings none were to be seen. In seeming perplexity the traveller shook his head. Then—not with the hesitating step of a stranger in the land, but with firm and confident strides—he walked straight to the principal inn, whose doors stood invitingly open upon the market-place. Like one familiar with the locality, he turned to his left beneath the entrance archway, and ascended the stairs leading directly to the coffee-room. The coffee-room was empty. A waiter, who sat reading in the bar, welcomed the new comer with a slight nod, but did not otherwise disturb his studies.

"God bless you, old boy!" cheerfully exclaimed the traveller, casting from his shoulders a handsome knapsack; "just see if you can manage to leave your chair. I am no travelling tailor or tinker, but the long-lost Alexis, returned from his wanderings, and well disposed to make himself comfortable in his uncle's house."

With an exclamation of joyful surprise, the old servant sprang from his seat, and grasped the hand of the unexpected guest.

"Thauks, my honest old friend," replied the young man to his affectionate greeting, "and now tell me at once what the deuce has come over Miffelstein? Has the plague been here, or the Turks? Are the worthy Miffelsteiners all gathered to their

fathers, or are they imitating the southerners, and snoring the siesta?"

The waiter hastened to explain that the great harvest feast was being celebrated at a short distance from the town, and that the entire population of Miffelstein had flocked thither, with the exception of the bedridden and the street keepers; and of his master, and the young mistress, he added, the former of whom was detained by business, and the latter was dressing herself, but who both would follow the stream before half-an-hour was over.

"True!" cried Alexis, striking his forehead with his finger: "I have almost forgotten my native village, with its vintage and harvest joys; and I much fear it returns the ill compliment in kind. I can pass my time, however, till my worthy uncle and fair cousin are visible. Bring me something to eat: I am both hungry and thirsty."

"What cellar and kitchen contain is at your honour's service," replied the waiter. "We had no strangers at table to-day, but cold meat is there; and, if it so please you, some kail-soup shall be instantly warmed."

"Kail-soup," said Alexis with a smile; "none of that, thank you. Cold meat—*bene*. But don't forget the cellar."

"Assuredly not. Whatever your honour pleases. A flask of sack, or a jug of ale?"

"Sack! sack!—Miffelstein sack!" cried Alexis, laughing heartily. "Anything you like. Only be quick about it."

Whilst the waiter hurried to the larder, Alexis examined the apartment, which struck him as strangely altered since his boyish days. The old familiar furniture had disappeared, and was replaced by oaken tables, stools, and settees of rude and outlandish construction. The shining sideboard had made way for an antiquated worm-eaten piece of furniture with gothic carvings. Altogether the cheerful dining-room had undergone an

odd change. The walls were papered with views of bleak mountain scenery, dismal lakes and turreted castles, enlivened here and there with groups of Scottish peasantry. The curtains, of many-coloured plaid, were not very elegant, and contrasted strangely with the long narrow French windows. "What on earth does it all mean?" exclaimed the puzzled Alexis. Just as he asked himself the question, the waiter entered the room, with a countenance of extraordinary formality, bearing meat and wine upon a silver salver. This he placed before him, with an infinity of ceremonious gestures and grimaces.

"Your lordship will graciously put up with this poor refreshment," he said. "The beef is as tender as if it came from the king's table, (God bless him!) the sack, or rather the claret, is of the best vintage. The kail-soup would hardly have been forthcoming; for although the cook is kept at home by a cold, she is reading, and cannot leave her book. And now, if it will pleasure your lordship, I will play you a tune upon the bagpipes."

In mute and open-mouthed astonishment, Alexis stared at the speaker. But the old man's earnest countenance, and a movement he made to fetch the discordant instrument, restored to him his powers of speech.

"For heaven's sake!" he cried, "Tobias! stop, come hither, and tell me if you have lost your senses! Lordship! claret! A cook who can't leave her book! A bagpipe! Tobias! what has come to you?"

"Ah, Mr Alexis!" said the old fellow, suddenly exchanging his quaint and ceremonious bearing for a plaintive simplicity of manner, "to say the truth, I hardly know myself what has come to me. But pray don't call me Tobias before the master. Caleb has been my name now for a matter of three years. Master and the customers would have it so."

"Caleb?"

"Yes, my dear Mr Alexis. I and the inn were rebaptised on the same day. I am sorry for both of us, but I am only the servant, and what everybody pleases—"

Alexis pushed open the window and thrust out his head. "True, by all that's ridiculous!" he exclaimed,

turning to the rebaptised waiter; "the old Star hangs there no longer. What is your house called now?"

"The Bear of Bradwardine; and since that has been its name, and everything in it has been so transmogrified, the place is full of strangers, particularly of English, who throng us in the summer. And there's such laughing and tomfoolery, that at times I'm like to go crazy. They stare at old Caleb as if he himself were the Bear, laugh in his face, and apologise by a handsome tip. That would be all very well, but the neighbours laugh at the master and the inn, and at me and Susan, whose name is now Jenny, and never think of putting hand in pocket to make amends. But what can I do, Mr Alexis? Master is wilful, and I'm sixty. If he discharged me, who would give old Tobias—Caleb, I mean—his daily bread?"

"I would, old fellow," replied Alexis heartily; "I would, Tobias. You've saved me a thrashing for many a prank, and were always kinder to me than my own uncle, who sometimes forgot that I was his sister's son. If ever you want, and I have a crust, half is yours. But go on, I do not yet understand—"

Tobias cast a timid glance at the door, and then continued, but in a lower tone than before.

"Three years ago," he said, "the mistress died, and soon afterwards things began to go badly. Your uncle neglected the house, and at last, if we had one customer a-day, and three or four on Sundays, we thought ourselves well off. It was all along of books. Every week there came a great parcel from the next town, and master read them through and through, and then the young lady, and then master often again. He neither ate, nor drank, nor slept: he read. That may have made him learned, but it certainly did not make him rich. One day, when things were at the worst, a stranger came to the inn, and wrote himself down in the book as an Englishman. He it was who turned master's head. The first night they sat up talking till morning; all next day and the day after that, they were poring over books. Then the folly began; everything must be changed—house and

furniture, sign and servants. They say the Englishman gave your uncle money for the first expenses. If everything had gone according to his and master's fancy, you would have found us all in masquerade. The clothes were made for us just like yonder figures on the paper. But we only wore them one day. The blackguards in the street were nigh pulling down the house, and—"Here Tobias again lowered his voice—"Justice Stapel sent word to master that he might make as great a fool of himself as he pleased, but that he must keep his servants in decent Christian-like clothing. So we got back to our hose and jackets. The Englishman, when he returned the following spring, and a whole lot of people with him, made a great fuss, and scolded and cursed, and said that we upon the Continent were a set of miserable slaves, and that it was a man's natural right to dress as he liked—or not at all if it so pleased him. For my part, slave or no slave, I was very glad Justice Stapel had more power here than the mad Englishman. As it was, I had to learn to play the bagpipes; and Jenny had to learn to cook as they do in England or Scotland; and we all had to learn to speak as they speak in master's books, eight pages of which we are obliged to read every day. Jenny likes the books, and says they are better fun than cooking; for my part, I can thank nothing of them, and always forget one day what I learned the —"

The old man paused in great trepidation, for just then the door opened, and a beautiful girl, attired in gorgeous Scottish tartans, entered the room.

"Emily! dear cousin!" cried Alexis, springing to meet the blooming damsel, "though eighteen years instead of nine had elapsed since we parted, I still should have recognised your bright blue eyes." Bright the eyes certainly were, and at that moment they sparkled with surprise and pleasure at the wanderer's return; but before Alexis had concluded his somewhat boisterous greetings, their brightness was veiled by an expression of melancholy, and the momentary flush upon the maiden's cheek was replaced by a pallid hue,

which seemed habitual, but unnatural. The change did not escape the cousin's observant glance, and he pressed her with inquiries as to its cause. At first he obtained no reply but a sigh and a faint smile. His solicitude would not be thus repelled.

"Upon my word, cousin," he said, "I leave you no peace till you tell what is wrong. I see very well that, during my absence, house and furniture, master and servants, have all been turned upside down. But what can have caused this change in you? Have you too been rebaptised? Has the barbarous Englishman driven you too through the wilderness of his countryman's romances? Have you been compelled, like this poor devil, to swallow Redgauntlet in daily doses, like leaves of senna? Speak out, dear cousin, my old friend and playmate. Assuredly, I little expected to find you still Miss Writig. Ere now, I thought some fortunate Jason, daring and deserving, would have borne away the treasure from the Miffelstein Colchis."

Emily cast a side-glance at Tobias, who stood at a short distance, listening to their conversation with an air of respectful sympathy. As if taking a hint, the old man left the apartment. When Emily again turned to her cousin, her eyes glistened with tears.

"Dear Emily," said Alexis, laying aside his headlong bantering tone, and speaking earnestly and affectionately, "place confidence in me, and rely on my zeal to serve you and desire to see you happy. True, I left this house clandestinely, because your father would have made a tradesman of me, when my head was full of Euclid and Vitruvius, and my fingers itched to handle scale and compasses. But it is not the worst sort of deserter who returns voluntarily to his regiment. Think not ill of me therefore, and confide to me your sorrows. It is nearly three years since William Elben wrote to me that he hoped speedily to take you home as his bride. But now I see that he deceived me."

"William spoke the truth," the maiden hastily replied; "the hope was then justified. He had my consent, and my father did not object. But fate had otherwise decreed. The author of *Waverley* is the evil genius

who prevents our union and causes our unhappiness."

"The devil he does!" cried Alexis, starting back.

"Alas! good cousin," continued Emily sentimentally, "who knows how the threads of our destiny are spun!"

"They are not spun in the study at Abbotsford, at any rate," cried the impetuous Alexis. "But it is all gibberish to me. Our neighbours beyond the Channel have certainly sometimes had a finger in our affairs, but I never knew till now that their novelist's permission was essential to the marriage of a Miffelstein maiden and a Miffelstein attorney. But—"

He was interrupted by Tobias, who threw open the door with much unnecessary noise, and thrust in his head with an ominous winking of his eyes, and a finger upon his lips. The next moment the innkeeper entered the room.

Alexis found his uncle grown old, but he was more particularly struck by his strange stiff manners, which resembled those of Caleb, but were more remarkable in the master than the servant, by reason of the solemn and magnificent style in which they were manifested. Herr Wirtig welcomed his nephew with infinite dignity; let fall a few words of censure with reference to his flight from home, a few others of approbation of his return, and inquired concerning the young man's present plans and occupations.

"I am an architect and engineer," replied Alexis. "My assiduity has won me friends; I have learnt my craft under good masters, and have done my best to complete my education during my travels in Italy, France, and England."

"England?" cried Wirtig, pricking his ears at the word: "Did you visit Scotland?"

With a suppressed smile, Alexis replied in the negative. His uncle shrugged his shoulders with an air of pity. "And what prospects have you?" he inquired.

"Prince Hector of Rauchpfeifenheim has given me a lucrative appointment in his dominions. Before assuming its duties, I have come to pass a few days here, and trust I am welcome."

Wirtig shook his nephew's hand.

"Welcome you are!" said he, kindly. "Hospitality is the attribute of the noblest races. So long it please ye, remain under this poor roof. By the honour of a cavalier! I would gladly have you with me in the springs when I think of rebuilding my house on a very different plan. You will find many changes here, kinsman Alexis. Come, fill your glass. A health to the Great Unknown! He has been my good genius. But we will talk of that on our way to the harvest feast."

The innkeeper's conversation on the road to the hamlet, where the festival was held, was in complete accordance with Caleb's account of his vagaries. He was perfectly mad on the subject of the author of *Waverley*. Never had human being, whether sage, poet, or philosopher, made so extraordinary an impression on an admirer as had the poet of Abbotsford on the host of the Star—now the Bear of Bradwardine. Wirtig identified himself with all the most striking characters of the Scottish novels. He assumed the tone by turns of a stern Presbyterian, a gossiping and eccentric antiquary, a haughty noble, an enthusiastic royalist, a warlike Highland chief. His intense study of the *Waverley* Novels, at a time when he was much shaken by his wife's sudden death, had warped his mind upon this particular subject. Combined with this monomania was a feeling of boundless gratitude to the Scottish bard for the prosperity the inn had enjoyed under the auspices of the Blessed Bear. His portrait hung in the dining-room, where his birthday was annually celebrated. Wirtig scarcely ever emptied a glass but to his health, or uttered a sentence without garnishing it with his favourite oaths and expressions. In his hour of sorrow, the honest German had made himself a new world out of the novelist's creations. The sorrow faded away, but the illusion remained. And Wirtig deeply resented every attempt to destroy it. Emily's lover, Elben, a thriving young attorney, had dared to attack the daily increasing folly of his future father-in-law, and had boldly taken the field against his Scottish idol. He paid dearly for his temerity. Argument, sharpened into

irony, and irony led to a quarrel, whose consequence was a sentence of banishment from the territory of the Clan Wirtig, pronounced against the unlucky lover, who then heartily bewailed his rashness—the more so that, whilst he himself was excluded from the presence of his mistress, he was kept in constant alarm lest some one of the numerous English visitors to the Bear of Bradwardine should seduce her affections, and bear her off to his island. In vain did he endeavour, through mutual friends, to mollify Scott's furious partisan; in vain did Emily, in secret concert with her lover, exert all her powers of coaxing. At last Wirtig declared he would no longer oppose their union when Elben should have atoned for his crime by presenting him with a novel from his own pen, written in the exact style of that stupendous genius whom the rash attorney had dared to vilify. Elben was horrified at this condition, but nevertheless, remembering that love works miracles, and has even been known to make a tolerable painter out of a blacksmith, he did not despair. He shut himself up with a complete edition of the Waverley novels, read and re-read, wrote, altered, corrected, and finally tore up his manuscripts. A hundred times he was on the point of abandoning the task in despair: a hundred times, stimulated by the promised recompense, he resumed his pen. But his labour was fruitless. A year elapsed; he had consumed sundry reams of paper, bottles of ink, and pounds of canister; the result was *nil*. The time allowed him expired at the approaching Christmas. Poor Emily's cheeks had lost their roses through anxiety and suspense. The Miffelstein gossips pitied her, abused her father, and laughed at Elben.

These latter details did not reach Alexis through either his uncle or his cousin. The former, on casual mention of the attorney's name, looked as grim as the most truculent Celt that ever carried claymore; in her father's presence Emily—or Amy, as the Scotomania now called her—dared not even allude to her lover. Elben himself, whom Alexis encountered gliding like a pale and melancholy ghost amidst the throng of holiday-makers,

confided to his former school-mate the story of his woes. Alexis alternately pitied and laughed at him.

"Poor fellow!" said he, "how can I help you? I am no novelist, to write your book for you, nor yet a magnificent barbarian from the Scottish hills, to snatch your mistress from her father's tyranny and bear her to your arms amidst the soft melodies of the bagpipe. I see nothing for it but to give her up."

Elben looked indignant at the cold-blooded suggestion.

"You do not understand these matters," said he, with an expression of disdain.

"Possibly not," replied Alexis, "but only reflect—you a romance-writer!"

Elben sighed. "True," he said, "it is a hopeless case. How many nights have I not sat in the moonlight upon the ruins of the old castle, to try and catch a little inspiration. I never caught anything but a cold. How many times have I stolen disguised into the lowest pot-houses, where it would ruin my reputation to be recognised, to acquire the popular phraseology. And yet I am no further advanced than a year ago!"

To the considerable relief of Alexis, the despairing lover was here interrupted by the explosion of two little mortars; a shower of squibs and rockets flew through the air, and the women crowded together in real or affected terror. In the rush, the two friends were separated, and Alexis again found himself by the side of old Wirtig, who was soothing the alarm of his timorous daughter. "Fear nothing, good Amy," he said; "danger there is none." Then turning to Alexis: "Cousin!" said he solemnly, "by our dear Lady of Embrun! you was a report! the loudest ever made by mortar. The explosion of the steamboat which yesterday blew Prince Hector of Rauchpfeifenheim and his whole court into the air, could scarcely have been louder."

"Nay, nay," said Alexis, "things were not quite as bad as that." Rumour has exaggerated, as usual. No one was blown into the air—no one even wounded. The steamboat which the prince had launched on the lake near his capital, was certainly lost, in

consequence of the badness of the machinery. But the prince and all on board had left the vessel in good time. The slight service it was my good fortune to render, by taking off Prince Hector in a swift row-boat, doubtless procured me, more than any particular abilities of mine, my appointment as his royal highness's architect."

The bystanders looked with redoubled respect at the man thus preferred by the popular sovereign of the adjacent state. The sentimental Emily lisped her congratulations. Her father, shook his nephew vehemently by the hand.

"By St Dunstan! kinsman," he cried, "it was well done, and I dare swear thou art as brave a lad as ever handled oar! Give me the packet of squibs; Amy, thou shalt see me fire one in honour of thy cousin Alexis!"

The firework, unskillfully thrown, lodged in the coat skirts of a stout broad-shouldered man in a round hat and a long brown surtout, who was elbowing his way through the crowd. The stranger, evidently a foreigner, strove furiously against the hissing sputtering projectile, and at last succeeded in throwing it under his feet and trampling it out with his heavy boot-soles. Then, brandishing a formidable walking-cane, and grumbling most ominously, he began to work his way as fast as a slight lameness in one of his feet permitted, to the place where Wirtig was blowing his match and preparing for another explosion. Emily called her father's attention to the stranger's hostile demonstrations, but the valiant host of the Bear of Bragwardine heeded them not. From time immemorial, he said, it had been use and custom at Miffelstein harvest-home to burn people's clothes with squibs, and he certainly should not, in the year of grace 1827, set an example of deviation from so venerable a practice. When, however, he distinguished some well-known English oaths issuing from the stranger's lips—and when Caleb came up and whispered in his ear that the traveller had alighted at the Bear, and, finding himself lonely, had demanded to be conducted to the festival—the worthy innkeeper regretted that he had directed his broadside against the

stern of a natural ally, and seemed disposed to make due and cordial apology. After some cursing and grumbling in English, the stranger's wrath was appeased, and in a sort of Anglo-German jargon, he declared himself satisfied. He said some civil things to Emily, took a seat by her side, abused the squib and rocket practice, praised his host's wine, and made himself at home. Wirtig's attention seemed greatly engrossed by the new comer, whom he examined with the corner of his eye, taking no further part in the diversions of the festival, and quite omitting to observe the furtive glances exchanged between his daughter and Elben, who lurked in the vicinity.

Presently Alexis, who had been overwhelmed by the greetings of old acquaintances and playmates, returned to his uncle's party. He started at sight of the Englishman.

"How now!" he exclaimed; "you here, my good sir? By what chance?"

The stranger evidently shared the young man's surprise at their meeting. Hastily quitting his seat, he took Alexis by the arm, and led him out of the throng. At a short distance off, but out of all earshot, Wirtig saw them walking up and down, the Englishman talking and gesticulating with great earnestness, Alexis listening with smiling attention. The host of the Bear sat in deep thought, his eyes riveted upon the Englishman.

"Caleb," he suddenly demanded of the old waiter, who was moistening his larynx with a mug of cider—"Caleb, how came yon gentleman to our hostelry?"

"On horseback, Master Wirtig," replied Caleb, mustering up his reminiscences of the *Tales of my Landlord*, "on a gallant bay gelding. His honour wore spatterdashes, such as they wear to hunt the fox, I believe, in his country. His cane hung from his button; and if it so please ye, Master Wirtig, I will describe his horse furniture as well as my poor old memory will permit."

"Enough!" said Wirtig, impatiently. "Whence comes the traveller, and whither is he bound?"

Caleb shrugged his shoulders.

"Has he written his name in the strangers' book?"

"He has so, Master Wirtig, after long entreaty; for at first he steadfastly refused. At last he wrote it. 'Let none see this,' he said, 'save your master; and let him be discreet, or—'"

"Glorious!" interrupted Wirtig, and, in the joy of his heart, was near embracing his astonished servant. "I had a presentiment of it; but say—his name?"

Caleb looked embarrassed. "You alone were to see it, Master Wirtig, and I—you know I am not very good, at reading writing. I looked into the book, but—"

"How looked the word, fellow?"

"To me it looked a good deal like a blot."

"Now, by St Beunet of Seyton! thou art the dullest knave that ever wore green apron! How many letters?"

Caleb scratched his head. "Hard to say exactly; but not more than five, I would wager that."

"Five! Varlet, thou rejoicest me. Heavens! that such good fortune should be mine! Run, man, run as you never ran before! Bid Jenny kill, roast and boil! A great supper! Scottish cookery! The oak-table shall groan with its load of sack, ale, and whisky. Let Quentin put the horses to, and fetch us with the carriage. Rob Roy must go round to all the best houses, and invite the neighbours. Tell Rowena to leave the goats, and help Jenny in the kitchen. By my halidome! I had almost forgotten. Old Edith must sweep out the ball-room, and Front-de-Bœuf put wax-lights in the chandeliers. Go! run! fly!"

Caleb disappeared. In his place came a crowd of the innkeeper's friends and gossips. "What now? What is up?" was asked on all sides. And Wirtig exultingly replied:—"A feast! a banquet! such as the walls of the Bear of Bradwardine never yet beheld. For they are this day honoured by the presence of the most welcome guest that ever trod the streets of Miffelstein. Wine shall flow like water, and there's welcome to all the world."

Breaking through the inquisitive throng, Wirtig hurried to meet Alexis, who was now returning alone from his mysterious conference with the stranger.

"Well?" cried the uncle, with beaming countenance and expanded eyes.

"Well?" coolly replied the nephew.

"Is it he, or is it not?"

"Who?"

"Who? Now, by the soul of St Edward! thou hast sworn to drive me mad. You say you have not been in Scotland? Was it in Paris you knew him? Or do you think I am blind? Is not that his noble Scottish countenance? the high cheek-bones—the sharp gray eyes—the large mouth, and the bold expression? And then the lame foot, and five letters! What would you have more?"

"Really, uncle, I would have nothing more."

"Obstinate fellow! you will explain nothing! But the portrait, the face, the five letters—your mystery is useless—the secret is out—the stranger is—Scott!"

"Scott!" cried Alexis, greatly surprised. "How do you know that?"

"Enough! I know it. 'Tis the Great Unknown! Shame on you, Alexis, to try to deceive your uncle! Tell the great man, with whom you, unworthy that you are, have been so fortunate as to make acquaintance, that his *incognito* shall be respected, as surely as I bear an English heart in my bosom. By the rood, shall it! For all Miffelstein he shall be the Unknown. But I crave his good leave to celebrate his coming."

"I will answer for his making no objection," replied Alexis, who apparently struggled with some inward emotion, for his voice was tremulous, his face very red, and his eyes were steadfastly fixed on the toes of his boots.

"Answer for yourself, Sir Architect!" said his uncle, somewhat sharply. Then, in a lower and confidential tone, "Where is the immortal genius?" he inquired.

"If I mistake not," replied Alexis, "I see him yonder, eating curds and pumpernickel."

"Ah, the great man!" ejaculated Wirtig; "to condescend to food so unworthy of his illustrious jaws. And see, he is about to fire off the mortar! Engaging familiarity! Boom! The loudest report to-day! The piece is mine, though it cost me a thousand

florins! It shall be christened Walter Scott!"

"Hush, hush!" interposed Alexis; "if you go on in this way, the incognito will be in danger. And he himself must not perceive that you—"

"True!" interrupted the excited Wirtig, clapping his hand on his lips. "Ah, could I but speak Gaelic, or even English, the better to commune with the inspired bard! But he has translated *Goetz von Berlichingen*, so must understand the pure German of Miffelstein. But now tell me, Alexis, in strict confidence, how comes the first of the world's poets in our poor village? Has he, perchance, heard of the Bear of Bradwardine, and of his faithful clansman, John Jacob Wirtig? Or does he seek subject for a new romance, and propose to place his hero at Miffelstein, as he conducted Durward to Plessis-les-Tours, and the brave knight Kenneth to Palestine?"

"Neither the one nor the other, my dear uncle, unfortunately for us," replied Alexis thoughtfully, and pausing between his sentences. "Trusting to your discretion, and to convince you of its necessity, I will not conceal from you that a great peril has brought the Author of *Waverley* to Miffelstein. You must know that he has just published an historical romance, in which, availing himself of the novelist's license, he has represented Charlemagne and Henry the Fourth of France vanquished in single combat by William Wallace and Robert the Bruce. A French general, taking offence at this, has insisted upon his retracting the statement, or fighting a duel with blunderbusses at six paces. Of course a man of honour cannot retract—"

"Of course not! Never did Scottish chief so demean himself! I see it all. The — Unknown has shot the general, and—"

"On the contrary, uncle. He does not want to be shot by the general, and that is why he is here, where none will look for him."

"What!" cried the host of the Bear, taken very much aback; "but that looks almost like—like a weakness, unknown to his heroes, who so readily bare their blades! I scarcely understand how—"

"You misapprehend me," interrupted Alexis: "the baronet only asks to put off the duel until he has finished a dozen novels, each in three volumes, which he has in progress. And as the Vandal refuses to wait—"

"I see it all!" cried Wirtig, perfectly satisfied: "the Unknown is right. What! the base Frenchman would rob the world of twelve masterpieces! Not so. In Miffelstein is safe hiding for the Genius of his century. *Montjoie*, and to the rescue! Let him wrap himself in his plaid, and fear no foe! I will cover him with my target, and my life shall answer for his! Where should he find refuge, if not in the shadow of the Bear?"

Meanwhile, taking advantage of Wirtig's relaxed vigilance, Elben had stolen to Emily's side.

"What is the matter with your father to-day?" said the lovesick attorney to his mistress, when Wirtig and Alexis walked away in the direction of the mortar, and the crowd that had assembled round the host of the Bear dispersed, laughing and shaking their heads. "What new crotchets possesses him, and whence comes his extraordinary excitement and exultation?"

Emily pressed her lover's hand, and the tears stood in her sentimental blue eyes.

"William," she said, "I greatly fear that all is over with our dearest hopes. I am oppressed with a presentiment of misfortune. My father is about to execute an oft-repeated threat. He will force me to wed another!"

"Whom?" cried the unfortunate lawyer, his hair standing on end with alarm: "surely not that rattlepate Alexis? The relationship is too near, and the canon forbids."

"You mistake me, William," replied Emily; "I mean the Englishman. My father's strange agitation—his boundless joy—certain hints that he has let fall—I am convinced he has discovered in this stranger some rich son-in-law, for whom he had written to England."

"You pierce my very heart!" plaintively exclaimed Elben. "Unhappy day! Accursed festival, date

of my last hope's annihilation! "How all this merriment grates upon my soul! So might the condemned soldier feel, marching to execution to the sound of joyous music!"

"William! William! what frightful images!" sobbed Emily from behind her handkerchief.

"Romance! poetry!" continued the incensed attorney; "now, indeed, might I hope to compose some tragic history, which should thrill each reader's heart. Despair not, dearest Emily. There is still justice upon earth. I will bring an action against your father. Or perhaps—from this to the new-year there is yet time to invent tales and write volumes. As to yonder lame foreigner, I will try some other plan with him. By the bye, who knows if he has got a passport? I don't think he has, by his looks. Respectable people do not travel about on horseback. I must find out what he is, and his name."

And Elben was moving off, to commence his investigations, but Emily detained him.

"Such means are unworthy your noble nature, my William," she said. "In your cooler moments you will assuredly reject them."

Elben shrugged his shoulders. "At your command," he said, "even stern Themis would drop the sword. But what can I do? Must I resort to a pistol-ball, or to prussic acid, as sole exit from my misery? That would be unbusinesslike, very unbecoming a respectable attorney. Nor would it rescue you from persecution."

"Is there no way out of this labyrinth?" said Emily pensively, apparently little apprehensive of her lover's resorting to suicide. "No flight from the clutches of this odious foreigner?"

"Flight!" repeated Elben, catching at the word. "What a bold idea!"

"Realise it," said Emily, speaking low and very quickly. "Run away with me!"

The attorney started.

"*Raptus!*" he exclaimed. "Dearest, what do you propose? The law punishes such an act. The third chapter of our criminal code—"

"You have little chivalry in your nature," interrupted Emily, reproachfully. "You are no Douglas! Leave

me, then, to my fate. Alas! poor Emily! to be thus sacrificed ere thy twenty-second summer has fled!"

"Twenty-second!" cried the prosaic lawyer, unheeding the implied inferiority to the Douglas; "there is something in that. I knew not you were of age. You have a right to decline the paternal authority. That alters the case entirely. Since you have completed your one-and-twentieth year, an elopement is less perilous."

The lovers' colloquy was here interrupted by the arrival of Wirtig, accompanied by his nephew and the Englishman. The festival approached its close, and Wirtig, at last missing his daughter, and hearing that she was with Elben, hurried in great alarm to seek her. He was accompanied in his search by Alexis and the lame stranger, who conversed in English.

"Is the innkeeper mad?" inquired the latter. "Does he want to borrow money of me? Or what is he driving at?"

"He merely desires to make himself agreeable to you," replied Alexis.

"The devil take his agreeableness. I hate such fawning ways. You know the unfortunate motive of my visit to Miffelstein. In my position, compliments and ceremony are quite out of place."

"You must nevertheless endure them. They insure your safety. For a few days you must be content to pass for a great man."

"There's none such in my family."

"No matter. Greatness is thrust upon you. Try to persuade yourself that you are the great Scottish Unknown."

"Never heard of him. What has he done?"

"He has written romances."

"Pshaw! I hate your scribblers. For heaven's sake, don't say I am an author."

"Unfortunately I have said so already. For your own sake, beware of contradicting me. It is most unfortunate that you forgot your passport. If Prince Hector of Raupfeifenheim learns that you are at Miffelstein, you are no safer here than in his capital."

"Curse my luck," growled the

Englishman between his teeth, "and confound all smiths and boiler-makers! Had I but remained in Old England! There, if a boiler does burst, money and a letter in the paper will make all right. But the Continent is worse than a slave-market. No *habeas corpus* here! A foreigner is no better than an outlaw, and if an accident occurs, he has no bail but leg-bail."

"It is certainly very wrong of the prince to be angry at such a trifle. You were only within a hair's breadth of drowning him and his whole court. However, it is for you to choose, whether or not I shall say who you really are."

"Not! certainly not! To get out of this scrape, I would consent to pass for a Yankee. By all means let me be your unknown friend."

"You shall," said Alexis, laughing; "but on one condition. You must assist me to bring about the happiness of two deserving persons."

"Cost any money?" inquired the stranger suspiciously.

"Not a kreuzer. A few fair words, which I will teach you."

"I am willing. What is to be done? Who are the persons?"

"That pretty girl you were sitting by just now, and her lover, a worthy young man."

"But I do not know him."

"Not necessary."

"Whatever you like, if it costs me neither liberty nor money. Though I would give all the money in my pocket for a scrap of passport. Cursed Continent! In my country, we don't know such things. Had I only—but in my haste to escape the gendarmes, I forgot everything."

It was at this point of the conversation, carried on in English, and therefore unintelligible to Wirtig, that the innkeeper pounced upon his daughter and her lover.

"How now, attorney!" he exclaimed; "what means this? By St Julian of Avenel! who permitted you to walk with my daughter? *Tête Dieu!* let it be for the last time! I trust thee not, attorney. But this is a happy day, and you shall not be excluded from the banquet in honour of our distinguished visitor. You will be welcome at the Bear of Bradwardine. And what you there shall see

and hear will quickly rid you of your prejudices against—"

Alexis trod on the foot of his garrulous uncle. Elben looked daggers at the Englishman. Emily smiled, and sighed.

"Now, your lordship, if it so please ye," quoth Wirtig, in huge delight, "we will return to my poor house. The sun is below the horizon, and the evening dews might endanger your precious health. My forgetful Caleb has assuredly forgotten to send us the carriage."

"I am ready," replied the stranger. "I have had enough and to spare of your rocket practice, and your music makes my head ache."

"The bagpipes are certainly pleasanter to the ear," said Wirtig, submissively, "and I am grieved that I forgot to command Caleb's attendance with them. Pardon the omission. At the house, things shall be better managed. Amy, entertain Sir Wal—"

A crushing application of Alexis' boot-heel to Wirtig's tenderest toe, substituted an exclamation of agony for the second syllable of the forbidden name. The Englishman offered Emily his arm, and a signal from her father compelled its acceptance. By the light of torches, and preceded by a band of music, the Miffelsteiners now moved in long procession homewards, forming a sort of escort for the stranger, who was in front, attended by Wirtig and Alexis. The attorney marched close behind, glaring like a hyena at his supposed rival. Amidst the cracking of fireworks and the reports of guns and pistols, the procession reached the town, and a considerable number of the men went direct to the hotel of the Bear—some eager to profit by the gratuitous good cheer, and others yet more desirous to ascertain its motive. Of this, however, most of Wirtig's guests were by this time aware. Rumours will arise, in small towns as in large cities; and thus it was that at Miffelstein twenty busy tongues whispered the presence of the Great Unknown. At the Bear, Wirtig's liberal instructions had been zealously executed. Caleb, Rowena, Jenny, Front-de-Bœuf, and the rest of the household, had done their duty. The table was

loaded with English and Scottish delicacies; the portrait of the Great Unknown—its frame adorned with lamps of many colours—stared somewhat wildly, but, upon the whole, benevolently, from the wall, doubtless well satisfied to see its original doing ample honour to the repast. The appetites of the other guests, which ungratified curiosity might have damped, were sharpened, by a confidential communication from the host of the Bear. Notwithstanding his nephew's injunctions to secrecy, Wirtig could not refrain from exhibiting to his friends, before they sat down to supper, and of course in the strictest confidence, the name of W. Scott, inscribed upon the last page of the strangers' book. There was no mistaking the characters, blotched and strangely formed though they were. Great were the awe and reverence with which the Miffelsteins contemplated the stranger, who, for his part, gave his chief attention to his supper. He bolted beefsteaks, reduced fowls to skeletons, and poured down, with infinite gusto, bumper after bumper of Burgundy and Hochheimer. The guests remarked with admiration that he avoided, doubtless with a view to the preservation of his incognito, the Scottish drinks and dishes that adorned the board. He affected disgust at a Miffelstein haggis, and neglected the whisky-bottle for the wines of France and Germany. Once he was observed to smile as he glanced at his portrait, and it was inferred that he was amused at the badness of the likeness, which certainly did little credit to the artist. But he made no remark, excepting that, the next moment, he requested his neighbour to pass him a dish of pork with plum sauce.

Wirtig's discretion was far from equalling that of the Unknown. Seated beside his honoured guest, in the joy of his heart he overwhelmed him with compliments, made countless allusions to his works and genius, and kept his glass constantly full. The stranger let him talk on, and answered nothing, or only by monosyllables. In proportion to the flattery and attentions lavished by Wirtig, were the sadness and sullenness of Elben the attorney. He had

arrived later than the other guests. Seated at one end of the table, he looked Medusas at the Unknown.

"What think yon, nephew," said Wirtig aside, "if I were to send for Amy and her harp to entertain our illustrious visitor? The bagpipes he has forbidden."

"An excellent thought," replied Alexis; "but it cannot be, for Caleb tells me that my cousin has retired to her apartment, complaining of a violent headache."

"Mere woman's fancies!" grumbled the father. "Amy is no *Die Vernon*. Did the girl but know whom our roof this day shelters—St George of Burgundy! how gladly would she come! How warm would be her welcome of him she is bound to love and reverence!"

Elben overheard these last words, and smiled a grim smile. Owing to his tardy arrival and mental preoccupation, he was unaware of the real motive of the attentions paid to the stranger, and still believed him to be a favoured candidate for the hand of Emily.

The Unknown had finished his pork and plums, and was resting on his knife and fork.

"Where is Miss Amy?" said he, at last, looking particularly tender, either at thoughts of the young lady or at sight of a dish of partridges just then placed smoking before him. The jealous attorney could stand it no longer. Starting from his chair, he rushed from the room.

Wirtig apologised for his daughter's absence, and resumed his complimentary strain.

"By our Lady of Cléry, noble sir!" he said, "the productions of your genius have delighted my understanding, and made my house to prosper. I am under the greatest obligations to you, and my debt of gratitude is doubled by the honour of your visit. I pray you to command me in all things."

The stranger seemed embarrassed by this excessive homage. Just then Alexis spoke a few words to him in English. The Unknown emptied his glass, laid his finger thoughtfully on his nose, and, after a minute's pause, turned to his entertainer.

"You consider yourself under obligations to me?" he said. "I take you at your word. Prove your sincerity."

"In purse and person, hand and heart, command me," cried Wirtig, "Lord of the Isles and most honourable baronet. Do you lack money? What I have is yours. Do you desire protection from the blood-thirsty Frenchman? In my house you shall find shelter. In your defence, I and mine will don tartan, gird claymore, and shoulder Lochaber axe."

"You are a gentleman," said the Englishman, looking rather puzzled, "and I thank you for your good will, but have no need of your money. The favour I would ask is not for myself, but for others. Consent to your daughter's marriage with the man of her choice. You will do me a great pleasure."

"Ha!" quoth the mystified Wirtig. "Blows the wind from that quarter? The sly puss has enlisted a powerful ally. *Pasques Dieu!* 'Tis a mere trifle you ask, worshipful sir. I had gladly seen you tax my gratitude more largely."

"Consent without delay," whispered Alexis to his uncle. "Let not the great man think you hesitate."

"With all my heart," said Wirtig. "I had certainly made a condition, and would gladly——but will Amy be happy with the prosaic attorney?"

Once more the Great Unknown laid his finger solemnly upon his nose. "Undoubtedly," he said, tossing off another bumper of his host's best Burgundy. He spoke rather thick, and his eyes had a fixed and glassy look. "Undoubtedly," he repeated, as if speaking to himself. Just then Caleb and Front-de-boeuf placed a fresh battery of bottles on table and sideboard. "Upon my soul," added the stranger, in English, "this old tavern-keeper is a jolly fellow, and his Burgundy is prime." He nodded oracularly, and again filled his glass.

"Listen to him!" said Alexis to his uncle, who hung upon each sound that issued from his idol's lips. "He prophesies! The second-sight is upon him! He foretells their happiness. Consent at once!"

"The second-sight!" exclaimed Wirtig reverently. "Nay, then, in heaven's name, be it as he wishes! I freely give my consent!"

Alexis would fain have left the room to seek Elben, and inform him of his good fortune; but his uncle would not spare him. The Englishman continued to imbibe the Burgundy, the other guests zealously followed his example, conviviality was at its height, songs were sung, and the evening wore on. During a tumultuous chorus of hurrahs, elicited by an impromptu allusion to the guest of the evening, introduced by the Miffelstein poet into a bacchanalian ditty, Caleb entered the room with an important countenance, and beckoned Alexis from the table. A foreigner, he said, who spoke more French than German, was making anxious inquiries about one Schott or Scott, and insisted upon seeing the landlord. At first somewhat staggered by this intelligence, which threatened destruction to his schemes, the ready-witted architect soon hit upon a remedy. Sending Caleb to announce to the stranger his master's speedy appearance, he called Wirtig aside.

"Uncle," he said, "the moment for decisive action has arrived. The French general is below. He is on the track of the Great Unknown, and insists that he is here. Keep him at bay for a while, and I will contrive the escape of your illustrious guest. Above all, parley not with the false Frenchman."

"Ha! Beauséant!" exclaimed the valorous and enthusiastic Wirtig. "Is it indeed so? Methinks there will be cut-and-thrust work ere the proud Norman reach his prey. Ha! St Andrew! he shall have a right Scottish answer. And though he were the bravest knight that ever put foot in stirrup——"

"Expend not the precious moments in similes," interrupted Alexis. "Remember only that the man is glib of tongue, and let him not mislead you by friendly professions."

"Not I, by the soul of Hereward!" replied Wirtig, leaving the room.

Alexis hastened to the Englishman.

"You must be off, my good sir," he said. "A detachment of the body-guard of Prince Hector of Rauchpfeil-

senheim is in pursuit of you. Their officer is in the house, making clamorous inquiry."

"The devil he is!" cried the stranger, sobered by the intelligence. "What is to be done? The horse I came upon is foundered. Infernal country! Accursed steamboat! I cannot leave the place on foot."

"Leave the house, at any rate," said Alexis, "and we will then see what to do. Delay another minute, and escape is impossible. Follow me, as you love liberty and life."

The Englishman obeyed. Alexis led the way into a back-room, threw open a window, and stepped out upon a balcony, whence a flight of steps descended into the garden of the hotel. This was quickly traversed, and the two men reached a narrow and solitary lane, formed by stables and garden walls, and close to the outskirts of the town. Ten paces off stood a postchaise, the door open and the steps down.

"Now then, sir," said the driver in a sleepy voice, as they approached his vehicle, "Jump in. No time to lose."

"How fortunate!" said the Englishman, "here is a carriage."

"But not for you, is it?" said Alexis.

The Englishman laughed, and clapped his hand on his pocket.

"Everything for money. Drive on, postilion, and at a gallop. A double *trinkgeld* for you."

And he jumped into the vehicle, which instantly drove off, and had disappeared round a corner before Alexis, astonished by the suddenness of the proceeding, had time to reciprocate the farewell shouted to him by the fugitive. He was about to re-enter the garden, when a man came running down the lane. It was Ellen.

"How now, William," cried Alexis, "what do you here?"

"The postchaise," cried the attorney, "where is it?"

"The postchaise, was it for you?"

"To be sure."

"It has just driven off with the Englishman."

"With the Englishman!" gasped Ellen. "Destruction! And Emily in it!"

"Emily! my cousin! The devil! What do you mean?"

"Alexis, you are my friend—with you I need not dissemble. That carriage was to bear me and Emily from her father's tyranny. I put her into it ten minutes ago. She insisted I should be armed, and I returned for these!"

And, throwing open his cloak, he exhibited a pair of enormous horse pistols, and a rapier, which, from its antiquated fashion, might have belonged to a cotemporary of the Great Frederick.

"And whilst you were arming," cried the incorrigible Alexis, convulsed with laughter, "the Great Unknown ran off with your bride. Well, you may rely he will not take her far. He is in too great haste to escape, to encumber himself with baggage. And you will be spared a journey, for my uncle no longer opposes your marriage."

At that moment the garden door opened, and Emily stood before them. No sooner had the romantic damsel sent her knight to arm himself, than she remembered an indispensable condition of an elopement, which she had forgotten to observe, and hurried back to her apartment, to leave upon her table a line addressed to her father, deprecating his wrath, and pleading the irresistible force of love. A few words from Alexis gave her and Ellen the joyful assurance that no obstacle now barred their union.

On re-entering the inn, Alexis encountered a French equerry of Prince Hector of Raupfseifenheim, who at once recognised him as his sovereign's newly appointed architect.

"Ah! *Monsieur l'Architecte*," he exclaimed, "how delighted I am to meet with a sane man. The people here are stark mad, and persist in knowing nothing of Scott, the engineer. I know very well he is here. Tell the drunken dog that the prince forgives him. I have ordered his baggage to be sent hither, and here is money for his expenses. The prince never seriously intended to visit upon him the fault of his bad machinery."

Alexis undertook to transmit Prince Hector's bounty and pardon, and was enabled to take his uncle the joyful

intelligence that the bloodthirsty French general had departed in peace.

Elben and Emily were married. Alexis forwarded the property of the Great Unknown, and soon afterwards left Miffelstein. Wirtig wondered to hear nothing more of his illustrious visitor and benefactor, when one day a letter reached him, bearing the London postmark, and scrawled in execrable German. Its contents were as follows:—

“Dear Sir,—Once more back in Old England, which I ought never to have left, I remit you the enclosed note in discharge of my reckoning. Before this, you will doubtless have discovered who your Great Unknown really was, and that his business is with pistons and paddle-wheels, not

with novels and romances. My best regards to that merry fellow Alexis, and to your sentimental little daughter. And you, my comical old friend, have my best wishes for your welfare and prosperity.—WILLIAM SCOTT.”

When Wirtig had read this epistle, he remained for some time plunged in thought. From that day forward he left off novel-reading, and attended to his business; called Caleb Tobias; eschewed bagpiping and Scottish cookery; consigned plaid-curtains, oaken sideboards, and portraits of the Great Unknown to the lumber-room. And before the new year arrived, the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine had disappeared from the door, and the thirsty wayfarer might once more drink his glass by the light of the jolly old Star.

MODERN STATE TRIALS.

PART III.—DUELLING.

[*Note on Part II. on Criminal Responsibility in cases of Insanity.*—A physician in a responsible official situation, affording him great opportunities for observation, has addressed to us a note from which we extract the following passages. Our only object is to aid in eliciting truth; and our anxiety to do so is proportionate to the difficulty and importance of the subject to which the ensuing letter has reference.

"The article on Oxford and M'Naughten has interested me very much; and though I cannot at all admit the principle of punishing a man for his misfortune, I am yet satisfied that the doctors have assumed too much, and have helped to let loose upon society some who deserved happing as much as any who have ever suffered the extreme penalty. The test of insanity, as laid down by the Judges on the solemn occasion to which you refer, is manifestly of no value; for it is, I might almost say, the exception for an insane person *not* to know the difference between right and wrong. Many of them deliberately commit acts which they know to be wrong. Dadd killed his father and immediately fled to France to avoid the consequences of his crime; and nobody ever doubted that he was one of the maddest, if not the maddest, of the mad. Touchet shot the gunmaker, not only with a full knowledge of the nature of the crime, but for the express purpose of bringing about his own death. He has entertained various delusions: amongst others, the notion that certain passages of Scripture have special reference to himself personally; and, as regards those in actual confinement, on account of their mental malady, the majority know perfectly well that it is wrong to tear, break, and destroy, to injure others, and indulge their various mischievous propensities. So well satisfied are many of them that they are doing wrong, that they will try to conceal acts which they know are not permitted; and, in this way, a propensity to bite, or kick, is indulged in only when it is believed that it can be done unobserved. It seems to me that, in these most painfully embarrassing cases, every one must stand on its own particular merits; and, as neither judges nor doctors can say where sanity ends, and insanity begins, so no possible rule that can be devised will be alike applicable to all; but the previous habits and course of life of the person accused, together with the absence or presence of any motive, will go far to remove the difficulties which necessarily beset the question. I am not at all prepared to say that, because any degree of mental disturbance has been shown to exist, a person should be held *irresponsible*. It is a doctrine fraught with such dreadful danger to society, that it is very properly viewed with jealousy; but, when clearly proved that the mind was so far disturbed as to entertain delusions before and at the time of committing the offence, I would never resort to capital punishment. The Omniscient alone can tell how far the disease has gone, and to what extent the unfortunate being was really responsible for his actions to his fellow men."]

Is, or is not, a trial in this country for duelling to be regarded as a Farce following a Tragedy? There are those who say that it is; but we are not of the number. Such trials often greatly excite the public mind, and array opinions and prejudices against each other in such a manner as to

disturb and derange the judgment. Then more or less is expected from the law, and its administration, than is right. If the heated public should have prepared itself for a conviction, loud and violent is its reclamation against an acquittal, especially if it have been brought about by what are styled technical objections, and *vice versa*. They forget, under the impetuous impulses of a sense of natural justice, that settled rules of legal procedure must be observed indifferently on all occasions, if even-handed justice is to be administered in a court of justice. How did these rules come to be settled? They are the results of centuries of experience—of ten thousand instances of the advantage, nay, the absolute necessity, for observing them. If it could be imagined with any, even the slightest foundation of truth, that those sworn to decide according to the law and the facts had wilfully shut their eyes to the one or the other—or, either directly or indirectly, connived at an evasion of the letter or a violation of the spirit of the law, in order to secure a particular result—then there is no power in language adequate fitly to denounce so deliberate and awful a perjury, so monstrous an outrage on the administration of justice.

Honâ fide duels are always lamentable affairs, under whatever circumstances they may happen, especially when attended by loss of life or serious personal injury—occurring, too, in a highly civilised and Christian country like ours. They properly arouse the grief and indignation of every thoughtful and virtuous member of the community; whom, however, they also satisfy as to the prodigious practical difficulty of dealing with such cases. While the law of the land is clear on the subject as the sun at noonday—alike unquestionable and unquestioned—there yet exist, in almost every detected duel, far greater difficulties than are suspected by the public, in bringing to justice the guilty actors. First of all, it must be borne in mind how deep an interest they have in cutting off all means of future evidence, by intrusting a knowledge of the affair to the fewest persons necessary for carrying it out, and by selecting scenes remote from

observation. Then, again, let it be remembered that both principals and seconds, and all others present aiding and abetting, have incurred heavy criminal liability—are liable to be indicted for murder, as principals or accessories; and, consequently, none of them can be compelled to furnish any evidence which may even *tend* to criminate himself. This great rule of criminal law has doubtless operated as a great indirect encouragement to duelling; but how is this difficulty to be encountered? Must the rule be abrogated?

Assuming, however, the existence of evidence, and that it is satisfactorily adduced before the jury, it then becomes the duty of the judge and the jury to act in accordance with their oaths: the former to lay down the law distinctly and unequivocally; the latter to find their verdict conscientiously according to the principles of law so laid down, as applicable to the proved facts of the case. If a conviction ensue, the judge must then pronounce the sentence of the law; and it then depends upon the discretion and firmness of the executive whether that sentence shall be carried into effect. Take the case of a fatal duel, conducted with unimpeachable fairness, as far as concerns the practice of duelling—and that the prisoner had received great provocation from his deceased opponent, who had obstinately refused retraction or apology. What is to be the decision of the executive? What will be its moral effect, as an encouragement or discouragement of duelling? Will it operate as a tacit recognition, to any extent, of the practice of duelling, as at all events a necessary evil, and denuded of moral turpitude? These are questions by no means of easy solution.

In the present constitution of society in this country—a Christian community—duelling is a practice environed with difficulties, whichever way it may be approached by its most discreet and resolute opponents. We must deal with men and things as they are, at the same time that we would make them what we think they ought to be. How many professing Christians—men of otherwise pure and virtuous lives—have gone out deliberately

to take the life of an opponent, or expose or sacrifice their own!—solely, it may be, from a puerile notion that their honour required the committing of the crime! “It is not one of the least evils of this system,” it has been well observed, “that, the word *honour*—which, rightly understood, denotes all that is truly noble and virtuous—should be prostituted as a pretext for gratifying the most malignant of human passions, or as a cover for that moral cowardice—the fear of being thought afraid.” This is one of the chiefest roots of the poisonous tree: and can human laws kill it? We think they can. If the legislature were really intent upon annihilating duelling, its members would long ago have acted on the suggestion of Addison—that, “if every one who fought a duel were to stand in the pillory, it would quickly diminish the number of these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice.” If men will fight for a little stake, let them be made into little men, by enduring a degrading punishment; if for a great stake—that is to say, the gratification of malignant passions—let them be treated as great criminals, and die the felon’s death, or live his life. Let justice be really blind in all such cases, her sword descending upon noble and ignoble of station alike.

We acknowledge that there is one aspect of the practice of duelling, which somewhat perplexes the moralist: for it cannot be denied, or doubted, that duelling operates as a great preventive check to ruffian insolence and violence—as a potent auxiliary in preserving the necessary restraints and the courtesies of society. “It must be admitted,” says Robertson, “that to this absurd custom we must ascribe, in some degree, the extraordinary gentleness and complaisance of modern manners, and that

respectful attention of one man to another, which at present renders the social intercourse of life far more agreeable and decent than among the most civilised nations of antiquity.” How many a viper-tongued slanderer’s lips have been sealed by the dread of a bullet! How many an insolent inclination to personal violence has been checked—how many a truculent heart has sickened, before the prospect of a “laden breakfast!” Take a single case, which is really embarrassing to the candid opponent of duelling; an insult offered, by either words or deeds, to the character or person of a lady whom one is bound to protect—an injury beyond all legal cognisance, and perpetrated by one occupying the station of a gentleman. To one who does not bow under the paramount influence of religion, the harassing question occurs,—What is to be done? Cases may be easily imagined in which it would be idle to say—“treat the offence and the offender with contempt—leave them to the contempt of society;” where such a course would only add to the poignancy of the wrong or insult, and invite aggravation and repetition. Let the outraged lady be imagined one’s own wife, or daughter, or sister! Is the wrong to be perpetrated with impunity? asks the upholder of duelling. “What would you do,” retorts his opponent; “will you deliberately take the life of the offender, and give him an opportunity of taking yours? * Is that your notion of punishment, or satisfaction? What will be the effect of an example such as this, upon society at large? Is every one to be at liberty to do the like?—thus deliberately to ignore the law of God and of man?”

Duelling is, in truth, almost always the resource of the weak-minded, the vain, the vindictive, or the cowardly; and it is not right to ask society to be

* In one of Dr Johnson’s various conversations with Boswell and others, on the subject of duelling, he said, “A man is sufficiently punished [for an injury] by being called out, and subjected to the risk that is in a duel. But,” continues Boswell, “on my suggesting that the injured person is equally subjected to risk, he fairly owned he could not explain the rationality of duelling.” It will be remembered that, in previous conversations, the Doctor had endeavoured to do so, by various unsatisfactory and sophistical reasons; and one of his arguments, recorded by Boswell, was quoted by the counsel of Mr Stuart, when tried for having shot in a duel Sir Alexander Boswell, the eldest son of Boswell!

liberal in its allowances for the wrongdoings of its less worthy members. There are, nevertheless, cases in which persons have found themselves involved in duels under circumstances pregnant with extenuation in the eyes of even the hardest moralist, and such as warrant the executive, when the majesty of the law has been vindicated, and its authority recognised, in mitigating or remitting the punishment due to an acknowledged violation of the law.

The law of the land is better able to vindicate really outraged character and honour than may be imagined by many foolish hot-blooded persons, who give or accept "hostile messages." It is armed with ample powers of compensation and punishment, as may easily be ascertained by those who can satisfy it that they have been the victims of deliberate and wanton insult and injury. Little more than a year ago, one gentleman thought proper to write to some naval and military friends of another most offensive imputations upon his honour. When apprised of this, he instantly wrote to demand that his traducer should either prove the truth of his assertion, or unequivocally retract and apologise for them. Both alternatives were very contemptuously refused, on which the injured party brought an action for libel against his traducer; who, unable to justify, and unwilling to apologise, allowed the case to go before a jury. On their learning the true nature of the affair, and being reminded that they were appealed to as a jury of twelve gentlemen, to vindicate the honour of an unoffending gentleman, they gave such heavy damages (£500) as soon brought his infuriate opponent to his senses, and elicited an unequivocal retraction, and as ample an apology as could have been desired. A few instances of this kind would soon satisfy the most sceptical of the potency of the law in cases too often deemed beyond its reach, and of the effective reality of its redress in cases of wounded honour. Who could lightly esteem being solemnly and publicly branded by its *stat* as a liar and a slanderer—its blighting sentence remaining permanently on record? He who would regard such a

circumstance with indifference surely is not worth shooting, or running the risk of being shot by, or of being hanged or transported for shooting or attempting to shoot! If a person of distinguished station or character receive an insult or an injury of such a nature, as not to admit of being treated with silent contempt, it becomes his duty to society to set an example of magnanimous reliance on the protection of the laws of his country, and pious reverence for the laws of God. Against one thing, however, every one should be constantly on his guard—the entertaining and cherishing that false overweening estimate of personal dignity and importance, which predisposes too many to take offence, and then hurry to revenge it.

According to the law of England, as already stated, a death caused by duelling, though in the "fairest" possible manner, is clearly murder, to all intents and purposes whatsoever. In the year 1846, the majority of the Criminal Law Commissioners suggested a change in this law, recommending that, where two persons agree to fight, and a contest ensues, and one of them is killed, the homicide should be extenuated. The reasons on which this suggestion was founded appear to us of a very unsatisfactory nature; and one of the Commissioners—the late Mr Starkie—altogether dissented from the views of his brethren, embodying his reasons in an able and convincing protest or counter-statement. "Whilst," he observes, at its close, "as it seems to me, little good could be expected from the proposed alteration, it might be productive of much harm in a moral point of view. It would be understood to manifest an alteration in the opinion of the Legislature as to the heinousness of the crime of homicide, and of course tend to diminish the efficacy of the law against it." We entirely concur in the following remarks of Mr Townsend, in one of the best expressed passages in his book:—

"Founded on the law of God, the law of the land should remain clear and stringent, that whoever kills in a deliberate duel commits murder. The sanctity of human life would be impaired were this denunciation lessened,

and the forfeit, for expediency's sake, commuted. The very good to be obtained by the compromise with 'codes of honour' would be temporary: for arguments of hardship, as the consequences of conviction, and appeals to compassion against a gentleman being adjudged guilty of felony, and transported—it might be for life—would equally tickle the ears of credulous jurors, and be listened to with as much avidity as the present topic of capital punishment. Let the law maintain its own independent straightforward path—*irretortis oculis*—and, be the fluctuations in fashionable feeling what they may, continue, in its austere regard for life, unchanged and unchangeable.*

Thus stands the matter: the Legislature not having ventured to interfere with the law, which must be administered with rigorous faithfulness by those to whom that severe and responsible duty has been entrusted, God forbid that there should ever be coquetting with an oath on these occasions!

We have no hesitation in saying that our English Judges, as far as our inquiries have gone, invariably lay down the law, in these cases, with clearness and unfaltering firmness. The only approach towards a departure from this rule of right, is one which we trust has no other foundation than an erroneous report of what fell from Baron Hotham at Maidstone, in the year 1794, in trying a Mr Purefoy, who shot his late commanding officer, Colonel Roper. That Judge, according to Mr Townsend†—who also intimates a hope that the judge has been incorrectly reported—concluded his summing up, which produced, as might have been expected, an instant acquittal, by the following extraordinary passage:—

"It is now a painful duty which jointly belongs to us; it is mine to lay down the law, and yours to apply it to the facts before you. The oath by which I am bound obliges me to say that homicide, after a due interval left for consideration, amounts to murder. The laws of England, in their utmost leniency and allowance for human frailty,

extend their compassion only to sudden and momentary frays; and then, if the blood has not had time to cool or the reason to return, the result is termed manslaughter. Such is the law of the land, which, undoubtedly, the unfortunate gentleman at the bar has violated, though he has acted in conformity to the laws of honour. His whole demeanour in the duel, according to the witness whom you are most to believe, Colonel Stanwix, was that of perfect honour and perfect humanity. Such is the law, and such are the facts. If you cannot reconcile the latter to your consciences, you must return a verdict of guilty. But if the contrary, though the acquittal may trench on the rigid rules of the law, yet the verdict will be lovely in the sight both of God and man."

If Baron Hotham really uttered this drivel, he was totally unfit to administer justice, and should have been removed from the Bench. Mr Townsend, in one place, observes that Baron Hotham "must have allowed his kindly feelings to master his judgment;" and in another cites the case as "a very famous one, being the first of those occasions on which judges admitted, from the bench, the necessity and expediency of juries tempering the law, where, by a stern necessity, they have held themselves bound by it;" that is, in plain English, where judges advised juries to violate their oaths, in order to defeat the just administration of the law. We know no parallel to this "famous" case, except that of Justice Fletcher, a judge in Ireland, in the year 1812; who—as we learn from Mr Phillips' very interesting *Memoirs of Curran*, about to issue from the press—thus addressed an Irish jury, in a trial for murder occasioned in a duel: "Gentlemen, it is my business to lay down the law to you, and I shall do so. Where two people go out to fight a duel, and one of them falls, the law says it is murder. And I tell you, by law it is murder; but, at the same time, a fairer duel I never heard of in the whole course [sic] of my life!" The prisoners were, of course, immediately acquitted.

* Townsend, vol. i. p. 170-171.

† *Ibid.*, p. 154-5.

Mr Townsend states, that "the long series of judicial annals has not been darkened by a single conviction for murder, in the case of a duel fairly fought."* If this be a correct statement, which we greatly doubt, it argues either a signal deficiency of evidence in every case, or a perverse disregard of duty by either judges or juries, or both. We repeat it, and do so anxiously desirous of giving every degree of publicity in our power to the fact, that our judges discharge their duties on these occasions with unwavering firmness. We shall give two or three modern and interesting instances. The late eminent Mr Justice Buller tried a clergyman—the Reverend Bennet Allen, (?)† and his second, for killing a Mr Dufresne, in a duel fought at ten o'clock at night, in Hyde Park, at the distance of eight yards: the reverend duellist had put on his spectacles, in order to see his man. Mr Justice Buller told the jury that "they were bound to adhere to the law, as to which there never," he continued, "has been a doubt. In the case of a deliberate duel, if one person be killed, it is murder in the person killing him. Of that proposition of law there is not, there never has been, the smallest doubt. Sitting here, it is my duty to tell you what the law is, which I have done in explicit terms; and we must not suffer it to be frittered away, by any false or fantastical notions of honour." Here the judge did his duty; but the jury seem, according to Mr Townsend, who doubtless spoke after having duly examined the facts of the case, "to have temporised between their consciences and wishes, by acquitting the second, and finding the principal guilty of manslaughter."

Mr Justice Patteson, in trying the seconds for murder, in the case of the fatal duel between Dr Hennis and Sir John Jeffcott, who shot the former, thus plainly put the matter to the jury: "Whether duelling ought to be tolerated in this land, I say nothing. It is no question for any jury at all. The law of the land does not tolerate it. I repeat that, if you are satisfied on this evidence, that the

three gentlemen went out to Haddon, knowing that Sir John Jeffcott and Dr Hennis were about to fight a duel there, without heat or irritation—but deliberately aiding and assisting the affair on a point of honour, after vainly endeavouring to effect an amicable arrangement—I cannot tell you, in point of law, that it is anything short of murder." The jury at once acquitted the prisoners!‡

In the year 1838, a young man named Mirfin was shot in a duel at Wimbledon, by a young man named Elliott, twenty-five years of age, under deplorable and aggravated circumstances. The former had been a linen-draper in Tottenham Court Road; and, together with the latter, seemed to have led the dissolute life, for some time, of men about town. The duel arose out of a quarrel which had occurred in a certain indecent scene of infamy near Piccadilly! Two young men named Young and Webber, respectively only twenty-four and twenty-six years of age, were tried for the wilful murder of Mirfin. They had not acted as seconds of the survivor, but had accompanied him and his second to the scene of action. The chief witness was a surgeon, who detailed with a deadly simplicity and matter-of-fact air the whole particulars of the duel, at which he was present; and produced such an effect on the jury that, on delivering their verdict, they expressed the "horror" with which they had heard his evidence and regarded his conduct, and their regret that he had not himself been put upon his trial for murder. The reader shall have an opportunity of judging for himself on the subject, from a portion of the evidence given by this person.§

"After the pistols were loaded, Mr Elliott and Mr Mirfin were placed on their ground, and a pistol was delivered to each. I then went and stood seven or eight paces from them, with the two seconds. I looked at the principals. The word to fire was given by Mr Elliott's second: he said, 'Gentlemen, are you ready?—Stop!' That was the agreed signal for firing: they were to fire instantly on the last word 'stop' being uttered, and not before.

* Townsend, vol. i. p. 152.

† *Ibid.*, p. 162.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 163.

§ Regina v. Young. 8 Carr and Payne, 644.

They fired together immediately on the signal. After they had fired, I observed that *the ball had passed through the crown of Mr Mirfin's hat*: I saw something fly up in the air: I saw a portion of the crown just raised at the moment. As soon as they had fired, the seconds interfered. I and they were standing together. They moved towards the principals, who remained in their places. Some conversation took place between the principals and seconds, and then between the seconds themselves—which lasted for a few minutes only. Mr Mirfin insisted on a second shot. He spoke loud enough for all present to hear. I stood within seven or eight paces of him, and could hear every word he said. I was intent looking at his hat—I saw the ball had passed through it. I could hear that the conversation was with a view to reconcile the parties; but Mr Mirfin would not hear of any reconciliation. I believe Mr Elliott would have made a verbal apology; but Mr Mirfin would accept nothing but a written apology, and insisted on a second shot. After he had made this statement, another pistol was delivered to each. They next left their ground. I told Mr Mirfin that his hat had been shot through, and he took it off and looked at it, and said nothing, but replaced it on his head. The second pistols were Mr Mirfin's, and were fired at a signal exactly similar to the former one. Mr Elliott fired first, but not till after the signal had been given. I distinctly heard the sound of his pistol, immediately after the word had been given; and Mr Mirfin's shot was fired almost immediately. I think his pistol was discharged after he had received the fatal shot. I think he felt the wound previous to his firing off his pistol. He did not sufficiently raise his hand. His ball struck the ground. He was in the act of bringing his pistol to the level, when he fired. After both shots had been fired, I looked at each of the men, and did not, at first, perceive that either was injured. Mr Mirfin walked towards me about six paces, I think, with his left hand on his right side, and, I think also, the pistol still in his right hand. I think he gave it to me. He advanced towards

me saying, 'I am wounded.' I asked him where; he looked towards the wound and raised his fingers, showing me where he was wounded, but without speaking. I said, 'I am exceedingly sorry to hear it: good bye. God bless you!' He replied, 'Good bye, old fellow!' I then assisted him to lie on the grass. He did not fall immediately. I undid his pea-jacket and waistcoat, and pulled up his shirt, and probed the wound. The other persons were standing by. Mr Mirfin's second walked up, and asked if the wound were fatal. I said it was a very fatal wound. Mr Elliott and his second said nothing, merely looking on. Mr Broughton asked me again, after I had probed the wound, whether it was fatal. I said it was. He asked, 'What shall we do?' I replied, 'The sooner you leave the ground the better, and I will wait.' They all three left the ground together. Mr Mirfin died within ten minutes. I did not speak to him after this. I saw I could be of no service to him, and did not wish to fatigue him by saying anything to him. I examined the body after I had got it home, and discovered a small wound not quite the size of a (bird's?) egg, between the fifth and sixth ribs."

We have given these details in all their sickening simplicity and utter hideousness, because they are worth a world of comment on the nature and tendency of affairs of honour.

The case came on before the late Baron Colclough, and the present Baron Alderson, at the Old Bailey, on the 22d Sept. 1838; and the former thus laid down the law to the jury: "When upon a previous arrangement, and after there has been time for the blood to cool, two persons meet with deadly weapons, and one of them is killed, he who occasions the death is guilty of murder; and the seconds are also equally guilty. The question then is, did the prisoners give their aid and assistance by their countenance and encouragement of the principals, in this contest? Though neither of the prisoners acted as second, still, if either sustained the principal by his advice or his presence—or, if you think he went down for the purpose of encouraging and forwarding the unlawful conflict, although he did not say or do

anything, yet if he were present, and was assisting and encouraging, at the moment when the pistol was fired—he will be guilty of the offence of wilful murder. Questionable have arisen as to how far the second of a party killed in a duel is liable to an indictment for the murder of the deceased: I am clearly of opinion that he is.”

The prisoners were convicted; but under the special circumstances of the case—for there existed, in the evidence, considerable doubt as to the part taken in the murderous affair by the prisoners—or even whether they in fact, took any part in it—sentence of death was not passed upon them, but only ordered to be recorded against them; and they were afterwards sentenced to a lengthened term of imprisonment. Mr Town-end does not seem to have been aware of this case, as he makes no allusion to it.

We ourselves were present at a remarkable trial for duelling, about eighteen or twenty years ago, at the Old Bailey, before the late excellent and very learned Baron Bayley, on which occasion he also laid down the rule of law respecting duelling, with uncompromising firmness and straightforwardness. This was the case of Captain Helsham, who had shot Lieutenant Crowther in a duel, at Bonlogne. There were rumours of foul play having been practised; and a clergyman, the brother of the deceased, made strenuous and persevering efforts to prevent Captain Helsham from being tried. The latter continued, for some time after the duel, in France, though anxious to return to England; and after (as we have heard) taking the opinion of a well-known counsel at the criminal bar—who advised him that he could not be tried in this country for a duel fought in a foreign country not under the British crown—he came to England, where he was instantly arrested, under Stat. 9 Geo. IV. c. 31, § 7, which had been passed two or three years previously—viz., in 1828—and must have altogether escaped the notice of the counsel in question. That act authorises the trial, in England, of any British subject charged with having committed any murder or manslaughter abroad, whether within or without the British dominions, as if such crimes had been committed in

England. Captain Helsham was admitted to bail to meet the charge, and, having duly surrendered, took his place at the bar of the Old Bailey, at nine o'clock on a Saturday morning.

He was a middle-aged man, of gentlemanly appearance, his features indicating great determination of character; but they wore an expression of manifest anxiety and apprehension as he entered the dock, and, looking down, beheld immediately beneath him the brother of the man whom he had shot, and through whose ceaseless activity he was then placed on trial for his life as a murderer. And he was to be tried by an uncompromising judge—stern and exact in administering the law, and animated by pure religious spirit; but, withal, thoroughly humane. Throughout the whole of that agitating day, the prisoner stood firm as a rock—sometimes his arms folded, at others his hands resting on the bar; while his eyes were fixed intently on the judge, the witnesses, or the counsel—every now and then glancing with gloomy inquisitiveness at the jury and the judge. His lips were from first to last firmly compressed. It was understood that the counsel for the prosecution were in possession of a damning piece of evidence—viz., that the prisoner had spent nearly the whole of the night immediately preceding the duel in practising pistol-firing. However the fact might be, it nevertheless was not elicited at the trial; and probably the prisoner, who had been prepared for such evidence being produced, began, on finding that it was not so, to take a more favourable view of his chances. As the case stood, however, it looked black enough to those who knew the law, and the character of the judge who sat to administer it. That venerable person began his summing up to the jury about seven o'clock in the evening, and the scene can never be effaced from our memory. The court was extremely crowded; the lights burned brightly, exhibiting anxious faces in every direction: but what a striking figure was the central one—that of the prisoner! Immediately over his head was a mirror, so placed as to reflect his face and figure vividly, especially to the jury. A few moments after, the judge had

commenced his charge, we observed the Ordinary of Newgate glide into court, the late Rev. Dr Cotton, in full canonicals, and with flowing white hair, having a picturesquely venerable and ominous appearance, and take his seat near to, but a little behind the judge. It was then usual for the Ordinary to be present at the close of capital cases, in order to add a solemn "amen" to the prayer with which the sentence of death concluded—that "God would have mercy on the soul" of the condemned. "Gentlemen of the jury," commenced Mr Baron Bayley, amidst profound silence. "we have heard several times, during the course of this trial, of the *law of honour*: but I will now tell you what is the *law of the land*, which is all that you and I have to do with. It is this: that if two persons go out with deadly weapons, intending to use them against each other, and *do* use them, and death ensue, that is—murder, wilful murder." He paused for a moment, as if to give the jury time to appreciate the dreal significance of his opening. As soon as he had uttered the last two words, Captain Helsham's cheek was instantaneously blanched. We were eyeing him intently at the moment, and shall never forget it. He stood, however, with rigid erectness, gazing with mingled anger and fear at the judge, whom he felt to be uttering his death-warrant; and after a while bent his eyes on the jury, from whom they wandered scarce a moment during that momentous summing-up—one which, with every word, was letting fall around him, as he must have felt, the curtain of death. "The law of honour," said the judge, towards the close of his charge, "is an imposture—a wicked imposture, when set against the law of the land, and the law of God Almighty, claiming the right to take away human life. I tell you, who sit there to discharge a sworn duty, that a fatal duel is malicious homicide—and *that* is wilful murder." The jury retired to consider their verdict; and the judge at the same time quitted the court till his presence should be required again. Captain Helsham, however, continued standing at the bar almost motionless, as a statue. After a prolonged absence of

an hour and forty minutes, the jury returned into court. The prisoner eyed them, as one by one they re-entered their box, with a solicitude dismal to behold, and the irrepressible quivering of his upper lip indicated mortal agitation. The verdict, however, was—Not Guilty; on which the prisoner heaved a heavy sigh, passed his hand slowly over his damp forehead, bowed slightly, but rather sternly to the jury, and was then removed from the bar and released from custody. When the verdict was a few minutes afterwards communicated to Baron Bayley, who had remained in attendance in an adjoining room, he remarked gravely, "I did *my* duty! It is well for Captain Helsham that the verdict is as it is; had it been the other way, I should certainly have left him for execution." In that case, the duellist would have died on the gallows on the ensuing Monday morn-

It is now, however, time to refer to Mr Townsend's volumes, where we find two trials for duelling. One is that of the late Mr Stuart, who killed Sir Alexander Boswell, in Scotland, on the 26th March 1822, in a duel conducted with undisputed regularity and fairness. The other is that of the Earl of Cardigan, who fought and wounded Captain Harvey Tuckett, but not mortally, in a duel, on the 12th September 1840. This trial is one of remarkable interest, in every way; and we shall take some pains in bringing it distinctly and intelligibly before our readers.

About five o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, the 12th September 1840, a person named Daun, a miller, together with his wife and son, observed from the stage of their mill, on Wimbledon Common, two carriages approaching it from opposite directions, and at once suspected what was about to take place. Two gentlemen first quitted the carriages—each with a pistol-case—duly loaded a brace of pistols, and stepped out twelve paces; on which two other gentlemen, the Earl of Cardigan and Captain Tuckett, came up, and took their stations at the points indicated. To each was given a pistol; the other two withdrew to a little distance; the word to fire was uttered, and immediately followed by an ineffectual discharge of both pistols.

The principals remained at their posts; a second brace of pistols was given them; again both fired and Captain Tuckett fell, wounded in the small of the back—bleeding profusely, but, as it proved, not from a mortal, or even dangerous wound. Thus the aristocratic affair of *honour* was more fortunate in its issue than that plebeian one in which, two or three years before, the young linen-draper Mirfin had received his mortal “satisfaction.” Lord Cardigan’s second was Captain Douglas, and Captain Wainwright was that of Captain Tuckett. The whole affair of the duel had been witnessed by the miller, (who was also a constable,) and his wife and son, standing on the stage of the windmill. The moment that Captain Tuckett fell, the miller and his son quitted their post of observation, ran up to the scene of action, and interrupted to all the parties that they must consider themselves in his custody. Lord Cardigan still held in his right hand the pistol with which he had fired; and there lay on the ground two pistol-cases, one of them bearing the Earl’s coronet. Captain Tuckett lay on the ground, his second Captain Wainwright kneeling beside him, supporting him; while Sir James Anderson, a surgeon, who had attended them to the field, was examining the wound. One of these three entreated the constable to allow the wounded gentleman to be conveyed to his own house, giving him the pledge that, on his recovery, he should attend before the magistrate. At the same time one of them took out a card, on which was printed—“Captain Harvey Tuckett, No. 13 Hamilton Place, New Road,” and wrote in pencil, on the back of the card, the words, “Captain H. Wainwright.” Who gave this card remains in the evidence, a mystery; nor did it appear whether Lord Cardigan saw the card given, or knew what was printed or written on it, or heard what was said. As almost the whole interest of the

trial, and also its unexpected issue, turned upon the identity of the wounded duellist, and the requisite adroitness and vigilance of the late Sir William Follett, the Earl’s counsel, in dealing with this card, and the circumstances attending its delivery to the constable, the reader will find his account in remarking these circumstances accurately. On the constable’s receiving the card, and the pledge above mentioned, he allowed those who had given it to depart. The conduct of the Earl of Cardigan was undoubtedly distinguished by soldierly straight-forwardness and frankness. He went direct, with Captain Douglas, to the Wandsworth police station, and, tapping at the door, the inspector presented himself, and asked what was wanted. “I am a prisoner, I believe,” said Lord Cardigan. “Indeed, sir!—on what account?” asked the surprised inspector, as Lord Cardigan entered the station-house. “I have been fighting a duel,” said his Lordship, “and hit my man—but not seriously, I believe—slightly—merely a graze across the back”—drawing his hand across his own back, to indicate the region where he believed his ball had struck Captain Tuckett. Lord Cardigan then turned to Captain Douglas, and said, “This gentleman, also, is a prisoner—my second, Captain Douglas.” He then took several cards out of his right breast pocket, and handed one of them to the inspector. It bore the words, “The Earl of Cardigan, 11th Dragoons.” On reading the name, the inspector said, “I hope the duel was not with Captain Reynolds?”—alluding to the notorious disputes between his Lordship and that officer, and which led to a court-martial on the latter. Lord Cardigan “stood up erect,” said the inspector in giving his evidence, and seemed to reject the notion with the utmost disdain: saying, “Oh no, by no means!—do you suppose I would fight with one of my own officers?”* He duly

* In opening the case against Lord Cardigan, at the bar of the House of Lords, the Attorney-General, (now Lord Campbell,) of course speaking from erroneous instructions, imputed to Lord Cardigan the utterance of a most unbecoming and offensive expression,—“Do you think I would condescend to fight with one of my own officers?” We are satisfied that no such language could have fallen from a British officer; and the evidence shows that it did not in point of fact.

appeared before the magistrates, and was bound over in heavy recognisances to appear whenever his presence should be required. He did so from time to time. As soon as Captain Tuckett had sufficiently recovered, he also made his appearance at the police office, and gave his name. The affair had by this time attracted much public attention, chiefly, there can be little doubt, from the unpopularity of the Earl of Cardigan; the newspapers teeming with accounts of his alleged discourteous and oppressive treatment of the officers under his command. The prosecution of Lord Cardigan was loudly called for; it being alleged that the high rank of the offender imperiously demanded that even-handed justice should be dealt to him. Mr Townsend speaks of this demand for prosecution as "a very pitiful manifestation of popular rancour and spleen." * "As the duel," he adds, "had been fairly fought, and the code of honour satisfied, without loss of life, it seemed strange that the first unsheathing of the statute should be directed against a high-spirited and gallant nobleman, who had been exposed to violent prejudice and popular clamour; and the prosecution seemed justly obnoxious to the supposition that it originated in party malvolence, and not in respect to the law." He never shared in the hostility here spoken of as existing towards the gallant nobleman in question. Our political opinions are also his; and we are disposed to believe that he has been the victim of much misrepresentation and injustice. We desire, nevertheless, to be understood as vindicating the call for judicial inquiry into the transaction to which Lord Cardigan and his opponent, with their seconds, were parties, if that transaction had been of a criminal character. Only three or four years previously, two young men had been tried and convicted of wilful murder, for having only been present at the duel which cost one of the principals (Mirfin) his life. If Captain Tuckett

had been killed, Lord Cardigan would clearly have been guilty of wilful murder—that is beyond all question, if the law of England be not a dead letter, and those who affect to set it in motion be not guilty of a vile mockery of justice. If, therefore, a peer of the realm, a member of the supreme judicature in the kingdom, had really been guilty of a conspicuous and grave violation of the law, which all are required to obey with implicit reverence, those who demanded inquiry ought to have been given credit for acting on public grounds. The peer should not escape, where the plebeian would be condemned. Let us see, then, how stout, and how stands the law on this momentous subject—for momentous it is.

In the first place, let it be understood that *the mere challenging* to fight a duel, whether verbally or in writing, and the mere *carrying* any such challenge, is a high misdemeanour, punishable by fine and imprisonment, according to the circumstances of the particular case. This offence consists in the provoking or inciting others to commit a breach of the peace; but may also be regarded in a much more serious light—namely, as an attempt to commit or provoke others to commit a felony,—and even wilful murder. In the present case, a challenge had been sent and accepted: those who had done so, met, and fired deliberately at each other with deadly weapons, at only a few paces distance—they fired twice; the first time innocuously; the second time, one of them was wounded. Every single step was here highly criminal; the earlier ones as misdemeanours, the later ones as felonies: the last indeed a capital felony, for which, beyond all question, the life of Lord Cardigan had become forfeited to the outraged law of the land. This we will shortly show, for the consolation of all future duellists. By the common law of the land, no personal violence, unattended by death, amounted to more than a misdemeanour. In the year 1722, was passed "the Black Act,"† which,

* Vol. i. p. 210.

† It was called "the Waltham Black Act," as occasioned by the devastations committed near Waltham, in Hampshire, by persons disguised, and with blackened faces—"who seem" says Blackstone, "to have resembled the followers of Robert Hood, who in the reign of Richard I. committed such great outrages on the borders of England and Scotland."—4 Black. Com. 245.

amongst various enactments levelled at the class of offenders who caused the passing of the statute, contains this brief general one. "If any person shall wilfully and maliciously shoot at any person, in any dwelling-house, or other place, he shall be adjudged guilty of felony, and suffer death." This was the first statute which made the mere act of shooting wilfully and maliciously at another—without reference to the result—felony. Subsequent statutes, respectively known as Lord Ellenborough's and Lord Lansdowne's Acts, made it a capital offence to shoot at another with intent to murder, or do grievous bodily harm, provided the death which might be occasioned would amount to murder. Though the matter had never become the subject of judicial decision, it had been suggested by a late eminent writer on the criminal law,* that, where an ineffectual interchange of shots took place in a duel, both parties might be deemed guilty of the offence of maliciously shooting, within one of these acts, passed in the year 1803, (13 Geo. III. c. 58,) and the seconds also, as principals in the second degree. In the year 1837, however, was passed the Statute of the 1st Victoria, c. 85, which we advise every intending duellist to consult very deliberately, before committing himself to its meshes. It enacts first, (§ 2.) that "whoever shall wound any person, or by any means whatsoever cause to any person any bodily injury dangerous to life, with intent to commit murder, shall be guilty of felony, and suffer death." Again, secondly, (by § 3,) whosoever shall shoot at any person, or, by drawing a trigger, or in any other manner, attempt to discharge any kind of loaded arms at any person, *with intent* to commit the crime of murder, shall, *although no bodily injury be inflicted*, be guilty of FELONY, and liable to be transported for life, or for any term not less than fifteen years, or imprisoned for any term not exceeding three years, at the discretion of the court." Lastly, thirdly, (by § 4,) "Whoever shall maliciously shoot at any person, or, by drawing a trigger, or in any other manner, attempt to discharge any kind

of loaded arms at any person, or wound any person, with intent to maim, disfigure, or disable, or to do some other grievous bodily harm to such person, shall be guilty of felony, and liable to the same punishment contained in the previous section."

Blackstone, following Hawkins, thus lays down the law in the case of duelling: "Express malice is, where one, with a sedate deliberate mind, and formed design, doth kill another, which formed design is evidenced by external circumstances, discovering that inward intention,—as lying in wait, antecedent menaces, former grudges, and concerted schemes to do him some grievous bodily harm. *This takes in the case of deliberate duelling, where both parties meet avowedly with an intent to murder; thinking it their duty as gentlemen, and claiming it as their right, to warrant with their own lives and those of their fellow creatures, without any warrant or authority from any power either divine or human, but in direct contradiction to the laws of both God and man: and therefore the law has justly fixed the crime and punishment of murder on them, and on their seconds also.*"† This passage may be said to reflect a somewhat ghastly light on the three sections of the statute law given above, such as must have startled the Earl of Cardigan and his advisers, as soon as they found that he had been made the subject of *bona fide* prosecution under that statute. We affirm unhesitatingly, and no one will deny, that the facts relating to the duel, as they appear abovementioned, brought Lord Cardigan's case within every one of these three sections—as clearly within the first, rendering the offence capital, as within the other two, declaring it felony punishable with transportation. This the Attorney-General himself stated to the House of Lords, in opening the case against the prisoner: "The present indictment might have been framed on the capital charge." *A wound had been inflicted*, which constituted one branch of the capital offence; but "the prosecutor had, very properly, restricted the charge to firing with an intent, without alleging that a bodily injury dangerous to

* Mr Clitty. Townsend, i. p. 209.

† 4 Black. Com. p. 199.

life had been inflicted." * The indictment was founded on the third and fourth sections alone; charging, in the first count, a shooting with *intent to murder*; in the second, to maim and disable; in the third, to do some grievous bodily harm. Indictments were preferred before the grand jury, at the Central Criminal Court, against both principals, and both seconds. The grand jury[†] ignored those against Captain Tuckett and his second, but "found" those against Lord Cardigan and his second. As probably the same evidence, precisely, was laid before the grand jury in both cases, it is certainly difficult to account for the totally different results, except on the supposition that the grand jury weakly suffered themselves to be hurried into a forgetfulness of their sworn duty, by feelings of commiseration for the party who had been wounded by one who had escaped unhurt. Lord Cardigan was reputed to be "a dead shot," and was certainly very unpopular; but there was no pretence whatever for saying that he had acted otherwise than with rigorous fairness in his encounter with Captain Tuckett, who, for all the grand jury could tell, was as "dead a shot" as the Earl. We would, however, fain hope that this secret-sworn inquest were not obnoxious to the censures which Mr Townsend[‡] and others have levelled at them in this matter. On the bill being found, Lord Cardigan, of course, claimed his right to be tried by his peers—(*i. e.* *parres, aquales*)—a right which he possessed in common with every fellow-subject; and the indictment was removed by *certiorari*, to be tried before the House of Peers in full Parliament. The court of the Lord High Steward of Great Britain is one instituted for the trial of a Peer indicted for treason, or felony, or misprision of either; [§] but when the trial takes place during the session of Parliament, as was the case on the present occasion it is before the High Court of Parliament. A Lord High Steward is appointed in either case; but in the latter he officiates, not as

the supreme judge in matters of law—as he would be in a trial during the recess—but as speaker, or chairman, having an equal voice with his brother peers, in matters both of law and fact.

This was the first time that duelling had been made the subject of prosecution under the statutes against shooting with intent to kill, maim, disable, or do grievous bodily harm; and the position of the Earl of Cardigan had suddenly become perilous in the extreme, and doubtless occasioned most serious apprehensions to himself and his advisers. If his case should be held to fall within the statute in question, not only was he liable to transportation for life,—and he knew that the House of Peers would firmly do its duty, especially conscious as it was that upon it were fixed the eyes of the whole country,—but what would be the effect of a conviction of felony on his property? Four days after the trial, it was stated in the *Times* newspaper,§ and has not been, as far as we know, contradicted, that such had been the doubts as to the issue of the trial, entertained by Lord Cardigan and his legal advisers, that his lordship, to prevent the whole of his property being forfeited to the crown, executed, some time before, a deed of gift, assigning over the whole of his valuable possessions to Viscount Curzon, the eldest son of Earl Howe, who had married a sister of the Earl of Cardigan. It is stated that the legal expenses of this transfer of property, arising from fines on copyholds and the enormous stamp-duties, amounted to about £10,000; and as the deed of transfer was said to have been enrolled in due form, in the event of an acquittal the immense expenditure would have to be again incurred, in order to effect a re-transfer." So serious a matter, even in a pecuniary point of view, has now become the fighting a duel, to a nobleman or gentleman of fortune, who are recommended, consequently, not to fight in a hurry—at all events, till they shall have had an opportunity of taking the best advice of counsel learned in the

* 1 Townsend, p. 215, 216.

† Ibid. p. 210.

‡ For misdemeanour, a peer has no such privilege, but must be tried by a jury.

§ 20th February 1841.

law. The deed of transfer in question, if executed at all, had probably been executed before it was known to Lord Cardigan and his advisers, that it was not intended to indict him for a capital offence, under the second section of stat. 1 Vict. c. 85. and that he could not, consequently, be attainted. Even, however, as the case stood, if he had been convicted of the felony with which he was charged, the validity of his expensive attempt to obviate the legal effect of that conviction upon his large property would have been gravely questionable, had the law advisers of the crown felt it their duty to impugn the transaction.

The House of Lords presented, on the morning of Tuesday the 16th, February 1841, a most imposing appearance. Lord Denman, the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench had been appointed by commission from the Queen, *pro hac vice*, Lord High Steward.* The judges were in attendance in their state robes, and took their seats on the wool-sack. The peers were attired in their robes, such of them as were knights also wearing the collars of their respective orders. The Lord Chancellor (Lord Cottenham) was absent through illness; but there were, independently of the Lord High Steward, no fewer than five law lords present—Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Wynford, Abinger, and Langdale. The side galleries were covered with ladies; and the scene was one of great solemnity and magnificence. The Lord High Steward having made reverences to the throne, to which he had been conducted by the state officer—the Garter King-at-Arms bearing the sceptre, and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod the Lord Steward's staff—took his seat on the the chair of state placed on the upper step but one of the throne. The necessary formalities of reading the commission, the writ of certiorari, and indictment, having been gone through, the Lord High Steward ordered proclamation to be made to the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod “to bring James Thomas, Earl of Cardi-

gan, to the bar.” This was quickly complied with—the Earl, accompanied by the officer above mentioned, appearing at the bar, dressed in plain clothes. As he approached, he made three “reverences,” and knelt, till directed by the Lord High Steward to rise. He again made three reverences, respectively to the Lord High Steward, and his brother peers on each side of the house, they returning his courtesy. He was then conducted to a stool within the bar near his counsel. His demeanour was calm and dignified, and he had a very soldierly bearing. He was then in his forty-fourth year. The Lord High Steward's deep impressive tones were then heard, as he thus addressed the noble prisoner: “My Lord Cardigan, your lordship stands at the bar charged with the offence of firing with a loaded pistol at Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett, with intent to murder him; in a second count, you are charged with firing with intent to maim and disable him; and in a third count, you are charged with firing with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm. Your lordship will now be arraigned on that indictment.” The Earl was then arraigned in the usual manner, by the Deputy Clerk of the Crown, in the Queen's Bench, who thus preceded:—
“How say you, my Lord, are you guilty of the felony with which you stand charged, or not guilty?”

Earl of Cardigan.—Not guilty, my lords.

Deputy Clerk of the Crown.—How will your lordship be tried?

Earl of Cardigan.—By my peers.

Deputy Clerk of the Crown.—God send your lordship a good deliverance.

The Earl then, by leave of the House, sat down uncovered: and after the usual proclamation had been made for all persons to come forward and give evidence, the Lord Steward, with the leave of the House, descended from his seat on the throne, and took his seat at the table. The counsel for the Crown were the Attorney-General (the present Lord Campbell), and Mr Waddington, (now Under Secretary of State); and for the prisoner,

* The mode of appointing this high officer, and of constituting the court, will be more fully explained at length in Blackstone's Commentaries.—Vol. iv. p. 259, *et seq.*

Sir William Follett, Mr Serjeant Wrangham, and the late Mr Adolphus. It has been said, and is indeed intimated by Mr Townsend, that, imperturbable as was the self-possession of Sir William Follett, on this occasion he exhibited unusual indication of an oppressive sense of responsibility. Both facts, indeed, and law were so dead against his noble client, and the consequences of conviction so exceedingly serious, that nothing was left for him but to watch with lynx-eyed acuteness, in order to see that nothing but rigorously exact legal proof was adduced against his client.

The opening address of the Attorney-General was temperate, clear, and able; most faithfully stating the law which he charged Lord Cardigan with having violated, and the facts constituting the violation. He reminded the House that sixty-four years had elapsed since a similar trial had taken place—that of Lord Byron, for killing his opponent in a duel. "I am rejoiced, my Lords, to think," continued the Attorney-General, in terms which immediately occasioned great observation, "that the charge against the noble prisoner at the bar does not imply any degree of moral turpitude; and that, if he should be found guilty, the conviction will reflect no discredit upon the illustrious order to which he belongs. But, my Lords, it seems to me that he has been clearly guilty of a breach of the statute law of the realm, which this and all other courts of justice are bound to respect and enforce. Your lordships are not sitting here as a court of honour, or as a branch of the legislature, but as a court of justice, bound by the rules of law, and under a sanction as sacred as that of an oath. . . . Your lordships are aware that the noble Earl is in the army—Lieutenant-colonel of the 11th Hussars; and I have no doubt that, on this occasion, he only complied with what he thought necessary to the usages of society. But, under these circumstances, though it would have been considered, if death had ensued, a great calamity, and not a great crime—though moralists of the highest authority have defended duelling—it remains for your lordships to consider what dwelling is by the law of England." After

quoting from the known great authorities, Hale, Hawkins, Foster, and Blackstone, proving that a death by duelling was wilful murder, the Attorney-General correctly observed—"It necessarily follows, from this definition of murder, that the *first count* of the indictment is [that is, he expected that it would be] completely proved. The only supposition, my Lords, by which the case can be reduced to one of *manslaughter* would be, that Lord Cardigan and Captain Tuckett *casually* met at Wimbledon Common—that they *suddenly* quarrelled—and that, while their blood was up, they fought. But your lordships can hardly strain the facts so far as to suppose that this was a casual meeting, when you find that each was supplied with his second—that each had a brace of pistols—and that the whole affair was conducted according to the forms and solemnities observed when a deliberate duel is fought." Could anything be more clear and cogent? "Then, my Lords, with regard to the second and third counts of the indictment, I know not what defence can possibly be suggested; because, even if there had been this casual meeting, contrary to all probability and all the circumstances of the case—if it would only, had death ensued, have amounted to the crime of *manslaughter*—that would be no defence to the second and third counts of the indictment, as has been expressly decided (in the case of *Anonymous*, 2 Moody's Crim. Cases, p. 40) by the fifteen Judges of England."

Such was the opening of the Attorney-General—such as must have left not a single crevice through which a glimpse of hope could be caught. The words of the Act of Parliament could not have applied more exactly to the facts of the case, as our readers must see, even if the act had been expressly framed to meet these particular facts! The miller of Wimbledon, his wife and son, had witnessed the whole affair—the arrival of the parties on the ground, and the double interchange of shots. Lord Cardigan, on the spot, and at the police office, in plain terms avowed who he was, and what he had done, and who had been his second—the inspector of the po-

lice-station being present to prove such avowal. Sir James Anderson, the surgeon, who had also seen the duel, and accompanied Captain Tuckett home, was in attendance as a witness. The miller, who had received Captain Tuckett's card, went, a week afterwards, to the residence mentioned in the card, and asked for, and saw, Captain Tuckett. It would seem as though the wit of man could not suggest how these facts could be evaded, or how they could fail of being proved! Yet the case totally broke down; the whole prosecution crumbled into pieces, under the subtle and watchful dexterity of the consummate advocate to whom Lord Cardigan had committed his almost hopeless case. What does the reader suppose to have been the fatal flaw? The prosecution could not prove the identity of CAPTAIN TUCKETT! Each of the three counts in the indictment charged Lord Cardigan with having fired at—Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett. That was his real name, but it became impossible to prove the fact; and, without such proof, the prisoner was, beyond all question, entitled to an acquittal. A man cannot be indicted for firing at A B, and convicted of firing at C D. If Captain Tuckett had been called, he could, of course, have instantly disposed of the difficulty; and it is said that that gentleman was actually in, or near, the House of Lords; but the Attorney-General explained that he could not call that gentleman, nor his second, because, though the bill against them had been ignored by the grand jury, "they were still liable to be tried," and therefore "it would not be decorous to summon them to give evidence which might afterwards be turned against themselves." And as for Captain Wainwright, he was in the situation of his noble fellow prisoner, as a true bill had been found against him at the Central Criminal Court. What, then, shall be said against calling Sir James Anderson? Fortunately for himself and for Lord Cardigan, he was in a position to be

tried himself on a charge of having been present, adding and assisting at the commission of a felony. On this gentleman being sworn, the Lord High Steward thus cautioned him, as he was bound to do in the case of any witness similarly situated:—

"Sir James Anderson,—With the permission of the House, I think it my duty to inform you, after the opening we have heard made by the Attorney-General of the facts of the case, that you are not bound to answer any question which may tend to criminate yourself." Doubtless, Sir James Anderson expected nothing less, and had come to the House of Lords perfectly at his ease. Therefore he came like a shadow, and so departed. Thus "had he his entrance and his exit."

"Attorney-General—Of what profession are you?"

"A.—I am a physician."

"Q.—Where do you live?"

"A.—New Burlington Street."

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the Attorney-General, by circuitous questions, to endeavour to get him to answer.

"*Attorney-General.*—I have never pressed him in any question I have put. [*To Sir James Anderson.*—Do you decline answering any question whatever respecting Captain Tuckett?

"*A.*—Any question which may 'tend to criminate' myself.

"*Q.*—And you consider that answering any question respecting Captain Tuckett may tend to criminate yourself?

"*A.*—It is possible that it would.

"*Q.*—And on that ground you decline?

"*A.*—Yes.

"*Attorney-General, [to the House.]*—Then, unless your Lordships wish to ask any question of the witness, he may withdraw.

"The witness was directed to withdraw." "

Here, then, were four avenues through which light might have been thrown on a transaction which was the subject of such solemn and dignified inquiry by the most illustrious judicial assembly in the world, carefully closed: Sir James Anderson, Captain Tuckett, Captain Douglas, and Captain Wainwright. It will be further observed that Lord Cardigan, in his frank avowal at the police station, had happened not to mention the name of the gentleman whom he had fought and wounded—an omission probably altogether accidental, for his Lordship seems to have been in a humour of signal yet becoming and characteristic frankness.

The sole question in this celebrated case thus became one of identity—the indictment charging Lord Cardigan with having fired at one *Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett*—it being the duty of the prosecutors to prove that the prisoner fired at a person bearing these names. There was abundant evidence that Lord Cardigan had fired at and wounded a Captain Harvey Tuckett; but this might be a person totally different from him named in the indictment. The skill and vigilance of the prisoner's counsel were visible in tripping up his opponents whenever they approached inconveniently near his client. There is no reason to believe that Lord Cardigan's counsel were

aware of there being the slightest difficulty, on the part of the prosecution, in proving the identity of the wounded man with the one specified in the indictment; but at the very first start, Sir William Follett perceived a faint possible advantage, and never for one instant lost sight of it.

"You tell us," said the counsel for the prosecution, examining the first witness—the miller, "that you saw the pistols fired a second time: did you observe whether either of the shots took effect?"

"*A.*—I thought Captain Tuckett was wounded—or, at least, the other gentleman: *I did not know who it was.*

"*Q.*—You thought that the gentleman, whom you afterwards knew to be Captain Tuckett, was wounded?"

"*A.*—Yes.

"*Q.*—Did you see what that gentleman did with his pistol, after the second shots were fired?"

"*A.*—No.

"*Q.*—You did not see whether he held it in his hand, or what he did with it?"

"*A.*—Which are you alluding to?"

"*Q.*—I am speaking of Captain Tuckett.

"*Sir William Follett.*—He has said he did not know who it was!"

Here was a stumble by the prosecutors, which their wary adversary never allowed them to recover. The miller then stated the giving of the card of address of "Captain Harvey Tuckett, 13 Hamilton Place, New Road," and produced it; but Sir William Follett would not allow it to be read in evidence against Lord Cardigan, without evidence that Lord Cardigan had seen it given, and was aware of what it was: and such evidence was not forthcoming. The Attorney-General then withdrew the card for the present, and asked the miller whether, on receiving it, he allowed the wounded gentleman to go; to which the answer was "Yes."—"In consequence of receiving this card, did you afterwards call at a particular house?" (meaning the house mentioned on the card, but which Sir William Follett had succeeded in excluding, for the present, from evidence.) Sir William Follett objected that the question was a leading one,

and it was not pressed. The witness then stated that, a week afterwards, he called at No. 13 Hamilton Place; asked for "Captain Harvey Tuckett."

"Q.—Whom did you see?"

"A.—Captain Harvey Tuckett."

"Q.—Did you speak to him?"

"A.—I did."

"Sir William Follett.—I wish you would put your questions differently!"

"Attorney-General.—We ask him whom he saw."

"Sir William Follett.—He does not know Captain Harvey Tuckett, I suppose."

"Q.—Did you speak to him?"

"A.—I did."

The Attorney-General then tendered the card in evidence: and Sir William Follett, ignorant of what was written in it, (for the Attorney-General had not specified in stating the case,) objected to its being received. On this a very ingenious and elaborate argument ensued between him and the Attorney-General, whether this card was or was not admissible in evidence, at all events in that stage of the case. The latter insisted on the affirmative, on the ground that the card had been given to the constable in Lord Cardigan's presence, and the constable had afterwards gone to the address specified in the card. It was therefore a part of the *res geste*. "No," answered Sir William Follett; "it does not appear who it was that gave this card, or that Lord Cardigan saw it, nor that he knew what was written on it. The Attorney-General is trying to prove an important fact in the case, by an apparent admission of Lord Cardigan; whereas he is not shown to have had any cognisance whatever of the fact which he is supposed to have admitted!" The Lord High Steward said that, at all events, the House would postpone for the present its decision as to the admissibility of the card. "Whether the Attorney-General," said Sir William Follett, "will have any other evidence to prove who it was that had given the card, or to connect the card with the Earl, is another question"—which doubtless occasioned no little anxiety to the Earl and his astute counsel.

The next witnesses were the mil-

ler's wife and son, who were cross-examined by Sir William Follett irritably and severely, but ineffectually. They did not, nevertheless, appear to carry the case much farther than had the miller. Then came Mr Busain, the police inspector, who gave evidence of the facts already stated in connection with his name, in the Earl's avowal that he had just fought a duel, and hit his man. On his being asked a very critical question, viz., as to Captain Tuckett's having called at the magistrate's office and given his name, Sir William Follett anxiously and hastily interposed—"Was Lord Cardigan present then and there?" to which the answer was, "No, he was not." Sir William Follett therefore succeeded in excluding what Captain Tuckett had said on calling at the magistrate's office, and thus again "averted the decisive stroke."*

Then the Attorney-General called a Mr Matthew, a chemist in the Poultry, in whose house "Captain Tuckett" occupied rooms for business. Mr Matthew said that Captain Tuckett lived at "No. 13, Hamilton Place, New Road." He was then asked the Christian names of Captain Tuckett. On this Sir William Follett interposed, and having elicited the fact that the witness had never been at the house No. 13, Hamilton Place, New Road, objected to the witness being asked the Christian names of the gentleman who had lodged with the witness in the Poultry! This objection, however, was overruled; but on the question being put, it turned out that the only names by which the witness knew his lodger were "Harvey Tuckett!" As a last resource, the Attorney-General called Mr Codd, an army agent, who paid "Captain Tuckett," of the "11th Light Dragoons," his half-pay, and knew his name to be "*Harvey Garnet Phipps Tuckett!*" But the witness added that he used to pay the money at his own house in Fludyer Street, Westminster, and had never seen Captain Tuckett except there, and at an insurance office! Again was the Earl of Cardigan's star in the ascendant. How could the prosecutor connect the half-pay officer spoken of by this witness, with the Captain

Tuckett shot by Lord Cardigan, and afterwards seen wounded in Hamilton Place?

The case was brought, at length, pretty nearly to a stand-still. "Is *that* your case, Mr Attorney?" inquired Lord Brougham; on which the Attorney-General pressed for the decision of the House as to the admissibility in evidence of the card which had been delivered by one of the parties on the ground to the constable.

"*Lord High Steward.*—You object to its being received, Sir William Follett?

"*Sir William Follett.*—Certainly, my lord: and I should wish to address your lordships, if any doubt is entertained on the subject.

"*Lord High Steward.*—Their lordships are ready to hear your objection.

"*Sir William Follett,* (to the Attorney-General.)—Will you let me look at the card?"

The card was handed to Sir William Follett, who, on examining it, addressing the Lord High Steward, said calmly and resolutely—"My lord, I do not think it necessary to object to this card being read." And, indeed, he had no need to do so; for, as the reader must see, it did not advance the case a single hair's breadth.

"Is *that* your case, Mr Attorney?" inquired Sir William Follett, with mingled anxiety and hope. "That, my lords, is the case on the part of the prosecution," said the Attorney-General:—on which, turning to the High Steward with a confident exulting air, Sir William Follett "submitted to their lordships that no case had been made out, requiring an answer from the prisoner at the bar."

Into what a minute point this great case had dwindled! "There is no evidence whatever to prove," said Sir William Follett, "that the person at whom the noble Earl is charged to have shot, on the 12th September last, was Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett—the name contained in every count of the indictment. The evidence would rather lead to a contrary presumption, if presumption could be entertained in such a case; but it is incumbent on the prosecutor to give positive evidence of the identity of the person named in the indictment with the person against

whom the offence is alleged to have been committed. . . Is there anything before your lordships to identify the Captain Tuckett spoken of by the army agent, Mr Codd, with the person who is said to have been at Wimbledon Common on the 12th September last? There is nothing whatever."—"If there be the smallest *scintilla* of evidence," answered the Attorney-General, "the prosecution cannot be stopped on this ground; and there is abundant evidence from which it may be inferred that the person wounded in this duel was—Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett. We prove that the wounded gentleman was a 'Captain Tuckett';—that it was 'Captain Harvey Tuckett': that the wounded Captain Tuckett lived at 13 Hamilton Place, New Road. Is there any doubt that it was *that* Captain Tuckett who had taken the premises in the Poultry? When he did so, he gave a reference to No. 13 Hamilton Place, New Road. Is it not an irresistible evidence, then, that the Captain Tuckett of the Poultry and of Hamilton Place, and who fought with Lord Cardigan, was one and the same person? There is only one other stage—that this Captain Tuckett is the Captain Tuckett of whom Mr Codd speaks. Is there not cogent evidence to prove the identity here? Would any person, out of a court of justice, for a moment doubt the identity here? If not, can this House undertake to say *that there is not a scintilla* of evidence of identity before it?" "What we object," said Sir William Follett, in reply, "is this—that Mr Codd, who says he knows a Captain Tuckett who bears the names mentioned in the indictment, gave no *scintilla* of evidence to connect that individual with the gentleman who was on Wimbledon Common on the 12th September last. It depended altogether on Mr Codd to give such proof—and that proof he wholly failed to give. Your Lordships are now sitting as judges, to decide solely on the evidence which has been laid before you. The Attorney-General says that the card afforded *one* of the Christian names—'Harvey Tuckett'; but is that proof that the person mentioned in that card is the 'Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett' mentioned in this indictment? There may be two, or ten,

or fifty persons named 'Harvey Tuckett.' I ask your Lordships, sitting as judges on a criminal case, and looking at the evidence alone—disregarding surmise, conjecture, and what you may have heard out of doors—whether there is any evidence to prove that the gentleman wounded on Wimbledon Common bears the name and surname of 'Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett?'"

The Lord High Steward, during the deliberation of the House with closed doors, delivered a luminous and convincing exposition of the legal merits of the case before the House:—

"There is an absolute want of circumstances to connect the individual at whom the pistol was fired, and who afterwards was seen wounded in Hamilton Place, with the half-pay officer known to Mr Codd as bearing the names set forth in the indictment on which your Lordships are sitting in judgment; for the mere fact of the wounded person bearing *some* of the names used by the half-pay officer, is no proof that the former and the latter are the same; and the representation by that officer of his having held a commission in the same regiment of which Lord Cardigan told the policeman that he himself was colonel, (which, coupled with the actual receipt of half-pay, may sufficiently prove that fact,) cannot, I apprehend, be turned into a presumption that those two individuals would meet in hostile array. Here are two distinct lines of testimony, and they never meet in the same point."

"No fact (*i. e.* of identity) is easier of proof in its own nature; and numerous witnesses are always at hand to establish it, with respect to any person conversant with society. In the present case, the simplest means were accessible. If those who conduct the prosecution had obtained your Lordships' order for the appearance at your bar of Captain Tuckett, and if the witnesses of the duel had deposed to his being the man who left the field after receiving Lord Cardigan's shot, Mr Codd might have been asked whether that was the gentleman, whom he knew by the four names set forth in the indictment. His answer in the affirmative would

have been too conclusive on the point to admit of the present objection being taken.

"Several other methods of proof will readily suggest themselves to your Lordships' minds. Even if obstacles had been imposed by distance of time and place, by the poverty of those seeking to enforce the law, by the death of witnesses, or other casualties, it cannot be doubted that the accused must have had the benefit of the failure of proof, however occasioned; and here, where none of those causes can account for the deficiency, it seems too much to require that your Lordships should volunteer the presumption of a fact which, if true, might have been made clear and manifest to every man's understanding by the shortest process. Your Lordships were informed that no persons out of doors could hesitate, on the proof now given, to decide that the identity is well made out. Permit me, my Lords, to say that you are to decide for yourselves upon the proofs brought before you, and that nothing can be conceived more dangerous to the interests of justice, than for a judicial body to indulge in any speculations on what may possibly be said or thought by others who have not heard the same evidence, nor act with the same responsibility, nor (possibly) confine their attention to the evidence actually adduced. Your Lordships," continued the Lord High Steward, "sitting in this High Court of Parliament, with the functions of a judge and a jury, I have stated my own views, as an individual member of the court, of the question by you to be considered, discussed, and decided. Though I have commenced the debate, it cannot be necessary for me to disclaim the purpose of dictating my own opinion, which is respectfully laid before you with the hope of eliciting those of the House at large. If any other duty be cast upon me, or if there be any more convenient course to be pursued, I shall be greatly indebted to any of your lordships who will be so kind as to instruct me in it. In the absence," concluded the noble Lord, "of any other suggestion, I venture to declare my own judgment, grounded on the reasons briefly submitted, that the Earl of Cardigan is

entitled to be declared NOT GUILTY.* This was followed by the unanimous declaration of "Not Guilty,"—pronounced successively "upon my honour"—by every peer present, beginning with the junior baron. The only variation of the form occurred in the case of the Duke of Cleveland, who said—instead of "not guilty, upon my honour"—"not guilty, *legally*, upon my honour." The white staff of the Lord High Steward was then broken in two: and so was dissolved the first—may it be the last—commission, during the present century, for the trial of a peer on a charge of felony.

Lord Denman's reasons for recommending an acquittal were unanswerable; and by special direction of the House of Lords, though not in conformity with precedent,† were published, to enable the country to judge of the grounds on which the House had proceeded. The result, however, so contrary to that which had been expected, excited no little indignation; and the *bona fides*, even of those who conducted the prosecution, was very sternly questioned. It was insinuated by some of the most powerful organs of public opinion, that the prosecution had been taken up unwillingly, and with not even ordinary precautions to secure the ends of justice. "We ask," said the *Times*, "whether the law officers of the Crown had no foresight to anticipate, or no disposition to provide against, a conclusion so unsatisfactory? Is any man capable of believing that if some tailor, or linen-draper, had been indicted at the Old Bailey for the crime of stealing—or that he, having an honour to vindicate equally with noble lords, pistolled and wounded one of his companions—does any man believe that, in such a case, we should have heard of any miscarriage, or of any name that could not be proved? Oh no! there would then have been precautions in abundance—there would have been no loophole left—there would have been no lack of friends and relatives carefully sub-

pœnaed to prove all the Christian names of the necessary party."

We ourselves have reflected frequently on the result of this trial; and the points which have occurred to us are two. *First*, Why was not Captain Tuckett summoned to the bar of the House of Lords—if merely to be asked his name‡—or even only to be pointed out to the witnesses to see if they could identify him? The miller could have been required to look at him, and been then asked—"Is that the person whom you saw lying wounded on the common?"—and Mr Codd could then have been also required to look at Captain Tuckett, and say—"Is that the gentleman to whom you used to pay half pay as Captain Tuckett of the 11th Light Dragoons, and whose name you knew to be Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett?" On both these witnesses answering these questions in the affirmative, it would have required a thousand times even Sir William Follett's ingenuity to suggest a further doubt on the point of identity. This was the course which the Lord High Steward plainly pointed at, in his address to his brother peers, as that which might have been adopted. *Secondly*, Why was not the name of Captain Tuckett varied in various counts of the indictment, so as to meet not every probable, but every possible doubt and difficulty? If in one count he had been called "Harvey Tuckett," it would have sufficed to meet the evidence actually adduced; and the other counts might have, respectively described him as "Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett"—"Harvey Garnett Tuckett"—"Harvey Phipps Tuckett"—"Garnett Tuckett"—"Phipps Tuckett"—even adding to these other combinations of the four names in which Captain Tuckett rejoiced. To dispose first of this latter point—we verily believe that, up to the moment when the question of identity was started, the counsel for the prosecution, and their clients, believed that the proof of identity was a matter of course. The indictment had been pre-

* Townsend, p. 239, 240, 241.

† Ibid., p. 238.

‡ We are by no means sure, however, that he could have been compelled to answer the question, if he had stated that he believed his answer might tend to criminate himself.

ferred before the Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court; and was doubtless framed, in the ordinary course, by the clerk of indictments, from the depositions—in which might have appeared all the four names of Captain Tuckett, without any intimation of doubt or difficulty as to the fact of those being his names, or as to proof that they were. Possibly the clerk had before him a positive statement that Mr Codd, the army agent, who paid Captain Tuckett his half-pay, could clearly prove that his name was "Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett;" and that, if so, it was a needless and expensive encumbering of the record to insert counts aimed at only imaginary difficulties. The indictment having once gone before the Grand Jury, and been returned a true bill, no alteration could have been made in it, especially after it had been removed by *cartorari*. . . . Doubtless the brief of the counsel for the prosecution would contain the evidence of Mr Codd, in as direct and positive a form as could be imagined; and they would regard him, as the army-agent of Captain Tuckett, as peculiarly qualified to prove his real names. When the difficulty had been started, we know of no degree of ingenuity that could have been exhibited by counsel, exceeding that of the Attorney-General, in his contests on the point with Sir William Follett. All experienced practical lawyers will acknowledge the probability that the solution of the question here proposed is the true one. It is easy to be wise after the result. A blot is not a blot, until it has been *hit*.

Secondly, Why was not Captain Tuckett brought to the bar, to be asked his names, or identified by Mr Codd? There is no evidence that he was in attendance, or that he could have been met with, at the exact moment when his presence was required. It may have been that no order of the House had been obtained for his attendance, only because it had not been thought necessary—that no

difficulty would arise which his attendance could solve; and in the absence of direct legal compulsion, Captain Tuckett may have felt it a point of honour not to volunteer himself as a witness against his brother duellist. We can also readily believe that the counsel for the prosecution were anxious to conduct a perfectly novel case—the first instance on record of an attempt to bring an abortive duel under the category of felony, with its alarming incidents and consequences—with unusual liberality, and not to exhibit anything like a vindictive pressure upon the accused. They also knew that Captain Tuckett was himself liable, at that very moment, to be placed in the same situation as Lord Cardigan, and that it would have been idle to call before the House of Lords a witness who would come armed with a right to decline answering any single question—possibly even that above suggested as to his name—which he believed might even *tend* to criminate himself. It must also be borne in mind that the Attorney-General boldly avowed, before the House of Lords, that he regarded the act with which Lord Cardigan stood charged as one devoid of "any degree of moral turpitude," and that "a conviction would effect no discredit on the illustrious order to which he belonged." These observations, proceeding from an Attorney-General on a solemn official occasion, became, a few days afterwards, the subject of grave discussion and censure in the House of Lords. But even the excellent Earl of Mountcashel thus pointed at the practical hardship of Lord Cardigan's position,—“An officer in the army receives an affront. His brother officers expect he shall go out. If he do, he encounters the pains and penalties of the statute 1 Victoria c. 85; if he refuse, he is obnoxious to the contempt of his brother officers.”* It was certainly, not to be expected that an Attorney-General, entertaining and averring the views of duelling which he did—

* 1 Townsend, p. 211. Lord Campbell has included his opening address in Lord Cardigan's case among his published speeches, and thus deprecates the censures which had been passed upon him: "I was much hurt by an accusation that my address contained a defence of duelling, and had a tendency to encourage that practice. Nothing could be further from my intention. . . . I continue to think

and having to deal with a nobleman bearing her Majesty's commission, who was placed in the dilemma indicated by Lord Mountcashel, and had fought his duel fairly, and unattended by fatal consequences—should have been as eagle-eyed, a prosecutor as if he had had to deal with a man, gentle or simple, military or civil, who had shamefully provoked, and as disgracefully fought, a fatal duel.

Had Lord Cardigan been convicted, he had still a *chance* of escaping the serious personal consequences by claiming that absurd and unjust privilege of the peerage of which Lords Moun-
t-
hun, Warwick, and Byron in past times had respectively availed themselves, immediately on their having been convicted, in cases of fatal duels, of manslaughter. This privilege had been confirmed by statute, 1st Edward VI. c. 12, § 14, which was passed in the year 1547, and consisted in enabling a lord of parliament and peer of the realm to have benefit of clergy for a first conviction of felony,—that is to say, to escape the penal consequences of conviction, on simply alleging that he was a peer, and praying the benefit of that act! In 1827, however, by one of the statutes which effected so salutary a reform of our criminal law, (statute 7th and 8th Geo. IV. c. 28, § 6,) it was enacted as follows,—that “benefit of clergy, with respect to persons convicted of felony, shall be abolished.” It had been intended, by this section, to repeal that of the 1st Edward VI. c. 12, § 14; but serious doubts were entertained, during the pendency of Lord Cardigan's trial, whether that intention had been effectuated. We offer no opinion on the point, which would have been argued, of course, with desperate pertinacity, and consummate learning and ingenuity, had

the occasion for such an exhibition arisen. To extinguish, however, all possible doubt, and prevent any future failure of justice, an act was passed in the same session during which Lord Cardigan was tried, (statute 4th and 5th Vict. c. 22, 2d June 1841,) asserting that “doubts had been entertained” whether, notwithstanding the statute of 1827, that of 1547 “might not, for some purposes, still remain in force.” The statute of 1841 had but one section, which declared the 1st Edward VI. c. 12, § 14, to be “thenceforth repealed, and utterly void, and no longer of any effect;” and enacted that “every lord of parliament, or peer of the realm having place in parliament, against whom any indictment for felony may be found, shall plead to such indictment, and shall, upon conviction, be liable to the same punishment as any other of her Majesty's subjects are, or may be, liable upon conviction for such felony.”

Here stands the law of duelling, alike for lord and commoner, whom we trust we have satisfied of the really alarming responsibilities entailed upon those who may choose to perpetuate these outrages upon the laws of their country.

In closing this paper, and taking leave of a painfully interesting topic, we would fain express a hope and a belief, that a better feeling on the subject of duelling is gaining ground, in this country, than has existed for centuries. There is growing up a spirit of dignified submission to the law of man, based as it is on the law of God, which totally prohibits these unholy exhibitions of murderous malevolence. A truer estimate is formed of the nature of honour—one which forbids alike the offering and the resenting of insults. The following noble paragraph, re-

that to engage in a duel, which cannot be declined without infamy, and which is not occasioned by any offence given by the party whose conduct is under discussion, whether he accepted or sent the challenge, though contrary to the law of the land, is an act free from moral turpitude. . . . I consider that to fight a duel must always be a great calamity, but it is not always, necessarily, a great crime.” Fully acknowledging the difficulties of the subject, we publicly and solemnly disclaim participation in these opinions, for reasons already laid before our readers. We give Lord Campbell full credit for the purity of his motives, and the sincerity of his convictions; but we must withhold our concurrence from opinions which ignore moral turpitude is a breach of THE LAW OF GOD!

cently introduced into the Articles of War, is worthy of being written in letters of gold—of being exhibited (with suitable variation of expression) in every place of public resort, and in every possible manner brought under the notice of men of the world, and the youths in our public schools:—

"We hereby declare our approbation," says her most gracious Majesty, "of the conduct of all those who, having had the misfortune of giving offence to, or of injuring, or of insulting others, shall frankly explain, apologise, or offer redress for the same; or who, having had the misfortune of receiving offence, injury, or insult from another, shall cordially accept frank explanation, apology, or redress for the same; or who, if such explanations, apology, or redress, are refused to be made or accepted, and the friends of the parties shall have failed to adjust the difference, shall intrust the matter to be dealt with by the commanding officer of the regiment or detachment, fort or garrison; and we accordingly acquit of disgrace, or opinion of disadvantage, all officers who, being willing to make or accept such redress, refuse to accept challenges, as they will only have acted as is suitable to the character of honourable men, and have done their duty as good soldiers, who subject themselves to discipline."

There speaks the Queen of England!

The following is the stringent Article of War (Art. 101) on the subject of duelling:—

"Every officer who shall give, send, convey, or promote a challenge; or who shall accept any challenge to fight a duel with another officer; or who shall assist as a second at a duel; or who, being privy to an intention to fight a duel, shall not take active measures to prevent such duel; or who shall upbraid another for refusing to give a challenge; or who shall reject, or advise the rejection of, a reasonable proposition made for the honourable adjustment of a difference, shall be liable, if convicted by a general court-martial, to be cashiered, or suffer such other punishment as the court may award."

"In the event of an officer being brought to a court-martial for having assisted as a second in a duel, if it shall appear that such officer had strenuously exerted himself to effect an adjustment of the difference, on terms consistent with the honour of both the parties, and shall have failed, through the unwillingness of the adverse parties to accept terms of honourable accommodation, then our will and pleasure is, that such officer shall suffer such punishment, other than cashiering, as the court may award."

* Articles of War. Art 17.

THE DEFENCES OF BRITAIN.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD is a bold man. When the cry for economy and retrenchment, arising out of the straightened circumstances of the nation, is at its loudest, he has ventured to argue the proposition—once admitted as a truism, but now apparently denied by many—that there are national duties, of surpassing magnitude, which must be undertaken and fulfilled irrespective of pecuniary considerations, if we intend to preserve this country, not simply from a diminution of its greatness, but from the imminent danger of invasion and of hostile occupation. His courage is not lessened by the fact that, in maintaining that axiom, he is fortified by the practical testimony, without any exception whatever, of all our greatest living military and naval authorities: his boldness is not less notable because the Duke of Wellington, Sir John Burgoyne, Admiral Bowes, Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, Sir Charles Napier, Captain Plunkett, and others, have year after year protested against the insufficiency of our national defences; and demonstrated that, under the present system, and with the inadequate force at our disposal, we could not, in the event of a rupture with France, calculate on maintaining the inviolability of the British coast,

or the security of our capital, London. He is a bold man, and a man of moral courage, because he has ventured once more to stem the tide of popular prejudice and clamour; to expose himself to the sneers of the unthinking, the foolish, and the ignorant, and to the insolent imputations of the professional agitator and demagogue. The individual who was base enough to insult the gray hairs and honoured age of the first soldier of the world, was not likely to refrain from vituperation in the case of a humbler antagonist; and, accordingly, we are not in the least degree surprised to observe, that, at a late meeting in Wrexham, this person, Cobden, who three years ago insinuated that the Duke of Wellington was a dotard, has now turned his battery of coarse abuse against Sir Francis Head.*

We have, fortunately, something else to do than to answer the wretched calumniator. We consider it our bounden duty, in so far as we can, to recommend to our readers the exceedingly able and temperate work of Sir Francis Head, which not only embraces all that can be said upon the topic in the way of abstract argument, but exhibits in the clearest form, and from the most authentic sources, the amount of foreign military and naval

The Defenceless State of Great Britain. By SIR F. B. HEAD, Bart. London. Murray: 1850.

* The following is an extract from Cobden's speech at Wrexham, on 12th November last, as reported in the *Times* of 14th November: "He had no doubt that, in the volume written by Sir F. Head, (which had been referred to,) the author of *Bubbles from the Bottoms of Nassau*—and he dared say those bubbles were just as substantial as the facts in that volume, (cheers and laughter.)—but there was something in the antecedents of Sir F. Head, and his conduct in Canada, which did not recommend him to him (Mr Cobden) as a good authority in this affair of our finances. (Hear, hear.) But, no doubt, he should be told that we were in great danger from other countries keeping up large military establishments, and coming to attack us. Now, the answer he gave to that was, that he would rather run the risk of France coming to attack us, than keep up the present establishments in this country. He had done with reasoning on the subject. He would rather cut down the expenditure for military establishments to L.10,000,000, and run every danger from France, or any other quarter, than risk the danger of attempting to keep up the present standard of taxation and expenditure. (Cheers.) *He called those men cowards who wrote in this way.* He was not accustomed to pay fulsome compliments to the English, by telling them that they were superior to all the world, but this he could say, that they did not deserve the name of cowards. (Hear, hear.) *The men who wrote these books must be cowards,* and he knew nothing so preposterous as talking of a number of Frenchmen coming and taking possession of London."

preparation, at the present moment, as contrasted with our own. It is, we think, a most timely and needful warning, which every one will do well to consider, not in a rash or hasty manner, but calmly, deliberately, and dispassionately, with reference to his own individual interests, and to those of the nation at large. The question, as it now presents itself to our notice, is not one of peace or war. The most zealous peacemonger alive need not be ashamed of adopting the conclusions or seconding the suggestions of the writer. The question, as put by Sir Francis Head, is simply this,—Are we, or are we not, supposing us to become involved in hostilities with France, in a condition successfully to resist all attempts at invasion?

Of course there are several considerations collateral and connected with this. Military and naval establishments being, in effect, the insurance which we pay against the risk of invasion, the risk must be calculated in order to ascertain the amount. Only in one respect the parallel does not hold good between national and private insurance. A man may insure his premises or his life inadequately, and yet he or his representatives will be entitled to recover something. In the case of a nation, inadequate insurance is really equivalent to none. Either the insurance is good altogether, and fully adequate to the risk, or it need not have been effected at all. Therefore, in estimating this matter of sufficiency of defence, we must attempt to ascertain, as clearly as can be done by human foresight, aided by past experience, the amount of possible danger. This is unquestionably a most intricate consideration, yet no one can deny its importance.

It is a very simple matter for those who have never turned their attention to the state of Great Britain, as one great military and naval power surrounded by others, to treat with entire contempt the idea of any possibility of invasion. We have no doubt that a large proportion of the British nation consider themselves at this moment invincible. It is quite natural that this should be the case. We have accustomed ourselves, in consequence of the result of the last war, to look upon British prowess as some-

thing absolutely indomitable. The issue of Waterloo has wiped away all memory of the disastrous retreat to Corunna. We remember Trafalgar with pride, and forget that even in naval matters we found our match in the American. The flag of England has not always been supreme on the seas, or even in her own estuaries. Little more than a century and a half has elapsed since a Dutch fleet entered the Thames without resistance, burned the shipping in the Medway, and held Chatham at its mercy. But the present generation knows little about those things, and is disposed to limit its recollections to comparatively recent events. Nor are even these viewed fairly and fully. We are content to take the catastrophe as the measure of the whole. We overlook the disasters, loss, misery, and bloodshed, which our former state of bad preparation entailed upon the nation, and we will not listen to the testimony of the great living witness—still happily spared to us—when he raises his voice to warn us against wilfully incurring a repetition of the same, or the infliction of worse calamities. Not even by tradition do our common people know anything of the horrors of foreign and invasive war. Of all the European nations we are incomparably the least warlike in our ideas and our habits. Our population knows nothing of military training, is wholly unaccustomed to the use of arms. A few muskets in the hands of a few old pensioners have been found sufficient to overawe and disperse the most infuriated mob. And yet we are told to consider ourselves, and do in part believe it, as capable of resisting any attempt at organised military invasion, at a moment's notice, notwithstanding the enormous numerical inferiority of the whole disciplined troops which we could summon from all parts of the kingdom, to even a fractional part of the force which could easily be brought against us!

Assuredly we have no reason or wish to undervalue the greatness of English courage. That quality alone will turn the scale when the match is otherwise equal. Our wild and rude ancestors, who opposed the landing of the legions of Cæsar, were certainly

not one whit inferior in courage or in strength to their descendants, and yet those qualities could not save them from being utterly routed by the discipline of the Italian invaders. It may be questioned whether, in the case of a sudden emergency, the British population at the present day could offer so formidable a resistance to a regularly disciplined force. The odds are that they could not. The aboriginal British tribes, like our Highlanders in last century, were trained to the use of arms, however simple, and versed in some kind of tactics, however rude. They knew how to stand by each other, and they were not terrified by the sight of blood. Whereas the modern operative, suddenly summoned from the factory to take his place as a national defender, would be of all creatures the most incompetent and helpless. To mount a horse, or rather, to guide a horse when he had mounted it, would be to him a thing impossible. He would as lieve thrust his hand into the flames as attempt to fire a cannon. His ideas as to the distinction between the butt-end and the muzzle of a musket are so extremely indefinite, that you might as well arm him at once with a boomerang; and the odds are, that, in masticating a cartridge, he would consider it part of his duty to swallow the ball. Or, supposing that his piece is adequately loaded and primed, what is the betting that he does not bring down a comrade instead of disabling an enemy? A random shot strikes the midriff of Higgins, who has just patriotically rushed from the manufacture of *domestics* to do his duty on the battle-field. He falls gasping in his gore; and Simpkins, who is his right-hand man, grows pale as death, and is off in the twinkling of a billy-roller. A single bivouac, on a frosty night, would send half the awkward squad to the hospital shivering with ague. Those who had previously pinned their faith on Hogarth's caricature of the spindle-shanked Frenchman toasting frogs on the point of his rapier, would speedily discover their mistake at the apparition of the grim, bearded, and bronzed veterans of Algeria, armed to the teeth, and inflamed with that creditable "morale," of which so

much has been said, but which resolves itself simply into a burning desire for vengeance on "perfidious Albion." They would then begin, though rather late, to perceive the advantages of preparation, discipline, and science, and bitterly to regret that they had turned a deaf ear so long to the warnings of wisdom and experience. Discipline is as powerful now, in strategy, as it was nineteen hundred years ago. The cotton-clad Briton would not be one whit more able to repel invasion than his remote skin-clad progenitor. And as for a leader, are we liable to the charge of prejudice when we aver that we would rather march to combat under the guidance of a Caractacus than that of a Cobden?

But is there any chance of an invasion? We reply—that depends in a great measure upon the extent of our actual preparation. If it is known abroad, and notorious, that we have made our citadel impregnable, the probabilities of any such attempt are extremely lessened. If, on the contrary, we are manifestly unable to resist aggression, we do unquestionably increase our risk to an enormous degree. Which of us can calculate on our escaping from the embroilment of war, in the present distracted state of European politics, for a year, or even for a month? The last time we approached this subject of the national defences was towards the commencement of the year 1848, when Cobden was attempting to preach down military establishments. Our readers may recollect the arguments which he used at that time. He represented that the whole world was at profound peace and tranquillity; that the nations were thinking of nothing else but relaxation of tariffs, and the interchange of calicoes and corn; that men were a great deal too wise ever again to appeal to the rude arbitration of the sword—and much more trash of a similar nature, which seemed to give intense delight to his cultivated Manchester audience. He considered it necessary to tie him up to the halberts, and gave him a castigation which to this hour he writhingly remembers. We pointed out then the utter absurdity of his notion, that Free-trade was to supersede Christianity as a

controller of the passions of mankind ; and we insisted that, so far from real tranquillity being established on the Continent, it was "quite possible that France may yet have to undergo another dynastic convulsion." What followed ? Before the number of the Magazine which contains that paper was published, the Revolution broke out in France, and extended itself over more than half the Continent. It is not yet completed, or anything like completed—it is resolving itself into war, the natural and inevitable sequence of all such revolutions. Hitherto we have kept out of it by good fortune, if not by dexterous management. But our escape was a very narrow one. Once we were so very near a rupture, that the French ambassador was recalled from St. James's, and the Russian ambassador just about to retire. Was there up danger then ? Who that regards the political aspects abroad, will give us a guarantee that some new emergency may not arise, involving a *casus belli*, from some circumstance almost as trivial and insignificant as the claims of Don Pacifico ? His Holiness the Pope, in return for Mintonian advice and Whig support, has been pleased to proffer a spiritual claim over the British dominions—how if France, rather at a loss for some enterprise abroad to sustain her government at home, should take a fancy for a new crusade, and determine on backing, by temporal artillery, the less dangerous thunders of the Vatican ?

But France, say Cobden and his crew, does not desire war. Cobden is a precious expositor of the cabinet councils of France ! What took the French to Rome ? What is taking them at this moment to the eastern frontier ? Not the dread of invasion, we may be sure ; for the unhappy states of Germany have quite enough business on hand to settle among themselves, without attempting to push westward. France may not, indeed, desire war in the abstract, but war may become a political necessity for France ; and we think that we can discern symptoms which indicate that the necessity must soon arrive. Once unsettle a nation, as France has been unsettled, and there is no security for its neighbours.

France is at this time nominally a republic, practically a military despotism. Military despotism is always, sooner or later, compelled to support itself by aggression. It gets rid of the contending elements within by giving them a foreign outlet ; for, if it did not do so, it must in the end inevitably succumb to anarchy. These things may not be known in the mills, or familiar to men whose intellect is beneath that of the aggregate average of ganders ; but they are nevertheless true, and all history confirms them.

We therefore think that—looking to the present state of the Continent and its political relations, the hostile jealousy of some states, and the extreme instability of others—there is anything but reason to predict the return of a settled European peace. The first act of the drama may have been played, but the whole piece is not yet nearly concluded. If we are right in this, what are the chances that we escape, whilst the other nations are contending ? Extremely small. Now, is there any man (except Cobden) silly enough to suppose, that, in the event of further and more serious hostilities occurring on the Continent, we should be able to escape from embroilment, *on the ground that we have not sufficient forces in Great Britain to protect the integrity of our shores* ? If there exist any such individual, let him go back to his *Æsop*, and he will find various illustrations bearing strongly upon the subject. It is no difficult matter for the strong to pick a quarrel with the weak. Our monstrous and almost insane position is this, that, with all the elements of strength existing abundantly among ourselves, we have obstinately resolved not to call them forth, so as to prepare for any emergency, or for any contingency whatever.

Cobden's opinion is, that the governments cannot go to war, because the people will not let them. Does the prophet of Baal allude to Russia, Austria, Prussia, or France ? We presume it will not be held that these states fortify that opinion. If not, to what governments and what people does he allude ? The truth is, that he is possessed by the most monstrous hallucination which ever beset a

human brain. He believes that the population of Europe are so enamoured of his flimsy rags as to be ready to sacrifice everything for the privilege of putting them next their skins, and that no government dare interpose between them and that most inestimable luxury. Whereas, in reality, Manchester and its products are detested, both by governments and people, from one end of Europe to the other. Why it should be so is not in the least degree perplexing. Every nation (except perhaps our own, which is for the present labouring under a most miserable delusion) has the natural wish to protect and foster its internal industry. A purely agricultural state is necessarily a very poor one—it is the mixture of agriculture and manufactures which tends to create wealth. Our neighbours on the Continent are doing all in their power to promote manufactures, and we have helped them to attain their object by allowing a free export of machinery. They have not the slightest intention of permitting that portion of their capital, which is already invested in manufactures, to be destroyed by submitting to the operation of Free Trade; so, very wisely, they take advantage of our open ports to get rid of their superfluous agricultural produce, whilst they continue or augment their duties upon the articles of manufacture which we export. Not a man of them would break his heart if every mill in Manchester were burned to the ground to-morrow, nor would they subscribe one kreutzer for the benefit of the afflicted sufferers. Such is their feeling and their policy even in time of peace; in time of war they are somewhat apt to clap on an entire embargo.

The governments, however, are going to war, and at war, notwithstanding all that can be said or written to the contrary; nor have we been able to discover that the people—at least that portion of the people which, in time of tumult, is the most influential—has manifested the slightest indisposition to push matters to extremity. The small still voice of Elihu Burritt has failed to tranquillise the fear of conflict in Denmark, and the Holstein Duchies. It may pos-

sibly be matter of wonder to some folks that all national quarrels are not instantly submitted to the arbitration of a peripatetic blacksmith, or an equally ubiquitous cotton-spinner. Oliver Dain, more popularly designated *Le Diable*, had once a good deal to say in matters of state, though his avowed function was only that of a barber, and it may be that the Peace Congress set considerable store by that notable precedent. We, however, are not ashamed to confess that our faith is small in the efficacy of the Columbian Vulcan. Mars, we suspect, will prove too much for him in the present instance, and escape the entanglement of the net. Seriously, we apprehend that there is less to fear from the deliberate intentions of governments, than from the inflamed passions of the people. At all events the two co-operate, and must co-operate in producing war; and public opinion in this country, as to the propriety of maintaining peace, is of as little effect or practical use, owing to our notorious weakness, as the sighing of the summer wind.

Such being the signs of conflict abroad, the next consideration is, how are we affected by them—or rather, what course ought we to pursue in the present distracted state of European politics? We think that common-sense dictates the answer—we ought to prepare ourselves against every possible emergency. We do not know from what quarter the danger may come, or how soon; but the horizon is murky enough around us to give warning of no common peril. What should we think of the commander of a vessel who, at the evident approach of a storm, made no preparation for it? Yet such is, in truth, at the present time, the fatuous conduct of our rulers. They have been advised by the best and most experienced pilot of their danger, and yet they will do nothing. They are drifting on as heedlessly as if the breeze were moderate, no reefs ahead, and no sand visible in the sky.

We have said that we do not know from what quarter the danger may come. There is, however, one quarter from which we may, legitimately enough, apprehend danger; and that not only on the score of most tempt-

ing opportunity, but because from it we have, ere now, been threatened under circumstances of greater difficulty. The meditated invasion of England by France, under Napoleon, ought not to be effaced from the recollection of the British people. We were then infinitely better prepared to resist such an attempt than we are now. We had troops and levies in abundance, a large and powerful navy, manned by experienced sailors, and full intimation of the design; whilst, on the other hand, the French were deficient in shipping, and, what is even more material, unassisted by that wonderful agent steam, which has made the crossing of the Channel in a few hours, despite of contrary winds, a matter of absolute certainty. Because that expedition failed, is it a fair conclusion—as we have seen it argued in the public journals—that another expedition, aided by that science which has reduced the intervening arm of the sea to a mere ditch or moat, must also necessarily fail? We cannot understand such reasoning. It is allowed by all military and naval men who have studied the subject, or written upon it—and we confess that, in a matter of this kind, we should prefer eminent professional opinions to the mere dicta of a journalist, or the sweeping assertions of a civilian—that a French army could now, by the aid of steam, be ferried across the Channel without encountering the tremendous opposition of a fleet. If that be admitted, then invasion becomes clearly practicable, and the next consideration is its probability.

It is always instructive to know what is going on on the other side of the Channel. It is no Paul Pry curiosity which prompts us to inquire into the proceedings of our eccentric neighbours; for, somehow or other, we very frequently find them swayed in their actions either by our example or our position. And, in order to prosecute this inquiry, we shall make room for Sir Francis Head, and accept such information as he can give us:—

“There is often so much empty bluster in mere words, that, if there existed no more positive proof of danger than the statements, arguments, and threats above

quoted, we might perhaps, in the name of economy, reasonably dismiss them to the winds. The following evidence will, however, show that the French nation, notwithstanding the violence of the political storms which have lately assailed them, and notwithstanding the difference of opinion that has convulsed them, have throughout the whole period of their afflictions, and under almost every description of government, steadily, *unceasingly*, and at *vast cost*, been making preparations for performing what for more than half a century they have THREATENED—namely, the invasion of England.

“*Extracts from the correspondence of the Times, described as from ‘an Officer of Experience in our own Service.’—(See Times, September 10, 1850.)*”

“CHERBOURG, Saturday night.

“The spectacle of to-day was perhaps one of the most splendid of its kind that has been ever witnessed. Nothing short of the terrible glories of actual warfare could have exceeded it; and, without being an alarmist, I may safely say that the effect made on the mind of an Englishman by such a display of force and power on this part of an ally who has been our bitterest foe in times gone by, in a port almost impregnable, and within a few hours’ sail of the shores of Great Britain, was not calculated to put him at ease.”

“CHERBOURG, Monday, Sept. 10.

“There are not many Englishmen who knew that, within less than sixty-six miles of Portsmouth, there is a French port in which the most extensive works have been, for years, carried on; till nature has given way to the resources of skill and infinite art, and the sea and land, alike, exulted, have yielded to our ancient foe one great naval entrepot,—placed in a direct line with our greatest dockyard, fortified at an enormous cost, till it is impregnable to everything but desperate daring and lucky hardihood, increasing day after day in force and power, accessible from every point of the compass and at all states of the tide to a friendly fleet, capable of crushing beneath an almost irresistible fire the most formidable of hostile armaments—in a word, “the eye to watch and the arm to strike the ancient enemy.” There is no geographical necessity for such a port opposite to our coast. The commerce of France does not need it. Our neighbours may well remark that they are justified in protecting a place which has already felt the force of our arms, and that they are bound to protect Cherbourg from such a contingency as that which occurred in the last century, when Admiral Bligh laid it in ruins. But Admiral Bligh would not have attacked Cherbourg had it not been a menacing warlike station; and, talk as they may, there can be no doubt that the whole of these immense works are prepared for a war with England, and with England alone. When I say this, of course I do not mean to

say that France will take any unjust advantage of her position; but we ought not to shut our eyes to the fact that such a place is within seven or eight hours' sail of England; and that a French fleet leaving it in the evening with a leading wind could be off Portsmouth next morning, and could bombard any of our towns on the southern coast.

"On the above graphic description, the editor of the *Times* offered to the country the following just remarks:—

"It is impossible to forget, perhaps, without the slightest imputation on our neighbours' good-will, we may say it was not intended we should forget, that the fleet which issued, in such magnificent style, from behind the Cherbourg breakwater, might some day sail straight across the Channel; that the heavy guns might all be pointed in anger; and that each of the black rakish-looking steamers might throw a thousand men on a hostile shore without warning given or suspicion raised. Such a suggestion cannot be thought out of place or ill-timed, for doings of this kind are the very vocation of the vessels paraded before us. If guns were not meant to be fired, or steamers to be employed for transport, there would be no use in manufacturing either one or the other. From the extent of our liabilities we may measure our precautions; and it is undoubtedly not advisable that we should be without the wherewithal to receive such visitors as might possibly be some day despatched from Cherbourg. The point is certainly a brave one for the economists, who will appeal to the folly thus probably exemplified of nations urging each other forward in the ruinous race of public expenditure. The argument sounds very plausible, but it is, in plain truth, impractical."

"Lastly, during England's late disagreement with France and Russia on the subject of Greece, after the French Ambassador had left this country, and while the Russian Ambassador was ready to leave it also, the *Times*, without creating the smallest excitement throughout the country, informed its readers of two ominous facts, namely—

"1st, That, during the said discussion, France was *increasing* her number of seamen.

"2d, That, as soon as the foresaid discussion ended, they were *dismissed*."

We regret to observe that, since then, the *Times* seems to have changed its tone on this very important subject, and it now regards the preparation necessary to insure the security of England as too costly for the object proposed. This is a novel view, even in ethics. We have been taught that it was our duty, in case of necessity, to expose even our lives in defence of our country; and we do

hope that there are some among us who still adhere to that noble lesson. No such sacrifice is required just now. All that is demanded—and demanded it ought to be, not by isolated writers, or even high and competent authorities, but by the general voice of the nation—is, that our navy should be put upon an efficient footing—that the Admiralty should be reformed, and no chief of it appointed who is not conversant with the details of the service of which he is selected as the head—that no other Minister should be allowed to make his high maritime office the source of family patronage—that a ready and constant supply of skilled and experienced seamen should be secured—and that the vast expenditure lavished on our ships should not be rendered nugatory for want of hands to man them adequately when launched. Furthermore, we require that the standing force of our army at home should be so augmented as to render it certain that, in any sudden emergency, we may not have to depend upon the voluntary efforts of a panic-stricken and undisciplined mob. We have already spoken of the chances of our being involved in war, and also of the possibility of an invasion: let us now examine what amount of disposable forces we have ready, in the event of such a terrible emergency. Our muster-roll, inferior certainly to the Homeric catalogue, is as follows:—In Great Britain and Ireland we have precisely 61,848 regular enlisted soldiers of all departments of the service! Of these, 24,000 are stationed in Ireland alone, whence, in the event of the occurrence of any disturbance, they could scarcely be withdrawn; so that the whole defensible force of England and of Scotland is reduced to rather less than 38,000 soldiers! That number would hardly be doubled were we to add the whole of the pensioners, more or less worn out, the corps of yeomanry, and the half-drilled workmen of the dock-yards: and with this force some of us are content to await invasion; whilst others, more reckless still, are even clamouring for its reduction! Farther, as if we were resolved to push on folly to the furthest extreme, the drawing of the militia has been, by Act of Parlia-

ment, suspended; so that even that slender thread, which in some degree connected the civilian with the military service, has been broken. This is the bare naked truth, with which foreigners are perfectly well acquainted, and which they will continue to bear in mind, notwithstanding our attempts to amuse them with glass-houses and gigantic toy-shops.

What would not the elder Buonaparte have given to find us in such a state! Very far, indeed, are we from imagining that the present President of the French Republic bears any personal ill-will to this country, wherein he has met with much hospitality; but, giving him the utmost credit for amicable dispositions and pacific intentions, we cannot forget

the peculiarity of the position which he occupies, or the varied influences which control him. However we may wish to believe the contrary, it is certain that France regards herself rather as the rival than as the ally of England. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise. France has recollections, not of the most soothing kind, which no lapse of time has been able to efface; and these will infallibly, when an opportunity occurs, regulate her future conduct.

And how stands France at this moment with regard to military preparation? Observe—there is no enemy threatening her from without. Of all states in Europe she is the least likely to be attacked. Yet we find her available force as follows:—

Regular troops.		
Staff,		3,826
Cavalry,		58,932
Infantry, &c.,		301,224
Artillery,		30,166
Engineers,		8,727
Pontoon train, &c.,		5,755
Total,		408,630
Garde Nationale.		
32 battalions of 1500 men,		123,000
2378 do. of 1000 men,		2,378,000
		2,501,000
Of whom 2,000,000 are armed with firelocks.		
To the above are to be added:—		
Garde Nationale of Paris,		129,800
Total,		2,630,800

Together, more than three millions of trained men!

We need not dwell on the disproportion which is apparent here; indeed, our whole task is one from which we would most willingly have been held excused. It is not pleasant either to note or to reiterate the undoubted fact of our weakness; and yet what help is there, when purblind demagogues are allowed by senseless clamour to drown the accents of a voice still speaking to us from the verge of the grave? Let Sir Francis Head illustrate this point, and may his words sink deep in the heart of an unwise generation.

"Why, we ask, have the Duke of Wellington's repeated prayers, supplications, admonitions, and warnings "to various Administrations," and through the press to the British people, been so utterly

disregarded! Without offering one word of adulation—we have personally no reason to do so—we cannot but observe, that no problem in science, no theory, important or unimportant, has ever been more thoroughly investigated than the character of the Duke of Wellington by his fellow-countrymen.

"During the spring and summer of his life, the attention of the British nation followed consecutively each movement of his career in India, Portugal, Spain, Denmark, the Low Countries, France, and latterly in the senate. In the autumn of his life, the secret springs which had caused his principal military movements, as well as his diplomatic arrangements, were unveiled by the publication of despatches, letters, and notes, official as well as private, which without palliation or comment developed the reasons—naked as they were born,—upon which he had

acted, on the spur of the moment, in the various predicaments in which he had been placed. In the winter of his life, bent by age, but with faculties matured rather than impaired by time, it has been his well-known practice, almost at the striking of the clock, to appear in his place in the House of Lords, ready not only to give any reasonable explanations that might be required of him, but to disclose his opinions and divulge his counsel on subjects of the highest importance. Every word he has uttered in public has been recorded; many of his private observations have been repeated; his answers to applications of every sort have usually appeared in print; even his "P.M." epigrammatic notes to tradesmen and others, almost as rapidly as they were written, have not only been published, but in one or two instances have actually been sold by auction. Wherever he walks, rides, or travels, he is observed; in short, there never has existed in any country a public servant whose conduct throughout his whole life has been more scrupulously watched, or whose sayings and doings have *by him self* been more guilelessly submitted to investigation. The result has been that monuments and inscriptions in various parts of London, of the United Kingdom, and throughout our colonial empire, to any the opinion entertained in his favour; and yet although in the Royal Palace, in both Houses of Parliament, at public meetings, and in private society, every opportunity seems to be taken to express unbounded confidence in his military judgment, sagacity, experience, integrity and simplicity of character, yet in our Legislature, in the Queen's Government, as well as throughout the country, there has for many years existed, and there still exists, an anomaly which foreigners observe with utter astonishment, and which history will not fail to record—viz. that his opinion of the *defenceless state of Great Britain* has, by statesmen, and by a nation who almost pride themselves on their total ignorance of the requirements of war, been utterly disregarded!

We have but little space left for further comment. We do not consider it necessary to follow Sir Francis Head through almost any portion of his masterly details, or to sketch, even in outline, the picture which he has drawn of the possible consequences of our supineness. On these points the book must speak for itself. We venture to think that it will not be without some effect, however it may be assailed by vulgar abuse, or depre-

ciated by contemptible flippancy. It speaks home to the feelings of Englishmen, has the merit of great perspicuity, and deals prominently with facts which can neither be gainsaid nor denied.

Even to the apostles of peace—the fanatics, as we think, of the present age—Sir Francis holds out the olive branch. He represents to them, what they probably cannot see, that the only method of realising their cherished idea of voluntary arbitration and reduction of armaments, is by maintaining at a crisis like the present the true balance of power. And certainly he is right, if there be anything at all in their scheme. For our own part, we hold it to be absolutely and entirely chimerical. It is a mere phantasm or fiction of that wretched notion of cosmopolitanism, which some years ago was preached by Cobden—a notion to which the events and experiences of each successive month have given the practical lie, and which never could have been hatched except in the addled brain of some ignorant and vain-glorious egotist. By herself, Britain must stand or fall. The good and the evil she has done—the influence which she has exerted, one way or the other, over the destinies of the human race, is written in the everlasting chronicle; and her fate is in the hand of Him who raises or crushes empires. What trials we may have to undergo—what calamities to suffer—what moral triumphs to achieve—are known to Omnipotence alone. But as a high rank in the scale of nations has been given us, let us, at all events, be true to ourselves, in so far as human prudence and manly foresight can avail. Let us not, for the sake of miserable mammon—or, still worse, for the crude theories of a pragmatist upstart—imperil the large liberties which have been left to us, as the best legacy of our forefathers. Our duty is to uphold, by all the means in our power, the honour and the integrity of our native land: nor dare we hope for the blessing or the countenance of the all-controlling Power, one moment after we have proved ourselves false to the country which gave us birth.

THE POPISH PARTITION OF ENGLAND.

If a religious Revolution consists in a powerful change in the religious feelings of a country, then are we at this moment in the midst of a religious Revolution! If a spirit of ardour suddenly starting forth in a period of apathy, if public zeal superseding public indifference, and if popular fidelity to a great forgotten cause, pledging itself to make that cause *national* once more, exhibit an approach to a miracle, then there has been made on the mind of England an impression not born of man. But if those high interpositions have always had a purpose worthy of the source from which they descend, we must regard the present change of the general mind as only a precaution against some mighty peril of England, or a preparation for some comprehensive and continued triumph of principle in Europe. That England is a tolerant country has never been questioned. Though the whole frame of its constitution is actually founded on the supremacy of the sovereign, and, of course, on the derivation of ecclesiastical power, as well as of every other, from the throne; though therefore the high appointments of the Church have been vested in the Crown, and the subordination of the great body of the clergy has necessarily connected them with the throne, the principle of toleration shapes all things. The ecclesiastical constitution excludes all violence to other disciplines; allows every division of religious opinion to take its own way; and even suffers Popery, with all its hostility, to take its own way—to have its churches and chapels, its public services, its discipline, and all the formalities, however alien and obnoxious, which it deems important to its existence.

None familiar with the history of Popery can doubt that its principle is directly the reverse—that it tolerates no other religion; that it suffers no other religious constitution; that where the tree of Popery lifts its trunk and spreads its branches, all freedom of opinion withers within its shade.

Rome, by an usurpation unexampled even in the wildest periods of heathenism, insists on seizing that which is wholly beyond human seizure—the conscience; demands that uniformity of opinion which it was never within the competency of man to enforce on man; and punishes man by the dungeon, confiscation, and death, for feelings which he can no more control, and for truths which he can no more controvert, than he can the movements of the stars.

If it has been argued that Protestantism is equally condemnatory of those who dissent from its doctrine, the obvious answer is, that it simply declares the condemnation annexed by Scripture to vice. But it attempts no execution of that punishment, leaving the future wholly to the mercy or the justice of the Judge of the quick and dead. Popery not merely passes the sentence, but executes it, as far as can be done by man. Thus the distinction is, that Protestantism goes no further than to declare what the welfare of mankind requires to be declared. But Popery takes the judgment into its own hands; and, where it has power, punishes by confiscation and chains, by the dungeon and the grave. And the especial evil of this usurpation is, that this punishment may exist, not for notorious vice, but for conspicuous virtue; not only that it takes God's office into its grasp, but that it insults the whole character of God's law. It goes farther still, and gathers within its circle of reprobation things which are wholly beyond the limit of crime—the exercise of knowledge, the right of conscience, and the sincerity of decision.

Yet, by this violent assumption of divine right, and lawless comprehension of crime, Popery has slain millions!

This distinction draws the broad line between Popery and Protestantism. The Protestant never persecutes; he is barred by his religion. The Papist never tolerates; he is stimulated by his creed. When Protestant worship is tolerated in Popish

countries, the toleration is either compelled by Protestant superiority, or purchased by Popish necessities. But the claim of supremacy corrupts the whole combination. Where it is not extorted from the hands of Government, it still remains in the mind of the priesthood. Where it is blotted from the statute book, it is still registered in the breviary. Where it is extinguished by policy, it is revived by priestcraft. Like the pestilence, disappearing from the higher orders, it lurks in the rags of the populace, and waits only some new chance of earth or air, to ravage the land again. Or, like the house-breaker, hiding his head while day shines, but waiting only for nightfall to sally forth, and gather his plunder when men are vigilant no more.

The Papal Bull which has aroused such a storm of wrath in England, gives the full exemplification of this undying spirit of usurpation in Popery.

Beaten down in field and council three centuries and a half since—baffled in every attempt to domineer over England from the Reformation—in every instance sinking from depth to depth—wholly excluded from legislative power by the greatest of British kings, William III., for a hundred years of the most memorable triumphs of the constitution—Popery has now, before our eyes, to the astonishment of our understandings, and to the resistless evidence of its own passion for power, returned to all its old demands, and to more than its old demands; and, as if to make the evidence more glaring, returned at the moment when England is at the height of power, and Rome in the depth of debasement; when England is in her meridian of intelligence, and Rome in her midnight; when England is the great influential power of peace and war to all nations, and when Rome is a garrison of foreign hirelings, and her monarch the menial of their master's will.

If those demands are made, with Popery living in an actual paralysis of all the functions of sovereignty, what would be their execution with Popery lordling it over the land? If Popery can issue three proclamations from the floor of its dungeon, what would be the sway of its sword when

it strode over the neck of the empire? If, stript and manacled, it can thus rage against Protestantism, what would be its fury when, with new strength and unrestrained daring, its march headed by trenchery in the higher orders, and followed by fanaticism in the lower, it should take possession of the Constitution?

While England was in a state of drowsy tranquillity, a Papal Bull appeared, under the signature of Cardinal Lambruschini, the Papal Secretary. A more daring document never was fabricated in the haughtiest days of Papal tyranny. It divided England into twelve Dioceses of the *Popedom*; it appointed twelve bishops, and appropriated to them all the rights and privileges of Episcopacy in England; and it called on all the Papists to confederate to the new pomp of the Popish worship, and the subsistence of the Diocesans.

This document is long and desultory: but as it is of importance to lay the case authentically before the reader, it shall be given in its own words, abbreviating only the formalities of the verbiage.

"Pius P. P. IX.—The power of ruling the *Universal Church*, committed by our Lord Jesus Christ to the Roman Pontiff in the person of 'St Peter, Prince of the Apostles,' hath preserved through every age in the Apostolic See this remarkable solicitude, by which it consulteth for the advantage of the Catholic religion in all parts of the world, and studiously provideth for its *extension*. And this correspondeth with the design of its Divine founder, who, when he ordained a *head* to the Church, looked forward to the consummation of the world. Among other nations, the famous realm of England hath experienced the effects of this solicitude on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff."

After referring to the agency sustained by the Papacy in England from 1623, by nominal bishops, the Bull declares that, from the commencement of his pontificate, Pius had his attention fixed on the "promotion of the *Church's advantage in that kingdom*." Wherefore, having taken into consideration the present state of Catholic affairs in that kingdom, and reflecting on the very large and every-

where increasing number of Catholics there; considering also that the impediments which principally stood in the way of the spread of Catholicity were daily being removed, we judged that the time had arrived when the form of Ecclesiastical Government in England might be brought back to that model in which it exists freely among other nations." It seemed good to the Pope to establish his Bishops among us, as they were in Popish countries. The result is, "that in the kingdom of England, according to the common rule of the Church, we constitute and decree that there be restored the hierarchy of ordinary bishops."

Before we proceed, we must observe the quantity of assumption, even in this fragment. 1st, That Christ gave the Headship of the *Universal Church*, (he himself being the *only Head*): 2d, That St Peter was the *head* of the apostles, (which is contradicted by the whole apostolic history;) and 3d, That this right has *always* and *everywhere* belonged to Rome!—(a right resisted by the Greek Church, by a large portion of even the Latin Church, by the early British Church, and by the Syrian.)

It is further admitted, that a *change* has lately taken place in the relative conditions of English Protestantism and Popery, and that the appointment of bishops is for the purpose "of extending that change"—in other words, of acquiring power, and urging proselytism, in a Protestant state, where the Papist is tolerated only on the promise of peace.

But all disguise is now thrown aside, as if it was no longer necessary. The movement is acknowledged to be one of *national conversion*; religious conquest is declared to be the object; the Pope, in planting twelve new bishops in British sees, declares that he is resuming the old supremacy of Rome—thus, holding out reconciliation in one hand, and retaliation in the other, he is prepared at once to supersede the national religion.

In conformity with this declaration, he has taken the map of England into his hand; and, surrounded by his cardinals, has dissected it into dioceses in the following style:—

All England and Wales shall hence-

forth form one Archbishopial Province.

In the district of London there shall be an Archbishopric of Westminster, comprising Middlesex, Essex, and Hertfordshire.

The See of Southwark is to be suffragan to that of Westminster, and is to comprehend the counties of Berks, Southampton, Surrey, Sussex, and Kent, with the isles of Wight, Jersey, Guernsey, and the adjacent isles.

In the north there is to be the Diocese of Hexham.

The Diocese of York will be established at Beverley.

In the west, the See of Liverpool, comprehending the Isle of Man, Lonsdale, Amounderness, (?) and West Derby.

The See of Salford, comprising Blackburn and Leyland.

In Wales, there shall be the Diocese of Shrewsbury, comprising Anglesea, Caernarvon, Denbighshire, Flintshire, Merionethshire, Montgomeryshire, Cheshire, and Salop.

And the Diocese of Newport, comprising Brecknockshire, Glamorgan-shire, Carmarthenshire, Pembroke-shire, Monmouthshire, and Herefordshire.

The West is divided into two Bishoprics:—

Clifton, comprising Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire;

And Plymouth, comprising Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and Cornwall.

In the Central District, the Diocese of Nottingham shall comprise Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, and Rutlandshire.

The Diocese of Birmingham, comprising the counties of Stafford, Warwick, Worcester, and Oxford.

The Eastern district shall form one Diocese, under the name of Northampton.

Thus England shall form one Ecclesiastical Province, under one Archbishop and twelve Bishops.

They are to correspond with the Collegio de Propaganda Fide.

The new Bishops are to be unshackled by any previous customs of the Romish Church in England, and to have full Episcopal powers.

The Papal letter concludes by a recommendation to the Roman Catholics

of England "*to contribute, so far as in their power,*" by their pecuniary means, to the dignity of their Prelates and the "splendour of their worship," &c.

To prevent all idea that this division is merely nominal or spiritual, or unconnected with penalties on Protestantism, the principal Popish journal in England has added the following comment:—

"Rome has more than spoken; she has spoken and *acted*. She has again divided our land into dioceses, and has placed over each a pastor, to whom *all baptized persons* (!) *without exception* (!) within that district, are openly commanded to submit themselves in all ecclesiastical matters, under pain of *excommunication* (!) And the *Anglican Sires*—those ghosts of realities long past away—are *utterly ignored*."

The bull proceeds: "Thus, then, in the most flourishing kingdom of England, there will be established one Ecclesiastical Province, consisting of an Archbishop or metropolitan head, and twelve Bishops, his suffragans, by whose *exortions and pastoral cares* we trust God will give to Catholicity in that country a fruitful and daily increasing extension.

"Wherefore we now reserve to ourselves and our successors, the Pontiffs of Rome, the power of again dividing the said province into others, and of increasing the number of dioceses, as occasion shall require; and, in general, as it shall seem fitting in the land, we may freely declare new limits to them."

Thus we find that the Pope is to hold a perpetual bag of mitres in his hand, out of which every aspirant for the honours of Rome and the lucre of England is to have his dole. Every head among us that aches for honours may now know where to look for them. Professorships and parishes need no longer keep the new school lingering on the edge of Popery; their consciences (!) may be relieved without injuring their pockets; they may allow themselves to "speak out;" and after half-a-dozen years of the most stubborn denials of Popery, of paltry protests and beggarly equivocation, of defending their orthodoxy in the press, and betraying their apos-

tacy in the pulpit—they will be enabled to turn their backs on Protestantism, probably with a very useful addition to their resources, and start up from Curates and Canons into "My Lords." England would give very comfortable room for a speculation of this kind. Sixpence a piece from twenty millions of people would be better than all the Professorships of both Universities; and a seat in the House of Lords (which would be inevitably demanded, and which would be unhesitatingly conceded by Whig flexibility) would place the obscure and the avaricious very much at their ease.

To a Roman financier the prospect might have other charms. The present budget of the Popedom is supposed to be within a couple of millions sterling, and even that paid in a manner by no means creditable to Italian punctuality. As for the old tributes from Naples, Spain, and France, we may fairly return them as *nil*, those powers having more use for money than they possess bullion, and none of them being secure of army, populace, or parliament. A twelvemonth, in these times, may see the monarchs of the three succeeding to the vacant apartments of the Orleans dynasty at Claremont.

But what an incomparable windfall would England be to the Papal pauperism of these times! A bishop in every county gathering the alms of the faithful! or, if one bishop were not enough, might not the "sovereign pontiff," as the little Welsh Bishop reverently names Pío Nono, make fifty? He has graciously reserved to himself the right of "increasing and multiplying them" to the extent of all exigencies. We might soon have a bishop in every city, or a bishop in every village. We might have those holy locusts coming on the wing from every corner of the Continent; those cormorants of Rome fishing in our waters, until they carried off their prey to disgorge it into the capacious maw of Rome!

And that this operation would take place, on the first opportunity, is as certain as that "Peter's pence" were once raised in England with as much regularity as the king's taxes; that every Papist in Europe paid his por-

tion of pence to Rome; that every bishop received his mitre from Rome; and that Rome never gave anything without a sum in hand, or a handsome promissory note—and that Rome boasts of being always the same. All this traffic would be under the name of charity; the old cry of Judas, "Ought not this ointment to have been sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" would be echoed by the new keeper of the bag; and we should establish an annual drain of our circulation, to which all the contrivances of taxation would be child's play. For what could be the limit to the demands of foreign avarice invested with domestic authority, extortion calling itself zeal? or what could be the limits of a man *not* selling absolution here, and Paradise hereafter, to profligate men and silly women—to lives wallowing in voluptuousness, and death-beds groaning in despair? It has been distinctly stated that, at the Reformation, *one-third* of the whole land of England had been absorbed into the possession of the Popish priesthood!

In all the annals of usurpation, there never was a broader grasp than in this Bull: in all the annals of effrontery there never was a more impudent assumption: but, in all the annals of infatuation, there never was an act of more headlong absurdity. It instantly roused the whole people; it reinforced every argument of the honest against Popery; it overthrew every pretence of the dishonest on behalf of Popery; and it worked the still greater wonder of forcing the loose and the lukewarm, the waverers and "waiters on the turn of things;" the "decently" knavish, the "respectably" hollow, and the "reputably" unprincipled, to acknowledge that Popery was really a "presuming kind of thing;" and that it ought to be, in some delicate way or other, *if possible*, put down.

But England contains other men than those smirking scoundals to manhood. The nation burst out into a flame of indignation wherever man met man: in whatever occupation, in whatever rank of life, under whatever form of politics, in all hues of religious opinion, there was but one language. "Was ever insolence like

this? Is a foreign friar to carve out the empire? Is a worshipper of stocks and stones to teach us religion? Is a persecutor to mutilate our laws? Is a despot to scandalise our liberties? Is the dependent of France, of Austria, or Spain, or any power that will suffer him to hang upon it, to be the actual divider of England among his dependents? Is a demand of power and possession, that would not be endured in any Popish country of the earth, to be quietly submitted to in the chief of Protestant kingdoms? And is this most insolent of all aggressions to be inflicted by the meanest of all sovereigns on the most powerful of all nations, and that nation the one which has most triumphantly abjured Popery?—England—whose fathers drove it headlong from the land, and cashiered a dynasty for daring to attempt its return; whose Constitution loathes its tyranny, whose honour abhors its artifice, whose literature exposes its deception, and whose religion brands its apostacy!

That this description of the national feeling is not exaggerated, must be evident from the tone of the numberless speeches made at the parochial and provincial meetings, immediately on the publication of the atrocious Bull. The clergy of London and Westminster, as first insulted, took the lead; and their language expressed the natural feelings of offence and scorn excited by this intolerable presumption. The sentiment was unanimous.

Of course Rome is at her old work, and every trick is tried to smooth down the universal disdain. A Dr Ullathorne, who has taken time by the forelock, and *hemmed* himself without delay, wishes to tell the world that the Bull is a very harmless bull indeed; that the Vicars-Apostolic only wished for a change of name; and that the appointment of dioceses is merely what the Wesleyans and Sectaries effect, in marking out their preaching districts year by year.

But, do the Wesleyans give their preachers titles and badges of dignity? Do they locate them in cathedrals, build palaces for them, and enjoin the whole body of the faithful to "supply the splendour of their worship and themselves?" Do they

declare that everything in religion is false but Wesleyanism; that all else have no orders, no Baptism, and no Christianity; that all other beliefs are rebels to the supremacy of John Wesley, and are liable to be punished as rebels in the coming day of Wesleyan power? That such poor evasions should be attempted is a scandal to the talents of Rome as an *equivocator*, but is not less a scandal to the brains of the man who attempts them, for they can deceive no one. They certainly have not deceived "Father Newman," who daily trumpets forth the triumph of the Bull; nor "Dr Wiseman," who has, by virtue of his red hat, ordered his *jubilate* to be chaunted in every Popish chapel of London; nor the Liverpool Papists, who have actually sung *Te Deum* on the national victory of Popery; nor have they deceived even the English prelacy, who had gone so much farther than the winking Virgin, and seemed not inclined to use their eyes at all.

Nor will they deceive the people of Scotland, who, in the land of John Knox, are not forgotten by the Pope, but are under-tood to have allotted to them seven bishops by his provident bounty, seven delegates of Jesuitism, seven ambassadors of his triple-crowned highness, seven sons of the Scarlet Lady of Babylon, seven "purple and fine linen" representatives of Dives, before he was sent "to his place."

In the midst of this busy period, a letter appeared from the pen of the Premier. It was received by the multitude with a burst of acclamation; for this there were reasons of very different colours. Some were glad that Ministers could feel *anything* on a religious subject; some, that Lord John was on the national side; some that, after having so long raised the suspicions of one side, he had at last challenged the hostility of the other.

We must acknowledge that our gratulation was not altogether so ardent, and that we conceived this letter to be very much more the offspring of his Lordship's fears than his feelings. It was obviously unfortunate that his zeal had been kindled so late, there being no imaginable

doubt that the Pope had marked out Westminster for the See of his new Archbishop several years ago. And it is clear, that the appointment of one Archbishop would have been as great an encroachment as the fixture of fifty. The principle was *there*, and it would evidently be prolific. Yet not a syllable of remonstrance had transpired. Wisdom was silent in the streets, and precaution slumbered within the Cabinet curtains. Whitehall was as quiet as Lambeth, and Lambeth of course was Lethe. No Minister hurried to the palace, with pallid lips and faltering nerves, like him who

"Drew Pliam's curtain at the dead of night,
To tell him Troy was burned."

But the Dean and Chapter of Westminster had actually attempted to break the slumber, by an address deprecating the appointment, as utterly unconstitutional. This occurred in 1848. It was heard of no more, and silence came again.

As his Lordship's Letter is probably to be regarded as a Cabinet *minute*, we shall give its chief portions *verbatim*.

It begins by referring to a letter of the Bishop of Durham, which termed the Bull "*insolent and insidious*," the latter epithet appearing to us to have no other merit than that of alliteration, the measure not being *insidious* at all—but, by a remarkable deviation from the customary craft of the Papacy, being one of the most open and audacious insults on record.

The Letter then proceeds to say, that its writer, having "promoted to the utmost of his power the claims of the Roman Catholics to all civil rights"—a fact with which the country was fully acquainted—thought "it right, and even desirable, that the *ecclesiastical system* of the Roman Catholics should be the means of giving instruction to the numerous Irish immigrants in London and elsewhere, who, without such help, would be left in heathen ignorance."

The latter sentence we do not profess to understand. Does it allude to any *arrangement*, by which the Papacy was to change the system of simple superintendence, and adopt Dr Wiseman as archbishop, after all? Is this the preliminary to further develop-

ment, and is the common rumour on the subject the reverse of a mistake? How the kind of religion imported by the legions of Irish beggary into England was to be purified by a new episcopal staff, is wholly beyond our comprehension. Or why the Protestant people of England, after feeding the pauperism of Ireland at home, should be bound to provide for its heresy here—or how, for the further allurement of the superfluous rabble of Ireland, we are to provide, for either their poverty or their pride, the pageant of twelve Popish mitres, we must leave it to his Lordship to explain.

His next sentence is more intelligible.

"There is an *assumption of power* in all the documents which have come from Rome—a pretension to supremacy over the realm of England, and a claim to *sole and unqualified* sway, which is inconsistent with the Queen's supremacy, with the rights of our bishops and clergy, and with the spiritual independence of the nation, as asserted even in Roman Catholic times."

How this discovery should have been delayed till November 1850, in the apprehension of a public personage acquainted with the general facts of history, handling Popish concerns all his life, and an inveterate supporter of the Popish Bill of 1829, is not easily accounted for. But every man of common intelligence in Europe, (his Lordship excepted,) knew that Popery has existed in a perpetual struggle with all governments for temporal supremacy, under the *pretence* of spiritual; that it has attempted a constant usurpation of royal authority even in the Popish kingdoms; and that its restless appetite for power requires constant coercion, even by those governments, to render it compatible with any government at all. What is to be said, when Pío Nono has excommunicated the Sardinian government before our eyes? The next sentence is significant: "I confess that *my* alarm is not equal to my indignation."

Does his Lordship mean by this that we have been frightened by a shadow, while he has preserved his fortitude? or that the nation has been

somewhat inclined to play the fool in its fright, while he has preserved his serenity through his superior knowledge? But he then proceeds to inform us what should be the true object of national alarm, and that is Tractarianism!

Without implying that his Lordship here employs that well-known species of diplomacy which substitutes conjecture for reality, we shall tell him that Tractarianism, though exciting much regret, and bringing much discredit on the laxity of discipline which has so long suffered its existence, is *not* the real danger; that, compared with Popery, it is but the "fly on the chariot wheel;" and that its influence is not to be named for a moment beside the systematic art, the vast extent, and the indefatigable ambition of Popery.

We are not much more reassured by his Lordship's hint of the smallness of the Pope's territorial power.

"What is the danger to be apprehended from a foreign prince of *no great power*, compared to the danger within the gates?" &c.

But does his Lordship conceive that we are afraid of the Pope's territorial power?—that we are alarmed at an invasion of his Hundred Swiss?—or that any man ever supposed that a minister in the Pontine Marshes was to shake the Religion and State of England? The Papedom has *always* been a narrow territory, and yet the Papacy has been the great disturber of Europe for a thousand years. Does his Lordship doubt that its weapon was superstition, and that superstition was once universal? But, while we can feel no terror at the sickly absurdities of a few fanatics, or the low artifices of a few hunters after vulgar popularity, who have never reckoned within their ranks any one man of name, or ability, or learning, or even of station—who owe their sole publicity to what the Bishop of London calls a "poor imitation of Popery," and whose bowings and gesticulations are actually objects of national ridicule—we see a wholly different antagonist in a system, possessed of the power of the multitude, addressing itself to every weakness and pampering every passion of man, offering every prize to

avarice, and stimulating every appetite for possession; unceasing in pursuit of all its objects, and making everything an object; desperately inimical to religious liberty, and perpetually labouring to establish over every people an authority fatal to the progress of mankind. We see it now with a hundred and forty millions of souls in Popish Europe, with nearly all the Continental thrones Popish, with hundreds of thousands of monks and friars devoted to all the purposes of its ambition, with its seculars mingled through every population, and with the wealth of the whole Popish community ready to be lavished in a crusade of Monkism. We must confess that we feel as much anxiety in the issue of a contest with such a power as is consistent with a feeling of courage in the performance of our duty.

We have never doubted that England, under the protection of a higher power than man, and awakened to a sense of her peril, will triumph in the most hazardous struggle. But her safety must be grounded on her vigilance. The sleeping giant is as helpless as a child.

So fully are we convinced that Rome is the *real* danger, that we not merely laugh at Tractarianism, in comparison, but we look with suspicion on every attempt to set it up as the danger. To compare this dwarf with the gigantic bulk of Popery seems absurd; and we must therefore reject it as argument altogether. It is also unfortunate for this bugbear that it has been so slow in its discovery, and that the Ministerial terrors have already slept so long. Tractarianism being now a well-grown peril—its siege of the Church having already lasted some years beyond the renowned siege of Troy!

The Letter, however, closes with the spirit of an enthusiast in the "good cause,"—"I will not abate a jot of heart of hope so long as the glorious principles and the immortal martyrs of the Reformation shall be held in reverence by the great mass of a nation" which looks with contempt on the *nummeries* of superstition."

All this is what Domnie Sampson would have pronounced "prodigious!"

with his loudest and longest aspiration. And all is eminently curious, in the man whose whole career has been devotion to every Popish demand, and advocacy of every Popish measure; who has risen into office by the influence of Popish voices, and who has been in the *intima concilia* of the imaginary Archbishop of Westminster!

Must not Protestants ask, By whose advice was Mr Wyse planted in the Greek embassy?—by whom was Mr O'Farrell planted in the government of Malta?—by whom was Mr Shiel planted in the embassy to Tuscany—or rather to the whole of western and middle Italy, and in immediate approximation to Rome? Were these Papists selected for those expeditions, and at present most important missions, without a purpose?—were they hung up merely by the diplomatic wheel?—or were those extraordinary appointments of untried men produced by a sudden, and a *Papal* demand, for the support of a plan?

But this is a time of wonders, and his Lordship's conversion may rank at the summit of them all. However, there is a reason for everything in art and nature; and it is said that a very high personage had a share in this rapid operation on the Ministerial understanding; that the question was asked,—"Pray, who is to be the sovereign?" and that the answer was his Lordship's letter. It concludes by giving the *coup-de-grace* to the character of Popery, of whose present performances it speaks with scorn, as "laborious endeavours to *confine the intellect, and enslave the soul*."—(Downing Street, Nov. 4.)

In the meantime "my Lord Cardinal," who had stopped in his post-haste journey, on learning John Bull's theological opinions of his Manifesto, was comforted by an emissary despatched to inform him that the bonfires of the 5th of November had all been suffered to sink into ashes, and that he would escape any severer trial of his fortitude than being burnt in effigy. But the Doctor, now fearless of his *auto-da-fé*, is also said to have determined on carrying the war into the enemy's quarters, and showing that every step which he has taken has been sanctioned by his denouncers;

and that, instead of being the foolish and impudent intruder which the public have believed him to be, he has been actually only the submissive follower and ready agent of councils far enough removed from the Quininal.

We shall advert to but one matter in addition, yet the most important of all. From the accession of Pío Nono, there has been a decisive change of the old Papal plan. For the last three hundred years, Popery, smitten by the Reformation, had limited its efforts to keeping itself in existence, the stern power of the military thrones having prohibited the excitement of the people. But times changed: the power of the multitude increased, the power of the monarchs diminished, and the appeal was now to be made to the multitude. Europe then saw, with sudden astonishment, a *laical* Pope, and heard the sound of popular emancipation from the recesses of the Conclave. At the rash ambition of the King of Sardinia had not thrown Italy into war, and his shallow generalship turned the war into a flight, the plan of popular appeal would probably have made Popery the head of Red Republicanism. But the whole affair was managed as everything beyond the confessional is managed by monkery—and the Pope was glad to escape from the blaze which he had kindled with his own hasty hand.

His restoration by the French sword, drawn for republicanism in France and for despotism in Rome, has set the machinery in movement again; and we now see its first manufacture in the actual claim of supremacy in England. Whether its contemptuous repulse here will check its progress abroad, who shall say? But, that a conspiracy for the extinction of Protestantism exists in Europe; that the ten foreign cardinals were appointed to propagate the plan; and that it is to be defeated only by vigilance and principle, there can be no doubt in the mind of any rational being.

But, since we began this paper, two events have occurred, which, trifling as they may be as to the individuals concerned, give too clear an evidence of the spirit of Popery and public men to be wholly passed by.

That excellent paper, the *Standard*, thus briefly states the first: "In May 1845 the late Lady Pennant expressed to her parish minister (the Rev. Mr Briscoe) her intention to build a church near her residence, in Wales, for the use of her poor neighbours. This she also stated to her daughter, who promised to fulfil it. This daughter married Lord Fielding, and brought him a fortune, part of which, of course, was apparently pledged to the building of the church. On Lady Pennant's death, writes the Bishop of St Asaph to Lord Fielding—'You publicly declared that you proposed to bestow a large sum of money in founding a church, and all things belonging to it. You invited me and my clergy to join in laying the foundation. You seemed to understand it so. We certainly understood it so; and we received the Lord's Supper together, with this understanding.'

"Now, I must say, that I regard this as a promise made to me, and my clergy, as solemnly as it could be made on earth."

"Lord Fielding," says the *Standard*, "sets about the building,—plain proof that he perfectly understood his duty. Before the completion of the church, however, his Lordship falls into the hands of Tractarians, who, as usual, deliver him over to Romanist priests, who furnish him with the *miserable* arguments, which, grounded on the two extraordinary notions, that what a man promises as a Protestant he is not bound to perform as a Papist, and that, no distinct fund having been appropriated in Lady Pennant's will, he is not bound to apply any whatever—finishes by saying, 'My duty appears clear to me, to devote that church which is being built at my own cost, and which yet remains mine, to the furtherance of *God's truth*, as I find he himself delivered it to his Holy Catholic Church.'"

So that the result of Lady Pennant's wish, and her money, left for a Protestant church, is the building of a Popish chapel! and the result of a Protestant bishop's laying the foundation, is the erection of a place for the mass and the worship of the Virgin Mary! We discuss a comment

on this transaction. But it is, eminently *Popish*.

The other instance is the attendance of Mr Hawes, the Under Secretary of State, at a congratulatory public meeting in honour of Dr Wiseman's appointment as "a cardinal," and his actually subscribing money to buy him a *Red Hat*.

The office of Under Secretary, though not one of much public consideration, and often given to persons of none whatever, is yet regarded as extremely *confidential*; and, in the instance of Mr Hawes, it has unusual weight, from his being the actual representative of the Colonial Secretary in the House of Commons, Lord Grey being in the House of Lords. But Mr Hawes is also understood to possess a confidence *out* of his Department, and to be on the most intimate terms with the Premier. Indeed, the admiration of the Under Secretary for the noble Lord, the delicate attention of generally escorting him into the House, and seldom being able to remain in it after it has lost the light of his Lordship's countenance—his ecstasy of admiration at every sentence which slips from the Premier's lips, and the fixedness of his eye on his Lordship's features during the sitting—have often excited the surprise, and occasionally the amusement, of the members of the Legislature. But that Mr Hawes should have attended a public meeting, or done any one act on earth in which he conceived it possible to have produced a frown on the noble Lord's brow—or, indeed, should do anything without a consciousness of the most PERFECT acquiescence in the most important quarter—was among the "grand improbabilities" of the age. But Mr Hawes *did* go to the meeting, and subscribed for what our ancestors called a "rag of Popery," and what their sons call one of its "mummeries."

On this subject a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* writes the following queries:—

"Can Lord John Russell be sincere in his new-born zeal against what he pronounces the 'mummeries of superstition,' when he allows one of his

subordinates, Mr B. Hawes, M.P., to attend a meeting of 'Catholics of the London district,' for the purpose of moving a resolution," &c. He adds: "Let me ask his Lordship, is it true that his Under Secretary for the Colonies, besides speaking at the meeting, has publicly subscribed £10 towards procuring one of those said 'mummeries'—a Cardinal's hat—for Dr Wiseman?" To this, the only answer given by Mr Hawes is, that he declined signing the Popish resolutions, but that he spoke, and offered to give his tribute, &c., from friendship to the Doctor; which this Papist, however, graciously condescended to receive.

Now, if Mr Hawes were attending to his parental trade on this occasion, there would have been nothing to say, but that it showed the smartness of an expert trafficker. But, as a fragment of the Ministry, he had another character to sustain, and he ought to have been aware of the conclusions which would be drawn, by both Papists and Protestants, as to the degree of approval under which he might have acted.

The "Cardinal's hat," too, by no means mends the matter. If his *friendship* for Dr Wiseman must overflow to the amount of £10, could it have taken no less official shape? Might he not have made it up to the Doctor in teacups or teaspoons, in a dozen of pocket-handkerchiefs, or in an addition to his shoes and stockings? But the hat is a *badge*: it has the effect of a *cockade*. What if it is a thing of red stuff? What is a cockade?—a thing of ribbon—which, however, makes the difference between armies!

Without any particular respect for Mr Hawes' shrewdness, we cannot believe that he was unacquainted with the natural conclusions; nor do we believe that it can be passed over, when the day comes for national inquiry into the whole course of Papal politics in England for the last half-dozen years. Meanwhile, the spirit of the people is high, their determination is decided, and the time is at hand for a great restoration to the principles of England.

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